POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649262946

Poems by Elbridge Jefferson Cutler

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ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER

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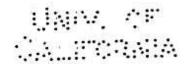


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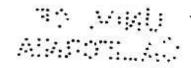


POEMS.

THE BROOK.

Somewhere there is a sea;
I near it, every turn;
But where its waters be
I cannot stop to learn.

So, through the syivan scene,
I murmur as I go;
I keep the mosses green,
And help the lilies blow.



6

THE BROOK.

The rushes made a net

They thought I could not pass,
With sticks and mosses set,
And woven in with grass.

I passed them one by one;

They guessed not my intent;
It was so slyly done,
I tittered as I went.

THE THRUSH.

I sine from spray to spray,
I love my-little mate;
And if the buds delay
I only have to wait;

For rain is sure to fall

To nourish grass and bush,
And God, who thinks of all,
Will not forget the thrush.

So I have nought to do

But just to build my nest,
And, all the season through,
To work and sing my best;

To feed my callow young;

To skip from spray to spray,

And laugh, the boughs among,

My happy life away.

IN THE MORNING.

- Is it the voice of a flute that calls from the neighboring orchard?
- No, not a flute, but the mellower song of the redbreasted robin.
- Is it a fairy's hand that shakes from the cherry its petals?

 No, not a fairy's touch, but the wind moving softly among them.
- Is it a woven veil that softens the green of the valley?
- No, not a work of the loom, but a mist exhaled from the meadows.
- Is it the buckler of Mars that is lifted over the mountains?
- No, not the shield of a god, but the sun on the castern horizon.
- Spring is the bountiful giver of blooms to the garden and forest;
- Beautiful morning fills them with sweetness and hangs them with dew-drops:—