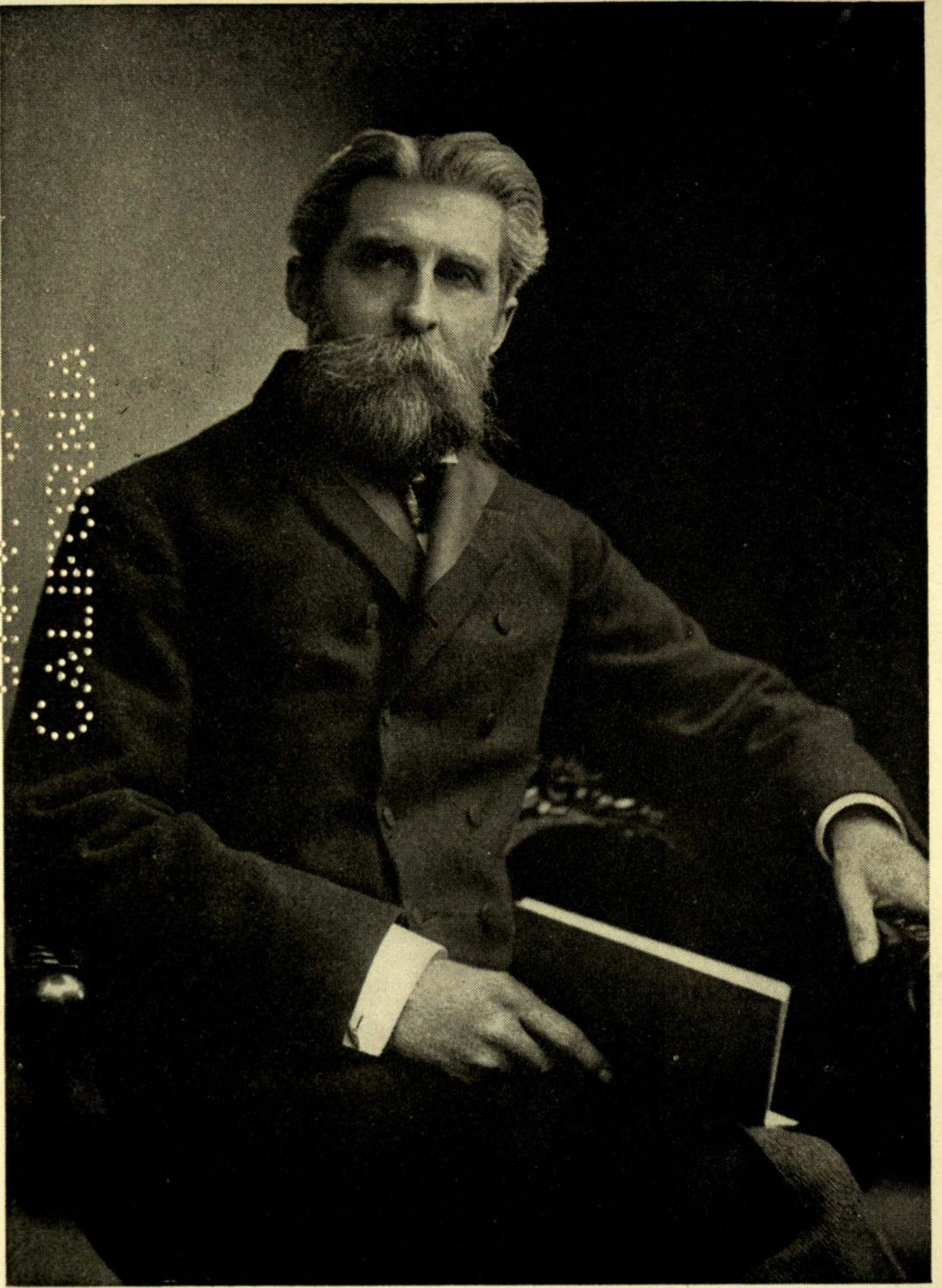




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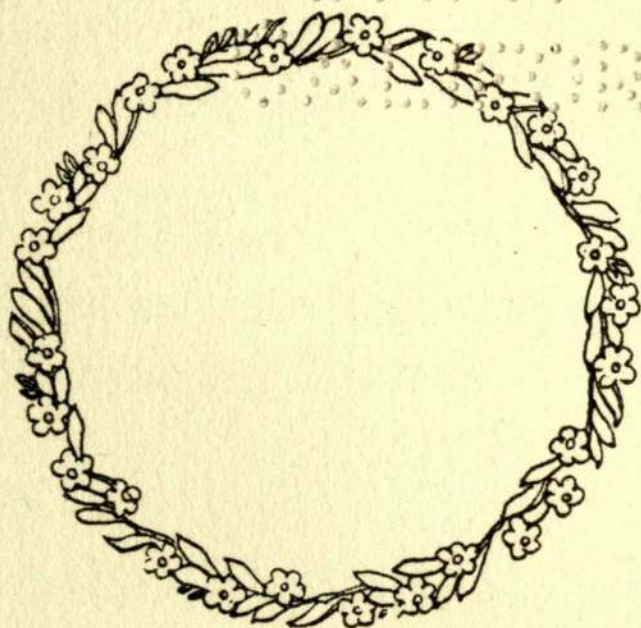
John Vance Cheney

My Hearthside

Poems written to Sally

by

John Vance Cheney



Ralph Fletcher Seymour
Publisher
Chicago

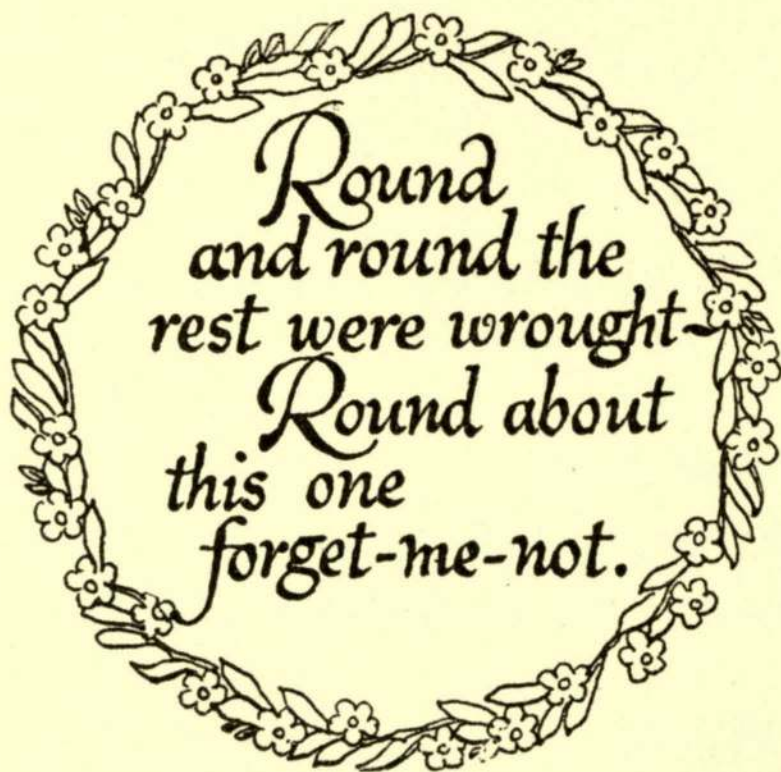
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Round
and round the
rest were wrought
Round about
this one
forget-me-not.

Thou and I

My Hearthside

THOU AND I



LOVE, I would have thee as the snow
is, white
And pure on hilltops of the winter
day;

Thou shouldst have sovereign rule, the
spirit sway
Of beauty, wide and shining as the light.
Thou shouldst be as the evening star is,
bright

As heaven can make it; all thy summer
way

The melodies of June should sing and play
In thee, the darling of the day and night.
But I would have thee human first and last,
One not untouched by trouble, sought of
sin,

Thine innocence not accident, but
choice.

Fit then my service: I should have no past,
No future; newly would my life begin,
Obedient to the music of thy voice.

My Castle in the Air

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR



R in the East or in the West,
Where shall I build my bird a nest?
Northward or southward, whither
roam

To build my little love a home?
Up yonder, in the clean, sweet air,
I think that I could keep her, there,
Too much an angel for the ground,
For heaven somewhat too warm and round.

The Way to Learn

My Hearthside

THE WAY TO LEARN



THE way to learn how well I love
you, Dear?

