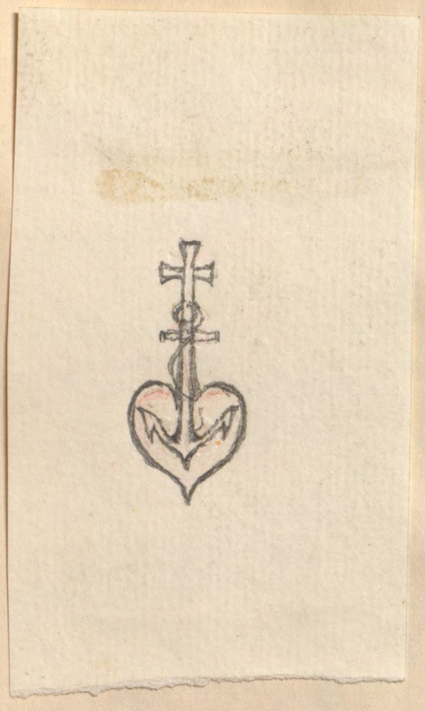
KALENDAR.

1901.

1901.



April.

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	
W	4	11	18	25	
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S	7	14	21	28	

I travelled all the weary day
To reach the Mecca of my heart;
The morn of youth, the noonofstrength,
The quiet evening, at length,
Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate
I hear, the pilgrims chant within;
The stars lookdown so cold and clear;
Behind me lies the desert drear;
O,have I come too late!

August Golden

To lie full-length upon a headland sheer;
To hear the splash and murmur of the sea,
The gulls' shrill scream, the droning of a bee
To lay one's cheek upon the sunburnt grass,
And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass,
With dainty rustle through the heather near.

SHOUT with a shout of welcome
And sing a triumph song,
For now upon the year's highway
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners
The minstrel birds rehearse,
And like true poets, strive their queen
To celebrate in verse.

The fields in greenest velvet spread
A carpet for her feet,
And every little flower looks forth
Its sovereign to greet.

March

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

WHAT is the greatest sin?"
GOD answered me and said,
"A life of self and scorn
Of those for whom Christ died."
With doubting voice I cried,
"Is that the greatest sin?"
"No," the great world replied,
"Failure and poverty."
O heart of mine! have grace
And tell me what is true."
My heart looked me in the face,
And then I knew.

July

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22
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30	31					

KALENDAR
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KALENDAR
MDCCCCI

KALENDAR
MDCCCCI

SECOND YEAR

SECOND YEAR

SECOND YEAR

KALENDAR
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KALENDAR
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SECOND YEAR

SECOND YEAR

SECOND YEAR

A LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.

A LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

A LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look; 34
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.

Two Gent. of Verona.
Act. 5c.

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair loo
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
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A LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

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And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.

Shakespeare

A

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AND VERSE

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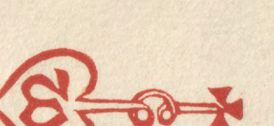
And less than this, I'm sure you cannot give.

Shakespeare



NOW THE FAIR GODDESS FOR-
TUNE FALL DEEP IN LOVE
WITH THEE!

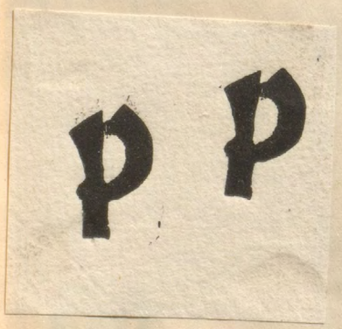
PROSPERITY BE
THY SLAVE.

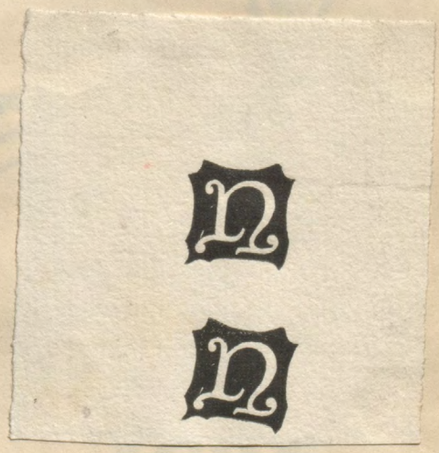
Shakespeare

NOW THE FAIR GODDESS FOR-
TUNE FALL DEEP IN LOVE
WITH THEE!

