

PS8523  
A868T83  
1929  
McLennan

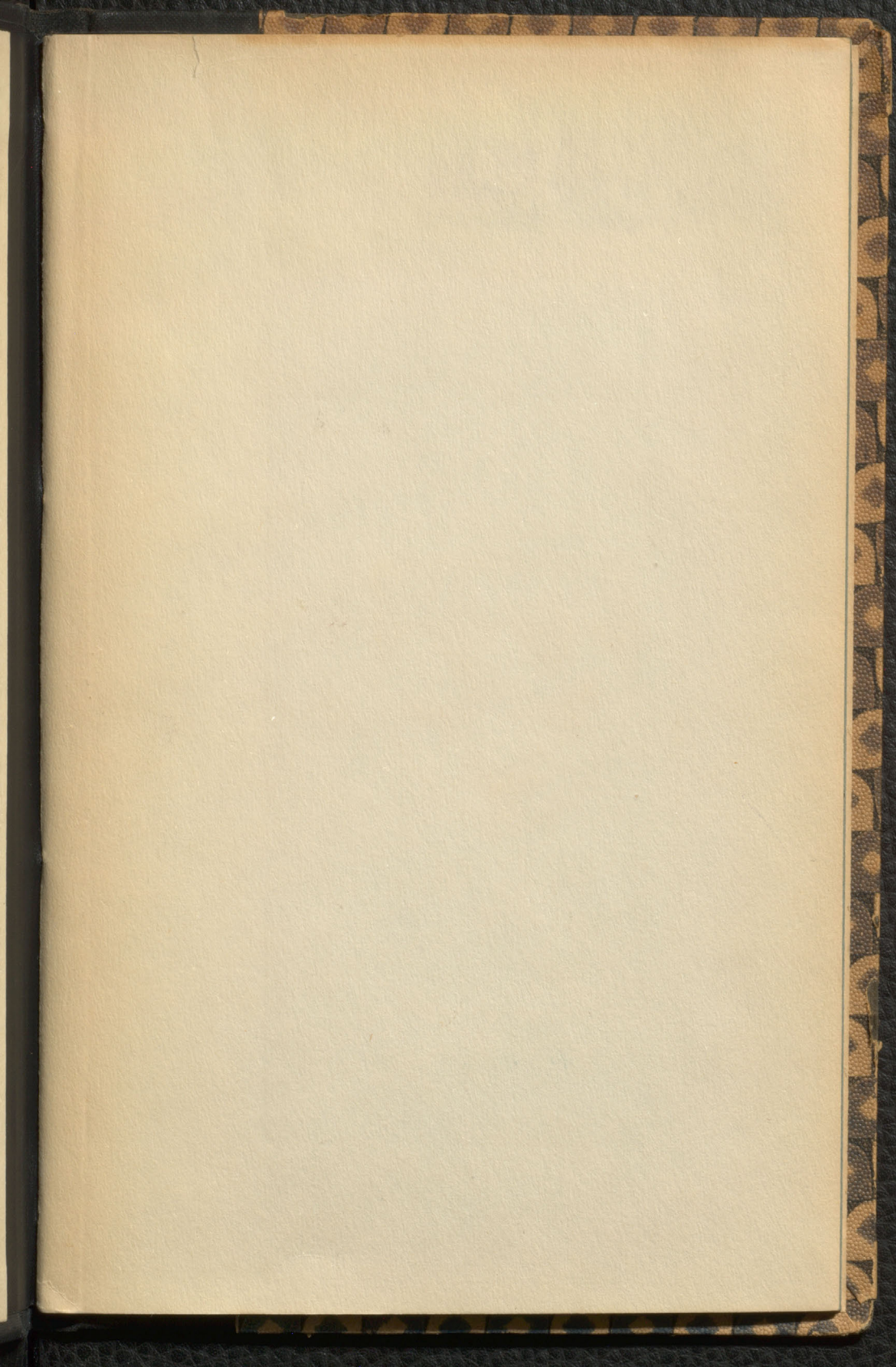


PRESENTED BY THE  
UNIVERSITY BOOK CLUB



ACC. NO. 301012 DATE 1935

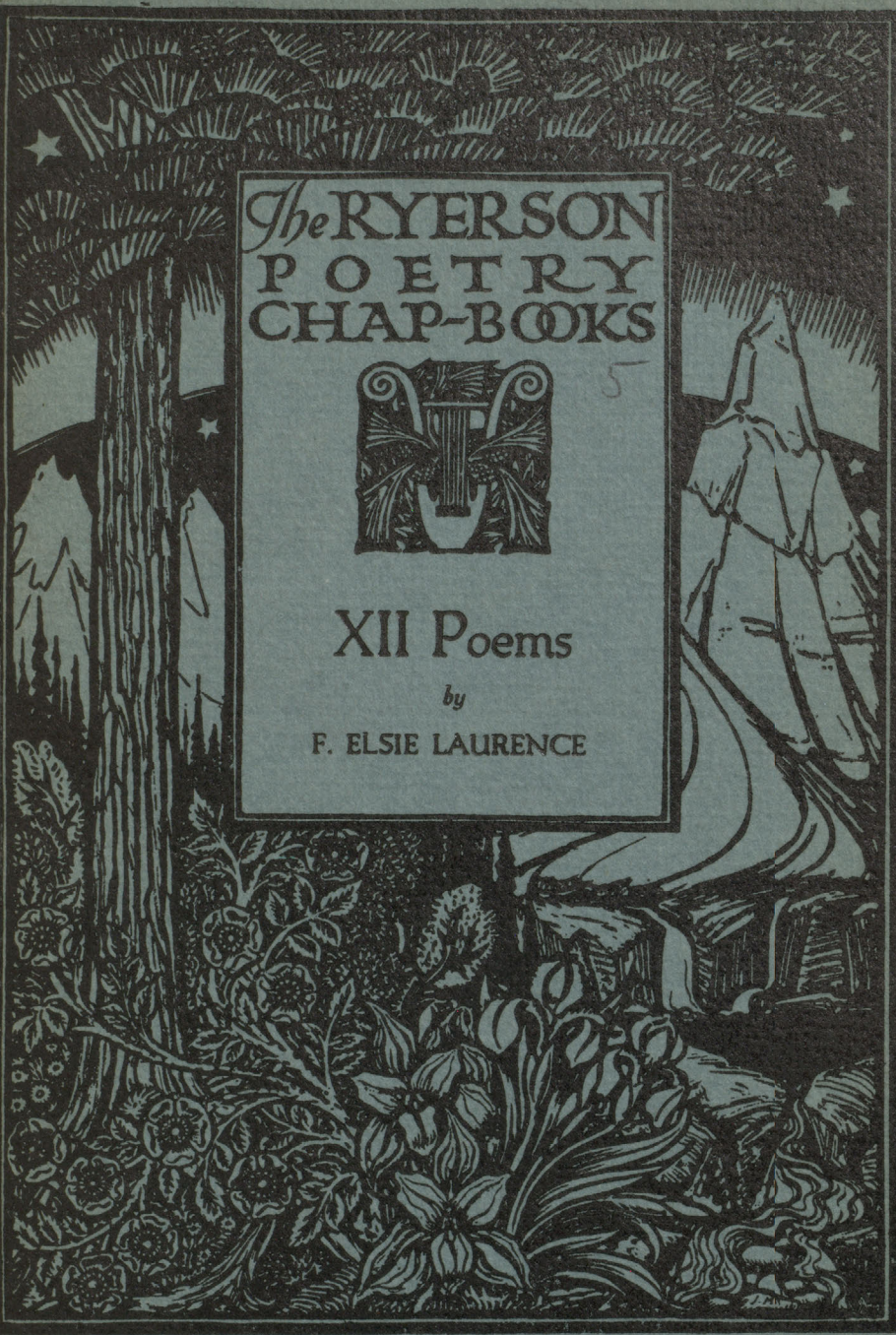












*The* RYERSON  
POETRY  
CHAP-BOOKS



XII Poems

*by*

F. ELSIE LAURENCE



OF THIS EDITION OF *XII POEMS*,  
BY F. ELSIE LAURENCE, TWO  
HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES HAVE  
BEEN PRINTED. THIS CHAP-BOOK IS  
A PRODUCT OF THE RYERSON PRESS,  
TORONTO, CANADA.

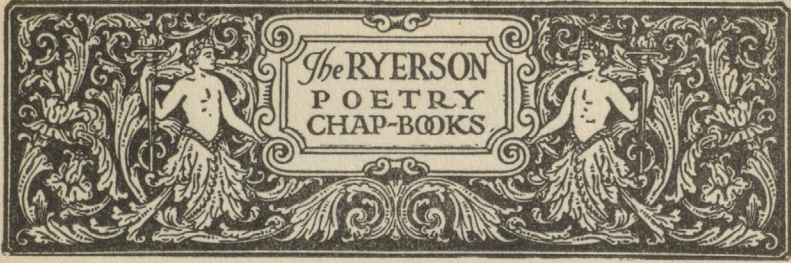
Copyright, Canada, 1929,  
by The Ryerson Press.

