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HEAD AND BONES
By Dorothy L. Sayers





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Bread and Roses

by

Dorothy Sproule

Author of

"Poems of Life", "The Mystic Star",
"The Golden Goal", "Earth and Stars"

With kindest regards
Dorothy Sproule



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Bread and Roses

“Man does not live by
bread alone” said One
There’s need of roses too,
in life’s highway;
And friendship’s hand-clasp
to console our griefs,
And books to read at close
of weary day.

A Second Blooming

My days were filled with petty cares;
The stars and hills were lost to me;
The dawns and evenings I o'erlooked;
Too late, life's values I could see.

For winter came ere I observed
My wonder flowers fair and sweet;
My roses blooming in the sun
Were trodden down by careless feet.

As rains that weep the clouds away
Spring comes again. I need not probe
To find re-birth in God's great plan,—
I only need to touch His robe.

We Give Thanks

For golden days, and silver nights,
For trees of beauty, gypsy clad
In glorious hues of red and gold,
For these rich gifts we should be glad.

For sight of sun, a shield of gold
Above a stately oak-crowned height,
The dripping silver of the moon
Upon the quiet trees at night.

Nature assumes her splendid task
Of scattering blessings, great and rare,
From every burning bush, there shines
The promise of Eternal Care.

The glad earth yields her grain and fruits;
We dwell in peace—our people one,
The Kingdom promised long, has come,
The gift of Heaven is now—is won.

No Room in the Inn

There was no room for Christ that night
In Bethlehem's crowded Inn
He, with his lovely Mother, lay
Amid the cattle's din.
The wintry night was cold and bleak
She sheltered Him with care,
While lowly Shepherds knelt to Him
In humble fervent prayer.

* * *

Have we no room for Him to-day,
Who came to bless us all,
His Mission to this earth was Peace,
Do Nations heed His call?

The Soul of Beauty

So much there is to bind us to this earth;
Spring's beauty, with its verdure and perfume
Of new green woods, and flowers all in bloom,
As Nature brings her vagrant charms to birth.

There's sadness, too, in beauty so profound,
The ecstasy and pain of transient things,
Man seeks with wistful wanderings the world
 round
For comfort, that complete fulfillment brings.

He finds behind earth's beauty, Heaven's Plan,
Beyond the fairy form of leaf and flower;
A Life,—a Love, a great Supernal Power
Uniting all this earth with God and man.

The Sunlit Way

Since I have walked upon the hills,
And watched the streams in flowing rills,
Heard tangled bird-tones keenly thinned
Like flying colours on the wind,
With all this earth a living thing,
I cannot fear what life may bring.

The dawn-kissed path beneath my feet
Holds all the dreams of life complete;
And blossoms spraying from the earth
Thrill me with joy too deep for mirth.

Flower or Weed

Only a tiny shrivelled seed,
It might be a flower or a weed,
 Yet God could make
Out of it, for a sick child's sake,
A lovely flower to meet his need.

Our minds are gardens, thoughts the seed,
And as we sow our lives proceed,
 Flowers or weeds;
When only thoughts of good remain
Then Eden blooms for us again.

The Storms of Life

The sea is great—our boats are small
And darkness deepens like a pall,
But still we should not fear;
The flaming Cross, a beacon light,
Shines through the gloom of earth's dark night.
Our Pilot, too, is near.

A lovely land is now in sight;
We struggle on, despite the night
To reach its shining shore.
As though an angel sang through tears
A voice we hear, that calms our fears.
We're safe, though oceans roar.

Home and Mother

Two welded links, that hold
Against the strain of life,
 Mother and Home;
Though men may wander far,
Seeking for fame and gold,
No matter where they roam,
 These links will hold.

Symbolic words, that speak
of shelter and of rest,
Where weary heads, are laid
upon a mother's breast,
Secure and safe, and sure,
These will endure,
 Home and Mother.

Hill-Tops

O give me the hill-tops,
And the fragrance of pine,
A soft breeze caressing
An essence divine.

