

A PAGE OF VERSE

By EDNA TUTT FREDERIKSON

THE SPELL

Set in strong
Inevitable flight,
Time beats in Winter's
Windy night.

Swift in Spring
As a swallow fled,
Time walks the Summer
With measured tread.

But when Fall is warm
On a hazy hill,
For a golden moment
Time is still.



GREEN ARE THE HILLS

Green are the hills and green the river
Rolling between;
Over them still the sunset quiver
Lies like a dream.

Golden and green the hills of being
Rise in my heart;
The soul's slow waters, deeper than seeing
Thrust them apart.

YEAR'S END

In fading fields the dawn-cold vapours roll
Toward unseen skies;
And from the fall-stained pastures of my soul
The gray mists rise.



IF DEATH SHOULD COME

If Death should come with undesigning lust
And presence casual and light,
He would not want my heart tonight;
It is already dry, and full of dust.



A CREED

A little ease I'll take from home,
A measure of affection, too,
Sweet years of work from men, and some
Of loveliness from life, and rue.

I'll make a garment of this stuff
And cloak my spirit in its guise;
This for myself will be enough,
For one small soul it will suffice.