

**AT ETERNITY'S
SHORE AND
OTHER TALES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649066322

At Eternity's Shore and Other Tales by Richard Murray

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

RICHARD MURRAY

**AT ETERNITY'S
SHORE AND
OTHER TALES**

*Not in 58 21
9/25 '12 L.A.S.*

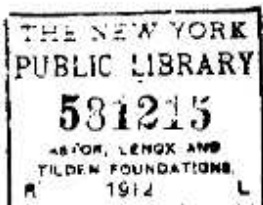
At Eternity's Shore and Other Tales

BY
RICHARD MURRAY



NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS
114 E. 28TH STREET, NEW YORK.
1912.
O.C.



Copyright, 1912,
By
RICHARD MURRAY
(All Rights Reserved).

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

11
2070

THE LITTLE COTTAGE BY THE WOODS.

Outside a village a little cottage stood
Just back from the road, in the shelter of the wood;
There dwelt an old couple that was good and kind;
If you searched the whole world, better you could not
find.
They were happy and contented, and although they were
poor,
No one need go hungry that pass by their door.
They were good, honest folks, kind to their poorer neighbor,
And all that they asked from anyone was pay for their
labor,
And with only love in their hearts this good old pair,
A kind word for all, and a prayer,
They together through the world trod,
Along the wide road that leads to God.

A CHILD CAST UPON THE WORLD.

This good old couple's name was Bell.
The man's name was Adam; his wife's name was Ethel.
This old couple sat in their cottage one stormy night,
The log upon the hearth blazed high and bright.
Outside the cold rain was falling fast,
And from the woods came a cold blast.
The wind sighed and moaned as they had never heard
before,
And they had offered up their good night prayer when
they heard a knock at the door.
"What can that be!" the good wife said

As she clung to her husband in fear and dread.

"Can it be robbers looking for gold;
Or but some poor traveler, starving and cold?"

"Why should we fear?" the good man said,
"We have nothing but a bed and some bread.

It is nothing to hurt us, I will swear by the holy rod,
And I will open the door in the name of God."

He opened the door and then to his great surprise
A strange sight he saw with his kindly eyes.

At his heart he felt a pang of pain,
For standing there, drenched with the rain,
It was not robbers that he did behold;

Those who would kill for gold;
But a woman, pale and haggard, shivering in the cold.
Her clothes were frozen stiff and clinging to her shapely
form,

And close to her bosom she pressed a child to keep it
warm.

When the old man recovered from his great surprise;
When the compassionate mist did disappear,
Formed and rolled down his bronzed cheek a tear
From his soul-bright kindly eyes.

Then the old man did speak, he said, "Come in, come in.
If thou stayest out longer, thou would soon be dead.
It would be a sin.

Come in, thou art welcome, our bed shall be thine,
Thou art hungry, at our table thou must dine."

"Come in, come in," the good wife did repeat,
As she helped the poor mother to a seat.

"And let us see your little child. Oh, isn't it sweet?"

Soon the pot was boiling and upon the little table spread
the best they had in that cot.

Good sweet milk, steaming hot,

- And some good, sweet, home made bread
The mother ate. She enjoyed the bread.

The babe got some. Soon both were warm in bed.
And the old folks prayed again that night,
As they knelt down by the fire bright,
To God to give them health and strength that they
Might always be able to help the poor that pass that way.
And then they piled the dry logs high
The stranger's clothes to dry,
And to keep warm this little room,
To banish the bone-chilling gloom.
The mother and child slept well that night, and the next
day,
The mother went again upon her way.
She disappeared as if by the wind she had been swept
away,
But she left behind her the little child—a gift as bright
as day.
Where has she gone? Where is she from? The people did
say,
And they asked each other this question for many and
many a day.
And for many more they watched for that mother to
return.
And every night for a year a candle at the window did
burn.
Their watching and waiting was all in vain,
Back that way the mother never came.
They must be its parents, to them it was plain.
So they took the child to church and gave to her a name.
“And who will be her father?” the clergyman said.
“I will,” said Adam Bell,
“I will care for her until I am dead,
For I do love her well.”
“And who will be her mother? who will guard and guide?
Care for her, watch over her, stay by her whatsoever may
betide,

Care for her as if she was your own,
Of your own blood, of your own flesh and bone.
And see that she keeps upon the right road through life,
Through childhood, through girlhood, and even after she
becomes a wife,
Keep her upon the road that Christ hath trod,
The road that leads to God?"
"I will, I will," said the good man's wife.
"I will guide and guard her all my life.
I will watch over her by night and by day,
Until God does call my soul away."
Then the clergyman blessed and christened the child,
That little tot so sweet and mild.
He said, "I am sure she will be cared for well;
The little girl's name is Ethel Bell."

THE CHRISTENING PARTY.

No happier couple was there that day, as they tramped
home to their cot
With their little child so sweet to share their humble lot.
And when they got home they found
The folks from all around
Had collected there, their joy to share,
And to have a good time were bound.
Some brought sandwiches and pies so sweet,
Everybody brought something to eat,
And some brought something to wash it down,
And when all had eaten their fill,
All were happy, full of good will,
Some sang their latest song,
Some told a funny joke,
Some sang songs that were sung
When Adam was young.
And some fun at their neighbors did poke.

There was dancing to be sure,
All around the floor,
Gum boots and shoes did slip and clip,
To the music made by an old maiden's lip,
With her diddle um doodle di, and her doodle di dill
diddler,
Up and down the floor they flapped,
She kept time as good as a fiddler
With her doodle di del doddle di, del doodle di del diddler.
Then an old chap named Bob Rider
Brought in a big barrel of cider,
Then around the floor he hopped and flapped
To the doodleum diddleum diddler.
He stepped on the toe of the musical maid,
And that took the tone out of her diddler.
Then old Bob Rider sang a song;
He sang it mightily loud and long,
It was all about good cider and pie;
It made all feel hungry and dry.

GOOD OLD CIDER.

Them city folks they jaw and talk
About things that's nice to drink;
About their Manhattan cocktails,
And their sodas with a wink;
About their hot birds and a bottle of champagne to wash
it down,
But I know something that will beat it right down to
the ground.

CHORUS.

Good old cider, good old joy,
Good old cider's good to wash down good pies,