PROSPERITY BE
THY SLAVE.

Shakespeare





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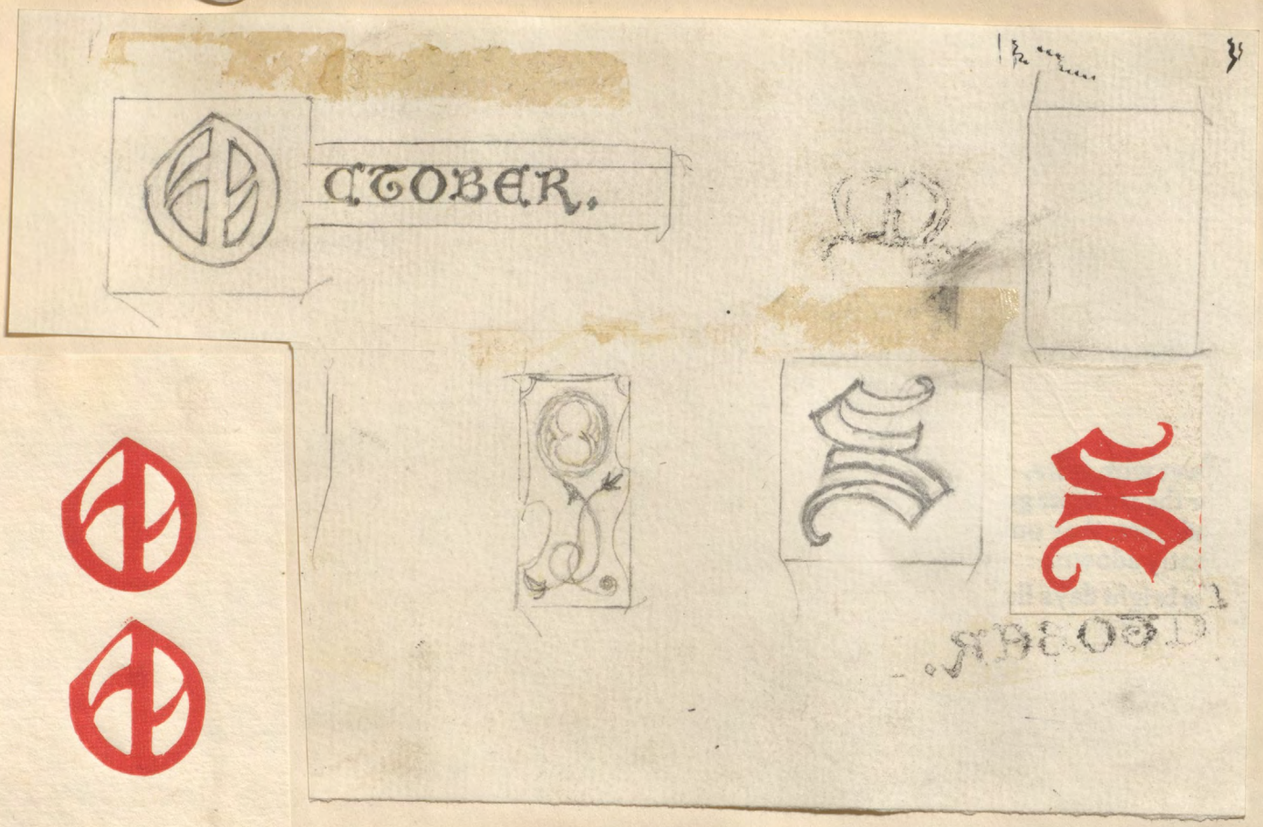
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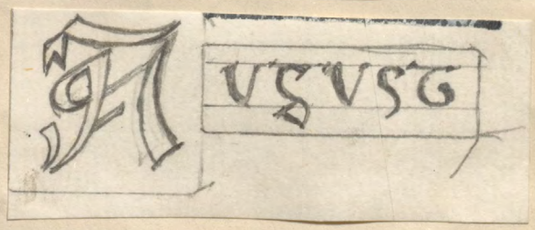