A new day is dawning,
And faintly afar
A strange bird is singing,
To a listening star.

Above city noises,
Its worry and strife,
There waits on the hill-tops
A new view of life.

On Listening to the "Lieberstort"

This glorious music marching through the air,
Flying the spheres on white, unwearied wings,
Its sweeping surges, as it rose and fell
Like upward sweep of song, from angel strings.

As flowers blooming by a flowing stream
Shedding their petals under star-hung skies,
The music dark, and languorous and thrilling,
Lifting and swaying as the night wind dies.

Borne on the deep, full-breast of moving water,
On a dark flood, to the far distant sea,
Where mountainous green waves keep ever rolling
To lonely lands, starless, eternally.

“Divine Discontent”

Eternal, endless span of life,
It shines in stars, illumines men,
Makes seeds, and plants, and trees to grow,
To pass; and then to grow again.

As birds are restless for the sky,
So man, would fly above earth's ills
To reach the heights where lie repose,
The calm of skies, the strength of hills.

Silent Power

I do not need to understand the power
That makes the rose a thing of beauty rare,
Its grace and valor, fragrance and allure
Are beauties that we mortals all may share.

The lesson to my heart, of trust and faith,
Is simply to believe, and not to fear,
If I but do my part—and plant the seed,
This miracle of beauty will appear.

Let Us Have Peace

For since the dawn of time, men lose in war,
And so it is till time shall be no more,
For all that's left are memories sad and drear—
A cross above a poppy field—a bier.

In Flanders Field, they bade him "Rest in Peace,"
His mother's grief, though secret, ne'er shall
cease:

Her hero son "in peace"? How can he rest
While on his tomb another fray is pressed?
His final haven, 'neath a Cross, is swept
By bitter hatreds.—While she wept
Her bitter tears—for him, her son—
A costly price, although the war be won.

Remembrance Day

Not wasted lives, but glorious in their death,
True men, who marched away at duty's call.
They counted not the cost, thought not of self,
They nobly gave, in time of need, their all.

Their honor was a banner never lowered—
Our wistful, tragic, splendid sons of fate,
Intrepidly without display, they died,
Today, it measures gain—our loss so great.

Remembering

Though now, your brief, bright hour on earth is
done,
You still are near me, while enthroned afar:
For fadeless and immortal love is ours,
Free from all human dreads, and fears that mar.

I wonder, if you feel that dreams reach out,
To weave around your heart a web of love;
My longing for you will not let me sleep,
Can you be happy in that world above ?

Resurrection

Now all the tides of Easter flow across
The hearts, swept clean of sin and doubt and
dross;
New pulses beat, where chill of death has been,
And new things grow where urge of Spring is seen;
No veiling Mars:
The wisp of fog, the drift of cloud, that kept
The dream of God, from shining forth, is swept
From off the stars.

Good Friday

'Twas in an olive garden, long ago,
A lovely Mary sat, with head bent low;
White lilies dew, wet, silvered by the dawn,
Like candles round a bier shone pale and wan,
While she sat, facing Life's great mortal blow.

Easter Sunday

Heaven's trumpets sound for Him, her son, today,
For death is vanquished, only life holds sway,
His step is heard, in every wind that blows,
We touch, as through a veil, the fadeless Rose,
Its fragrant incense falling as we pray.

The Vimy Pilgrimage

With muffled drum, and silent tread,
Thousands of marching feet draw near;
With reverence for the gallant dead,
Our Nation's flower—brave and dear.

Triumphant, tragic Hill,—that dawn.
With sullen rain, and smoke of guns,
When Canada, her victory won;
At what a cost,—our hero sons.

On Vimy's crest, with towers out-flung
A symphony in stone now stands,
While one, who died on Calvary,
Now lifts on high, His wounded hands.

Coronation Day

To-day, our Empire crowns King George the Sixth
With far-flung banners compassing the world,
The proudest Crown of earth is his to-day,
For him the flags of Empire are unfurled.

