

# **A BRANCH OF MAY, POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9781760573737

A branch of May, poems by Lizette Woodworth Reese & Mosher Press

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE & MOSHER PRESS**

# **A BRANCH OF MAY, POEMS**



A BRANCH OF MAY  
POEMS BY LIZETTE  
WOODWORTH REESE



PORTLAND MAINE  
THOMAS B MOSHER  
MDCCCXC

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
BETRAYED . . . . .	3
THE DESERTED HOUSE . . . . .	4
A SONG . . . . .	6
HALLOWMAS . . . . .	7
A SPINNING SONG . . . . .	8
MY TRUE LOVE LIES ASLEEP . . . . .	10
ANNE . . . . .	11
A WET JUNE DAY . . . . .	13
THE OLD PATH . . . . .	14
A SONG FOR CANDLEMAS . . . . .	15
SUNRISE . . . . .	16
KEATS . . . . .	17
A THOUGHT OF MAY . . . . .	18
COUPLETS . . . . .	19
A DECEMBER ROSE . . . . .	20
A SONG . . . . .	21
MID-MARCH . . . . .	22
THE SINGER . . . . .	23
SWEET WEATHER . . . . .	25

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
IN JUNE . . . . .	26
AFTER THE RAIN . . . . .	28
A RHYME OF DEATH'S INN . . . . .	29
THE DEATH POTION . . . . .	30
BLACKBERRY BLOSSOMS . . . . .	33
SUNSET . . . . .	34
THE DEAD SHIP . . . . .	35
A RHYME FOR JUNE . . . . .	37
AUGUST . . . . .	38
EARLY SEPTEMBER . . . . .	39
A NOVEMBER AFTERNOON . . . . .	40
THE FIRST SNOW . . . . .	41
TO HER SWEET EYES . . . . .	42



A BRANCH OF MAY





*Another rhymet? quoth the World.  
Faith, these folk be mad!*



### BETRAYED



HE is false, O Death, she is fair!  
Let me hide my head on thy knee;  
Blind mine eyes, dull mine ears, O Death!  
She hath broke my heart for me!

Give me a perfect dream;  
Find me a rare, dim place;  
But let not her voice come nigh,  
And keep out her face — her face!

## THE DESERTED HOUSE

THE old house stands deserted, gray,  
With sharpened gables high in air,  
And deep-set lattices, all gay  
With massive arch and framework rare ;  
And o'er it is a silence laid,  
That feeling, one grows sore afraid.

The eaves are dark with heavy vines ;  
The steep roof wears a coat of moss ;  
The walls are touched with dim designs  
Of shadows moving slow across ;  
The balconies are damp with weeds,  
Lifting as close as streamside reeds.

The garden is a loved retreat  
Of melancholy flowers, of lone  
And wild-mouthed herbs, in companies sweet,  
'Mid desolate green grasses thrown ;  
And in its gaps the hoar stone wall  
Lets sprays of tangled ivy fall.

The pebbled paths drag, here and there,  
Old lichened faces, overspun  
With silver spider-threads — they wear  
A silence sad to look upon :