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Smith, Mrs B. T.

# Soul Poems

By M. M. S.



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# Dedication

To my friend F. B., the chief source of  
my inspiration in writing these  
poems do I lovingly  
dedicate this little  
book





*The* SOUL'S REALIZATION



**B**y the ceaseless, rolling ocean  
In the golden sands I wait  
For the coming *of* the loved  
one  
Whom my soul has sought  
always.

And the breathing of the waves  
Foretells a tale of romance rare,  
He is coming soon to take me  
To a home most gloriously fair.

He already hovers near me  
Of his presence I'm aware  
And of this all new awareness  
I'm aware that I'm aware.



Heart throbs now within my bosom  
Tell me tales *of* longed-for love,  
That one day my own soul-lover  
Shall himself impart above.

On the heights *of* the eternal  
Where all souls exalted dwell  
I shall meet *and* know my loved-one  
*And* all thoughts of hell dispel.

In that vast supernal dreamland  
Where my soul has longed to roam  
We shall meet and sing forever  
Of the joys that are to come.

Ages upon ages crumble  
All the forms *of* earth to dust  
But our joy lives on forever,  
Here, it can, it will, it must.



Waves will break upon the seashore  
Storms will lash the ocean's crest,  
But our lives are far above this  
Turmoil, din, *and* dire unrest.

For we're merged in the eternal  
We have met to part no more  
And our song shall be *of* freedom  
Hallelujah! ever more!







My SOUL-LOVER



What is he, who is he, where  
is he?

These words run riot in my  
brain,

But the one great God eter-  
nal

Has planned *and* explained it all.

*The* soul that is ever aspiring  
To the good, the noble *and* pure,  
Who is lending to each weaker  
brother

The aid that will make him secure  
Who in times *of* need or great  
peril

Is there to give strength to the  
weak.

This is the type of the loved one,  
My soul eternally seeks.



His soul clad in these soul-made  
garments  
Must always most beautiful be  
And peace shall attend where his  
presence  
Is gliding o'er this faithless sea.  
His armour is that *of* the Christ  
man,  
His land is the home of the free,  
Oh! that there were thousands more  
like him,  
Then soon would we all be set free.

He comes like the sunbeam *of*  
morning  
To gladden the hearts *of* the sad,  
He lifts weary burdens from  
mothers,  
Whose life struggle long has been  
hard,  
And when poverty enters a door-  
way,  
He's there to brush it aside.  
He's always wherever he's needed,  
This lover that I idolize.



Do I know him, you ask me, you  
wonder?

Have I seen *and* had proof *of* his  
deeds?

Does he really exist in the body,  
Or can fanciful dreams thus deceive?  
Can aught but the Christ wear such  
garments?

Can mortal be strong like the Christ?  
If so, let us see him *and* know him,  
Pray, where does he live, blessed  
child?

He lives, yes, he lives, in my soul  
    realm,  
He lives in the body as well.  
I've seen him, I know him, I love  
    him,  
Of his deeds great and many can  
    tell,  
He's here on this earth, but *of* it,  
He moves with the lowly *and* high,  
And his love for all nature and  
    creature,  
Is that *of* the holy Christ man.



His home's on the heights where  
the dear ones  
Of earth's rarest treasures shall  
dwell,  
Where love in its purest expression  
Shall always the storm clouds dis-  
pel.  
His work shall be that *of* uplifting,  
From plane unto plane shall he  
roam,  
And I shall ever be with him,  
*The* Universe being our home.

Our hearts beat in tune to each  
other,  
Our thoughts are as if they were one  
Our lives so in harmony mingle  
That really it seems that we are one,  
Our souls when vibrating together  
Produce such harmonious strains,  
That angels cry out in glad chorus,  
“Great God, see thy work wrought  
in men!”



Vibrations that long have been  
talked *of*  
Are naught when compared with  
our love,  
For if aught but *of* God we were  
coupled  
Our love should be scattered abroad,  
When the whirlwind of life's cease-  
less motion  
In our souls through vibration hath  
sway,  
*The* force that sustains the emo-  
tions,  
Would sweep us austerely away.

Oh! this life of the soul is a great  
one,

How few, Ah! how few give it  
thought.

But when life's fires are kindled  
with fuel

Obtained from the great God above,

We feel *and* we know our origin

Was not in the world of the sense,

But from depths upon depths of  
His Being

With love we're most forcefully  
hurled.