He holds the trust his Kingly father left
To build a fairer world than we have known,
A leader—marching mid acclaims of earth,
Princely successor to the British throne.

And at his side there blooms a Scottish Rose,
Elizabeth,—his help-mate and his Queen,
All hearts proclaim her loveliness and charm,
Regnant in glory,—modesty in mien.

Trust

You cannot fail,—the future all unknown
Lies in your power, its secret is your own;
What seems like failure, to the World's cold view,
In sight of God, shows courage strong and true.
Though sorrow comes, and darkest hours of pain,
Still God's hand guides,—and gently as the rain
His strength is given,—escape from every ill;
Can you not see, how they, God's plans fulfill?

Flowers For Mother's Day

Last year, I brought her flowers of Spring
Bright daffodils, and tulips gay,
Courageous blossomings, that bring
New hope, to lives grown grey.

She smiled, with lips so soft and sweet,
Her kindly eyes my message read
That I had hidden in the flowers,
The words I had not said.

.

—To-day, I bring the flowers of Spring
To cloak a grave, with colors gay;
—For her, the Spring has come again
Immortal youth, and Perfect Day.

More Than King

Today, our Empire mourns her "Sailor King,
Whose far-flung vision compassed all the World;
The proudest crown of earth was worn by him
For whom the flags of every land are furled.

His faithful service, made him, more than King;
'Mid toppling thrones, and conflict all around
He was a chart and compass, for the world
His judgments and his counsels, safe and sound.

Great Britain's rock, unshaken by the storm;
To millions he was brother, friend, and guide,
He led his people by the human touch,
Today we mourn, because a KING has died.

Peace and Power

The God I sought, seemed very far away,
My life lay strewn about,—in disarray,
When swift, a shaft of light pierced through the
gloom,
As after viral seed, there comes the bloom.

No longer is my path thorn-strewn and bleak,
Now Peace is mine, I need no longer seek;
I, from my imaged sufferings am free,
For I have found a mental sanctity.

When Half-Gods Go

The anguish of remembered bliss
When God put out the sun,
The dull routine of days that creep,
Monotonous and dun—
Beyond the lagging hours that pass,
The dread of fear and pain;
Tomorrow brings the thought, that loss
Is greater far than gain.
For with the Cross, the keys are given,
To open wide the gates of Heaven;
And when the half-gods go their way
Immortal Love will come to stay.

Invite The Sun

The magic key of faith unlocks the gate
"To apple trees, the singing and the gold,"
The treasures we are longing to possess
We do not need to weep and wait to hold.

Though blind men see no light, the sun still shines,
On our small earth its rays of splendor fall;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud,
And life may richer, fuller be for all.

“Inasmuch—”

You asked not whence we came, nor where we
went;

That we where spent and famished that you saw;
You led us through your door to all content,

What Is Your Law?

You brought cool water for our hands and feet;
We, whom the road had broken with its rods,
You poured the wine—you bade us rest and eat,

Who Are Your Gods?

No little words our gratitude can fit;
Parting, we lean to kiss your garment's hem,
Tell us your Law, that we may honor it,
Name us your God, that we may worship Him.

Beyond The Veil

They mingle close, they do not sleep,
Love is the bridge between,
An archway to the Infinite,
A path to the unseen.

From death's dark seed which late was sown
Springs the Immortal Flower,
For life is ever lord of death,
A vaster, greater power.

Christmas Poem— Star of the World

They walked by night, and watch'd the shining
Star,
Its brightness gleaming 'gainst a blue black sky,
While angel anthems to the world proclaimed
"He comes to earth, leaving His throne on high."

Their eyes upon the moving Star they came
To kneel in reverence in the fragrant hay
And like the humble Shepherds, ages gone
We, too, are kneeling at His Shrine to-day.

