
THOUGHTS ::
FROM :: ::
HADDENHAM.

— POEMS. —

The Message of Spring

BY

HILDA EVERETT.

Mrs Adams

Aldreth Rd

—

A book — one of many
— published by a
handicapped lady who
lived in Froize End

1922

THOUGHTS ::
FROM :: ::
HADDENHAM.

— POEMS. —

The Message of Spring

BY

HILDA EVERETT.

ELY:
W. JEFFERSON,
PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.
1922.

DAY.

HUSH! Stand with reverent, silent awe,
As wakes the Springtide morn,
Flush'd in its freshness, pure, divine,
A breath breathed from the sacred shrine,
A new day softly born,

With wide-eyed wonder-timidly,
With tender gladness bright.
All radiant in a new sweet joy,
That knows no hurtful, sad alloy,
Day dawns with new, clear light.

A lovely pearl of creamy depths,
A gem all-pure—all true,
Un-made by man—untouched—all-real,
With power to pain—to joy—to heal,
A sacred gift and true.

Joy in its whole, deep loveliness,
Its ready power to give,
Let light and love more deeply shine,
That e'er its beauty All-Divine
Shall fuller, wider live.

Each day a sacred trust—a gem,
New life—new hope—new power.
May restful gladness, pulsing bright,
Enfold each day within its light,
Love flooding every hour.

AT BREAK OF DAY.

THE world lay hush'd,
Dawn came with step unheard,
But Nature knew the touch,
And lightly stirr'd.

A black-bird waked,
one pulsing moment sped,
And ling'ring nightclouds
paled, and softly fled.

A sweet low call,
the birdling voiced his song,
A pleading note,
that Dawn should linger long.

The morning air—
the pearly tender light
Caught of the songster's gladness,
pure and bright.

More sweet the song—
more tender each low trill,
A plaintive yearning—
finer, lovelier still.

A soft light breeze,
 out-wander'd with the Day,
As tho' a thought to glean
 to bear away.

A ling'ring silence,
 softly, gently fell,
And Nature listed
 'neath the magic spell.

The silence thrill'd—
 the quiet, merg'd in song,
All lovely—tender—shyly—
 sweetly strong.

Triumphant gladness,
 fill'd the waking world,
For love all-pure,
 her banner wide unfurl'd.

EASTER.

HOW beautiful! How glad!
This lovely Easter morn.
New life—new love—new tender hope,
Wake with the radiant Dawn.
A flood of soft pure light,
A burst of glad new song.
Darkness—depression waive their power,
And greet the Easter throng.

Life throbs on every side,
All tender—joyous—free,
And Nature's voice triumphant rings,
For deep new power to be.
Flush'd buds of hope unfold,
With Easter joy and light,
For life is hope—and hope is life
Of pure unclouded sight.

Life wakes—Hope softly stirs,
Pure in its sacred light.
Strong in its gentle, life-full power,
Its vision clear and bright—
Born of the Easter Morn,
Breath of the Life above,
A-filling earth with new, sweet joy,
Sustain'd by Easter Love.

Oh perfect, living love,
Teach every heart to live
With Easter fragrance everywhere,
Its best—its all, to give.
Touch every waken'd thought,
Each softly beating heart,
That of the glad New Easter Dawn
We all may bear a part.

APRIL.

GREETING! Welcome—fair, sweet April,
With thy foot-fall soft and shy,
Earth has listed for thy coming,
Closely watch'd the stretch of sky.

Robed in greens of misty beauty,
Touch'd by softly tinted flowers,
Thou hast come in tender fragrance,
Link'd with depths of mystic powers.

Thine the smile the earth is asking,
For to wake the fuller joy,
Bright and fleeting, radiant—vivid,
Tearful—wistful—shyly coy.

How thy teardrops brightly glisten
On the leafage fresh and green,
Whilst thy smile of winsome beauty,
Lingers as a golden sheen.

Tender flow'rets all unfolding,
Donning dainty sylvan dress,
Catch the freshness and the beauty,
Of thy fondly breathed caress.

Myriad birds in choral sweetness,
Voice in lovely symphony,
All thy gold-bright theme of gladness,
Rare in tender harmony.

Azure brightness crowns thy glory,
Lightly touch'd with pearly gray,
Nature joys thy every beauty,
Deems too short each April day.

A GIFT DIVINE.

(Dedicated to a Young Mother.)

A DEEP heart-thought, akin to prayer,
Speeds on its mystic way,
Its burden is a tender love,
Just breathed from me to-day.

What tender joy—what glad new light
 Afloods these happy hours,
Aradiates, and touches all
 With new—deep—glorious powers.

It is the wee new life—all pure,
 A thought, a gift divine,
A breath of fragrance—breathed of God,
 At Love's own sacred shrine.

Oh reverend life—oh sacred trust—
 The impress lingers long,
The Giver of Himself hath given—
 His beauty, pure and strong.

Sweet purity—love all divine,
 That knows no unclean thing—
Glow from the wee bright eyes that smile,
 The tiny hands that cling.

Deep-reverend joy, to closely fold
 The wee new life so frail.
A gift—a messenger—a voice—
 Upon life's Holy Trail.

The light of peace, of new sweet strength,
 Of noble, tender love,
Still keep and guide thee—ever-all,
 In God's own heart-gift—Love.

IN SPRINGTIME.

SNOWDROPS—

ALL beautiful and fair,
Born with the springtide sun,
Wee flow'rs of purity out-peep,
A message every one.
With childlike simple grace,
They face a world unknown,
Strong in their tender frailty,
Born of the pure alone.