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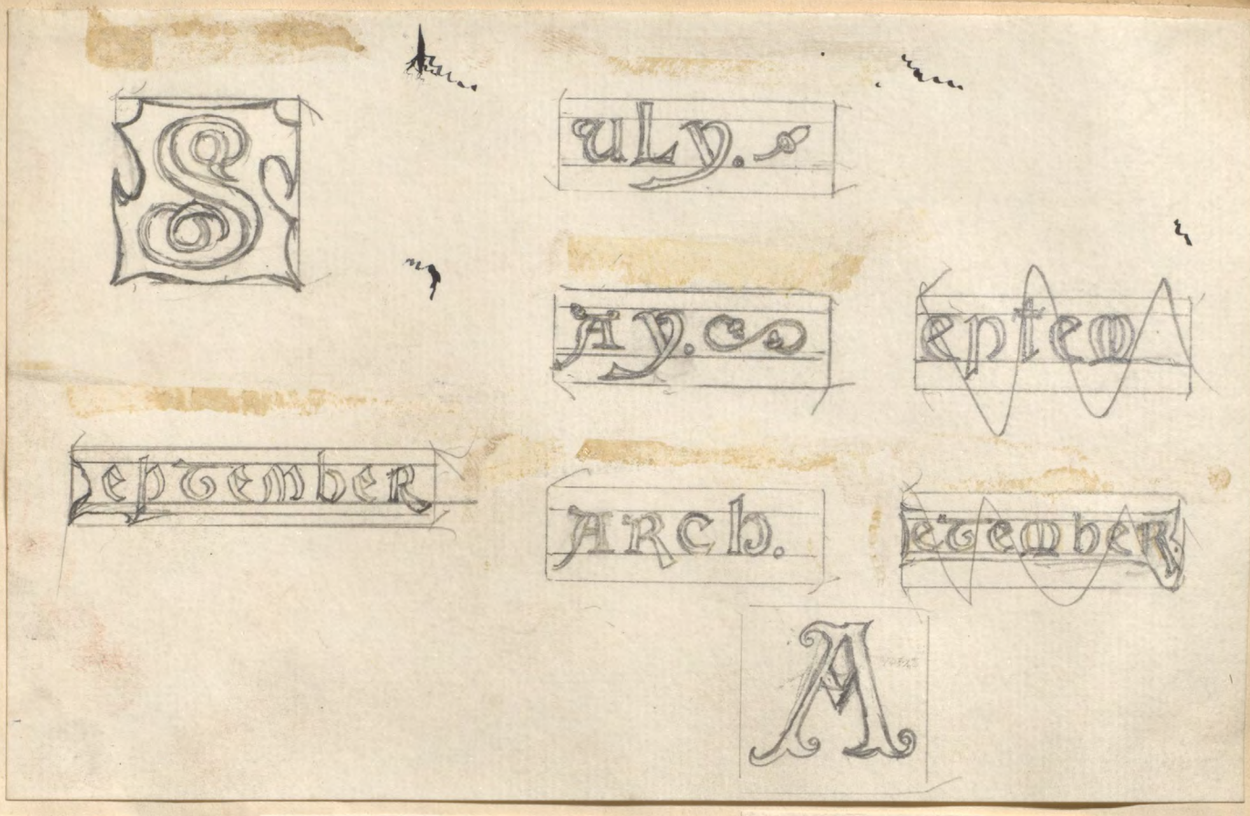
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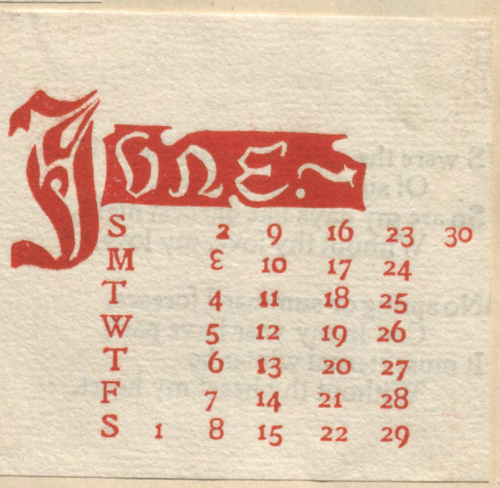
June.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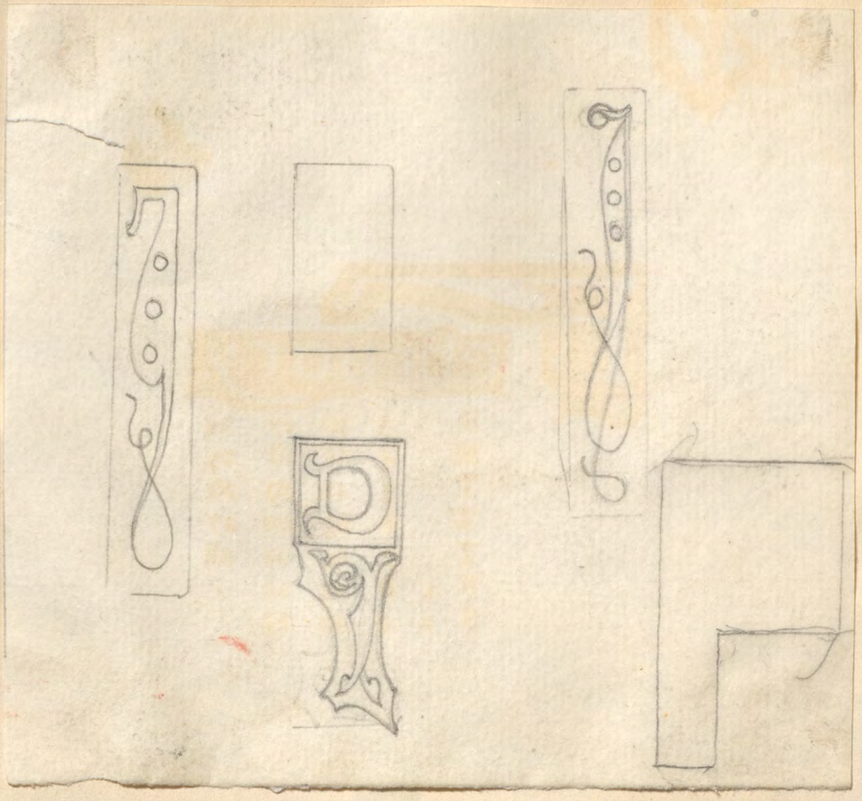

