



To

From



Dedication.

Oh, balmy Summer days, when youth is ours,
And all life's fields are deck'd with golden grain,

Oh, may we trust that when in Autumn's glow,
Like gladsome hours will come to us again.


Aye, come in love, grown stronger year by year,
So that, within each flower's

crimson glow,

We trace the blossom of life's
noblest seed,

Sown by our trembling
hands long, long ago.





Poppies.

A collection
of Poems by

Edith Prince Snowden.

Illustrated by

Florence Prince
and
Amy Sawyer.



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The Afterglow.



Once more, as Autumn
tints the
drooping leaves,
I see an ancient garden
that I know.
The trees and flowers,
soft trembling in the breeze,
Are wrapt in sunset's
beauteous afterglow.



ince first we

met and lov'd the years

have fled,

Fraught with more

changes than my

heart may know,

Yet, deeper than

all present music, rings

The meaning

of the vows

made long ago.





Sometimes,
in dreams, I hold your
hand in mine,
Sometimes, in dreams,
I see you as of yore,
But, waking, know the music
of your voice
Is hush'd in silence here for evermore.

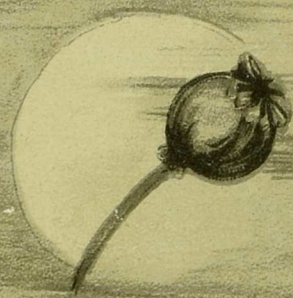


Dream Poppies.

She carried
poppies
in her slender
hands,
And gently
on my
eyelids
laid them
down;

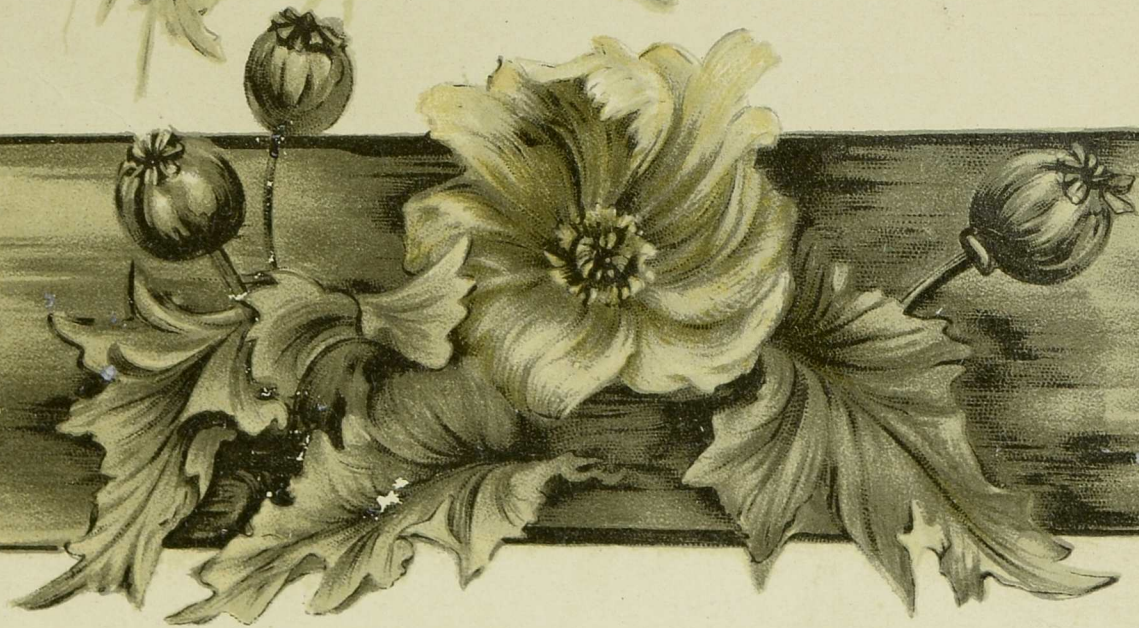


I heard the rustle of her
snow-white robe,
I felt the pressure of my
scarlet crown,



And then in sleep I seem'd all
The beauteous field where waving
And pure white angels o'er the flower
Walk to sweet music in their
rosy glow.

fair to see,
poppies blow,
deck'd mead



While some, with posies of the richest hue,
Fresh cull'd and languid with their
weight of bloom,
Pass far beyond, the pearly
Gates between,



To lay the
flowers on
some nameless
tomb.

And some who carry
balm for
pain or woe,

A gleam of
sunshine
o'er a mist
of tears,

Sing gently in the shade,
awaking Hope

In human souls, oppress'd with
earthborn fears.



Poppies.

Poppies, low - bending
your scarlet heads,
Saw ye my True Love pass?
Heard ye the music
of tiny feet
Treading the waving grass?
Caught ye the echo
of some sweet song,
Floating adown the plain,
Laden with Hope
that the tender words
Live in my
heart again?





Faint airy voices,
 amid your leaves
Softly as dream-bells ring,
 Telling the song was a song of love
You heard the maiden sing.

