

WORK-A-DAY POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649761999

Work-a-day poems by Fançon

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

FANÇON

**WORK-A-DAY
POEMS**

WORK-A-DAY POEMS.



BY

FANÇON.



LONDON :

REVEIRS BROS., GRAYSTOKE PLACE,

FETTER LANE, E.C.

—
1895.

PR
3991
A6F2

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SHATTERED IDOLS	11
LIFE	12
ACHING HEARTS	14
LIFE'S HEROES.	15
A RESTLESS NIGHT	16
LONGINGS	18
LOVE AND DUTY	19
HEREAFTER	20
I WONDER	21
TRUTH	23
A WOMAN'S IDEAL	24
TO SISSIE.	26
APPLES OF SODOM	27
A VISION OF MY YOUTH	29
TO MY BOYS	30
A MAIDEN'S DREAM.	31
A WOMAN'S CRY	33
HOPE	34
AN OPEN MIND	35
TO GRANNIE	36
HUMAN NATURE	37
ILL-TEMPER	38
TO MY DEAR FATHER	39
TO MY MOTHER	41
MIDDLE AGE	42
TO MY FRIEND BELLY	43
ONLY A LITTLE SHOP	45
OLD-FASHIONED STORIES	49

	PAGE
SABBATH PEACE	47
JESSIE'S BOY	49
A CULTURED MIND	50
THINKING	52
FOND RELICS OF THE PAST	53
A VISIT TO ASHERIDGE, DEVONSHIRE	54
SWEET SLEEP	56
THE THAMES BY NIGHT	57
SPRING	58
SUMMER	59
AUTUMN	60
WINTER	61
A RIVER TRIP	62
THE DOCTOR	64
A LONDON STREET	65
LONDON AT MIDNIGHT	67
THE NEW HEN	69
OLD FATHER THAMES	70
RIVER SCENES ON THE THAMES	71
ON BOARD THE VICTORY	73
THE CUP OF TEA	75
IT'S COMFORTING	76
WHISKEY CROW	78
TO A THRUSH IN A LONDON STREET	80
THE NEW HUSBAND	81
THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW	83
OUR FLAT	84
JACK FROST	86
LONDON SPARROWS	87

	PAGE
A BIT OF EXPERIENCE	88
TO MA MIE	89
UNCLE'S RED LETTER DAYS	90
THE OLD FOREST	91
THE NEW WOMAN	92
A PENNY IN THE SLOT	93
THE INDIAN EXHIBITION	94
AT A RAILWAY STATION	96
WATER	97
LITTLE STREET DANCERS	98
WHAT IS COMING	99
I LOVE YOU, DEAR	103
DEAREST	104
TO MY SWEETHEART	105
MUST WE PART, LOVE?	106
A PERFECT CHORD	107
TO MY LOVE	108
TO MY DEAR LOVE	109
I DON'T KNOW WHY I LOVE HIM SO MEMORIES	110
SWEET HOURS OF LOVE	112
I WANT YOU, DEAR	113
MY HEART'S DESIRE	114
LOVE IS LOVE AMONG THE ROSES	115
SUMMER CLOUDS	116
THE OLD SUN-BONNET	117
IN MEMORY OF NELLY M——	118
FLOATING FANCIES	113
THE OLD LOG IN THE WOOD	119

TO THE
WORKERS OF THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD
THIS LITTLE BOOK OF
POEMS
IS SYMPATHETICALLY AND EXCLUSIVELY DEDICATED
BY THE
AUTHORESS,
WHO SINCERELY HOPES THEY MAY FIND IN IT
SOME FEW
WORDS OF COMFORT AND AMUSEMENT,
AND ALSO THAT,
BEING A FIRST EFFORT,
THEY WILL
KINDLY OVERLOOK ITS MANY IMPERFECTIONS.
F. E. S.

“Angel of Love and of Mercy,
Come with thy bright wings unful'd,
Heal them, and bless them, and lift them
Out of this work-a-day world.”

—*Jessie Moir.*

POEMS.



SHATTERED IDOLS.

Do they come in every lifetime,
Those sweet enchanting dreams
Of noble aspirations,
Of glorious, lovely scenes?
Of a life well-spent and useful,
Of a gentle, loving bride,
Who knows your heart
As you know hers,
And is ever by your side.
Of children sweet and beautiful
Of loving friends and true,
Oh! tell me ye who read this,
Have you not dreamt them too?
To many they are realised,
But many more, alas!
Have only shattered idols,
Fond illusions of the past.
Will there come a time hereafter,
To those who have felt the pain,
Of sweet desires, unsatisfied,
And longings ever vain;
When all those fond illusions,
Dreams, fancies of the past,
Will be living sweet realities,
In a fairer land at last?

LIFE.

WHAT is life? How oft that question
Has been whispered in the air ;
What is life? will still be echoed
By many sad hearts in despair.
What is life? Ah ! who can tell us ;
To each it takes a different guise.
What is life? we ask the idler,
Living in frivolity.
What is life? he answers lightly,
Life is just society.
What is life? we ask the outcast,
Tramping sadly on his way.
Life is bread, he answers grimly
To a poor starving wretch, I say.
Life is art, exclaims the artist ;
Life is learning, says the sage ;
Life is loving, sighs the lover ;
Life is fighting, cries the brave ;
Life is nothing, yells the madman,
Rushing blindly to the grave ;
Life is laughing, sing the children,
Blowing bubbles in the air ;
Life is sorrow, murmurs sadly
Many a poor heart in despair ;
Life is like a mighty river,
Sings the poet in the song,