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Poems by Evelyn M. Purvis

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EVELYN M. PURVIS

POEMS

Trieste



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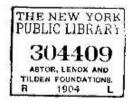


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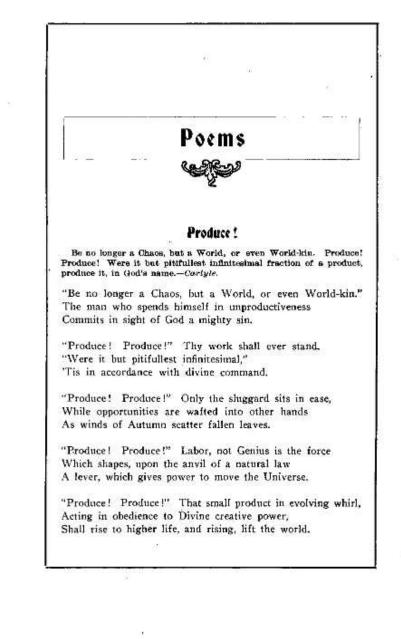
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DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER 18

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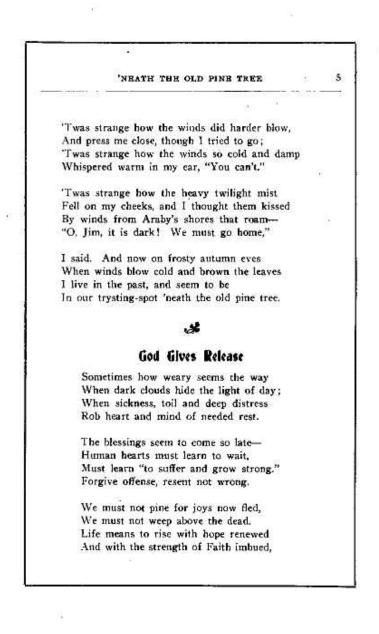


S ** E. Warner July July 4

	'NHATH THE OLD PINE TREE	_
	'Death the Old Pine Cree	
That When	e is a touch of fall in the winds that blow carries me back to the days of yore, a Jim and I would wander together m-grown nooks, or fragrant heather.	
Wher That	rn-grown nooks where violets sleep; e wild birds flutter and seem to weep flowers soon should droop the head, e in dank mold, cold and dead.	
'Neat Wher	agrant heath where crickets creep h grasses brown about the feet; re sun is held in a mist, like mould, from the north comes the autumn cold.	
We l O'er	oved the fern and we loved the flower; oved to wander at sunset hour meadows brown where crickets creep, p the hillsides sere and steep.	
That Some	oved to whiff the scent of the pine floats on the winds of autumn-time, how, the fragrance seemed to creep our hearts and guicken their beat.	
And Whe	he took my hand in his so cold I felt the warmth in his heart and soul, in he said, as we stood beneath the pinc. etheart! Sweethcart! Say you are mine."	8
"My I said	th the old pine tree as the winds blew cold. love for you, Jim, will not grow old." d. Then, somehow, I felt the beat of his heart— etheart! Sweetheart! We shall never part."	

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GOD GIVES RELEASE

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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."

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Flute-Dotes

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,

7 FLUTE-NOTES 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. X The Armageddon of Dations In retrospect we see the armies

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Gathered upon the plain; The world's great deeds of wariare 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;