

# POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649009367

Poems by Jennie Earngey Hill

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Cover @ 2017

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**JENNIE EARNGEY HILL**

**POEMS**



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# POEMS

BY  
JENNIE EARNGEY HILL



BOSTON  
THE GORHAM PRESS  
MCMXVIII  
M.S.M.



TO  
MY BELOVED AUNT  
MRS. JENNIE HEWES CALDWELL, Ph.D.

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*Contents*

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	PAGE
HEARTBLOOM . . . . .	28
DEATH'S SPECTRE . . . . .	29
DREAMING . . . . .	30
SAILING . . . . .	31
FISHIN' . . . . .	32
LIFE'S SUNSET . . . . .	34
THE MEADOWLARK . . . . .	35
NATURE'S GAME . . . . .	37
A BIT O' CHEER . . . . .	38
THOT . . . . .	39

## POEMS



## SONG OF THE BROOK

Whispering brooklet running nigh,  
Do tell why love must die,  
Brooklet onward toward yon sea,  
Speak to me! speak to me!  
Do tell why love must die,  
Tiny brooklet flowing by.  
For aye! Oh, tell why!

Brooklet gently gurgling by  
Must love die e'en for aye,  
Tell why shouldst love die;  
Oh, why must love die,  
Tell why! For aye! For aye!

The above was set to the music "The Brook" by  
Theodore Lack.

A SLEIGHING SONG

Slipping, sliding, high then low,  
O'er the ice and fleecy snow,  
Hearts attune with all around,  
Merrily away we bound;  
While jubilant our spirits fling  
Echoes of their reigning king,  
Till circling air seems drunken quite,  
Breathing revelry tonight.  
Boist'rously we raise good cheer,  
One in voice and accent clear;  
As bracing wine such atmosphere,  
With love like thine,  
Maiden of the dell,  
Loud thy praises swell,  
Life's rhapsody  
For me but thee,  
Thru the livelong day  
If at work or play.

'Tis living dew thy lips impart,  
Nectar to a fainting heart;  
Thine eyes — gems of beauteous hues,  
Amber mid the blues,  
Gleam Paradise — 'gainst yon sparkling snow,  
Twinkling as they go;  
Thy checks transmit roseate light,  
Tint the dancing white,  
Heart-throb bespeaks  
Earthly paragon,

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*Poems*

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Binding two in one,  
In this — our sleighing time, our playing time,  
Our sleighing, playing, sleighing time.

Moonbeams falling, gently trace  
Lovers' secrets on each face,  
As to and fro they skip — perchance,  
Lending joy with each fond glance,  
While slipping, sliding, high then low,  
O'er the ice and drifting snow,  
Till circling air seems drunken quite  
Breathing revelry tonight;  
Boist'rously we raise good cheer,  
One in voice and accent clear;  
As bracing wine such atmosphere  
With love like thine,  
Maiden of the dell,  
Loud thy praises swell,  
Life's rhapsody for me but thee,  
Thru the livelong day  
If at work or play.

I love you in the sleighing time,  
I love you with a love sublime,  
Oh, give to me that heart of thine,  
In this, our sleighing time, our playing time,  
Our sleighing, playing, sleighing time.

Set to music "Arabesque," by Eric Meyer Hel-  
mund.