

SKIPPED STITCHES. VERSES

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Skipped stitches. Verses by Anna J. Granniss

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ANNA J. GRANNISS

**SKIPPED
STITCHES. VERSES**

SKIPPED STITCHES

VERSES

—BY—

ANNA J. GRANNISS

AUTHOR OF THE

"OLD RED CRADLE"

SUNG IN

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

Eighty Thousand.

KEENE, N. H.:

DARLING & COMPANY, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.
1898.

TO H. E. P.

*If I could find in field, or wood, some flow'r,
Some nameless flow'r, sweeter than all the rest,
Yielding its bloom and fragrance ev'ry hour,
Then, leaving half its sweetness unexpressed*

*In its deep chalice, closed in petals white,
Which, at the lightest breath would lean apart,
And so disclose a glowing roseate light,
Some lovely thing had kindled at its heart;*

*If I could find such flow'r, in field, or wood,
While yet its petals hung with early dew,
I'd pluck it up, and name it Gratitude,
And make all haste to offer it to you.*

TO MY MOTHER

I LOVINGLY DEDICATE

MY HOME-SONGS

AND SHOULD THIS LITTLE VENTURE FIND ITS WAY TO
ANY OF MY

FELLOW TOILERS

WILL THEY PLEASE ACCEPT A FEW

SKIPPED STITCHES

AS SPECIALLY DEDICATED TO THEM.

A. J. G.

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PRELUDE.

The sun comes up, and the day is crowned
With its face turned toward the west;
And all day long in the mill is found
The bustle of toil's unrest.

The steam sings out to the silent steel,
Till pulley and shaft reply;
The thread unwinds from its mimic reel,
And slips through the needle's eye.

Click, click, and over the long white track,
The stitches begin to go
Like tiny steps where none turn back
In crossing a field of snow.

Or whether the softest south winds blow,
Or the north grows dark with fears,
While the changing seasons come and go,
I'm stitching away the years,

And the great world never asks, or cares,
What may go in with the seams;
Whether bits of song, or broken prayers,
Or only a toiler's dreams.