

**IF WE ONLY KNEW
AND OTHER POEMS**

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If We Only Knew and Other Poems by Louis Hamon (Cheiro)

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by Cheiro ẽ ẽ ẽ ẽ ẽ ẽ

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If We Only Knew.

IF we only knew, if we only knew
But a little part of the things we see,
Methinks the false would be oft more true
Than what is truth—or what *seems to be* :
If we only knew—if we only knew !

If we only knew the pain we cause
By the slighting look or the word of shame,
By the seeking out of those old, old flaws
That one scarce could help in the race for fame ;
If we only knew that the deeds we scorn
Might some day fall to ourselves to do,
Or if not us, to our babes unborn :
If we only knew—if we only knew !

If we only knew how the man we spurn
Had fought temptation—ay, day and night ;
If we only knew, would we so turn
And cast him off as a loathsome sight ?
Ah me ! instead of the sinner's brand,
We'd gladly help him the right to do ;
We'd lift him up with each honest hand,
If we only knew—if we only knew !

If we only knew how the woman fell,
Would we shun her as now, whene'er we meet ?
Would we leave her then to that bitter hell
Of self and sin and the homeless street ?
Would we shrug our shoulders and toss our head
For trusting too much, or being too true,
Or sinning, perhaps, as some do, for bread ?
If we only knew—if we only knew !

If we only knew of that girl last night
Who stood for a moment just at our door,
Ere she turned away from the cheerful light
And sought the silence of Death's still shore,
Would we deem her mad, or turn aside
From half-starved lips so cold and blue,
If they could tell us just why she died ?
If we only knew—if we only knew !

* * * * *

If we only knew that the hearts we miss
Would have stayed so short in this vale of woe,
How much more sweet would have been each kiss !
But we did not know—we did not know.
Regrets are useless, and tears but blind,
And empty words can no past undo ;
It's no good sighing—I'd been more kind
If I only knew—if I only knew !





3f.

If Fate were naught—and we were wise,
How calmly would we plan the earth !
There'd be no sorrow, tears, or dearth ;
Nothing but joy would fill our eyes
If Fate were naught—and we were wise.

Ah yes ! how well we'd lay each plan !
In life, in love, we'd all agree ;
We'd make no blunders ; we would see
The wisest choice for girl or man
If Fate were naught—how well we'd plan !

If Fate were naught—and we were wise,
All things our wondrous minds would see ;
We'd make "the present " change "to be ;"
We'd write "it must " across the skies.
If Fate were naught—and we were wise,
Ah ! what a hash all things would be !





In Memoriam.

FSTOOD and watched her eyelids close—
The eyes that loved me long and well,
The eyes in which love seemed to dwell,
From which my purest thoughts arose.

God loved her too, and He, all-wise,
Deemed her too pure for me or mine ;
Took her up mid His saints to shine,
And filled with tears my weary eyes.

For ah! the God of Love knew well
That where she was, there was my prize ;
That I would even seek the skies,
If I with her might hope to dwell.

And so along life's path I roam
Half fearing lest we ne'er might meet,
Half fearing lest my wayward feet
Should lead me from my darling's home.





NO crown without some cross,
No life without some loss,
No rose without some thorn,
No night without some morn,
No love without some cloud,
No home without some shroud,
No joy without some pain—
Yet life is not in vain ;
Some day all will be plain.





Fate.

COME, kiss me right on the lips, my love,
And kiss me again, dear heart, dear heart ;
Come hold me closer, my life, my love.
Why did you whisper that we must part ?
You're going away ?—oh, it cannot be
That you've come to-night to say good-by !
But 'twill only be for a season, love—
What do you mean by that weary sigh ?

You cannot mean it—what have you said ?
That you must leave me and go away ?
But I gave you my love and we were wed
A year ago this very day.
What are you saying ?—the deed was false.
My heart is breaking, my words are wild ;
But one thing binds, tho' all laws may fail—
You have forgotten—our child—our child !

When years were over he came again,
A moneyed man in the world's high place ;
He passed the house and he stopped to think
Just for a moment of her sweet face.
“ I wonder,” thought he, “ how fares the child,
That baby-girl with those eyes of blue.
How strange it is that, tho' men are wild,
They rarely suffer for what they do ! ”