

POEMS

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Poems by Daniel T. Ambrose

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DANIEL T. AMBROSE

POEMS

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BY

DANIEL T. AMBROSE

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CALIFORNIA



Daniel T. Ambrose

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PUBLISHED BY
MRS. IDA T. AMBROSE
AND
CHILDREN

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Daniel T. Ambrose

Died September 10, 1916

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

SOME DAY

Some day in the spring, the thrushes
Shall carol with might and main,
And lark, from the reeds and rushes,
Soar high with triumphant strain.
Bright beams in the dawning early,
Shall race o'er hill and mead,
In the hawthorne hedges pearly,
And I shall give no heed!

And some day when the splendor
Of summer is on the land;
When the scented lillies slender
In their snow white robes shall stand.
The clover shall flush the meadows,
And rose perfume the air,
And the blue sky hold no shadows,
And I shall not know or care.

Some day, though the fruit be mellow,
Shall hang in the orchard old,
Corn changing from white to yellow,
And the tall wheat like to gold.
Though strong as song-birds rally
Shall ring out the reaper's voice,
From hilltop and sheltered valley
My heart shall no more rejoice.

God grant where the stars gleam brighter
Some night when the church bells ring,
When the snow drifts seem much brighter
And choirs unnumbered sing,
I'm safe from peril and danger
In the midst of heaven, may see
That Babe, Who laid in the manger
And who died on Calvary.

70 VMD
ANNOUNCER

FRIENDSHIP

There's a rose proves fairest to all that we see,
In color and beauty the dearest that be,
It's priceless in value its bloom never fades,
The gem of the garden untainted by shades;
It's the rose of martyr's, their precious life give,
As Christ the anointed that others might live,
It blooms in the shadows of sorrow and pain,
Sweet-scented and fragrant its virtues remain.

The sweetest in Nature no mind can forget,
When troubles surround you with presence beset,
It bids you take courage, new prospects pursue,
With friendship assisting and brotherhood too;
It blooms in all seasons for aged and youth,
Well essenced and flavored with virtue and truth,
Its essence is godly humane and divine,
The rarest that left us in records of time.

It's noble endearing sunshine and shade,
Love's beautiful rosebud by the hand of God made,
The dearest that's favored, no thorns to prick,
'Tis rooted in friendship where brotherhood stick.
Oh fairest and rarest the sweetest that bloom,
When true to its virtues no gold can consume
Unfading in glory no winter decay,
The sweet rose of friendship that never betray.

No equal on footstool its sublime divine,
Its fragrance is vibrant to victims in line,
Like incense ascending, extolling God's name,
Is the rose of true friendship ever the same.
Through winds of adversity, darkness of night,
An angel consoling to make troubles light,
Divinely she blooms though no thorns appear,
The rarest of roses to give hope and cheer.

