

**EDDY MARY
BAKER**

POEMS

Mary Eddy

Poems

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Mary Baker Eddy

Poems

PREFACE

The poems garnered up in this little volume were written at different periods in the life of the author, dating from her early girlhood up to recent years. They were not written with a view of making a book, each poem being the spontaneous outpouring of a deeply poetic nature and called forth by some experience that claimed her attention.

The "Old Man of the Mountain," for instance, was written while the author was contemplating this lofty New Hampshire crag, whose rugged outlines resemble the profile of a human face. Inspired by the grandeur of this masterpiece of nature's handiwork, and looking "up through nature, unto nature's God," the poem began to take form in her thought, and alighting from her carriage, she seated herself by the roadside and began to write. Some tourists who were passing, and who made her acquaintance, asked her what she was writing, and she replied by reading the poem to them. They were so pleased with it that each requested a copy, which was subsequently mailed to them. Similar requests continued to reach the author for years afterward, until the poem finally found its way into print, appearing, together with

"The Valley Cemetery," in a book "Gems for You," published in Manchester, N. H., in 1850, and again in Boston, in 1856.

The poem on the "Dedication of a Temperance Hall," in Lynn, Mass., in 1866, was written for that occasion, and was sung by the audience as a dedicatory hymn. "The Liberty Bells" appeared in a Lynn, Mass., newspaper, under the date of February 3, 1865. A note from the author, which was published with the poem, read as follows:

"Mr. Editor: —In 1835 a mob in Boston (although Boston has since been the pioneer of anti-slavery) dispersed a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and assailed the person of William Lloyd Garrison with such fury that the city authorities could protect him nowhere but in the walls of a jail. To-day, by order of Governor Andrew, the bells are ringing to celebrate the passing of a resolution in Congress prohibiting slavery in the United States."

All of the author's best-known hymns are included in this collection, as well as many poems written in girlhood and during the years she resided in Lynn, Mass., and which appeared in various publications of that day. Among her earliest poems are "Upward," "Resolutions for the Day," "Autumn" (written in a maple grove), "Alphabet and Bayonet," and "The Country-Seat" (written while visiting a family friend in the beautiful suburbs of Boston); yet, even these are characterized by the same lofty trend of thought that reached its fulness in her later productions.

In May, 1910, Mrs. Eddy requested her publisher to prepare a few bound volumes of her poems, for private distribution. When this became known to her friends, they urged her to allow a popular edition to be issued, to which she assented. With grateful acknowledgment, therefore, of this permission, this little volume is presented to the public, in the hope that these gems of purest thought from this spiritually-minded author will prove a joy to the heavy laden and a balm to the weary heart.

Adam H. Dickey.

Chestnut Hill, Mass., September 24, 1910.

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

Gigantic sire, unfallen still thy crest!
Primeval dweller where the wild winds rest,
Beyond the ken of mortal e'er to tell
What power sustains thee in thy rock-bound cell.

Or if, when first creation vast began,
And far the universal fiat ran,
"Let there be light" – from chaos dark set free,
Ye rose, a monument of Deity,

Proud from yon cloud-crowned height to look henceforth
On insignificance that peoples earth,
Recalling oft the bitter draft which turns
The mind to meditate on what it learns.

Stern, passionless, no soul those looks betray;
Though kindred rocks, to sport at mortal clay —
Much as the chisel of the sculptor's art
"Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart."

Ah, who can fathom thee! Ambitious man,
Like a trained falcon in the Gallic van,
Guided and led, can never reach to thee
With all the strength of weakness – vanity!

Great as thou art, and paralleled by none,
Admired by all, still art thou drear and lone!
The moon looks down upon thine exiled height;
The stars, so cold, so glitteringly bright,

On wings of morning gladly flit away,
Yield to the sun's more genial, mighty ray;
The white waves kiss the murmuring rill —
But thy deep silence is unbroken still.

CONSTANCY

When starlight blends with morning's hue,
I miss thee as the flower the dew!
When noonday's length'ning shadows flee,
I think of thee, I think of thee!

With evening, memories reappear —
I watch thy chair, and wish thee here;
Till sleep sets drooping fancy free
To dream of thee, to dream of thee!

Since first we met, in weal or woe
It hath been thus; and must be so
Till bursting bonds our spirits part
And Love divine doth fill my heart.

Written many years ago.

MOTHER'S EVENING PRAYER

O gentle presence, peace and joy and power;
O Life divine, that owns each waiting hour,
Thou Love that guards the nestling's faltering flight!
Keep Thou my child on upward wing tonight.

Love is our refuge; only with mine eye
Can I behold the snare, the pit, the fall:
His habitation high is here, and nigh,
His arm encircles me, and mine, and all.

O make me glad for every scalding tear,
For hope deferred, ingratitude, disdain!
Wait, and love more for every hate, and fear
No ill, – since God is good, and loss is gain.

Beneath the shadow of His mighty wing;
In that sweet secret of the narrow way,
Seeking and finding, with the angels sing:
"Lo, I am with you always," – watch and pray.

No snare, no fowler, pestilence or pain;
No night drops down upon the troubled breast,
When heaven's aftersmile earth's tear-drops gain,
And mother finds her home and heav'nly rest.

LOVE

Brood o'er us with Thy shelt'ring wing,
'Neath which our spirits blend
Like brother birds, that soar and sing,
And on the same branch bend.
The arrow that doth wound the dove
Darts not from those who watch and love.

If thou the bending reed wouldst break
By thought or word unkind,
Pray that his spirit you partake,
Who loved and healed mankind:
Seek holy thoughts and heavenly strain,
That make men one in love remain.