July

S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
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T	4	11	18	25	
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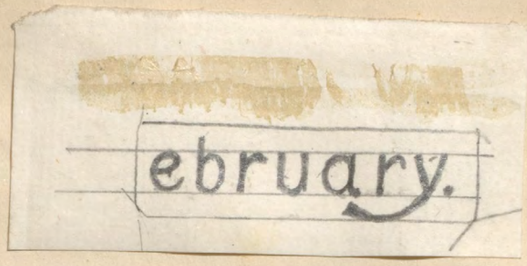
S	6	13	20	27	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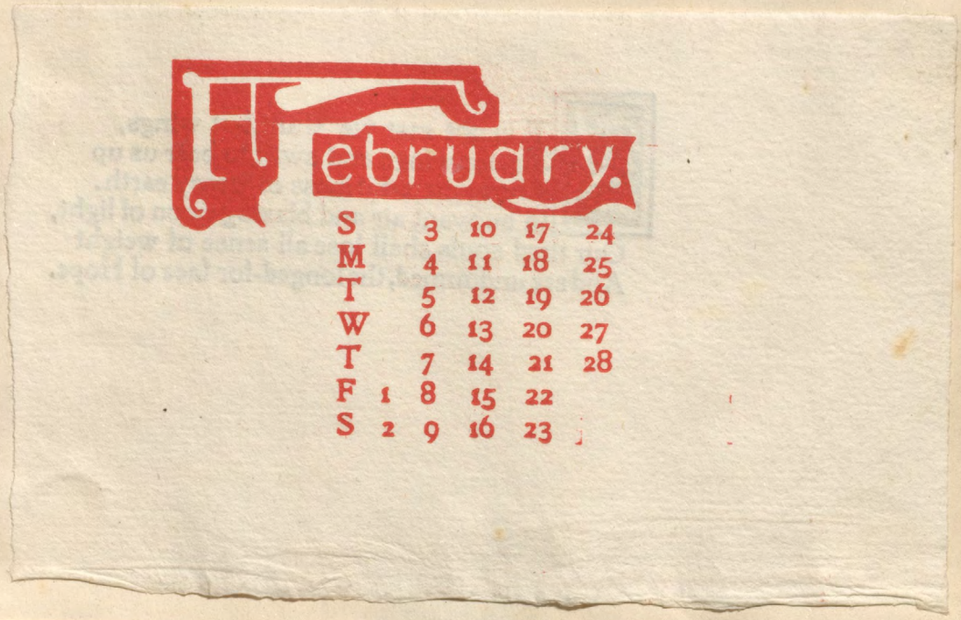
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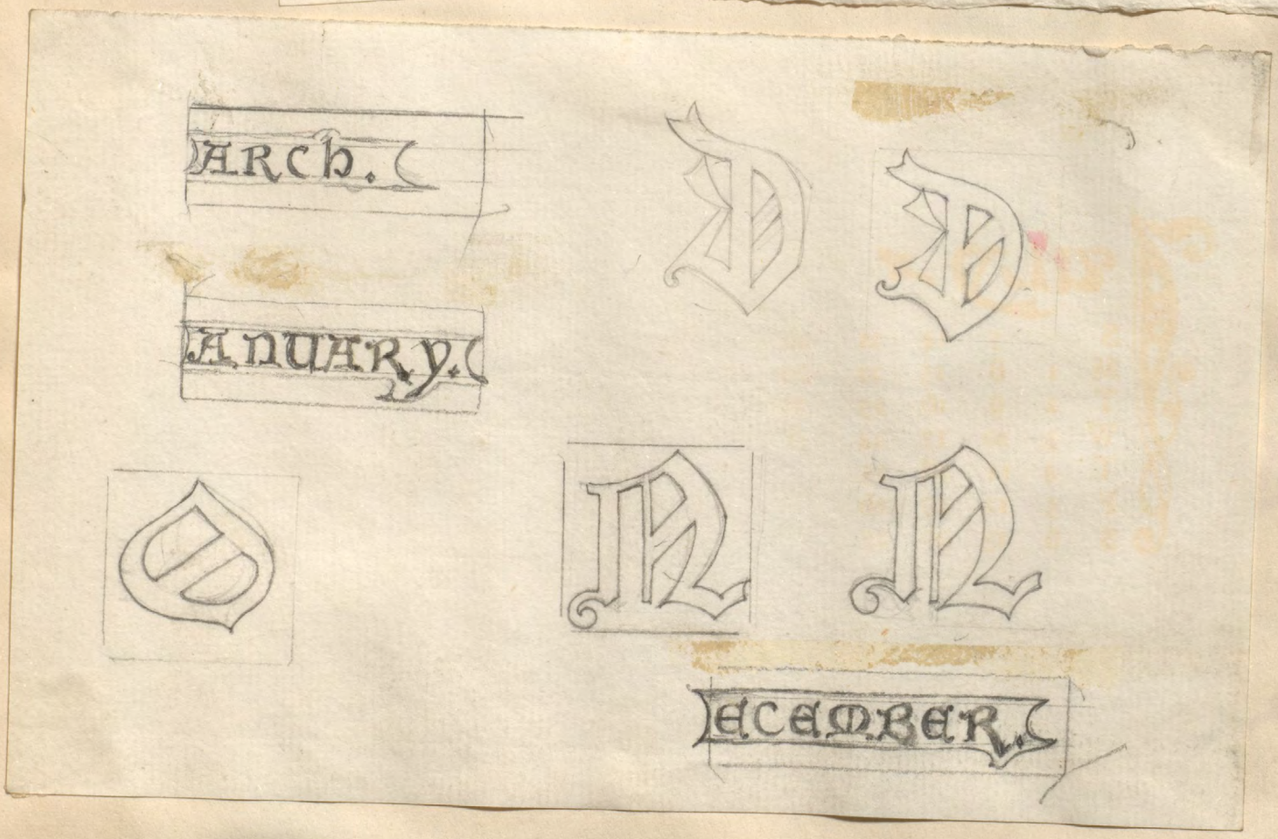
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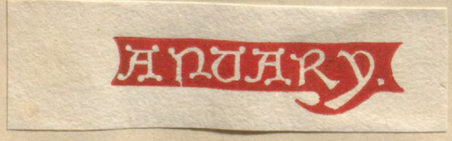
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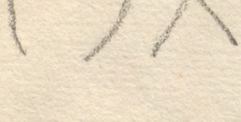

I travelled all the weary day
To reach the Mecca of my heart;
The morn of youth, the noon of strength,
The quiet evening, at length,
Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate within
I hear, ~~within~~, the pilgrims chant;
The stars look down so cold & clear;
Behind me lies the desert drear;
O, have I come too late!