For permission to reprint poems which have appeared in their  
columns grateful acknowledgment is made to the following: *Children*,  
*Bookman* (London, England), *Occult Review*, *Vancouver Province*.

PS8523 A868T83 1929 McLennan  
Laurence, Elsie (Fry)  
XII poems Y82P/L37 71771297

Mrs. F. Elsie Laurence was born in England, the daughter of a  
Congregational minister. She was educated at Milton Mount College  
in Kent and subsequently spent two years in Russia and Switzerland.  
Coming to Canada in 1914, her marriage took place the following  
year. Mrs. Laurence for about twelve years was a resident of  
British Columbia. She is now living at Edson, Alberta.





## XII Poems

*By F. Elsie Laurence*



### BIRTH OFFERING

I WOULD gather the sky's best blues:  
The blue of the night  
When the stars are bright,  
And the blue of a summer morning;  
All, from the deep to the dawning.

I would garner earth's every green:  
Grass in the spring,  
Poplar leaves dancing,  
And the rich sweet green of pines,  
Would store them like old wines.

I would drink all beauty down:  
Sunrise and sunset hours,  
Fragrant, fresh gathered flowers,  
And the sky's immensity,  
For you shall these things be.

All through my love distilled,  
Held in my heart. Oh joy—  
Whether of girl or boy,  
Some soul is in the making,  
This shall it drink on waking.

*One*



## LYRIC

LOVE me in Springtime, if you will,  
But then love lightly, merrily,  
For then the buds burst and the ice breaks,  
And I must, I must be free.  
Can't you see I'm not for a man's fingers  
When the sweet light evening lingers,  
When one dreams away the hours,  
When in green and mossy places  
Shine the little fairy faces  
Of the flowers.

Love me in Summer, if you must,  
But then, my dear, love quietly,  
For then the sun has drawn my fires away  
And all I long for is the green-and-gray  
Of woods, the blue-green of the sea.  
I would be cool as water. Keep your kisses:  
Keep back your hands that clasp, your arms that bind.  
Wait, oh wait, patiently, my would-be lover,  
Till Summer's left behind.

Love me in Winter, if you can.  
Ah, then love closely, tenderly;  
For then the smoke goes still and white  
Into the cold and starry night,  
And we shall need a love that never tires  
To keep alight and warm our own hearth fires,  
To guide our children through the changing years,  
To still those fears  
Which the chill winter brings  
Under her silent wings.



## SONG OF THE MINOR POETS

WE ARE the minor poets, each man bound to his trade.  
We have our work and we need it. We bring no tale of  
complaint,  
But when we would hark to the music the morning stars have  
made,  
Our ears are dulled by our labor and even the echoes are faint.



The great may wander and dream; their word is worthy our  
hire.

They are the leaders we live by; they hasten our lagging feet.  
We need the sweep of their vision; we need the heat of their fire.  
They must be left to their brooding until their songs are  
complete.

But we are the minor poets and we must live as we may,  
Piecing our bits of music, our scattered and broken bars,  
Snatched from the glow of sunrise to the little things of the day,  
Saved from the world's insistence by the everlasting stars.

There are heights we almost reach: there are visions we nearly  
see.

We seem to stand on the threshold of something we dare not  
name:

"The light that never was," as one said it, "on land or sea—"  
It shines athwart and about us and we work on just the same.

Carry your wreaths of laurel; we do not envy your fame.  
Travel your starry trails; we do not covet your powers.  
We shall not go down the ages through the glory of a name,  
But perhaps by a thought's chance echo in a spirit kin to ours.

For all who wonder at sun-light and the young moon's wistfulness,  
The morning and the evening star, far hills by dawn impearled,  
This is both prize and aim that our halting words express  
The song that is hid in their hearts, our brothers throughout  
the world.



## UNITY

**O**H WIND, breathe thou through me  
That I may be  
One with thyself, with universal breath.  
Sun, shine through my soul;  
Light up the whole,  
Nor leave a place for life's close shadow, death.

