

# POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649422029

Poems by Josie T. Hatman

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JOSIE T. HATMAN**

**POEMS**



---

# POEMS

BY  
JOSIE T. HATMAN

*"Everything comes and goes. To-day in joy, to-morrow in sorrow. We advance, we retreat, we struggle; then the eternal and profound silence of death!"—VICTOR HUGO.*



SAN FRANCISCO

1893

69812



PS 1842  
H4  
A17  
1893  
MAY 17

MAY.

Come where the pure heart of Nature is singing  
Praises to God.

Come where the woodland glades peans are  
ringing—

Where on the sod  
What the sweet flowers are whispering together,  
Low, oh, so low,  
Only the sunbeams and dew-covered heather  
Ever may know.

Come where the lily, its blue heart unfolding,  
Scents all the air;

Where the bright buttercup, sunlight beholding,  
Catches its glare.

May, crowned with beauty, trips light over the  
meadow,

Valley and hill,  
Scattering her emblems in sun and in shadow.  
Laugh, happy rill;

Revel, O May, in your innocent pleasure;  
Carol, yon bird;

Echo, my heart, and "rejoice in great measure"!  
Love hath averred

That while her life lasts he'll shower his kisses  
    Warm on her lips—  
Eager and ardent, those soul-thrilling blisses.  
    Now, while he sips

Rapturous nectar from violet glances,  
    Till a warm blush  
Glowing in roses her beauty enhances.  
    Come, see the flush  
Love gave her beautiful face in his ardor;  
    Bid cares adieu :  
Come, see the fair one, whom Love's heart doth  
    harbor,  
    And worship her too.



## NATURE.

VAIN, vain my words,—they cannot tell  
The secret charms of this wild dell;  
They cannot paint the flower-fringed rill,  
And the sound of wild birds as they bill  
And coo, and trill their merry lays.

Nor can they paint the sunset rays  
Falling aslant the dusky leaves,  
Where the nymph of fancy weaves  
Her frail and fairy web of dreams;  
Nor the evening star that gleams  
On the breast of the western sky;  
Nor trembling breezes as they sigh,—  
Sigh in mad, ecstatic bliss,  
When the limpid lake they kiss;  
Nor the silvery shafts of the moon,  
Glancing through the forest gloom,  
Till light and shadow seem to be  
Holding a witch-like revelry,  
Till dawn's messengers appear  
Over the hill tops, making clear  
Morning's undisputed way,  
Now midnight has lost her sway.

Nor can they sing the matin song  
That through the templed grove rings long

In honor to the Goddess Dawn.  
As glistening dew-drops on the lawn  
Vanish beneath the sun's warm ray,  
So vanishes each word away,  
Each poor, weak word that would express  
The depths of Nature's loveliness,  
Beneath her warm and genial rays  
That set my heart and soul ablaze.

And as the shell that once had lain  
Amid the treasures of the main,  
So faintly, faintly, evermore,  
Seems echoing to its distant roar;  
So ever in me, echo there,  
Nature's voicings grand and rare.

**EARTH'S JUBILEE.**

EARTH holds her jubilee,  
In haunts secluded, in dusk ravine,  
O'erhung by lichened rocks;  
Light clouds, in snowy flocks,  
Floating in nether air, half way between  
Faint blue and towering tree.  
A thousand tinkling rills  
Spray diamond drops on moss and feathery frond,  
Leap with exultant bounds  
And rush of swelling sounds  
The precipice, while dizzy depths respond  
And echoing ether thrills.

The roses high carnival hold,  
And dainty missiles far and near  
Send fluttering to the ground.  
While with gay, playful bound  
And many a caper queer,  
The fickle wind, advancing bold,  
Casts an admiring glance  
At even the lily chaste.  
The peony blushes red,  
And trembling fuchsias thrill,  
As kissing them, with reckless haste,  
He hurries on to join the dance