I travelled all the weary day
To reach the Mecca of my heart;
The morn of youth, the noon of strength,
The quiet evening, at length,
Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate
I hear the pilgrims chant within;
The stars look down so cold and clear;
Behind me lies the desert drear;
O! have I come too late?

I travelled all the weary day
To reach the Mecca of myheart; space
The morn of youth, thenoon of strength, space
The quiet evening, at length,
Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate
I hear, the pilgrims chant within;
The stars lookdown so cold and clear; space
Behind me lies the desert drear;
O,have I come too late! ? —— ! ?

I travelled all the weary day
To reach the Mecca of my heart;
The morn of youth, the noon of strength,
The quiet evening, at length,
Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate
I hear the pilgrims chant within;
The stars look down so cold and clear;
Behind me lies the desert drear;
O!have I come too late?

Shout with a shout of welcome
And sing a triumph song,
For now upon the year's highway
Comes royal May along.
The trees have hung their banners
The minstrel birds rehearse,
And like true poets, strive their queen
To celebrate in verse.
The fields, in greenest velvet, spread
A pathway for her feet,
And every little flower looks forth
Her majesty to greet.

SHOUT with a shout of welcome
And sing a triusph song,
For now upon the year's highway
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners
The minstrel birds rehearse,
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To celebrate in verse.

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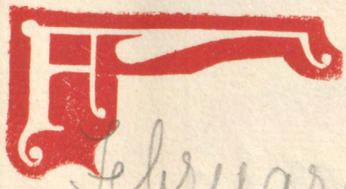
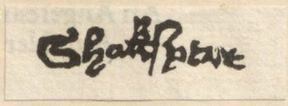
A carpet for her feet,
And every little flower looks forth
Her majesty to view. greet





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The minstrel birds rehearse,
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To celebrate in verse.

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A carpet for her feet,
And every little flower looks forth
Its Sovereign to greet.

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And sing a triumph song,
For now upon the year's highway
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners
The minstrel birds rehearse,
And like true poets, strive their queen
To celebrate in verse.

The fields in greenest velvet spread
A carpet for her feet,
And every little flower looks forth
Its sovereign to greet.

It is not rest we want, but wings,
Strong wings & swift to bear us up
Above the weariness of weary earth.
In buoyant air & blazing noon of light
Our tired souls shall lose all sense of weight
And see undimmed, the longed-for face of Hope.

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Strong wings and swift, to bear us up
Above the weariness of weary earth.
In buoyant air and blazing noon of light,
Our tired souls shall lose all sense of weight
And see undimmed, the longed-for face of Hope.

So they, with lifting hands, can raise us up
Above the lower things of sordid earth,
Until our souls, ascending into light,
Where buoyant air makes descent difficult,
Are filled with satisfying Peace & Hope.

So long for the soul deep peace.
Without ~~[illegible]~~ heart
Our ~~[illegible]~~ hopes. Like flowers be turned heart
Under the rosy red

Hope, with a silver pencil, traced
Her shining prophecy
But Fate, with iron pen, defaced
The happy legacy.

Life took the reed & tried to scan
Which message was the best;
An Angel came, & wrote for man,
A nobler palimpsest.

HOPE, with a silver pencil, traced
Her shining prophecy
But Fate, with iron pen, defaced
The happy legacy.

Life took the reed and tried to scan
Which message was the best
An Angel came, and wrote for man
A nobler palimpsest.

"What is the greatest sin?"
~~God~~ Christ answered one said —
"A life of self, & scorn
Of those ~~whom I have loved~~ for whom I bled."
With doubting voice I cried
"~~Whether~~ Is that the greatest sin?"
~~"No"~~ "No" the great world replied: —
"Failure & poverty."

