GOLD-THREAD, AND OTHER POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649135950

Gold-thread, and other poems by Helen M. Cooke

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

HELEN M. COOKE

GOLD-THREAD, AND OTHER POEMS





yours Truly, Wilen M. Cooke

GOLD-THREAD

AND

OTHER POEMS.

ьz

HELEN M. COOKE,

(LOTTE LINWOOD.)

NEW YORK: E. B. TREAT, 805 BROADWAY, 1874.

DEDICATION.

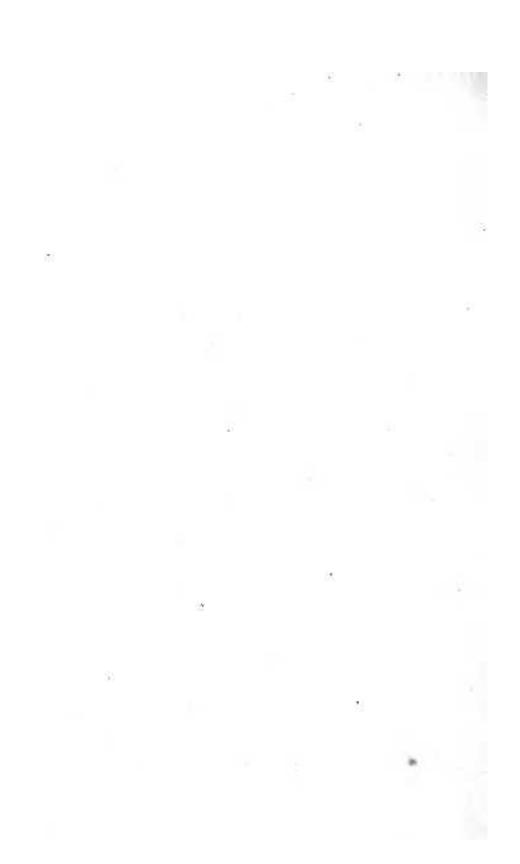
TO

THE HON. O. S. HALSTED,

EX-CHANCKLEON OF NEW JEESEY.

BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

These poems are published by the urgent request of friends, many of whose faces I have never seen, whose hands have never been clasped in mine, but whose sweet sympathies have sprung into life and linked our hearts even as the beautiful Gold-Thread, which croeps through the silent darkness of the ground and links its marvelous nerve-like tendrils together in thousands of inseparable ties, sending up now and then a pure white blossom that makes the world more fragrant and lovely—we know not how.

I have called my book Gold-Thread, for it seems to me its contents have spring out of the hidden intensities of my woman's heart; that in it and with it lie the deepest sorrows and sweetest joys I have ever known.

The world may have seen in its author only the meek white blossoms growing small and low, that any rude feet could trample over to reach a higher and richer bloom; but to those of my dear readers, whether man or woman, who have been hungry, tired, lonely, who have known the great love, and helpless yearnings for humanity, with all its losses, and failures, who have helped to bear its crosses, it will find an answering voice—a throb of unutterable sympathy, and its mission will have been accomplished. To touch a human heart is greater than Fame. I shall be satisfied.

H. M. C.

CONTENTS.

DEDICATORY POEM,	
A Birthday Song	62
A Christians Rhyme	53
Δerostie	179
A Fragment	152
А Пуши	194
A June Memory	160
Alas !	162
Always Tired	155
Δ Midnight Rhyme	135
Anticipation	127
A Prophecy	60
A Plea for the Aged	95
Λ Response	192
A Song	73
At Evening	47
At the Grave of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney	120
A Winter's Dream of Summer	164
Because I Love You,	38
Be Thyself	190
Between the Clouds	168
Beyond	100
Bitter-Sweet	174