Learn, too, that wisdom's rod is given
For faith to kiss, and know;
That greetings glorious from high heaven,
Whence joys supernal flow,
Come from that Love, divinely near,
Which chastens pride and earth-born fear,

Through God, who gave that word of might
Which swelled creation's lay:
"Let there be light, and there was light."

What chased the clouds away?
'Twas Love whose finger traced aloud
A bow of promise on the cloud.

Thou to whose power our hope we give,
Free us from human strife.
Fed by Thy love divine we live,
For Love alone is Life;
And life most sweet, as heart to heart
Speaks kindly when we meet and part.

I'M SITTING ALONE

I'm sitting alone where the shadows fall
In somber groups at the vesper-call,
Where tear-dews of night seek the loving rose,
Her bosom to fill with mortal woes.

I'm waiting alone for the bridal hour
Of nymph and naiad from woodland bower;
Till vestal pearls that on leaflets lay,
Ravished with beauty the eye of day.

I'm watching alone o'er the starlit glow,
O'er the silv'ry moon and ocean flow;
And sketching in light the heaven of my youth —
Its starry hopes and its waves of truth.

I'm dreaming alone of its changeful sky —
What rainbows of rapture floated by!
Of a mother's love, that no words could speak
When parting the ringlets to kiss my cheek.

I'm thinking alone of a fair young bride,
The light of a home of love and pride;
How the glance of her husband's watchful eye
Turned to his star of idolatry.

I'm picturing alone a glad young face,
Upturned to his mother's in playful grace;
And the unsealed fountains of grief and joy
That gushed at the birth of that beautiful boy.

I'm weeping alone that the vision is fled,
The leaves all faded, the fruitage shed,
And wishing this earth more gifts from above,
Our reason made right and hearts all love.

Lynn, Mass., September 3, 1866.

THE UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN

Hail, brother! fling thy banner
To the billows and the breeze;
We proffer thee warm welcome
With our hand, though not our knees.

Lord of the main and manor!
Thy palm, in ancient day,
Didst rock the country's cradle
That wakes thy laureate's lay.

The hoar fight is forgotten;
Our eagle, like the dove,
Returns to bless a bridal
Betokened from above.

List, brother! angels whisper
To Judah's sceptered race, —
"Thou of the self-same spirit,
Allied by nations' grace,

"Wouldst cheer the hosts of heaven;
For Anglo-Israel, lo!
Is marching under orders;

His hand averts the blow."

Brave Britain, blest America!
Unite your battle-plan;
Victorious, all who live it, —
The love for God and man.

Boston Herald, Sunday, May 15, 1898.

CHRIST MY REFUGE

O'er waiting harpstrings of the mind
There sweeps a strain,
Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind
The power of pain,

And wake a white-winged angel throng
Of thoughts, illumed
By faith, and breathed in raptured song,
With love perfumed.

Then His unveiled, sweet mercies show
Life's burdens light.
I kiss the cross, and wake to know
A world more bright.

And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea
I see Christ walk,
And come to me, and tenderly,
Divinely talk.

Thus Truth engrounds me on the rock,
Upon Life's shore,
'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,
Oh, nevermore!

From tired joy and grief afar,
And nearer Thee, —
Father, where Thine own children are,
I love to be.

My prayer, some daily good to do
To Thine, for Thee;
An offering pure of Love, whereto
God leadeth me.

"FEED MY SHEEP"

Shepherd, show me how to go
O'er the hillside steep,
How to gather, how to sow, —
How to feed Thy sheep;
I will listen for Thy voice,
Lest my footsteps stray;
I will follow and rejoice
All the rugged way.

Thou wilt bind the stubborn will,
Wound the callous breast,
Make self-righteousness be still,
Break earth's stupid rest.
Strangers on a barren shore,
Lab'ring long and lone,
We would enter by the door,
And Thou know'st Thine own;

So, when day grows dark and cold,
Tear or triumph harms,
Lead Thy lambkins to the fold,
Take them in Thine arms;
Feed the hungry, heal the heart,
Till the morning's beam;

White as wool, ere they depart,
Shepherd, wash them clean.

THE VALLEY CEMETERY

Ye soft sighing zephyrs through foliage and vine!
Ye echoing moans from the footsteps of time!
Break not on the silence, unless thou canst bear
A message from heaven – "No partings are there."

Here gloom hath enchantment in beauty's array,
And whispering voices are calling away —
Their wooings are soft as the vision more vain —
I would live in their empire, or die in their chain.

Here smileth the blossom and sunshine not dead —
Flowers fresh as the pang in the bosom that bled, —
Yes, constant as love that outliveth the grave,
And time cannot quench in oblivion's wave.

And thou, gentle cypress, in evergreen tears,
Art constant and hopeful though winter appears.
My heart hath thy verdure, it blossoms above;
Like thee, it endureth and liveth in love.

Ambition, come hither! These vaults will unfold
The sequel of power, of glory, or gold;
Then rush into life, and roll on with its tide,
And bustle and toil for its pomp and its pride.

The tired wings flitting through far crimson glow,
Which steepeth the trees when the day-god is low;
The voice of the night-bird must here send a thrill
To the heart of the leaves when the winds are all still.

'Mid graves do I hear the glad voices that swell,
And call to my spirit with seraphs to dwell;
They come with a breath from the verdant springtime,
And waken my joy, as in earliest prime.

Blest beings departed! Ye echoes at dawn!
O tell of their radiant home and its morn!
Then I'll think of its glory, and rest till I see

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