

**VERSES**

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Verses by Ethel Mendenhall Dixon & Mary Beltzhoover Jenkins & Helene Buhlert Magee

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**ETHEL MENDENHALL DIXON & MARY  
BELTZHOOVER JENKINS & HELENE BUHLERT MAGEE**

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Noted. (R)  
10/6/32  
W.W.

# V E R S E S /

ETHEL MENDENHALL DIXON  
MARY BELTZHOONER JENKINS  
HELENE BUHLERT MAGER

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**V E R S E S**

AN OLD MAN'S SONG

All day I played, and grew with the flowers,  
 (Ireland's hedges are white in May!)  
 Laughed with the sunlight, cried with the  
 showers,  
 Loud sang my merry heart,  
 "Life is play!"

I wedded a maid when the shamrock was green,  
 (Blue were her eyes as the June sky above!)  
 I was a king and she was a queen,  
 Low whispered heart on heart  
 "Life is love!"

I knelt by the side of her empty bed,  
 (Ireland was gray in the autumn rain.)  
 God and the world far away with my dead,—  
 "Sure," said my breaking heart,  
 "Life is pain."

All day I sit by the peat-fire's glow;  
 (Frosty and raw is Ireland's breath.)  
 Little reck I of the damp or the blow,  
 Peace keeps my tired heart,  
 "Life is death."

H. B. M.



SECOND FIDDLE

Above them all, I hear you, high and sweet,  
Leading a melody that is replete  
With gladness, or with pity, or with plea,  
Sung as you will to play it:— But for me  
Enough to string your second, as is meet.

Enough for me to measure out my beat,  
A background to the theme in which you cheat  
The music masters of their minstrelsy.

I am content.

Enough for me to follow where your feet  
Shall choose—enough, to take the farthest seat  
From your enthronement, so I may but see  
You first in all the land, dear, so you be  
Honored and loved; your happiness complete,

I am content.

M. B. J.

SONG

My Love hath stepped across the purple hills  
To seek a fitter love than mine; ah me!  
How heavy hangs the darkling cloud that fills  
This vale I once did think so fair to see!

My Love hath found, across the purple hills,  
The mighty heart she long hath loved and  
sought.  
And lo! the darkling cloud no longer fills  
My vale, so sweet a wonder hath been  
wrought!

My heart sped out across the purple hills,  
And there my dear Love filled it, still and  
deep,  
With her own joy, since when such rapture fills  
My vale, I know not if I wake, or sleep!

H. B. M.

VENEZUELAN SERENADE

While the southern cross burns bright  
 O'er La Guayra's purple dome,  
 To the soul of my delight  
 Through the fragrant night I come.  
 I have ridden fast and far  
 In the longing of my quest,  
 And pressed my steed  
 To his utmost speed  
 In the anguish of unrest.

By the jungles, dense and drear,  
 By the cañon's lurking shade,  
 I have traversed, void of fear,  
 The gloom of the forest glade;  
 Yet the breathless winds blow faint  
 In the terror of my pain,  
 And the bright stars pale  
 And the perfumes fail  
 In the fear of thy disdain.  
 But ah! if all lonely-sad  
 In the darkness at thy feet,  
 My heart should be rendered glad