VIOLETS—

Fair modest little flow'r,
Close nestled by the way,
How sweet its tender song of love,
Breath'd thro' the quiet day.
Its fragrance fills the soft Spring air,
And wakes the sleeping thought—
Life's choicest, loveliest gifts we joy
Unask'd and all-unbought.
A fragrant life—a tender love,
A wealth of gentleness,
That gives itself—its best—its all,
In unobtrusiveness.

DAFFODILS—

Like a wealth of golden sunbeams,
Caught upon the glad Spring air,
Lightly held by swaying grasses,
Laughter-loving, gay to dare.
Nymph-like in their slender beauty,
Springtide's breath of golden thought,
Brightly dancing, glad and radiant,
As wee elfins fondly caught.

EVENING WHISPERS.

THE glowing sunset light apaled,
Soft tintings touched the sky,
"Day" caught her flaming golden robes
And brightly smiled "Goodbye."
A thousand-thousand tiny elves
Aclad in evening light,
Of tender voice and cool soft touch,
Fill'd earth with glad delight.
Bright dream-thoughts mingled lovingly
Upon the tender air,
Born as a dream—a whisper'd hope,
To live—to do—to dare.

UNDAUNTED.

(A Twilight Imagery.)

THE tender shades of evening
Caress'd the waiting earth,
The sunny day was over,
The happy lightsome mirth.
The fields lay bathed with quiet,
The wee hills silent stood,
Just one low whisper sounded:
"I will, I will be good!"
Wrapt in the tender gloaming,
That clear—dim—mystic light,
Beneath the sky's blue softness
Deep with the thought of night,
An angel child stood softly
Upon earth's carpet green,
With eager face uplifted,
To learn of things unseen.

A hush—a waiting quiet,
The whispering breeze refrain'd,
The rustling leaves—the grasses,
Their soft, low murmurs stay'd.—
A flutter in the stillness,
A lone woodpigeon's cry
With mournful sadness echo'd,
As though to question—"Why?"

The angel face was clouded
By sad and anxious fears,
The lovely eyes were wistful,
And bright with unshed tears.
"I'll try" she whisper'd softly,
"That man may understand,
That lives of noble purpose
Shall rise on every hand.
Oh how they fain would shun me,
Intent on things below,
The high, the pure, the noble,
They yearn not for to know.
And self-thought softly urges
To tread the easy way,
And stifles dreams more worthy
Until another day."

* * * *

A wakeful birdling twitter'd,
A tiny breeze out-stirr'd
In tender understanding
Of each sob-laden word.
The dew-bright grasses rustled,
And thro' the waning light
"Love,"—ling'ring 'mong the shadows,
And "Hope," drew into sight.

Aclad in rich, sweet beauty,
With depths of thought aglow,
In gentle strength, "Love" hasted
'Midst greetings soft and low,
Toward that little lone one
Of fragile beauty fair,
Angel of "High Ideals,"
Grown sad, and touch'd by care.

Fondly caress'd and tended,
Close in those arms of "Love,"
A smile the sweet face lighted,
A light, all thought above.
Her eyes, tear-fill'd no longer,
Shone clear with new-waked sight,
And "Hope" drew gently nearer
With misty radiance bright.

She touch'd the lips, now smiling,
With one all-sacred kiss,
"Oh angel sister, hasten,
The world, thyself doth miss."
The little hands she fondled,
"We by thy side will stand,
"Love"—"Hope"—and "High Ideals,"
And man shall understand."

* * * *

The gloaming light had deepen'd
E'en yet more pure, more clear,
The air itself breathed quiet,
Stirr'd by no restless fear.
The angel sisters linger'd
Beneath the star-bright sky,
Awrapt in light all-lovely,
Divinely born on high.

THE MOONLIGHT.

WIDE fling the casement, joy the magic light,
Hush'd—tender—still.

Field, fen and pasture 'neath the touch of night
In silence thrill.

With tender awe, night breezes wander by,
Thro' silver'd air, beneath the deep bright sky.

Deep unto blue, as tho' with unborn thought,
Clear, silent, strong.

Soft, pearly clouds by tender brightness caught,
A-linger long.

Wee starry gems, those twinkling globes of light,
Peep from the velvet of the cloudless height.

The distant church—the village wrapt in sleep,
Rest 'neath its charm.

The lonely cot, way on the grassy steep,
The wayside farm—

The silver'd lane—the softly lighted bower,
Responsive—catch the ever magic power.

Strong—peaceful calm, that stills life's fever'd rush,
Soft tender light,

With depths of quiet strength, the ling'ring hush
Of deeper sight.

All-lovely—pure, the moonlight softly wakes
The sleeping thought, and 'way the darkness breaks.

A FRAGRANT LIFE.

(In Memory of Mrs. Barham, Haddenham.)

HUSH! 'Tis a thought of Spring—scarce breathed,

A tender hope—a prayer,
Aswath'd in misty beauty, born
Of watchful, loving care.

How beautiful the glad "new life"
Our loved one joys to-day,
She heard the tender call of Spring—
It was the upward way.

Her's was a life of tender power,
Of fragrant—helpful thought,
Of radiant gladness ever new,
From Heav'n's own Springtide caught.

All-pure its beauty—strong its love
That joy'd its best to give,
And waked to life, in those around
Joy, in the power to "live."

Her's was the smile, that waked the smile,
And pass'd the sunshine on,
The touch that eased the pain; e'en tho'
Her own tears brightly shone.

'Twas life of selfless love—divine,
A life to know no end,
But merge into Eternal Spring,
Just where the lane doth bend.

We'll linger in her love—her life,
Her fragrant thought—her smile,
We'll live within the light she loved,
And hope and love the while.

"Climb the hill to
Madderden village
Come & learn of M'han folk"
from the ¹⁴Eventide Book