

**PROSE  
AND POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649236824

Prose and Poems by Nan Terrell Reed

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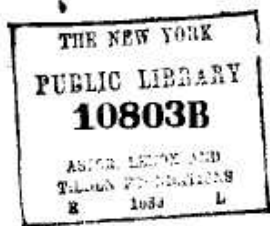


TUMBLE DOWN HOUSE

# Prose and Poems

BY  
NAN TERRELL REED

SAULSBURY PUBLISHING COMPANY  
BALTIMORE, MD.



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J. F. TAPLEY CO.  
NEW YORK

## INTRODUCTION

THIS little book of PROSE and POEMS by Nan Terrell Reed, is a class of literature that is provokingly humorous, a bit fantastic, yet sweet and enjoyable.

Nan Terrell Reed, born in Connecticut, is a woman with a strong character, endowed with a clear brain, a quick sympathy, and a heart that is alive to all the beauties of nature. She is a charmingly sweet person, quiet and unassuming.

While not as yet widely known in the literary world, she is a real genius. As is seen from her literary efforts, she was born with a marvelous gift and has wonderful powers of expression. Writes with an enthusiastic ardor, a dash of recklessness and has a mind that is both alert and inquisitive.

The evidence is overwhelming that Nan Terrell Reed will be one of the foremost writers of prose and poems of her day. We are sure her literary efforts will be happily crowned with success.

HOWARD ALLEN MICHENER.

Rose Hill, Magnolia, Md.

July 16th, 1919

REC'D FEB 2 1919



## TO THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES

Oh! clever Builder, if you are wise—  
Wise as your prophets claim,  
You will open the road  
That leads my feet  
On to the City of Fame.  
You will build by the way a Castle of Dreams  
Full of the beautiful things,  
Where all day long in a golden cage  
The Bluebird of Happiness sings.

You will build me a Bridge where I may pass  
Back through the Forest of Years,  
Over the Mountains  
Of Worry and Care,  
Over the River of Tears;  
Where I may see with the Eyes of Youth,  
And hold again in my hand  
The Treasure of Life, that lies unspoiled  
On the Border of Childhood Land.

## THE CASTLE OF DREAMING

Little gold heads  
Like chrysanthemums nodding;  
Little sweet mouths  
Like the red of a rose;  
You are so dear  
When a soft, childish slumber  
Beckons the time for  
Your eyelids to close.

Little glad hearts  
Like the buds of a flower,  
Pausing to burst  
To the richness of bloom.  
What do you care  
For a future that's calling,  
Full of the blending  
Of brightness and gloom.

Little child souls  
In the Castle of Dreaming,  
While overhead  
Are the fairies of birth,  
You, unaware  
Of the years that shall follow,  
Wait for the kiss  
Of the Princes of Earth.

## ONE DAY AT A TIME

One day at a time—  
It's all in the knowing  
We can accept  
What a Future shall give  
As pages, where each daily lesson is showing  
Torn from the Book of our learning to live.

One day at a time—  
Is all that's required.  
Just from a sunrise  
To falling of night;  
Smiling altho we are troubled and tired,  
One day at a time, we can try to do right.

One day at a time—  
Too busy to borrow  
Out of the past  
A futile regret,  
Keeping the good that comes from the sorrow,  
All of the rest it is wise to forget.

One day at a time—  
Some heart may depend  
On your little day  
To make it seem bright.  
Who knows but the service of living may end  
With this little day, as it slips into night.