# MORE VIOLETS: A CHILD'S THOUGHTS ON NATURE IN VERSE AND PROSE

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More violets: a child's thoughts on nature in verse and prose by Violet M. Firth

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## **VIOLET M. FIRTH**

## MORE VIOLETS: A CHILD'S THOUGHTS ON NATURE IN VERSE AND PROSE



## More Violets

A Child's Thoughts on Nature in Verse and Prose

Violet M. Firth

Author of "Violets"



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NOTE.—The whose of the following poems and assays (with the exception of a portion of the last poems) were written at the age of fourteen; the prose being written as school assays.

## PREFACE.

"THESE poems are offered to the public in the hope that those to whom the author is now a stranger may some day become her friends."

The above was the inscription on the Author's first book, "VIOLETS." Its generous acceptance by the public and the kindly criticisms of the Press have emboldened her to hope that "MORE VIOLETS" will meet with the same kindness and be the means of bringing her many loving thoughts from her unknown friends; for there is an unseen bond of friendship between all true lovers of Nature.

VIOLET M. FIRTH.

iii.

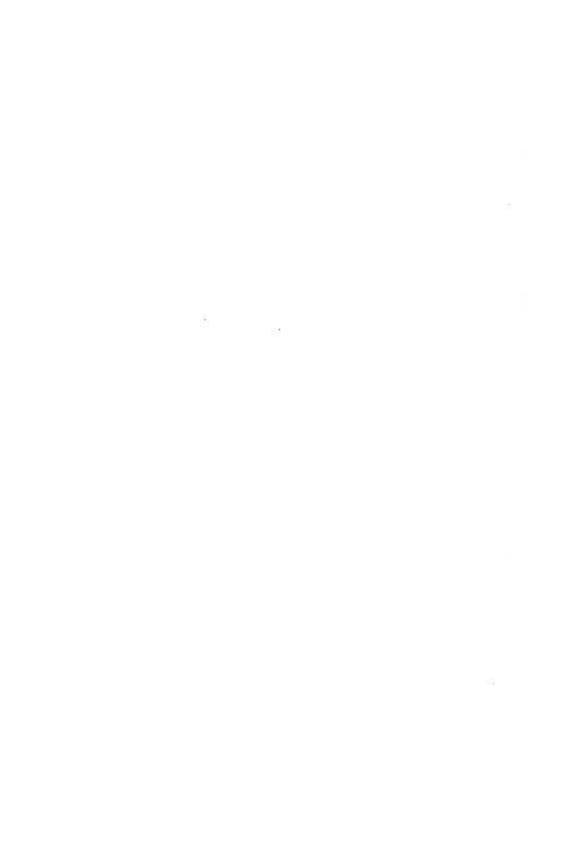


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## SONNETS TO NATURE.

(A TRIAD.)

I

### TO THE CLOUD.

Swift cloud, that coursest o'er the sky at eve,
When gazing on thy flight, I long to be
As thou, and all this weight of earth to leave,
And wing the air as beautiful and free;
And pass the portals of the star-lit night,
Those mighty gates that only angels know;
O gorgeous gloom, what hidden fires light
That land of shade, with ceaseless golden glow!
Alas! O cloud, no mortal man may see
Those awful gates; but only let me fly,
And follow on the west wind's wings with thee,
Into the glory of the sunset sky.
"O child," replied the cloud, "thy life is best;
I fly amid the stars, but find no rest."

July, 1905.

#### II.

## TO THE WAVE.

Fierce wave, that beatest on some iron shore,

O might I join my voice unto thy cries,

O might I hear the thunders of thy roar,

And rage in foam with thee when tempests
rise;

And toss my snowy mane, like warhorse proud,
And run the race in from the open sea;
To hear the anthem of the waters loud,
And join thy brethren and play with thee;
To hold within the hollow of my hand,
To keep or spare a thousand human lives,
To dash their ships in fragments on the strand,
Or give them safe to children and to wives.
"Oh!" sighed the wave, "my strength is dearly bought;

Since first man was, I only woe have wrought."

July, 1905.