

**ON THE WAY TO WILLOWDALE:
BEING OTHER SONGS
FROM A GEORGIA GARDEN,
WITH SONNET INTERLUDES**

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On the Way to Willowdale: Being Other Songs from a Georgia Garden, with Sonnet Interludes
by Robert Loveman

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ROBERT LOVEMAN

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Books by Robert Loveman

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On The Way to Willowdale

Being Other

Songs from a Georgia Garden

With Sonnet Interludes

By

Robert Loveman

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THE A. J. SPOWALTER CO., PRINTERS
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1913

JIM

SONG

Here in this quiet bower,
Here in this sweet retreat,
Where the shower of the flower
Is fragrant at my feet,
Here all the day, I sing away
The wild hope-haunted hour,
Beneath the old tall tower,
Here in this happy bower.

Here in this castle airy,
I weave my jocund dreams,
Young Cupid is the fairy
Of all the singing streams;
Miss Venus grieves amid the leaves,
Adonis will not tarry,
My Pan doth plan that maid and man,
And everybody marry.

SONG

The red rose burns my passion,
The white rose weeps my woe,
All the flowers in a fashion
Sympathize and seem to know;
The myrtle dons her kirtle,
The buttercup her gown,
And bleeding-heart essays a part,
To set the symptoms down.

The gentian I must mention,
And silken poppy too,
The crocus, (hokus pokus)
Says it's silly so to woo;
If they think that they know better,
I'll keep my counsel still,
Let each blossom be a letter,
And tell her what they will.

SONG

A Butterfly came gaily
 Into the garden close,
A dozen meet there daily
 To gossip with the Rose;
The Hummingbird was lightly stirred
By every honey word he heard,
And when the Dragon-fly flew by,
The Beetle's baby 'gan to cry.

Oh, my children, O, my children,
 Look out and see the show,
Just listen to them glisten
 As they blithely come and go;
I'll plant a little garden
 Without a sprig of fear,
And all the day will be so gay
 You'd play there all the year.

SONG

The Blue-jay is a fellow
Who is busy all the day,
The Sparrow is quite narrow
In his views, the others say;
The Cardinal is crimson
With rapture and delight,
The Thrush maintains a hermit hush,
The Owl is up at night.

The Pecker-wood is understood
By every stalking hawk,
The Robin's heart is throbbing,
You may know it by his walk;
It really is exciting,
With joy my soul is stirred,
I can't do any writing
For thinking of a bird.

SONG

The periwinkle softly said,
 "I love the snug old earth,"
The lilac laughed in lavender
 And added fragrant mirth;
My Lady donned a purple gown,
 And came along just then,
The clover, nettle, violet,
 Empurpled all the glen.

The people all wore purple,
 The sky was purple too,
Beneath a purple petticoat
 There peeped a purple shoe;
As it became a cavalier,
 Of tyrian dye my vest;
I wound a chain of purple pearls
 And bound them 'round her breast