

**THE GLAD WORLD  
AND OTHER SONGS**

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The Glad World and Other Songs by J. W. Wright

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**J. W. WRIGHT**

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AND OTHER SONGS**





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SONGS . . . . By J W WRIGHT**

**AUTHOR of "THE LONG AGO"**



Illustrated by Ralph  
Fullerton Moline

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Gift  
Class of 1887

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By

J W Wright

TO YVBU  
ALBION, LA.

## THE GLAD WORLD

**F**OR me, no far-off heaven while I still  
breathe earth's air;

(Come from an unknown country—going, I  
know not where);

Given but fleeting glimpses of God's great  
Mystery;

Shackled by sordid earth-chains; no one to  
set me free;

Striving to know life's secret, dreading its  
strange, cold touch,

Gaining, it seems, so little; losing so much,  
so much!

Treading its far-stretched mazes, wond'ring  
what fate is mine,

Despairing, with earth-born vision, to see the  
heights divine;

Thrilled when for one quick moment I look  
beyond the veil,

Downcast for years that follow, standing out-  
side the pale;



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Seeking God's distant heaven, with none to  
tell me where,  
Sometimes knowing His presence, often in  
blank despair ;  
Asking a thousand questions, given an answer  
to none,  
Running a circle race-course whose race is  
never done ;  
Fearing to follow nature lest I be led astray,  
Doubting the word-prayer's power, yet igno-  
rant how to pray ;  
Seeking the tie that, somehow, we know links  
all mankind  
To the far-off Great Hereafter, and a God we  
cannot find.

. . . . .  
This then ; If He vouchsafes me, upon some  
gentle hill,

ALBION

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A low brown cottage facing across the valley  
still,  
The red-breast linnets nesting within its  
shelt'ring vine,  
And insect wing-songs droning where rose  
and jassamine twine;  
A scraggly eucalyptus, bamboo, a deodar;  
A mocking-bird full-throated to greet the  
night's first star;  
The quail-call from the hillsides, faint-  
answered from below;  
The majesty of sunset; its gentler afterglow;  
A merry hearth-fire crackling inside the in-  
glenook;  
Some strains of simple music, a song to sing,  
a book;  
A cheerful garden blooming; the scent of  
upturned sod;  
A comrade walking near me . . . (This on  
my knees, dear God!)

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**The One Who Knows to read with—to laugh  
with in the sun;**

**A gladsome heart to meet me when the day's  
work is done . . . .**

**If these can be my portion, I'll waive the Why  
and How**

**And risk the Great Hereafter—to take my  
heaven now!**