

POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649300907

Poems by Margaret E. Graham

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

MARGARET E. GRAHAM

POEMS



POEMS

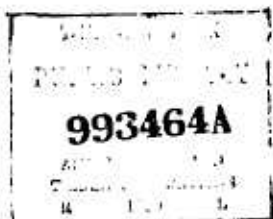
MARGARET E. GRAHAM

lc

Published in loving memory by
the faculty and students of
OAKSMERE
Mrs. Merrill's School for Girls,
Mamaroneck, New York

5019202

MPLS



Copyright 1920
by
Mrs. Fenton P. Foster

Printed and Bound
by the
Essex Press, Newark, N. J.

Preface

There are some people in the world who seem to have singing souls, — souls that are always finding miracles wherever they may go, who cannot help singing with reverent wonder for the very joy of living. Margaret was always like that. She seemed to cast a quiet radiance about her,—and if you had never believed in fairies before, you did after you knew her.

Her philosophy of life was truly beautiful,—a smile for every sorrow, and a love of all living things. Her delicate fairy poetry has a depth unreached by many throughout their lives. I shall never

think of Margaret as long as
I live without a smile, as she
would have wished,—and a
greater determination to
make my soul more worth
while,—because of having
known her.

I love to think of you and smile,
Dear singing soul,—
For in the distant afterwhile
We'll have to learn of laughter, too;
The laughter that can laugh alway,
Yes, even when the sorrow's new,
And souls like yours all lead the way
Up to that goal!

Margaret's friend and teacher,
MARION C. GILBERT.

Oaksmere,
Mamaroneck, New York.

When all the world seems dark and grey,
And skies are not so blue,
I long to cross the weary miles
Oh mother, dear, to you.

11 11 11 11

Fairer than flowers of Paradise,
Sweeter than morning dew,
Dearer than all of the world to me
Sister of mine, are you.