NOT UNDERSTOOD AND OTHER POEMS

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Not Understood and Other Poems by Thomas Bracken

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BY

THOMAS BRACKEN.

WELLINGTON, N.Z.:
RICHARD BROWN, Printer and Publisher, Willis Street.
1905.

PUPLISHER'S NOTE.

The great popularity of "Not Understood," and the prominence given to it by the late Mel. B. Spurr in his very successful Recitals in the Colony, has created a demand for a pocket edition of Tom Bracken's Poems.

"Lays and Lyries," issued by the same publisher in 1893, has been out of print for some years.

It is hoped, therefore, that this little volume, which will be found to contain all of Mr. Bracken's favourite poems, will supply a long-felt want, and find a ready sale in this Colony.

Two or three days before the late Mel. B. Spurr passed away, he was interviewed concerning his work and intentions. Enumerating some of his most successful recitations, he came "finally," to "Not Understood"—"that charming little bit of philosophy by the late Thomas Bracken, which I now give almost every evening. I am hoping to introduce it to an English public some time next year, and I predict for it an instantaneous and unprecedented success." "Man proposes"—and the gifted and genial entertainer little thought, as he wrote those appreciative lines, that he was never again to see his native land.

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AND

OTHER POEMS.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

OT understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life? and then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbours, and they often go,
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!

The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight

Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,

And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;

Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day, How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking! How many noble spirits pass away Not understood

Oh, God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,
And understood.



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