

# POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649248414

Poems by Evelyn M. Purvis

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**EVELYN M. PURVIS**

**POEMS**





# Poems

Evelyn M. Purvis  
Yazoo City, Miss.



PRESS OF  
THE YAZOO SENTINEL,  
YAZOO CITY, MISS.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
**304409**  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.  
R 1904 L

DEDICATED  
TO  
MY MOTHER

---

COPYRIGHT, 1903

## Poems



### Produce!

Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even World-kin. Produce!  
Produce! Were it but pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product,  
produce it, in God's name.—*Carlyle*.

"Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even World-kin."  
The man who spends himself in unproductiveness  
Commits in sight of God a mighty sin.

"Produce! Produce!" Thy work shall ever stand,  
"Were it but pitifullest infinitesimal,"  
'Tis in accordance with divine command.

"Produce! Produce!" Only the sluggard sits in ease,  
While opportunities are wafted into other hands  
As winds of Autumn scatter fallen leaves.

"Produce! Produce!" Labor, not Genius is the force  
Which shapes, upon the anvil of a natural law  
A lever, which gives power to move the Universe.

"Produce! Produce!" That small product in evolving whirl,  
Acting in obedience to Divine creative power,  
Shall rise to higher life, and rising, lift the world.

**'Neath the Old Pine Cree**

There is a touch of fall in the winds that blow  
That carries me back to the days of yore,  
When Jim and I would wander together  
In fern-grown nooks, or fragrant heather.

In fern-grown nooks where violets sleep;  
Where wild birds flutter and seem to weep  
That flowers soon should droop the head,  
Or lie in dank mold, cold and dead.

In fragrant heath where crickets creep  
'Neath grasses brown about the feet;  
Where sun is held in a mist, like mould,  
And from the north comes the autumn cold.

We loved the fern and we loved the flower;  
We loved to wander at sunset hour  
O'er meadows brown where crickets creep,  
Or up the hillsides sere and steep.

We loved to whiff the scent of the pine  
That floats on the winds of autumn-time.  
Somehow, the fragrance seemed to creep  
Into our hearts and quicken their beat.

Once he took my hand in his so cold  
And I felt the warmth in his heart and soul,  
When he said, as we stood beneath the pine,  
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Say you are mine."

'Neath the old pine tree as the winds blew cold,  
"My love for you, Jim, will not grow old."  
I said. Then, somehow, I felt the beat of his heart—  
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! We shall never part."



'Twas strange how the winds did harder blow,  
And press me close, though I tried to go;  
'Twas strange how the winds so cold and damp  
Whispered warm in my ear, "You can't."

'Twas strange how the heavy twilight mist  
Fell on my cheeks, and I thought them kissed  
By winds from Araby's shores that roam—  
"O, Jim, it is dark! We must go home,"

I said. And now on frosty autumn eyes  
When winds blow cold and brown the leaves  
I live in the past, and seem to be  
In our trysting-spot 'neath the old pine tree.



### God Gives Release

Sometimes how weary seems the way  
When dark clouds hide the light of day;  
When sickness, toil and deep distress  
Rob heart and mind of needed rest.

The blessings seem to come so late—  
Human hearts must learn to wait,  
Must learn "to suffer and grow strong."  
Forgive offense, resent not wrong.

We must not pine for joys now fled,  
We must not weep above the dead.  
Life means to rise with hope renewed  
And with the strength of Faith imbued,

Go forth to battle without fear  
And know that God is with us here  
And smile though life is lone and bare—  
Smiles scatter clouds and make it fair,

God gives release from every sorrow,  
It comes not now, but will to-morrow.  
It may not come in ways we would devise,  
But we see darkly—God is wise.

'Tis his intent that we must toil awhile,  
And learn to wait and learn to smile.  
He is not brave who stops to weep.  
God giveth rest "when He giveth sleep."



### Flute-Notes

The notes of the flute fall gently,  
Sweet and low,  
And make my heart in its sadness  
Tremble so  
That waves of emotion mingle  
As waves of sea,  
And my thoughts in sweet communion  
Rise to Thee

In prayer that Thou wilt help me  
So to live  
That my life will, like the flute-notes,  
Touch and give  
To hearts bowed down in sadness  
Love and light,

And help the soul in its weakness  
Rise in might.

May I, like the old musician,  
Though obscure,  
Cause to vibrate the sound waves  
That are pure;  
Cause them to strike the ear  
Of the soul,  
And fill it with the gladness  
More than told.

Help me to know that though here  
I'm unseen  
Time is not wasted, and life is  
Not mean.  
Notes of true lives penetrate far  
And inspire  
Thoughts that are pure and aims  
That are higher.



### **The Armageddon of Nations**

In retrospect we see the armies  
Gathered upon the plain;  
The world's great deeds of warfare  
Flash through the vision like sheets of flame;

Israel, on Canaan's hill-tops,  
Arrows of destruction shoots;  
Rome in her might and power  
With pitiless heart upon the weaker swoops;