

**SONGS AND
VERSES, PP. 1-44, (
NOT COMPLETE)**

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Songs and Verses, pp. 1-44, (not complete) by J. W. N.

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J. W. N.

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Songs and Verses.

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BY

J. W. N.

Mrs Jennie Hall Ketter.

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As when a timid child
From the sure shelter of its mother's gown
Peeps on the world with ever doubting gaze,
So 'neath the shadow of most partial praise,
My rhymelets seek to venture to the town,
To May Fairs, where, beguiled
As by a promised sugar plum the child,
By much encouragement, I dare to send
them.
Kind friends, befriend them.

SONGS AND VERSES.

WHAT MAY A WOMAN SAY?

TELL me, oh! thou muse of mine,
What may a woman say
Who with a turn for poesy
Is longing day by day
To give her thoughts expression
In most ladylike array?

Who would sing of primroses
And cowslip balls forever,
Of infant smiles, of sunset skies,
And streams that meet and sever?
Any one can use such rhymes
That is the least bit clever—
Tell me then, thou muse of mine,
What may a woman say?

His ladye's lips, his ladye's eyes,
Her brown, black, golden braid,
The poet sings them all; they are
His very stock in trade.

And he can praise her voice, her brow,
Her manner, meek or staid—
Tell me then, thou muse of mine,
What may a woman say?

Golden glories, taper fingers,
Girdles, gowns, and gems,
Separate verses on the buckles,
Separate on the hems,
Separate on each sea shell ear,
With numerous other mems—
Tell me then, thou muse of mine,
What may a woman say?

He can write of lingering kiss
On lips that kiss again;
From dwelling on such things intense
True woman must refrain,
For many a wild and devious turning
Hath this treacherous lane—
Tell me then, thou muse of mine,
What may a woman say?

LOVE IS THE BURDEN OF MY SONG.

Love is the burden of my song
And love my whole life's lilt,
And should for me the world go wrong,
My love on a rock has built
A castle grand with tower and moat,
Where none may come, till the bugle note
Of my lover's love call, clarion clear,
Shall cleave the air for my listening ear.

Then the drawbridge shall fall
At my cavalier's call,
And with open arms
From the world's alarms
I'll welcome my love to this castle of mine
own,
And ever of love, be the burden of my song.