



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library

Cloth of Gold

BY

Evelyn Gage Browne



PUBLISHED BY
THE ARPODENE STUDIO
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

COPYRIGHTED 1918, BY EVELYN GAGE BROWNE

PS 3503
R8425C6

CLOTH OF GOLD

My laddie wore a suit of velvet fine
Long years ago, when he was five—and mine.
I mind those first wee trousers; how I thrilled
To see my man-child's promise thus fulfilled.

The little velvet suit is laid away;
The little lad that romped but yesterday,
Has gone to valiant deeds beyond my ken,
To fight for—"Peace on earth, good will to men.

My boy now wears a suit of Cloth of Gold,—
A royal robe of honor; pride untold
Swells in my soul to see my soldier-lad
In God's and Freedom's service—khaki-clad!

©CLA 499910

JUL 29 1918

no 1

THE GOLD STAR

A new star in our flag,
A new star in our sky;
A new gift made to Country—God,
A new hard path that must be trod.
And though the lone hours lag,
We proudly bid it fly,—
The new star in our flag,
The new star in our sky.

A gold star in our flag,
A gold star in our sky.
A cold world just before us lies,
A gold Heaven shines above our eyes.
And though the long years drag,
It blazes there on high,—
The gold star in our flag,
The gold star in our sky.

CANDLE LIGHT

A blur of velvet shadow on the stair;
And then—a tiny flame that glimmers where,
But since, a little form in trailing white
Bore, up and up, the candle from my sight.
Now down it comes with sleepy step and slow,—
The little point of flame, it wavers so!—
And just above the flickering gleam I trace
The yearning sweetness of my laddie's face;
Till close I fold the yielding form in white,—
Come back for just another kiss Good Night.
Then once again the darkness of the stair,
Whose empty silence broods above my prayer;
And yet I know, in but a little while,
Will radiant shine my lad's Good Morning smile.

A blur of mist upon the path that leads
Into the shrouding darkness, where there speeds
A ship; and yet—though borne beyond my sight—
My lad, I know, will come for his Good Night.
I'll see his face through mingled light and shade,
And feel his arms, his kiss—nor be afraid;
For Love that guides the wee feet on the stair,
Will guard my grown-up laddie "Over There."
And though again I sit alone and pray,
Through barren hours to wait the coming day;
E'en though he be a little longer gone,
I'll hear his glad "Good Morning"—with the dawn.

SAFEGUARDED

My little lad lies sleeping snug and warm,—
A tiny craft at anchor, safe from storm.
And then, a startled cry!—a dream of fright;
But love, in vigil near, turns on the light:
He wakes and smiles,—as I, in thankful prayer,—
Because his mother bends above him there.

My big lad sleeps—and yet, ah, who can tell?
But wheresoe'er—I know that all is well;
E'en though his cry ring, startled, through the night,
Love's hand is there and will turn on the Light;
And so I trust,—my heart athrob with prayer,—
Because the Father broods above him there.

O BIRD!

A bird-song floats, a bird-soul soars
Up, up the blue to Heaven's doors,
And down on earth its largess pours.

Yet, somewhere,—God, how thick the veil!—
My loved one,—dare I say he lives?
'Mid perils, shells that fall like hail,
Where, staunchly, e'en himself he gives.

O bird!—cease not thy song, nor flight!
Lift my soul—his soul—winged and white,
Up, up—till earth be lost to sight.

THE HOMEWARD WAY

When you went down the long, long trail,
The sun was shining through a veil.
The mist, perchance, was in my eyes,
And shrouded blue and smiling skies;
For all life's sunshine seemed to fail,—
When you went down the long, long trail.

Since you've been gone to that "Somewhere,"
I've prayed to see the earth as fair;
To clear away the mist of tears,
To purge my heart of palling fears;
And strive to know my trusting prayer
Safeguards my loved one—"Over There."

When you come back the Homeward Way,—
And Home is where Love lives alway,—
May my soul see with undimmed sight
The Light that shines through seeming night;
E'en though it be alone I pray,—
When your feet take the Homeward Way.

MY COUNTRY

God guide thee, O my Country,
Through every devious way;
Truth be thy flaming pillar,
Honor, thy cloud by day.

God guard thee, O my Country,
In every perilous path;
Make thee to rise triumphant
O'er malice, envy, wrath.

God bless thee, O my Country,
With every gift of Right,
Until thou standest victor
By grace of God's own Might.

God love thee, O my Country,
And make His Love the leaven
To quicken every patriot's heart,
Till thou art like to Heaven.