Ask any of the gossip winds that
blow,

The thousand flowers that burn it where
they glow,

The happy hours that hold the summer
here;

Question the sound, the silence, far and
near,

The brook, which sings it or must cease
to flow,—

Ask all the blissful things above, below.
Their answer, Sweet—of that I have no
fear;

For I believe all life below, above,

Is leagued with love as light is with the
day,

That heaven and earth aye take the
lover's part.

But should all other voices mock my love,

You will not heed them; you will turn
away,

Content to have the answer of your
heart.

Sadie

My Hearthside

SADIE *

WHEN you see a plummy hat
And sealskin sack, and inside
that
A little brisk, right busy lady,
Why, mind your eye; it may be Sadie.
When you follow softly after,
And chance to hear such merry laughter
As makes the very sunshine shady,
Then, ten to one, it's Sukey Sadie.
And should she turn on you brown eyes
Soft as June dusk when daylight dies
Along the fields all bloomy, bladey,
Away with doubt, and swear it's Sadie.
Brown - haired, brown - skinned, and robin
round,
A sweet-heart baby, grown and gowned,
Heart high, but every inch a lady—
That's my little Sukey Sadie!

*Later called Sally.

My Fairest Fair

MY FAIREST FAIR



HERE is, they say, no sweetest
rose,
There is no fairest face; for fancy
grows
Its own deceiver.

But, right or wrong, what does love care?
I say, "World over, only one's all fair,"
And so believe her.

For Sally on her Birthday

FOR SALLY ON HER BIRTHDAY

MIND you, Fortune, have a care!
More I ask than pipe and chair,
Than my Steinway and my book,
Than my Roxy and my nook.

On this February day
Abe and Darwin came our way;
Thanks for small favors! Now for more
Than you ever gave before.
Abe and Charles, is that the tally?
Hark! To them you added Sally.
Little Sally, rid of ills,
Knitting on the Mission Hills—
Keep her, Fortune, young and fair,
In the big sun-parlor there;
Pipe and Steinway, hill and valley,
Nothing were without my Sally.

To Sally on her Birthday

My Hearthside

TO SALLY ON HER BIRTHDAY

THIS is to her my hearthside and
my rest;
My lares, where she sets them up
they stand;

Bright shapes of comfort, quiet, pleasures
best—

She leads them hither with her little hand.
She looking with me in the summer grass,
Or up and down the path the wild stars
roam,

I see what meaning, peace, the good world
has;

My heart and I know love's own roof and
home.

Let me not keep my candle under cover;
The glad sun shines his joy out every
day,—


The sun, earth's lord and glory, golden
lover—

From morning unto morning does he say:
"The while the lover can his heart repeat,
The love in it is growing sweet and sweet."

Sally

My Hearthside

SALLY

T was four years ago
I found you, Dear;
Love's happy seasons fly
How swiftly by!

Dear, do you know,
Know you, dear,
It seems, reckon as I may,
But yesterday?
Four years have taken wing;
Ere they were here
How was it I could find
For heart and mind
Sweet comforting?
How did I, dear,
Before—love showed the place—
I saw your face?
Love well can lose and lose
To win at last:
Now, through the years to be
You bide with me.
We cannot choose,
The past is past;
But I would give it, dear,
For what is here.

Love's World

LOVE'S WORLD



If the year be at her Spring
I neither know nor care;
I have the bird-song of your
speech,
The warm rain of your hair.
I question not if thrushes sing,
If roses load the air;
Beyond my heart I need not reach
When all is summer there.
I go not by the blue above,
By grasses green or sere;
Your silences, your sigh, your smile
They mark my time o' year.
Its own brave wonder-world has love;
So fair it is, I fear
Sometimes 'twill fade and go the while
I look upon you, dear.

I Keep Thy Memory

My Hearthside

I KEEP THY MEMORY



KEEP thy memory as the hill-
hold tops

The sun when light has left the
valley way;

With dream of thee I lengthen out the
day:

Nor dark does shut thee out, nor slumber—
fold.

Day sinking, up the lovely stars are rolled;
The hill forgets the peerless sun in play
Of feebler fires; but thou dost with me
stay:

My night, my midnight, wears the morning
gold.

I keep thy memory, and I count it truth
That love, once come to men, shall never
go;

I keep thy memory, and the world is
fair,

Yea, beautiful all life with fadeless youth.
Loving may be but dreaming. Even so,
The heaven in my heart, I keep it there.



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