

**BIRCH LEAVES: HOMELY  
VERSE FOR HOMELY  
PEOPLE, WITH HOMELY  
VIRTUES AND SENTIMENTS**

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Birch Leaves: Homely Verse for Homely People, with Homely Virtues and Sentiments by Alice E. Bartlett

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**ALICE E. BARTLETT**

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VIRTUES AND SENTIMENTS**





IN THE PRIMEVAL WOODS

# BIRCH LEAVES



*Homely Verse for Homely People,  
with Homely Virtues and Sentiments*

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Written from time to time by  
"Birch Arnold"  
Mrs. ALICE E. BARTLETT

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DETROIT, MICH.  
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1905

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# F O R E W O R D

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The scientist, the financier, the mechanic deal with mathematical forces; the artist, the musician and the poet are concerned principally with those mighty, volatile and overwhelming forces which are imprisoned within the word feeling. Without the interpreting voice of musician, poet and artist, life would be mechanical and sordid.

Poetry can not be made; it must be born. It is the heart's painter, and pictures, as nothing else can, the random moods and tenses which we pick out here and there from experience.

It is also the soul's musician, and voices the varying breaths of feeling which sweep over the soul sensitized with the divine harmonies of life. Oftentimes it wears patched garments and "goes lame," but the indwelling spirit speaks despite the clothes it wears. If it voices with a true note of feeling, some cry of the heart, or wreathes the actual with the garlands of hope and cheer, it is poetry, even though it hobbles on one foot, and goes begging in homespun.

To amuse, to interest, to cheer, to voice the universal longings of the human heart for expression these poems have been written. If they strike some chord of sympathy, or evoke some note of harmony in the hearts of the voiceless, this offering of "BIRCH LEAVES" will not have been in vain.



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*THESE verses are inscribed to the  
memory of my beautiful Mother,  
who was my severest critic and warm-  
est admirer. : : : : :*

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### AMONG THE BIRCHES

Oh "ladies of the forest"  
In gowns of silvery white,  
Against the shadowed copses  
Agleam like bars of light,  
Ye wear the crown of beauty  
The dryads wore of old,  
And all the woodland vistas  
With witchery enfold!

Sweet "ladies of the forest,"  
With pastel shades of green  
In the laces falling over  
Your gowns of silver sheen,  
I follow where ye lead me,  
Bacchante to your spell,  
Content in visual glory  
Forever more to dwell!

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