

POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649272433

Poems by Sallie Hoffman Perry

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

SALLIE HOFFMAN PERRY

POEMS



Poems



By Sallie Hoffman Perry
Pontiac, Michigan, MCMX

Copyright 1910
by
Sallie Hoffman Perry

Contents

THE SINGING FERN	9
A SONG OF SIXPENCE	20
MONITION	22
A RETROSPECT	24
AN IDYL OF THE FAITH	26
A HOMILY	30
CECILE, TO THREE	31
ASTERS	32
THE GOLDEN BLESSING	34
ALONG THE BROOK	35
THE ISHMAELITE	37
THE RUSH—THE ROSE	40
THE RUING HEART	41
MY CLOISTER	42
OCTOBER DAYS	43
FOR A BIRTHDAY	44
APRIL VERSE	45
YESTER EVE	46
MIRROR PICTURES	47
EVERMORE SIGHING	49

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

Poems

Poems

The Singing Fern

THE hushful road sequestered steals
All idly to its bound forlorn,
A silent, empty mill unsought
By foot, nor ever traced by thought,
Nor visited by rustic wheels
Bringing the autumn corn.

Untracked the hushful road's repose
By aught save errant hares with maze
Of dimpling touches, or a band
Of quails that star the placid sand,
Or, patten shod, a witch who goes
Peering midst thicket ways.

Through bosky hazel thrids the rill
To glimpse a reach where linnets chime:
Spring uplands blanch with Ember snows
While bland the valley reach and blows
The Joyance herb's thrice-odored frill—
Rosemary, fennel, thyme.

UOFM