

**MY HEARTHSIDE:
POEMS
WRITTEN TO SALLY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649289844

My Hearthside: Poems Written to Sally by John Vance Cheney

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

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

**MY HEARTHSIDE:
POEMS
WRITTEN TO SALLY**



John Vance Cheney

My Hearthside

Poems written to Sally

by

John Vance Cheney



Ralph Fletcher Seymour
Publisher
Chicago

985

C518

m

CONTENTS

Thou and I	7
My Castle in the Air	13
The Way to Learn	17
Sadie	21
My Fairest Fair	25
For Sally on her Birthday	29
To Sally on her Birthday	33
Sally	37
Love's World	41
I Keep Thy Memory	45

977595



Round
and round the
rest were wrought

Round about
this one
forget-me-not.

Thou and I

My Hearthside

THOU AND I

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



LOVE, I would have thee as the snow
is, white
And pure on hilltops of the winter
day;

Thou shouldst have sovereign rule, the
spirit sway
Of beauty, wide and shining as the light.
Thou shouldst be as the evening star is,
bright

As heaven can make it; all thy summer
way

The melodies of June should sing and play
In thee, the darling of the day and night.
But I would have thee human first and last,
One not untouched by trouble, sought of
sin,

Thine innocence not accident, but
choice.

Fit then my service: I should have no past,
No future; newly would my life begin,
Obedient to the music of thy voice.