

SONGS OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW

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Songs of Saint Bartholomew by Sara Hamilton Birchall

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SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

**SONGS OF SAINT
BARTHOLOMEW**

*UPON us vagabonds who take
Our packs and paddles Sunday
The good folk look austerely down,
Though they may smile on Monday.*

*Some call us pagans, others tramps;
The truth they never knew —
We faithfully attend the Church
Of Saint Bartholomew.*

Songs of Saint Bartholomew

Sara Hamilton Birchall

Alfred Barilett

Boston

1871

DEDICATION

DEAR HAPPY DAY:

You and I have gone to Saint Bartholomew's Church together too often, and shared the same camp-fire and the same blanket too many cold nights for any formal words to pass between us, even on the printed page. So here I will put only the old wish that we have said so often, and meant so sincerely. —Here 's Luck!

S. H. B.

The Eggshell,
June 28th, 1908



SONGS OF
SAINT BARTHOLOMEW



Saint Bartholomew's-on-the-Hill

JUNE!

June on the sunny hills, June
Among the fragrant sedges, June
Trilling with brooks, tickling the children's
feet

With her fox-tail grasses,
June with her maiden face!
Ah, the still day passes
So lingeringly in June!

Like a thread of golden honey
Poured from a silver jar the long hours drip
Here in the sun, dreaming amid the fields,
Hearing the village church-bell gravely
clank,
Seeing the black-robed worshippers below