Let me be part of this bright winter world,  
Upturned, unfurled;  
One with each tiny seed safe sleeping in the sod;  
One with each bird and tree,  
A part of all to be;  
One with the snowflake, one with the eternal God.



## JUNE

WERE you burdened with a song,  
But no words come?  
When June went by my windows  
I was stone-dumb.

But June upon the hillside,  
Full-throated sings:  
"Ye who lie among the pots,  
Ye shall have wings."

There are green and growing things  
To the hill's brow.  
Give us, June, our golden wings—  
We need them now.

From the silent summer sky  
One feather gleams.  
To every man his working day:  
To every man his dreams.



## THE CUP

FAILURE I drank and knew that it was god;  
Despair I tasted nor withheld my lips;  
But sweeter than the first wild honey in the wood  
Which the first bee sips,

Warmer than sunlight, kindlier than oil,  
Those dull wounds of defeat to bathe and bless—  
A heady draught upon the dregs of toil,  
The wine of first success.

Oh beauty, beauty, flashing through the years,  
Now here, now there, we seize thy garmen's' hem.  
That glittering fringe like mystic Grail appears,  
Eternal quest and only diadem.



## MY WINDOW

**G**IVE me a window that watches the sunset,  
Never a house between.  
Autumn and winter may pass me over—  
My spirit shall stay green.

Give me the strong young trunks of poplars,  
Brave in that mellow gleam,  
So whatever the day's long battle  
Quiet shall be my dream.

Give me the smallest strip of water  
To catch that sunset light.  
Whatever the day or night bring forth  
The evening shall be bright.



## EARTHBOUND

**O**H, I must walk a narrow way and never turn my head;  
But galantly and steadily,  
And quietly and readily,  
Must sweep my floors and tend my bairns and bake my daily  
bread.

The young May moon came up last night behind the poplar  
trees,  
And jeered it me and laughed at me,  
And impudently scoffed at me.  
That saucy little slip of moon, 'twas in her power to tease;

For she can sail the seas of sky and travel with the stars,  
And set the grey earth shimmering,  
And the will water glimmering,  
And hide again and ride again behind the bright cloud-bars.

I'll catch that yellow moon some night and tie her to a tree,  
And while she hangs there rockingly,  
I'll cry upon her mockingly,  
And I will go and she shall stay and mind my house for me.



## LINES TO A YOUNG MAN

CLEAN from his mother  
And suddenly hurled  
Into the rough  
Thoroughfares of the world;  
Young by his mother  
And full of imaginings,  
Fancies and other  
Strange childish things.

Courage to grow in him,  
Strength in his soul,  
The hard-won armour  
Of self-control.  
Earth, treat him gently,  
Yours as his mother's;  
Guide him among all  
His sisters and brothers.

Freed from his mother he  
Swaggers and struts.  
Lusty young manhood  
Is scornful of ruts:  
A cry in his heart and  
A song on his lips,  
Save him if ever he  
Stumbles and slips.

Always a child to the  
Woman who bore him;  
Nothing at all to the  
Wide world before him.  
Though he should blunder  
Never so blindly,  
Our stern step-mother  
Earth, treat him kindly.



## AUTUMN THOUGHT

THERE is a muffled whisper in the fading woods,  
And the warning hands of Winter tap lightly on the pane;  
They say that youth with the golden summer has fled,  
That life can never be quite so sweet again.



Oh never tell me that youth is past and over,  
Nor say that the eager joy of life is past,  
For Spring comes up each year like an ardent lover,  
And will, as long as ever the world shall last.

The strong south wind may blow the branches bare,  
And the gay gold leaves lie heaped and sodden with rain;  
But the lips shall be lifted to laughter that hides no care,  
And the heart beat high to the glory of Spring again.



### FAIRY WIFE

**T**HERE is no love like my love,  
So winsome and so gay.  
I dreamed her one May morning  
Between the dawn and day;  
But ere my eyes were open  
She rose and ran away.

She would not know the world was,  
Its pleasure or its smart,  
The joys when lovers meet again,  
The tears when lovers part,  
And she'll be running home again  
To shelter in my heart.

Her bridal veil I'll fashion  
From fine September mist;  
The fringe shall be of silver,  
The fillet amethyst,  
With seven amber sunbeams  
In her bright hair to twist.

I'll steal the hills' own purple  
To weave her wedding gown,  
And make it bright with marigolds  
And tassels hanging down;  
So you shall say it is the Queen  
Come tripping in to town.



