

# **AUTUMN LEAVES**

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Autumn Leaves by Harriett Annie

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**HARRIETT ANNIE**

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LEAVES**



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BY HARRIETT ANNIE.

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🍁 AUTUMN LEAVES. 🍁

A LATE VISITOR.

One night of late, when the wild storm was raging,  
The city bells had tolled their last night chime,  
I, reading by the glow of coal and light of lamp,  
Heard, 'mid the voices of that stormy time,  
A low, faint knocking.

I looked not for a "raven lightly tapping,"  
But at my door there stood a living child;  
An "Arab Knight" looked straight into my eyes,  
But muttered only through the tempest wild,  
"I am so hungry."

And when he left with brightened eyes, and hope  
Glowing anew through his young, half-starved frame,  
'Twas then I asked myself what should I learn  
From that weird child uttering one faint claim,  
"I am so hungry."

Oh! Saviour, wearing in our Father's house  
Eternal glory on a human brow,  
Let me unto Thee come, like that poor child,  
For Thou wilt hear the knocking faint and low,  
And "I am hungry."

All in the coldness of a wicked world,  
All in the darkness of a heart of sin,  
I've been all day where crime and death are found,  
I know there's plenty Thy full house within,  
"I am so hungry."

Thou'lt hear me, for "my father was a Syrian  
Ready to perish" at Thy mercy's door;  
Thou who didst bless the father, bless the child,  
Guide me to him, across life's chequered floor,  
"I am so hungry."

Thou hast blest Wisdom for the skillless hand,  
Thou hast strong arms for the unsheltered form,  
And purity to give for stains of sin,  
And love, warm love, for the unpitying storm,  
"I am so hungry."

Oh, Heavenly Father, I must often come,  
And take Thy blessing and go forth again,

A pilgrim on the weary march of life,  
Pleading amid the winter storm and rain  
That I am hungry.

Oh, let no fear, no barriers intervene,  
Between my starving soul and Thy full board;  
But more than all, prepare me for the feast,  
The marriage supper of Thy Son, my Lord,  
Where none are hungry.

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A SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

- "Why are you weeping, ye gentle flowers?  
Are ye not blest in your sunny bowers?  
Have you startling dreams that make ye weep,  
When waking up from your holy sleep?"
- "Ah! knowest thou not, we fold at night,  
The tears earth drops from her eyelids bright,  
Like a loving mother her griefs are born,  
Lest her tender nurslings should die ere morn,  
And the sweet dew falls in each open cup,  
Till the eyelids of morn are lifted up;  
We unfold our leaves to the sun's bright face,  
And close them up at the night's embrace.



Dost thou ask if grief comes creeping across  
From the poplar bough to the dark green moss?  
No, round us the sunbeams smile and glow,  
Round us the streamlets dance and flow,  
And the zephyr comes with its gentle breeze,  
To sigh out its life in the young green trees,  
And then from the beds where the flowers grow,  
Rises a melody soft and low.

And the glorious rose with her flushing face,  
And the fuschia with her form of grace,  
The balsam bright, and the lupin's crest,  
That weaves a roof for the fire fly's nest;  
The myrtle clusters, the dahlia tall,  
The jessamine fairest among them all;  
And the tremulous lips of the lilly's bell,  
Join in the music we love so well."

- "But startle ye not when the tempests blow?  
Have you no dread of a wily foe?  
Do you not tremble, when serpents hiss  
Mid leaves which the zephyr alone should kiss?"
- "Lady, the bells of the fainting flowers,  
Close at the coming of thunder showers;

The branches and tendrils merrily dance,  
At the whirlwind's cry, and the lightning's glance.  
We dread not to see the snake's back of gold,  
Dart through the lilacs or marigold;  
For fears that dwell in the human breast,  
Find in the heart of flowers no rest.

We have no fears when we hear thee pass,  
Over the fold of the tangled grass;  
We have no dread when we hear thee breathe,  
Over the flowers we love to wreath,  
Nor tremble when night falls from heaven above,  
And nature is stillness and earth is love;  
We steal from thy keeping when summer is o'er,  
And wait thee where flowers can die no more."

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### THE MAGDALENE.

"Whoso cometh unto Me hath life."

"He goes to Olivet to watch to night,  
Alone, and weary and dejected,  
Oh! dare I follow up the path He goes,  
What if I be rejected?"

If I should be rejected, I who have brought  
The Captains of the Eagles kneeling,  
I who have felt the haughty Herod's arm  
Around me fondly stealing,

If I should be rejected, I who have danced  
Among these marble halls and fountains,  
I who have walked with tetrach and with priest,  
These olive groves and mountains,

I who have gazed on stern and passionate men,  
Nor felt one rushing pulse beat higher,  
Feel when I look on HIM, as if I gazed  
On the sun's mid-day fire.

He looks upon me with those searching eyes,  
As if He were my elder brother;  
Yet wins me to His gentle sermons sweet,  
As if He were my mother.

He says that he must suffer, who are His foes?  
I've walked mid pestilence unharmed,  
And from the beautiful brows of those I love,  
I have the fever charmed.

When that dark bearded Roman officer,  
Like a caged eagle lay in prison,