

POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649262946

Poems by Elbridge Jefferson Cutler

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

ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER

POEMS

60

953
C989

CONTENTS.

THE BROOK,	5
THE THRUSH,	7
IN THE MORNING,	9
YOU,	12
MY BOOK,	13
THE PLANK,	14
THE SEARCH,	16
BLIGHT,	19
A YEAR,	20
AU REVOIR,	22
ENDYMION,	24
THE UNKNOWN FRIEND,	26
BY THE DEAD,	28
STUDIES,	31
A DEDICATION,	35

M264597

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

P O E M S.

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.

THE BROOK

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 sing 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 mellow song of the red-
breasted 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 moun-
tains?

No, not the shield of a god, but the sun on the eastern
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:—

56