THE GREY VALLEY

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The Grey Valley by Nicholas Drake

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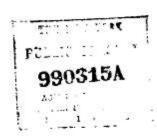
THE GREY VALLEY

BY

NICHOLAS DRAKE

1921

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3 dedicate this little book to my Father and Mother

FOREWORD

The poems contained in this little volume, with a few exceptions, have previously appeared in The Times-Dispatch, or in The Richmond Evening Journal. Therefore, I have set aside this page for the purpose of thanking Mr. S. T. Clover, the former editor of The Journal, and Mr. H. E. Warner, of The Times-Dispatch, for their many courtesies.

NICHOLAS DRAKE.

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His Voice

In sunset glow and in each gleam
The stars portray at night,
In every ripple of the stream
That leaps to greet the sight,
And in the petals of the rose
Which nestles by the thorn
There is a Voice which swells and flows
To souls of men reborn.

They understand, the sons of man,
And sons of God become,
When turning from the sordid plan
They hear in summer's hum
The Voice which spoke in Galilee,
Which told of life and love:
For sights and sounds on land and sea
Are words from God above.

NYPL