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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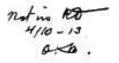
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On The Way to Willowdale

Being Other

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Songs from a Georgia Garden

With Sonnet Interludes

By

(2)

Robert Loveman

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J. SHOWALITHE OD DALTON, GROEG

16

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.

12417

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.

8

A Butterfly came gaily Into the garden close, A dozen meet there daily

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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'ld play there all the year.

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.

10

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

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