

**A HARP WITH A
THOUSAND
STRINGS**

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A Harp with a Thousand Strings by Elizabeth Mountcastle Johnson

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ELIZABETH MOUNTCASTLE JOHNSON

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CALIFORNIA

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JOHNSON**

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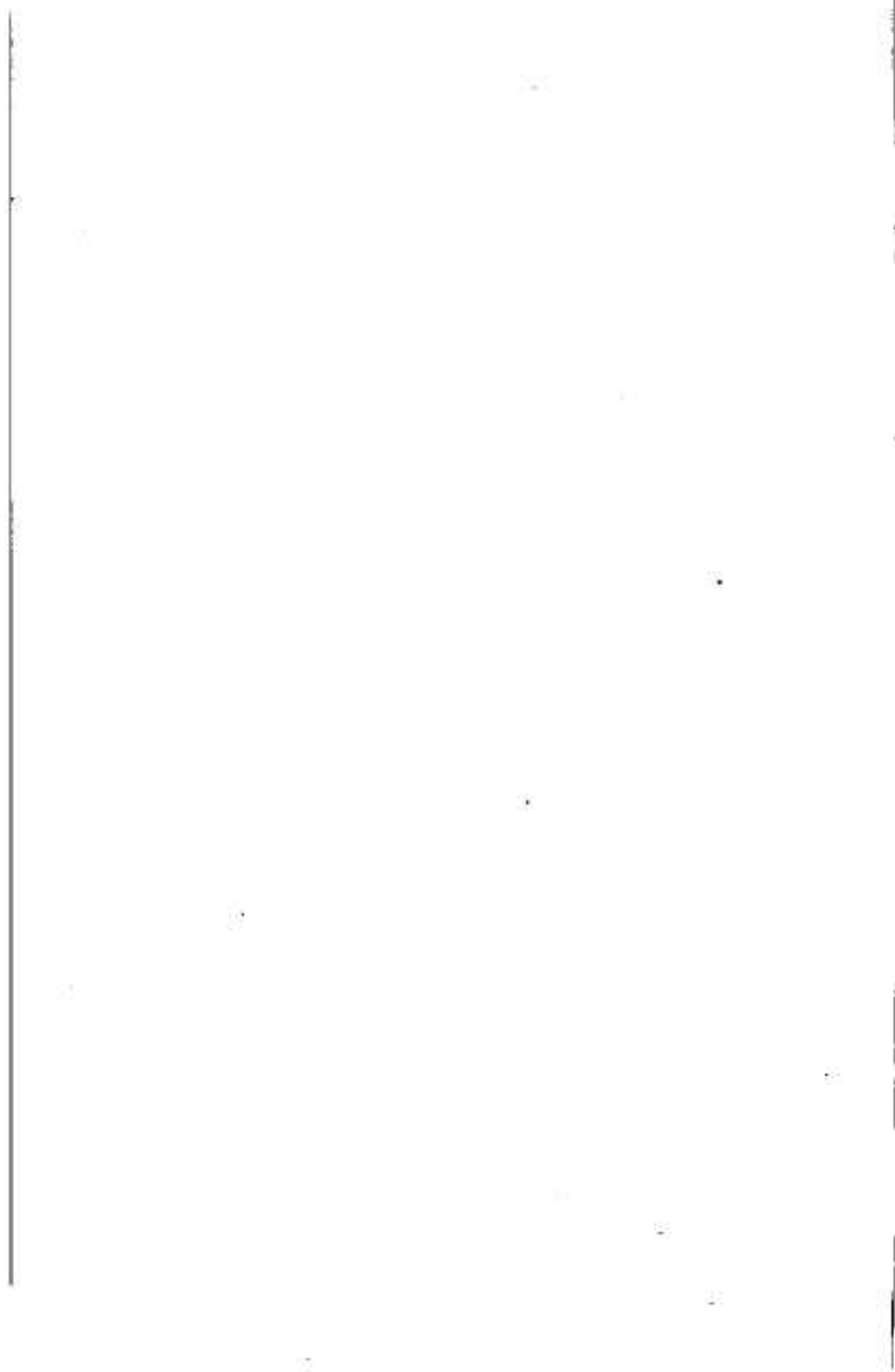
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Dedicated to
MILDRED CATHERINE JOHNSON

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To Mildred

When I was so ill
With the fever and pain,
A dear little girl
Came again and again,
With arms full of posies,
Of violets blue, and lilies and roses.

The days never grew
So dark nor so drear,
But sure she would come
With a bright smile to cheer—
With arms full of posies,
Of violets blue, and lilies and roses.

So this little book
To her I bestow,—
"To Mildred," the dear little girl
Who with face all aglow,
Came with arms full of posies,
Of violets blue, and lilies and roses.

TO VVV
APPROX 1.0

A Harp with a Thousand Strings

With walls made of jasper
And gates made of pearls,
Somewhere stands a city
With streets of pure gold—
And Peter stands waiting
To answer your call,
Now this is the story
For years has been told;
The rivers of crystal
Flow thru this fair land,
And around a great throne
The bright angels stand,
With nothing to do
But to shout and to sing,
And play on a harp
With thousands of strings.

A judge in his greatness
Sits near, on a throne,
The bad ones condemning,
The good ones condone:
"Depart from me here
To a consuming fire
Ere my anger and wrath
And my vengeance rise higher.
Before the beginning
Was a place made for you,
While your life was not bad
You at times were untrue.
No place here for thee
Just to shout and to sing,
And play on my harps
With thousands of strings."