SURCEASE

Oh, Thou who givest Thy beloved sleep:—
When flame-seared eyelids droop and dream-sails
 creep
Across the burning brain; lay thy blest balm
Upon the soldier-soul so spent; becalm
The spirit in some sunset-haven sweet,
Where silver waves wash singing at his feet,
And treasure-ships-of-dreams at anchor ride,—
Safe o'er the foaming bar where sobs the tide:
Bid silence, tender with the twilight gray,
Steal o'er his heart at vesper-hour of day;
Clasp Her loved hand close, warm in his—until
He smiles in dreams—the battle-thunder still.

KILLED IN ACTION

“Killed in action”—nay, not killed!
 Death, where is thy sting to-day?
Though the voice I love be stilled,
 Courage, manhood, live always.
Only wrong can cease to be;
 They—the so-called slain—arise.
Grave, where is thy victory?
 Killed in action? Lift thine eyes!

OMNIPRESENT

“Where art thou, Love?” the soldier plead;
“Not here where man lays brother dead,
Where hate hath triumphed in thy stead.”
But 'neath his coat there cherished lay
A withered, pressed, white-lilac spray,
Which answered:—“Here!—but hid away.”

“Where art thou, Life?” the torn-one cried;
“Not where death reigns unsatisfied.
Life!—is there Life, or have men lied?”
But one there came who knelt beside,
And healing hands with love replied:—
“Here! blinded one; here—but denied.”

“Where art thou God?” the spent soul prayed;
But cannon answered undismayed,
And curses rang as blade struck blade.
“Oh, God, I know where Thou art not!”
But then a bird-song blessed the spot,
And carolled:—“Here!—but lo, forgot!

Love—here where man lays down his own
Life—for Mankind; here where is shown
God—in His Man; and yet—unknown!

A BATTLE-PRAYER

I go to-day to face the foe;
Purge Thou my soul, before I go,
Of hatred, evil passions, fear,—
Give Love of Right dominion here.

And 'mid the thunder of the fray,
May I still hear Her dear voice say—
“Strike when you must for Honor, Right,
But keep your soul and conscience white.”

When blood runs hot as flaming fire
With lust to kill—the beast-desire,
Keep ever bright Thy primal plan;—
A soldier, aye! but first—a Man!

'Tis not enough to fight and die,
Make me fight nobly, knowing why;
To feel the cause is worth my all,
And give it gladly—at Thy call.

If swift-winged death shall come apace,
My soul and I stand face to face,
Let me not flinch, O Fearless One!
But say—“I've fought the fight: 'tis done!”

And may I cross the Great Divide
With soul unsullied,—e'en though tried
By fire; with righteous zeal inflamed;—
That I may meet Thee—unashamed.

NOT FOR TODAY

Not for to-day, O Father,—not for to-day!
But for the glad To-Morrow when old things pass away.
The grim old earth is dying,—the New is being born;
We fight the powers of darkness that others greet the Morn.
 Travail of women's crying;
 The cruel old earth is dying!
Not for to-day are lying
 The mangled and the torn;
But for To-Morrow—dying
 That the New Earth be born.

Not for to-day, O Father,—not for to-day!
The blind old earth is passing, the New is on the way.
We build for Thy To-Morrow,—e'en with our closing
 breath,—
That blest and true—eternal, the New shall conquer death.
 Oppression, hate—are dying!
Yea, death itself is lying
Felled by staunch souls defying
 Its power that seems to be,
To its futile thrust replying
 With Life!—a world set free!

THE DAY

Out of the mire so loathsome,
Born in the depths of night,
Up from the gloom
Riseth a bloom,—
A lily celestial, white.
Out of the murk of battle,—
The final—where men fight men,—
Shineth a ray,—
Promise of Day,
Ne'er to be darkened again.

Right—not might—shall be victor,
Freedom and Love rule the earth;
The war-menace slain
To rise ne'er again,—
When the Day comes to its birth.
Heroes are fighting undaunted,
Keeping the goal in view,—
The dream of mankind
That peace-ties shall bind,—
Making the dream come true.

Then every sword shall be broken,
Cannon corroded with rust;
Rifles at rest
Deep in earth's breast
Covered and mouldered with dust;
Brotherhood stand forth triumphant,
Each nation's flag be unfurled
To Eternal Peace,
When warfare shall cease,—
The disarmament of God's world.

MIZPAH

God watch o'er thee the while our paths divide,
Through shade or shine;
Beneath the shelter of His wings to hide,
In Love Divine.

God bless each heart that blesses thine, and yet—
Though reft by fate—
Keep my love bright within, lest thou forget
That lo, I wait!

And at each twilight hour when dreams awake,
Stretch forth thy hand,
And mine shall clasp it close for Love's sweet sake,—
And understand.

So God keep watch 'tween thee and me, Dear Heart,
With Love sublime,
And merge our paths—no more fore'er to part—
In His good time.



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library