## IDEAL

**E**VER the thing that no man knows,  
Ever the end one may not see,  
And Truth sits high above the snows,  
Her forehead veiled in mystery.

Is there no finer goal than Truth,  
No surer aim, no kindlier height?  
Only that dim, unconquered peak  
To lead her votaries through the night?

Courage to light the fires of hope,  
Pity for all of man's distress,  
Wisdom to guide the hands that grope,  
And love to cast out bitterness.

We who have bared our breasts to pain,  
And fought with fear and borne with wrong,  
We must have strength to fight again,  
And in our hearts some marching song.



TP

# THE RYERSON POETRY CHAP-BOOKS

- THE SWEET O' THE YEAR *By Charles G. D. Roberts*
- COMPANIONSHIP AND THE CROWD *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- FORFEIT AND OTHER POEMS *By Kathryn Munro*
- \*THE EAR TRUMPET *By Annie C. Dalton*
- \*A VALE IN LUXOR *By W. V. Newson*
- \*THE PROPHET'S MAN *By Geoffrey B. Riddehough*
- SHEEP-FOLLY *By Leo Cox*
- \*THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS *By A. J. Joynes*
- BY COBEQUID BAY *By P. J. Fraser*
- TWELVE POEMS *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- SONGS FOR SWISS *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- ECSTASY AND *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- \*BITS O' VEGGIE *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- \*DESTINY AND *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- FOWLS O' THE *By W. H. F. Tenny*
  
- THE BATTLE OF *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- SPENDTHRIFTS *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- THE TIDE OF LIFE *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- FRAGMENTS OF *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- XII POEMS *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- COSMIC ORATOR *By W. H. F. Tenny*
  
- \*A POOL OF STARS *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- \*SPRING IN SAVANNAH *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- \*THE CAPTIVE *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- THE LOST SON *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- \*A BREATH OF *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- VAGRANT *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- WHAT-NOT *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- \*TWENTY *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- THE CRY *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- THE POET *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- LATER POEMS *By W. H. F. Tenny*
  
- \*SONGS *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- \*OTHER SONGS *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- COCKLE-SHELLS *By W. H. F. Tenny*
  
