

**SONGS OF  
A DEVOTEE**

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Songs of a devotee by Thomas Keohler

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**THOMAS KEOHLER**

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SONGS OF A DEVOTEE.



Some of these Poems have already been printed in *The United Irishman*, *The Celtic Christmas*, *The Nationist*, and *New Songs* (O'Donoghue), 1904.

## THE DEVOTEE.

THE Autumn wind sighs through the trees,  
Disturbing all my garnered ease,  
The brown leaves stir a fluttering thought  
With half-repented memories fraught.  
Dear God, how sweet the pain of sin,  
That opens doors to let Thee in.

How strange that Nature too should know  
The fading joy of sin's wild glow,  
And with this knowledge lead my soul  
To feel its union with the Whole.  
And yet may God not thus impart  
Himself unto the seeking heart ?

## THANKSGIVING.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for rest and peace,  
And all the silence of the night,  
For solitude that reigns supreme  
When day has vanished out of sight.

I thank Thee for the love that burns  
And beats within the heart of night,  
For joy and wonder that excel  
The fervent rapture of the light.

For so I bear without reproach  
The burden of the day's demands.  
I bow a patient head and wait—  
It is enough—night understands.