

# **SONGS AT TWILIGHT**

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Songs at Twilight by Teresa Beatrice O'Hare

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**TERESA BEATRICE O 'HARE**

**SONGS AT  
TWILIGHT**





Sincerely Yours  
Anna Patricia V. Hall.

SONGS AT  
TWILIGHT

BY TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE <sup>M</sup>

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To Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson  
to whom a  
bunch of wild flowers  
from a grateful heart is as welcome  
as the  
rarest orchids of thought,  
this little volume is lovingly dedicated.





I have my own ambition. It is not  
To mount on eagle wings and soar away  
Beyond the palings of the common lot,  
Scorning the griefs and joys of every day;  
I would be human—toiling, like the rest,  
With tender, human heart-beats in my breast.

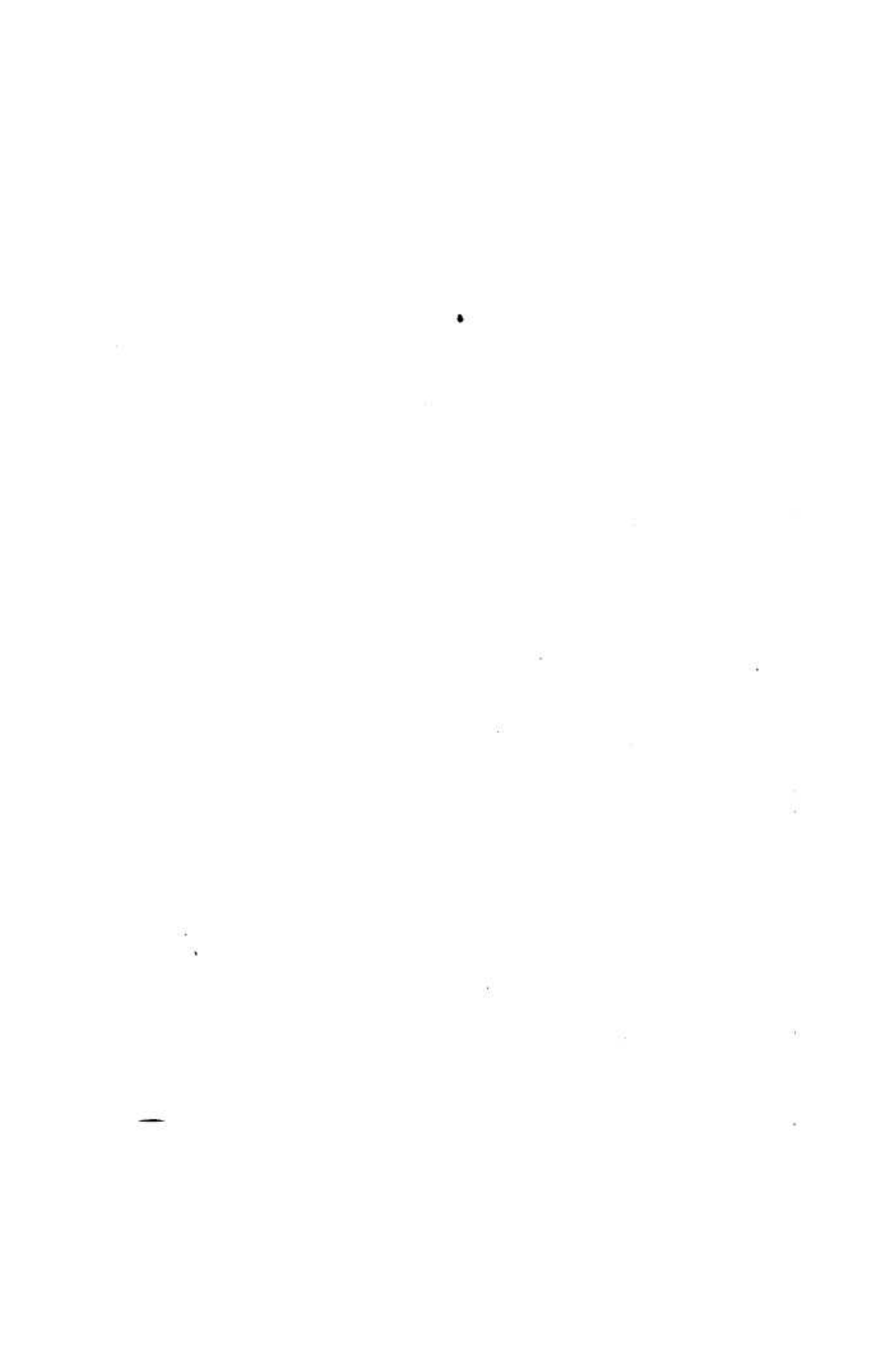
And so, beside my door I sit and sing  
My simple strains—now sad, now light and gay;  
Happy if this or that but wake one string  
Whose low, sweet echoes give me back the lay,  
And happier still, if girded by my song,  
Some strained and tempted soul stands firm and  
strong.

Humanity is much the same; if I  
Can give my neighbor's pent-up thought a tongue,  
And can give voice to his unspoken cry  
Of bitter pain, when my own heart is wrung,  
Then we two meet upon a common land  
And henceforth stand together, hand in hand.

—*Ellen Palmer Allerton.*









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