

**JUST MUSE AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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Just Muse and Other Poems by Mrs. M. McNamar

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**MRS. M. MCNAMAR**

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BY  
**MRS. M. McNAMAR**

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## INTRODUCTIVE

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### VERSE.

Then permit me to revel in the wealth of all verse,  
And forbid me no part of their themes;  
For the poets have written, their thoughts to disperse,  
That others might share in their dreams.  
In words gracefully framed they the topic define,  
With soft language that ebbs and flows;  
They bear me away on the bosom of rhyme  
To the land of Peace and Repose.

Perhaps it may be in the majestic lines  
Of the grand old masters of song;  
In their heavier themes that my spirit finds  
Strength, as my tranquil mood they prolong.  
They hold sweeping power, my mind to immerse,  
Like the tide that engulfs where it flows;  
They bear me away on the billows of verse,  
To the land of Peace and Repose.

POETRY  
ALBIONIA (2)

JUST MUSE.

MIDNIGHT UNDER CALIFORNIA SKIES

I sleep and I dream—  
That I sail the sea of deepest blue,  
Where all the stars are mirrored true,  
And the waning moon is reflected too  
    From the depths of its calm still face.  
On this sea that touches no cliff or shore,  
That has no breakers to rock and roar,  
Like a phantom my ship is sailing o'er,  
    As smoothe as if gliding through space.

On the deck I repose in my steamer chair  
And I feel the touch of the cool night air,  
As I view the fairy like scene from there,  
    Through the masts of my own flying bark.  
Other phantom ships go sailing by  
With never a sound as their way they ply,  
And never a message or a signal fly,  
    As they go seeking some distant mart.

Those phantom ships are all white or gray,  
And they are all sailing the self same way,  
Not one of them lingers or cares to stay  
    Her speed till the journey's complete.  
But my ship is not painted white or gray,  
And I sail in the opposite way from they,  
Neither do I tarry or pause to say  
    One word to that flying feet.

And now I behold a wreck on the deep—  
A frail little bark that had failed to keep  
Pace with the other ships of that fleet  
    Disappeared from the fairy-like scene.  
But another great ship met a fate much worse,  
When, heedless of danger, she steered her course

Right onto the shores of a rock bound coast;  
The shock startled me out of my dream.

Ah! It wasn't a dream, I was wide awake,  
I was only allowing my fancy to take  
Me sailing away in its own wild wake,  
On the breast of the midnight breeze.  
The sea, in my fancy, was the great blue sky,  
The ships, the white clouds that go sailing by,  
And my deck chair, the cot upon which I lie  
Out under my own fig trees.

The masts of my ship was a giant branch,  
The sails were the leaves that toss and dance,  
And they appear the part in the careless glance,  
That it pleases my fancy to give.  
That rock bound coast was the mother cloud's breast,  
Where all the little clouds fly to rest,  
Now long before this I know you have guessed  
The land where I've chosen to live.

### HEAVENLY GLIMPSES.

Down deep in the blush of the rose I see  
A picture from another world given,  
I cannot decide just what it can be,  
Unless 'tis the sunrise in heaven.

On the petals of the lily there seems to gleam  
The purity of immortal things,  
Must be the reflection of some heavenly scene,  
Perhaps 'tis of the angels' wings.

But in a little child's smiling, innocent face  
Shines a vision far more fair,  
Than in anything else of terrestrial grace,  
For heaven, itself is imaged there.



LIFE'S GREATEST MOMENTS

Life's greatest moments spent with a friend—  
With some dear soul, whose musing and meditation seem to  
blend

And beat in harmony with those of our own,  
As a sweet song and its melodious chords are one in tone.

Life's dearest moments spent with a friend—  
With some loved one whose sweet companionship seems  
to lend

Inspiration of soul food for mated minds,  
Our thoughts move in unison, our desires one in kind.

Life's sweetest moments spent with a friend—  
Some loved companion we've known long since, or then  
Perhaps 'tis an erstwhile friend who feels  
This atonement of spirit, and a compact of fellowship seals.

Life's choicest moments spent with a friend—  
Just a day or an hour of sweet communion that trends  
To lead upward and onward to a loftier throne  
Of inspiration and thought than we'd reached had we striven  
alone.

Life's greatest moments spent with a friend—  
Some ne'r forgotten person whose fellowship will not end  
With parting of ways, for we've lived the divine,  
And deep impressions of kindred minds are not subject to  
absence or time.

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TRUTH.

Man, in his unstable building,  
Places timbers that decay and fall;  
Nature in her infinite mercy,  
Drapes and shields for the eyes of all.  
Man wanders apart from the pathway  
That leads to the perfect and right;  
Truth, divine, silently follows  
In his wake, and wipes out the blight.

THE CAGED LION.

To and fro, to and fro,  
Those iron bars are but prison walls;  
To and fro, to and fro,  
The great out-doors to his spirit calls,  
In his solemn, ceaseless and nervous tread,  
He seems to avoid some hidden dread;  
He is all unmindful of the curious throng,  
That views him the whole day long.

Up and down, 'round and 'round,  
From this prison he longs to escape;  
Up and down, 'round and 'round,  
Would that providence could ope' the gate.  
Can any who look at him fail to see  
That he was never meant for captivity;  
In appeasing the restlessness of his soul  
His body is paying the toll.

Out in the free, it was his to be,  
Without caution or fear he walked alone;  
Over the bramble, and over the lee,  
The forest trees were the walls of his home.  
And he ruled that home in all majesty,  
None ever disobeyed his excellency;  
For then he was king of the wonderful wild,  
But now he is a broken exile.

How is it man places a ban  
Upon the freedom of the least of this land?  
How is it man places a ban,  
And defies the work of a mightier hand?  
Would that humanity saw no pleasure or peace,  
Except in the comforts of the greatest or least,  
Would that forever the will of man  
Ceased the opposing of nature's plan.

## DEATH.

With his poisonous wand, Death sweeps the world on wings  
 That carry him swiftly, and far;  
 Under his devastating power all things he brings,  
 His presence, no region can bar.  
 He turns toward the arid plains of the desert wild,  
 Some victim falls at his quest;  
 In the frozen steppes of the north his hands have defiled  
 What pleased his fancy the best.

He is an unwelcome visitor, none can seek to evade,  
 He comes at noon, at night, at morn;  
 The seas, the vales, hills and mountains are his to invade,  
 He spots a victim as soon as 'tis born.  
 He dares to lay hands on the most precious things we hold,  
 He takes a little, he takes our all;  
 We are powerless to resist him, he is a burglar bold,  
 We, ourselves, must come at his call.

No lily is too fair and lovely for his deadly clutch,  
 No flower that he will not slay;  
 No palm tree so high and stately that he will not touch  
 And spoil it with grim decay.  
 Yonder hill held its monument, seemed a gift of time,  
 From its destruction all would refrain;  
 Yet, Death laid his hand e'en, to that graceful pine,  
 And the cones never grew again.

Lo in his ruthless devastation he dared to touch  
 Even the brow of the Holy Christ,  
 The very earth trembled with awe that he dared so much,  
 And for a moment that touch sufficed.  
 But it was the prophets of old, who, in their wisdom had  
 said  
 "Dissolution the Christ shall not see"  
 They looked and beheld Him—the Christ was not dead,  
 But He lived—and He liveth through eternity.