

**THE GRAVE OF
DREAMS, AND
OTHER VERSES**

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The grave of dreams, and other verses by James M. Hayes

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JAMES M. HAYES

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BY
JAMES M. HAYES

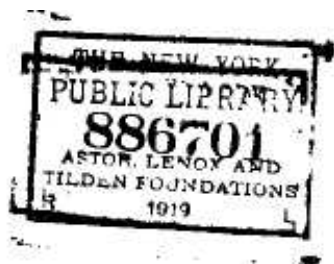


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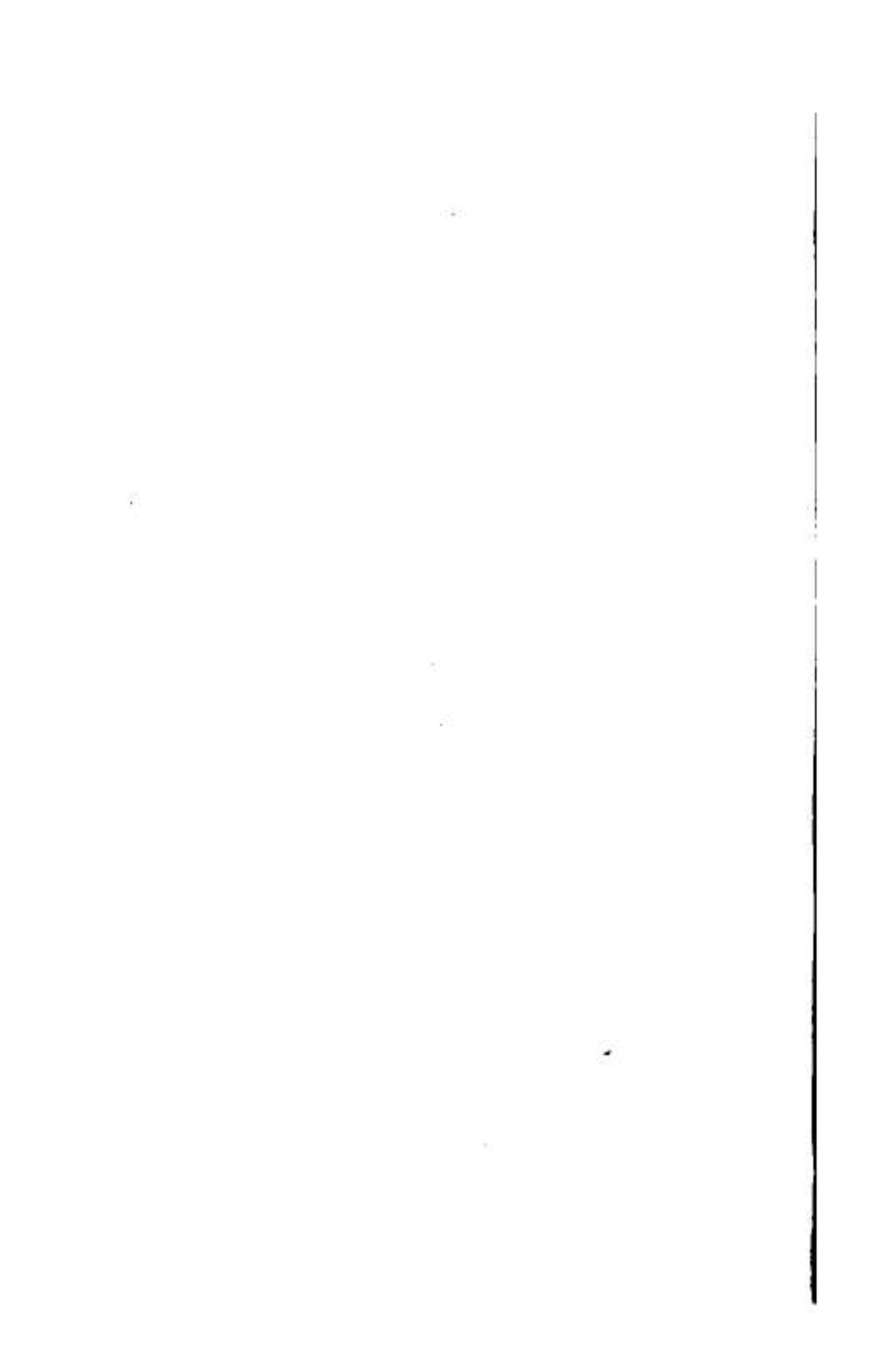
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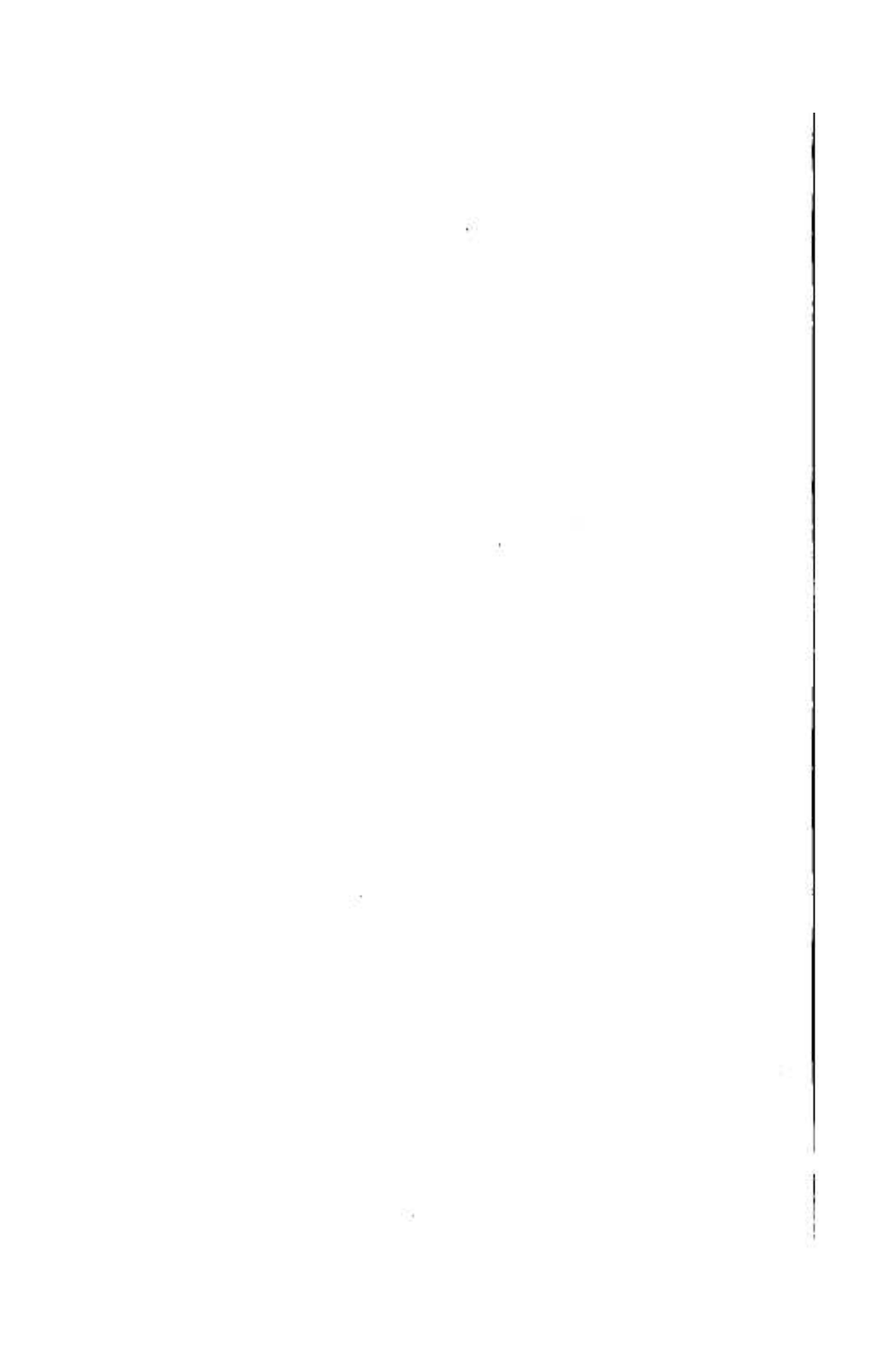
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*Why do I sing when many poets are making
Sweet melody?
Why do I raise my voice when they are taking
A higher key?
Why does the poor grass in the rose's garden
Bloom with the rose?
The meanest tree asks not the great oak's pardon
Because it grows.
Sublime the mountains stand in worship holy,
Sun-crowned, untrod;
May not the little foothills meek and lowly
Look up to God?
Because majestic rivers robed in splendor
Flow mightily,
Shall not the wayside streams their tributes
render,
Unto the sea?
Go ask the smallest of the stars of heaven
The reason why,
When shine the glories of the planets seven,
They light the sky.
The answer comes that all things seek expression
In earth and sky.
From flower to star, if all make this confession.
Then why not I?*



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THE GRAVE OF DREAMS

Where are the hopes, the longings and desires,
The dreams God gave me when my life was
young?

They are as dust of flowers the weeds among,
Sweet perfumed memories, the ash of fires,
The many voiceless strings of broken lyres,
The songs that in the long ago were sung.

Alas, within the grave of dreams they rest;
Blessed with sad tears, each one was laid away.
Though life is dreary and the days are gray
Will not the sunset's glory glow the West?
Though shadows deepen, hope is in my breast,
For starless nights must always end in day.
The God who gave me dreams is kind. Ah then!
Somehow, somewhere my dreams will live again.