His heart, life and soul mingle  
through us,  
His love centers in every<sup>c</sup> beat.  
Oh! seek it and find it dear loved  
ones,  
Thy self in thine own counterpart,  
For life without love is delusion  
As soul without body is part,  
And when you've found your soul-  
lover.  
There's nothing can cause thee to  
part.

There are loves upon loves that we  
    read *of*,  
We hear of devotion most rare,  
But naught is a love but the soul-  
    love,  
So heed it my soul, and beware.  
And when in that haven of dream-  
    land  
Thy soul seeks expression through  
    thee,  
Beware lest thou slight the intru-  
    sion.  
For God in his mercy shall care.



The Great God that governs this  
soul life  
Has planned *and* prepared each a  
mate,  
And knows when the thoughts are  
unequal  
Or knows when the qualities grate,  
And when he finds perfect com-  
munion  
In souls that are near to their fate,  
He weds them *and* sends them this  
message,  
That God is eternally great.



Through this knowledge we mount  
up to Heaven  
Our pinions are centered on high,  
And here in this bright, fairy  
dreamland,  
If you should look up bye and bye,  
You'll see us, this perfect soul-lover,  
Whose life blood with mine inter-  
blends,  
And join in the angelic chorus,  
"Great is God, good and noble *and*  
grand."





## DEAR HEART



**S**weet heart, dear heart,  
Come nestle close to my  
bosom,  
Lean heavily thy head on  
my breast

And know that entirely devotion  
Shall ever attend thee to rest.

When slumber comes not to your  
pillow,

When sorrow sits dark on your  
brow,

Remember that ever I'll love you,  
Yea, all through eternity, I trow.



Your sweetness grows day by day  
sweeter,

Your spirit grows ever more dear,  
So try blessed one, for your lover  
To drive the dark clouds from your  
brow.

Forgive me if ever I've grieved  
thee,

Make haste to undo all the past,  
That might mayhap hold a slight  
glimmer  
Of negligence fancied or fashioned.



My heart ever beats true to thine  
dear,

My soul ever comes to thy call,  
Then why any dismal foreboding,  
Should enter or threaten to scrawl

A word, thought, or deed that  
could hamper

This love so sublime, so serene,

Believe me, I love you, I love you!


O! loved one, love me, *and* that's all.







*The* SOUL'S CONSOLATION



**M**y soul, why weepst thou?  
Knowest thou not in God's  
glad morning

All will turn to golden hue,  
And life will seem all the  
brighter

For the sorrows that came to you.

Be patient *and* faithful and striving  
Each day to do some greater good,  
And all will seem bright in life's  
morning,  
When day dreams have really  
come true.

For coming they are without warn-  
ing,  
All darkness will flash into light,  
And fragrant will seem each flower  
That blossomed and grew in the  
night.



God's children are each day more  
dear, pet,  
And each flower more beautiful  
grows,  
If cultivated first in the darkness,  
For then it shall need no repose.

*The* soul flower that knows naught  
but daylight  
Could ne'er stand earth's one chilly  
blast,  
So thank God *and* welcome the  
darkness,  
That you in this way may be  
blessed.

His counsel is here ever ready  
To guide *and* protect you from  
harm

So go bravely forward and trust it  
And strengthen each comrade,  
dear one.

Our lives are made up *of* the ocean  
Of infinite waves of the sea,  
Of life's ever deepening emotions  
Proclaiming for freedom from sin.



But sin is not always commission,  
Omission as well plays a part  
So pray to be ever delivered  
From such in each deed *of* the  
heart.

Life's blessings come not from the  
pleasures  
That we, to ourselves have *and*  
hold,  
But rather in helping some brother,  
To lovingly enter the fold.

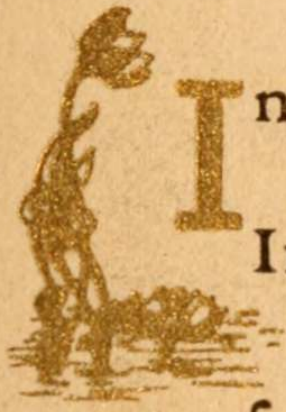
Christ's way was not sunshine *and*  
roses,

Yet, he in his wisdom did wend  
The way to the Eternal City,  
That we may point out to a friend.

So weary not dear, in well doing,  
Be patient, vivacious and bright,  
And some day you'll enter the gate-  
way,  
Where all is eternally bright.



## A VERSE



**I**n the garden *of* my soul  
you shall play dear,  
In the strength *of* my love  
you shall shine,  
And when all has been  
radiantly finished  
Your life shall enthralled be in  
mine.













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