

**DAVIS'S POEMS:
SONGS OF THE AGE**

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Davis's Poems: Songs of the Age by Dudley H. Davis

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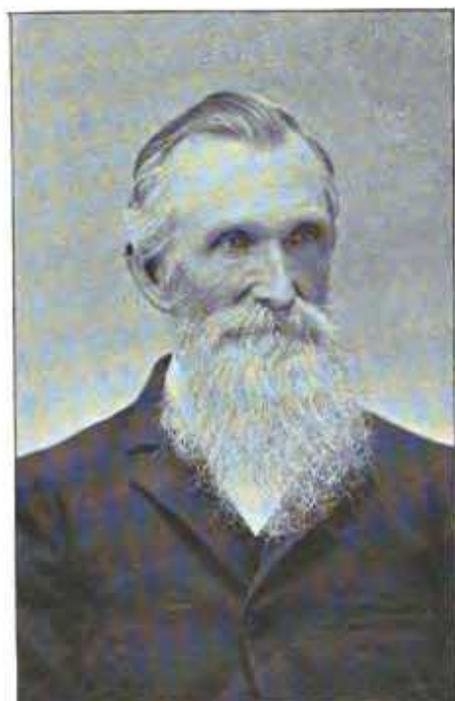
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DUDLEY H. DAVIS

**DAVIS'S POEMS:
SONGS OF THE AGE**



Respectfully yours
D. A. Davis

Davis's Poems,

Songs of the Age.

BY COL. DUDLEY H. DAVIS.

ILLUSTRATED.

Press of JOHN COX'S SONS, Baltimore, Md.

1891.

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DEDICATION.

TO A. H. LEWIS, A. M., D. D.

DEAR SIR:—This collection of occasional pieces is submitted to the public, only through the earnest solicitation of friends, and even now it is done with the greatest diffidence.

As in former days, I turned to you for encouragement and spiritual advice, so now I turn to you in this my embarrassment, and dedicate to you the only book with which I shall ever trespass on public patience.

I hope you will permit me, sir, to subscribe myself

Your friend and servant,

D. H. DAVIS.

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PREFACE.

WHILE the adage, "Poets are born, not made," may be true, we fully realize that a classic education is a prerequisite to the writing of poetry that will interest the literary world. This classic education the author of these lines has not, having been bred a farmer and spent thirty-two of his best years in mercantile transactions.

Though the contents of this little book may serve to awaken many tender memories in the minds and hearts of acquaintances, yet it never would have been given to the world had it not been for the earnest solicitation of friends.

If what is here written—the production of idle hours—will edify its readers or improve their hearts, the highest hopes of the writer will be accomplished.

THE AUTHOR.

COMPLIMENTARY.

BALTIMORE, May 1st, 1891.

MR. D. H. DAVIS:

I have frequently spoken of "The Bard of Quiet Dell" as the "White Blackbird." He has fine sentiment, and writes real good poetry, and is at the same time a good practical business man. When you wrote me word you had cut sixty tons of hay, and had gone to buy cattle to which to feed the hay, instead of baling it and sending it away to market, to thereby impoverish your land—then it was I thought of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and wondered why every poet could not hitch Pegasus to the utility chariot. But you know they do not; therefore I have always admired the exception to the general rule, which is happily embodied in your peculiar character. Your poems are good salad for the home circle; they are good solid sense, and happy metre with it. We never get tired of hearing the song of the wild birds. There is none of the piratical cling-clang in the music of the wild woods.

God and nature and our soul's breathings are in sweet consonance. We listen to the anthems of the early winds of Spring in the soft foliage of a new born creation, and our souls are mesmerised to tranquil moods by the soft metre of their balmy loveliness. David's Songs are younger

to-day than when they were first written, for they leaven the souls of countless millions, and after you have read them a thousand times you discover fresh beauty in the depths of their anthems.

The sparkle of genuine genius will live forever. We trust your Book of Poems may meet with general favor. And whether popular applause shall greet it as the cyclone mowing the great forest oaks, or the gentle dew kissing the petals of the flower, it makes no odds, for your thoughts will awaken new ideas in others, and the reproductive forces of the soul are illimitable and eternal. The good man who had contributed so largely to benevolent purposes failed in a financial crash. His conclusions were: "Only what I gave away I have."

With many kind regards,

Your friend,

TOM WASH SMITH,

Editor of The Baltimore Herald.

OUR FRIEND, MR. TOM WASH SMITH,

Editor of THE BALTIMORE HERALD,

PUBLISHED quite a number of poems which may be found in this book, on some of which he was pleased to pass compliments which I considered worth more than the poems. I have no words with sufficient meaning to express my gratitude to him for his encouragement and many benefits.

He liveth not for self alone—
But soweth seed to all the world;
On sweeping winds his sheets are blown,
With head-line bold—THE BALTIMORE HERALD.
He sees the feeble steps of man,
And while ungenerous eyes would frown,
He reaches out a helping hand
Which comes alone from the renown'd.
With clear-cut words and aims so high,
He crowns the literary world;
And at a glimpse, with skillful eye,
You see him in THE BALTIMORE HERALD.
For what is in the heart of man
On written pages he hath shown,
Self passing through his medium (the pen),
Realizing not the seed he's sown.