

**LIFE SINGS A  
SONG: POEMS**

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Life Sings a Song: Poems by Samuel Hoffenstein

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**SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN**

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# LIFE SINGS A SONG

POEMS

BY

SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

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1916  
M. B. P.

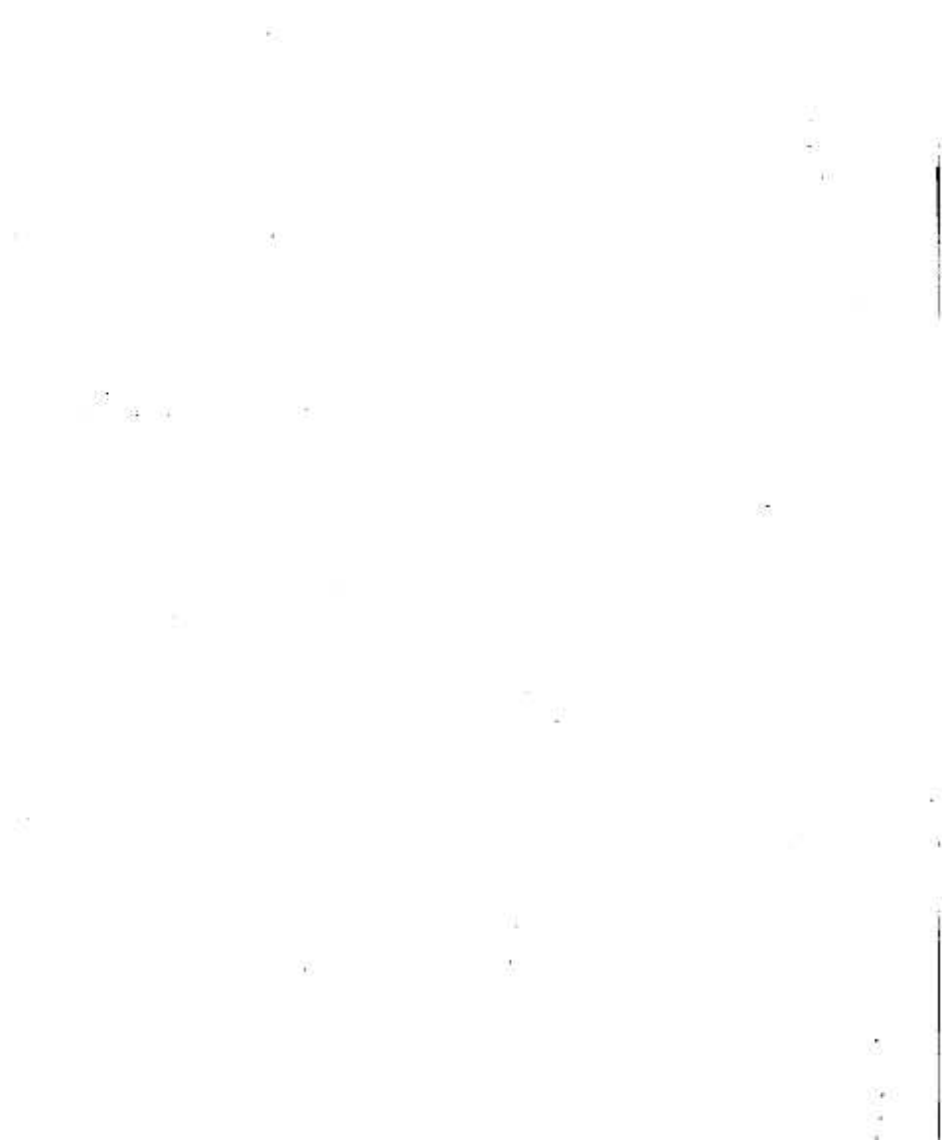
To  
MY WIFE



A number of these poems have appeared in the "New York Evening Sun," and it is by courtesy of the editor that they are reproduced here.

WOR 19 FEB '36





## LIFE SINGS A SONG

I sit in the sun,  
And I sit in the rain,  
And I sew, and I sew  
My fantastic trousseau  
Of pleasure and pain;  
I stitch it with tears  
And I hem it with laughter,  
With thread of the years  
And design of hereafter;  
I sit in the sun,  
And I sit in the rain,  
And I sew, and I sew  
My fantastic trousseau  
Of pleasure and pain.

Soon it is over,  
Out goes the spark,  
Cometh my lover,  
Death, in the dark,  
And I move in the mist  
To my certain, sad tryst,  
And I go to his side  
To the bridegroom the bride.

And I stand at his side,  
By the bridegroom the bride,  
And Earth is the priest  
That unites us, and shrives us,  
That blesses, forgives us  
And takes us to feast;

The dust is our bread,  
And the grave is our bed,  
And eternal and deep  
Is our bridal sleep.

And our children shall be  
The waves of the sea,  
And the grass of the lea,  
And the leaves of the tree,  
And the flowers that bloom,  
On Earth's vast tomb,  
And the stars that light  
The meadows of Night;  
And the wind that rejoices,  
The wind that sighs,  
Shall sing with their voices  
And cry with their cries;  
And their eyes shall gleam  
In the white moonbeam  
On our marriage-sleep;  
And their eyes shall pierce  
In sunlight fierce  
To the roots that creep  
And twine and lace  
Our resting-place;  
And our children shall be  
As the sands of the sea  
Thro' Eternity.

For this I sit  
In sun and rain  
And sew and sew  
My fantastic trousseau  
Of pleasure and pain.