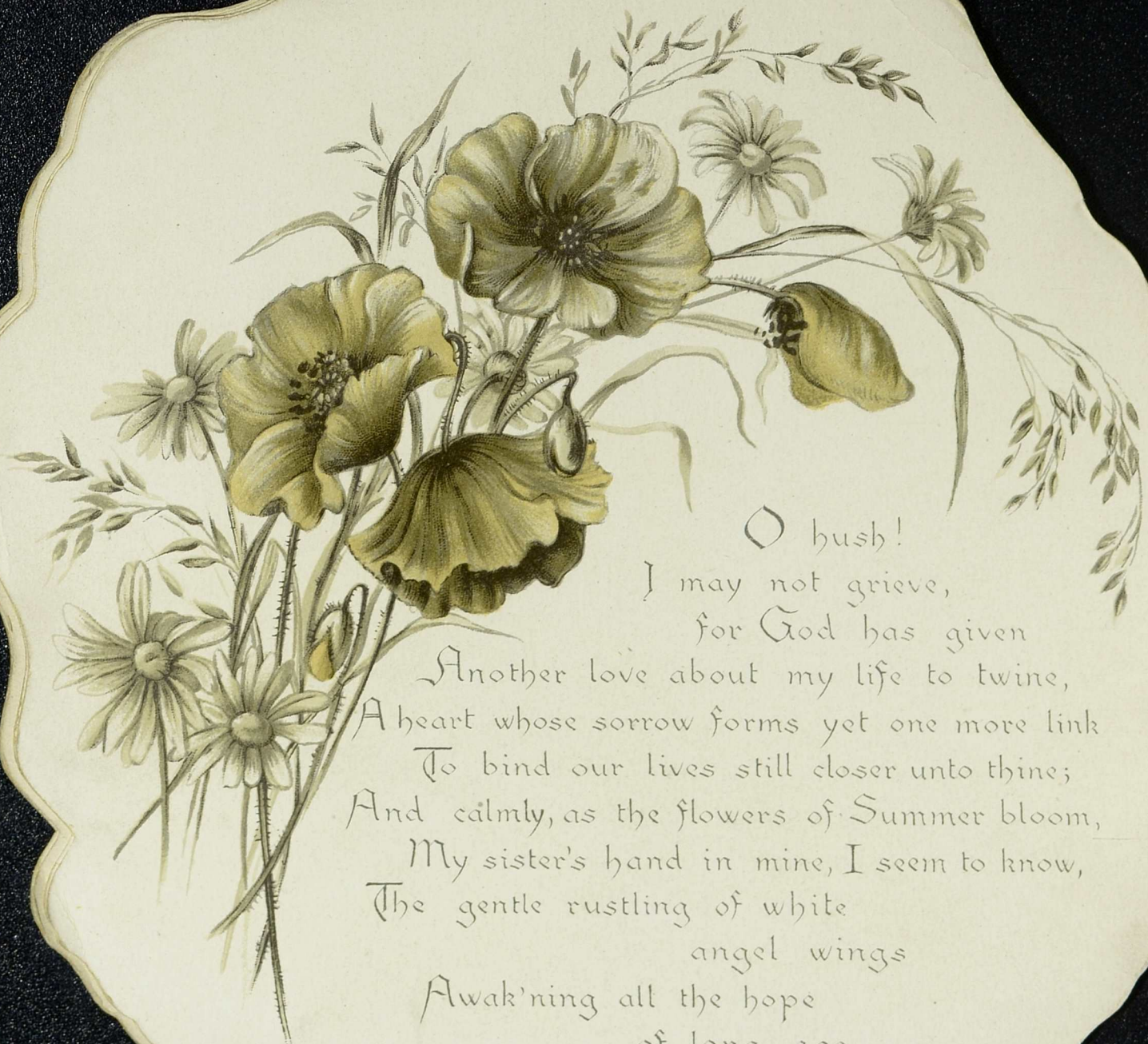
 As she went flitting across the grass,
Wandering down to the sea,
 Where I shall find her, I know full well,
Watching, and waiting for me.

Brother and Sister.

O silent Love, I pray thee fold thy wings,
And whisper once again of hope to me,
Sweet hope, with gleams of golden light serene,
To guide my wandering footsteps nearer thee.

Hast thou forgotten ev'ry joy of earth,
The waking promise of our life's young May,
Or deep within thy heart,
still echoes low,
The tender mem'ry
of a vanish'd
day?





O hush!
I may not grieve,
for God has given
Another love about my life to twine,
A heart whose sorrow forms yet one more link
To bind our lives still closer unto thine;
And calmly, as the flowers of Summer bloom,
My sister's hand in mine, I seem to know,
The gentle rustling of white
angel wings
Awak'ning all the hope
of long ago.

FINIS.

What are the poppies
whispering
to the breeze

Slow swaying in the
silence to and fro,

And bearing deep within
their crimson hearts,

Faint dream-like echoes
of a long ago?

Oh, sleep and rest, they
softly seem to say,

The Angel Peace is
wasting odours sweet,

And Summer winds are
stirring 'mid our leaves

With gentlest kiss your
wearied eyes

to greet.





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