"Oh heart of mine have grace,
And tell me what is true"
My heart looked me in the face
And then I knew.

September

Thou dost besiege the fort where Reason dwells!
With clamorous shout + strong availing force
Dost storm the hold of Wisdom's surest seat,
Drowning her voice who would a parley ~~hold~~ have;
Affrighted Honour rallies with command
And Prudence flies a truce upon the walls.
Yet Wrought ~~with~~ thou'lt have, no compromise or peace
But full surrender, instant & complete

WHAT is the greatest sin?"
GOD answered me and said,
"A life of self and scorn
Of those for whom Christ died."
With doubting voice I cried,
"Is that the greatest sin?"
"No," the great world replied,
"Failure and poverty."
O heart of mine! have grace;
And tell me what is true."
My heart looked me in the face,
And then I knew.

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"No," the great world replied,
"Failure and poverty."
O heart of mine! have grace
And tell me what is true."
My heart looked me in the face,
And then I knew.

As were the Earth without the light
Of sun or moon above
So are my days like darkest night
Without thy love, my love.

No spring or summer I foreseek
Can in my year have part
It must eternal winter be
Without thy heart, my heart

AS were the earth without the light
Of sun or moon above,
So are my days like darkest night,
Without thy love, my love.

No spring or summer, I foresee,
Can in my year have part;
It must eternal winter be
Without thy heart, my heart.

The path is wet with tears,
Shed for the summer gone;
From the sad trees, they, one by one,
Fall silently adown.
Tears for the bright days flown,
Russet & gold, I see,
And green, the autumn's prophecy,
Of summers yet to be.
Tears for the sad days past,
Withered & brown & dead;
~~Dead~~ Hopes, like flowers lie buried fast
Under the leafy bed.

October

HE path is wet with tears,
Shed for the summer gone;
From the sad trees, they one by one
Fall silently adown.
Tears for the bright days fled, d
Russet and gold, I see,
And green, the autumn's prophecy , f d
Of summers yet to be, . _____ .
Tears for the sad daya qaat, _____
Withered and brown and deab: d
Dead hopes like flowers lie duried fast , b
Under the leafy beb. d

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From the sad trees, they one by one
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Tears for the bright days fled,
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Of summers yet to be.

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Under the leafy bed.

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Russet and gold, I see,
And green, the autumn's prophecy
Of summers yet to be.

Tears for the sad days past,
Withered and brown and dead:
Dead hopes, like flowers, lie buried fast
Under the leafy bed.

You may bar the castle gate
But you cannot shut out Fate
On the day that she is due
She will knock and you
Will open.

You may set a guard and wait
But you will not out-watch Fate
Spite of strategem and plan
She's a match for ~~any~~ man any
Even you.

March

YOU may bar the castle gate
But you will not shut out Fate;
On the day that she is due,
She will knock and you
Will open.

You may set a guard and wait
But you will not out-watch Fate;
Spite of strategem and plan,
She's a match for any man,
Even you.

Strangely do the gods their gifts dispense!
So most solemn music sung.

heaven-sent
Hymn of penitence
So when I the singers now ~~[illegible]~~ perceived

Circe's swine agape for filthiness

Once upon a gloomy day
Delia came out to play
Youth & Health stept out with her
(~~Bewildered I could not~~ stir) (O sight the ~~coldest~~ greyest heart to stir!)
~~And~~ Beauty took her by the hand.
(~~Amazed. I could not~~ understand)
~~Ha~~
~~A~~shamed of gloom the laggard Sun
Smiled this sight to look upon
And hasted in ~~his~~ warm beams to shed
Sunlight on ~~each~~ her sunny head

Once upon a gloomy day
Delia came out to play
Youth & Health stept out with her.
O, sight the greyest heart to stir
And Beauty took her by the hand.
The dullest wit can understand
How shamed of gloom the peevish Sun
Smiled this sight to look upon
And hasted in warm beams to shed
Sunlight on her sunny head.

