

SONGS OF HOPE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649194490

Songs of hope by Rebecca N. Taylor

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

REBECCA N. TAYLOR

SONGS OF HOPE

2012
1128/16
P.V.

SONGS OF HOPE

+ ✓

BY
REBECCA N. TAYLOR



NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN
LIBRARY
BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1915
A. K.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
742122
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1918 L

WIM VERN
CLAREN
YSAZELL

COPYRIGHT, 1915

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SONG OF A BIRD IN THE RAIN	1
HITHERTO	3
" AS THY DAYS ARE "	5
THE CONSUMING FIRE	6
BROUGHT TO JUDGMENT	7
GETHSEMANE	8
THE HERETIC'S PRAYER	9
LIGHT	11
THANKSGIVING	12
A WAYSIDE FLOWER	13
A SPRING MORNING IN PARIS	14
NOVEMBER BLOOM	16
THRENODY	18
ADIEU	19
LOST EDEN	20
REST	22
ON THE BORDER	23
PARTED	24
IN MEMORIAM	25
" ELAN VITALE "	26
LOVE AND DEATH	27
OLD COMRADE	28

SONGS OF HOPE

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

52

53

54

55

56

57

58

THE SONG OF A BIRD IN THE RAIN

*None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.—
Psalm 34:22.*

THOUGH the rain may fall and the wind be blowing,
And cold and chill is the wintry blast,
Though the cloudy sky is still cloudier growing,
And the dead leaves tell that summer has passed,
My face I hold to the stormy heaven,
My heart is as calm as the summer sea,
Glad to receive what my God has given,
Whate'er it be.

When I feel the cold I can say, "He sends it,"
And His wind blows blessing I surely know,
For I've never a want but that He attends it,
And my heart beats warm though the winds may blow.

The soft sweet summer was warm and glowing;
Bright were the blossoms on every bough;
I trusted Him when the roses were blowing;
I trust Him now.

Small were my faith should it weakly falter
Now that the roses have ceased to blow;
Frail were the trust that now should alter,
Doubting His love when the storm clouds grow.

If I trust Him once, I must trust Him ever,
And His way is best, though I stand or fall;
Through wind and storm He will leave me never;
He sends it all.

Why should my heart be faint and fearing?
Mighty He rules above the storm;
Even the wintry wind is cheering,
Showing His power to keep me warm.
Never a care on my heart is pressing,
Never a doubt can disturb my breast;
Everything that He sends is blessing,
For He knows best.