

**A ROSARY
OF RHYME**

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A Rosary of Rhyme by Clarence T. Urmy

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CLARENCE T. URMY

**A ROSARY
OF RHYME**

A

ROSARY OF RHYME.

BY

CLARENCE T. URMY.

*The first-book published
in California by a
Native Son of the Golden West.*

SAN FRANCISCO:

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1884.

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A ROSARY OF RHYME.

VIOLETS.

ALL flowers are sweet; but those my heart doth love
The best,
Bloom where the eyes are closed and hands are crossed
At rest.

All flowers are sweet; but these fair blossoms spread
With dew,
Call back the mother-eyes, so sad, so sweet,
So blue!

To-day I feel a breath; the curtains swing
Apart,
And memories, like silver mist, float 'round
My heart.

I hear the echo of a song sung long
Ago,
As 'mid the nestling leaves it wanders to
And fro;

The while the perfumed dew falls on my heart
Like rain,
And scent of violets—she loved them so!—
Gives pain.

DUSK.

FOLDED leaf and folded wing,
Skies await their blossoming;
Stilly air and stilly steeps,
Over which the new moon peeps.

Night winds 'mid the poplar leaves,
Fairy hands among the sheaves;
Dove-notes in the mountain pass,
Down the lane a lad and lass.

Hazy hills and hazy woods,
Sea waves don their nun-like hoods,
Chanting low a vesper hymn
To the sand, grown gray and dim.

Curfew bells in yonder tower
Toll the fall of angel hour;
Benediction in the air,
Time of peace and time for prayer.

L I V I N G