

MOODS AND WHIMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649432790

Moods and Whims by Mary Olive Emmons

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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MARY OLIVE EMMONS

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AND WHIMS**

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BY

MARY OLIVE EMMONS.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
No. 24 FRANKLIN STREET.
1892.

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THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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PRELUDE.

I HAVE a muse : a little, flighty maid
Whose tears and smiles are like an April day :
Who fills my heart at times with treasured song,
And bids me write these songs as best I can.
She opes her arms to me, when to my task
I hasten, with a lack of proper time
To while the hours in sweet companionship,
And I must bid her wait some later day ;
And then she sulks, and will not turn to me
When, all my duties o'er, I fain would speak,
And far from me she veils herself in tears ;
Then, when I turn alike in sad despair,
And, weary, bend me to some drudgery,
I hear her soft and dainty footfall near,
And lo ! she sings such words into my brain
That swift my willing pen in eagerness
Strives to portray some faint and shadowy glimpse
Of all the beauty that her mind conceives ;
But yet, alas ! the dullard fails to show
The inner essence of my muse's dreams.
Still all my life would leave a deep content
Could I but bring these two, my closest friends,
To clearer understanding and delight.

What they have writ, I lay before your eyes ;
They are but whims of this too fickle muse,
Some tears and smiles of all her various moods ;
They are not mine, so judge them as you will.
Should glory come, I fain would share with her ;
But otherwise please give her all the shame.

MOODS AND WHIMS.

SPRING SONG.

O, THE Earth is full of music !
And my heart is full of song !
For the glad Springtime is coming
Creeping slowly, slowly on ;
And the little birds are singing,
And the wee, green buds are springing,
And the sweet winds soft are winging,
For the Spring is coming on.

O, the rivers burst their prison,
And go rushing glad along ;
And the little brooks in gladness
Add their babble to the song ;
And the birds join in the chorus,
While the winds are whistling o'er us
As they drive the chill before us,
For the Spring is coming on.

SPRING IS COME.

Snow, snow, snow !
Till our breath is nearly gone !
And blow, blow, blow !
Till our heads will scarce stay on !
Oh, well for the furnace man,
That he works o'er the red-hot coals :
He never can know of the chilling blasts
And only can dream of the cold !

Tramp, tramp, tramp !
O'er the long and windy road,
With never a ray of the sun to cheer
Or to take off the edge of the cold.
And we shiver and shake in our boots
Till our fingers and noses are blue ;
We have heard poets sing
Of "Spring, gentle Spring" !
How little, alas ! they knew !

HE. —

It might have been rude,
But think of the pleasure !
No doubt I'll be sued
For she's rather a prude ;
But so long I have wooed,
And she is *such* a treasure !
So if she says 't was rude
I shall dwell on the pleasure !

SHE. —

If the lights were turned low
In the library corner,
He 'd repeat it, I know
If I only but show
That I hated it so;
And then he 'll be a "goner";
So the lights *shall* be low
In the library corner !

IN COELO QUIES.

So many years my feet have trod
The stony path towards my God,
And many years before me lie
In blank uncertain destiny ;

So many pains I here have met
My weary heart cannot forget ;
For black and dark, before my sight,
They hide me from Thy mercy's light.

So many joys have come to me
My heart should all thanksgiving be ;
Dear Lord, forgive my foolish fears,
I trust to Thee the coming years,

And grant that I may every day
Have grace to praise, and power to pray
That Thou wilt guide me on the road
My Saviour has before me trod.