- \*WAIFS OF THE MIND *By W. H. F. Tenny*
  
- PAUL PERO *By D. Cumming*

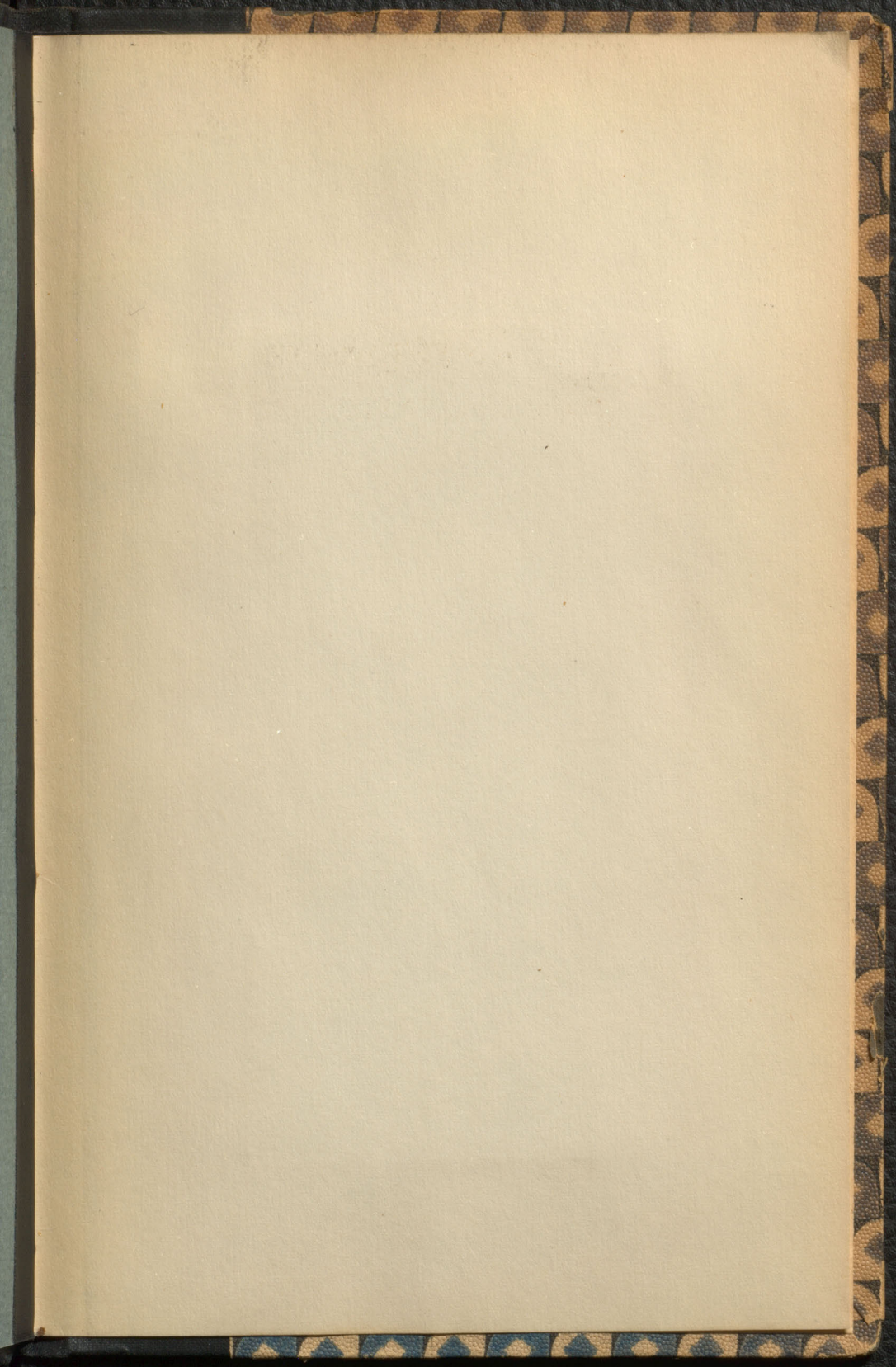
One Dollar

\*The Chap-Books marked with an asterisk are now out of print.









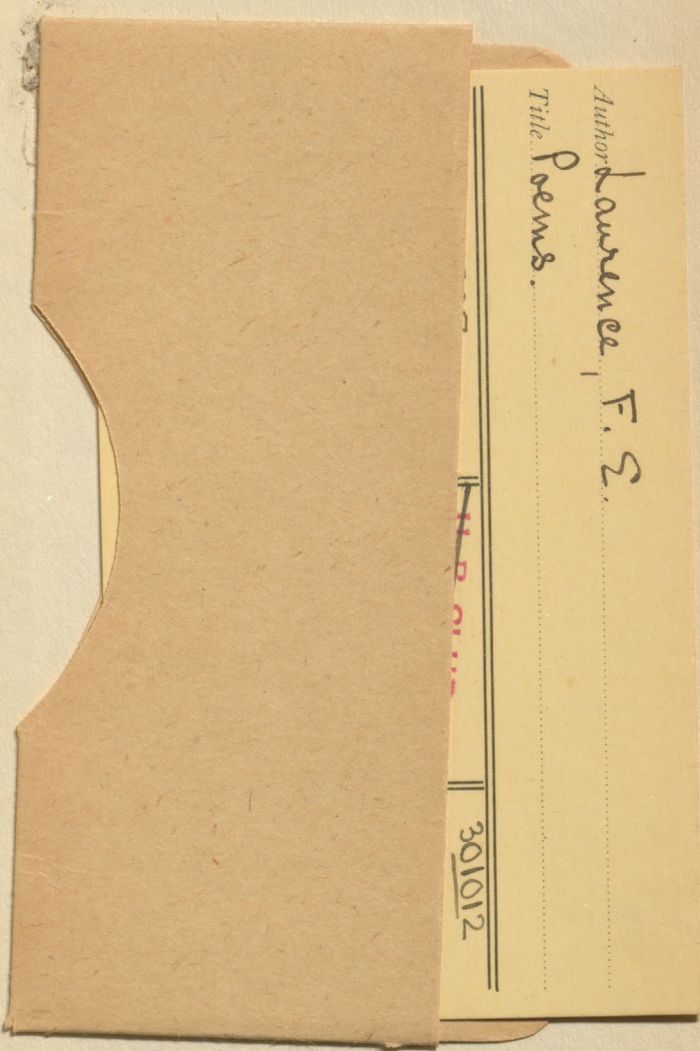


DATE DUE

---



OCTAVO-3563



Author Lawrence, F. S.  
Title Poems.  
301012

764840