(February,

ONCE upon a gloomy day,
Delia came out to play.
Youth and Health stepped out mith her
O sight the greyest-heart to stir!
And Beauty took her by the hand.
The dullest wit can understand,
Hom 'shamed of gloom the peevish Sun
Smiled this sight to look upon
And hasted in marm beams to shed
Sunligkt on ker sunny kead.

11

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Smiled this sight to look upon
And hasted, in warm beams, to shed
Sunlight on her sunny head.

WRITTEN DESIGNED CUT ON WOOD
PRINTED AND BOUND BY H D AND
H G WEBB AT CARADOC BEDFORD
PARK CHISWICK FINISHED
DECEMBER
MDCCCC.

SPRING and Summer now are fled,
Mourning Autumn, too, is dead;
The leaves have laid aside their dress
And shivering stand in nakedness.
The river, late so strong and loud,
Lies silent 'neath its icy shroud.
The solemn hills, just capped with snow
Look down upon the vale below,
Where through the night of Winter sleep
The little seeds their vigil keep.

ONCE upon a gloomy day,
Delia came out to play.
Youth and Health stept out with her
O sight the greyest heart to stir!
And Beauty took her by the hand.
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The solemn hills, just capped with snow
Look down upon the vale below,
Where through the night of Winter sleep
The little seeds their vigil keep.

To lie full length upon a headland ~~near~~ sheer
To hear the splash & murmur of the sea.
The gulls shrill screame, the droning of a bee;
To lay my cheek upon the sunburnt grass.
And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass.
With dainty rustle through the heather near.

August

lesh & blood. how like an invading foe
- dost assail the fort where Reason dwells.
clamorous shout & strong availing force
storm the hold of loyalty's sacred seat —
t will then have of compromise or peace
full surrender. instant & complete.

To lie full-length upon a headland sheer;
To hear the splash and murmur of the sea;
The gulls' shrill scream, the droning of a bee;
To lay one's cheek upon the sunburnt grass,
And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass,
With dainty rustle through the heather near.

Semicolon

To lie full-length upon a headland sheer;
To hear the splash and murmur of the sea;
The gulls' shrill scream, the droning of a bee;
To lay one's cheek upon the sunburnt grass,
And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass,
With dainty rustle through the heather near.

WHY dost thou lie a prisoner
in the dark?
Rise up and climb, and thou
mayst yet behold
Sunrise upon the hills of Liberty.

WHY dost thou lie a prisoner
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Rise up and climb, and thou
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January.

S		6	13	20	27
M		7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	

February.

S		3	10	17	24
M		4	11	18	25
T		5	12	19	26
W		6	13	20	27
T		7	14	21	28
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

March.

S		3	10	17	24	31
M		4	11	18	25	
T		5	12	19	26	
W		6	13	20	27	
T		7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29	
S	2	9	16	23	30	

April.

S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

May.

S		5	12	19	26
M		6	13	20	27
T		7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	31
S	4	11	18	35	

June.

S		2	9	16	23	30
M		3	10	17	24	
T		4	11	18	25	
W		5	12	19	26	
T		6	13	20	27	
F		7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29	

July

S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

August

S		4	11	18	25
M		5	12	19	26
T		6	13	20	27
W		7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

September

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	

October

S		6	13	20	27
M		7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	

November.

S		3	10	17	24
M		4	11	18	25
T		5	12	19	26
W		6	13	20	27
T		7	14	21	28
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

December.

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	

D

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	

IRISH MUSIC

voice beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees
Hear Shannon's druid waters chant for ever
Tales of dead Kings and Bards and Shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream,
A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing
Beats with its wings at the gates of dream.

WRITTEN DESIGNED CUT ON WOOD
PRINTED AND BOUND BY H D AND
H G WEBB AT CARADOC BEDFORD
PARK CHISWICK FINISHED
DECEMBER
MDCCCC.

GOD BLESS
The MASTER of this house
And the MISTRESS also
And all the little CHILDREN
That round the table go.
And all your Kin and Kinsmen
That dwell both far and near
We wish you
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
& A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS
& A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

From
H D & H G W
Caradoc
Bed-
ford
Park
Christ-
mas
MDC
CCC

✠ A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z
a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
i ii iii iv v vi vii viii ix x

IN the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

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And the MISTRESS also
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And a
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

✠ A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z
a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n o p q r s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
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