The Christmas Star

This magic Star, has not grown dim or far,
But shines serenely, through the veil of grey
Of our chaotic, and uncertain world,
To guide its pilgrims, on their devious way.
For Christ is born again, in hearts of men,
Who linger near the manger throne to pray,
As on that wintry night so long ago,
It leads, and guides them, to his feet today.

My Heart a Manger

My heart a manger is, for the Christ's birth,
A new and second birth to bless the world;
When Truth and Love, will cover all the earth,
As o'er the sea, the waters are unfurled.
The Christ has flesh become, and dwells on earth,
The door is opened to a world made new.
And as the Christmas bells, bring joy and mirth,
Again the Manger message comes to you.

The First Christmas

The Star still shines, as on that night divine,
And happy children sing their carols sweet;
The tall Cathedral candles softly gleam,
And we still worship at the Christ Child's feet.

Through misty light and wreaths of evergreen,
Trees trimmed with tinsel, silver, gold, and red,
All I can see is Mary's flower-white face
And on her breast a tiny baby head.

The Dignity of Labor

Unseen, unsung, the simple days passed by;
He drove the nails, and sawed and planed a board,
Intent upon His Father's business bent,
As when, with care, He fed a hungry horde.

We do not know what happened in those days,
As He grew up to face His tragedy;
Still what we know is much the better part,
The lesson taught, of work's true dignity.

Easter—The Living Christ

Upon the chaos of our human night His love-ray
falls,
Through spaces of the Infinite, He comes,
And to man calls;
The light from Heaven breaks through into our
hearts.
A Holy Light,
The risen Self awakes—beholds His Cross
Day follows night.
The trumpets sound for Him in Heaven's gate,
Victorious King,
He's risen now in grander form to reign
While angels sing.

Loved and Lost

Your presence held the world, for which men sigh,
A crown of beauty, shone upon your head,
The white robe of your healing clothed me round,
The bread I ate with you was more than bread.

The garden of the world is darker now,
The flowers scentless, since you left me here.
Your words and smiles were seeds that ne'er shall
die,
Until the golden gates of Heaven appear.

Omnipresence

The presence of our Saviour is not bound
To vast cathedrals. He can, too, be found
Within the poorest door,—the humblest home,
As surely as in royal tinted dome.

Wherever love invites, He enters in,
In country quiet, or the city's din,
His feet refuse no threshold in the way,
The world's a Galilee to Him today.

Spring

Now, at God's touch, the winter woods
Have come to life again,
His step upon the mountain's brow, I hear;
The orchard's scented bridal flowers appear,
To gladden hearts of men.

His garments flutter as they pass
Across the shimmering sea,
At break of day, His voice—a bird's clear call,
And then, bright sunshine flooding all
This spring-time ecstasy.

Both Great and Small

In great and small, God's power is still the same,—
The starlit heavens blaze forth His wondrous
way,
The sparrow's fall is marked by His great heart,
His breath, the dew, that fills each flower cup,
From tiny seed, when in dark earth it lay.

When Autumn lays her fingers on the leaves,
They tremble in the wind—fall on the grass
Like ghosts of beauty, brown, and red, and gold,
For just a little time before they pass;
We need not grieve, for they will live again,
When Spring comes with its sunshine and its rain.

The Rhythm of Life

The power that wheels the planets, poised the sun,
And gives its fragrant beauty to the rose,
That paints the wing of butterfly and bird,
The Life behind each living thing that grows,
That breathed man into being by a word,
The Force that I can neither touch nor see;
When from sense-bondage free, at last, I learn,
This Power must be, too, a part of me.

Masquerade

We all wear masks to hide our deeper selves,
Our fear of failure, and our hope delayed,
Until the call comes to unmask; and then
A rare and hidden beauty is displayed.

Our eager searching for the gold of life
Is but the spirit struggling to be free.
But when this earthly Carnival shall end,
Then Beauty pledges Immortality.

Retrospect

I cannot now retrace my steps
Where once my stumbling feet were set
The door is closed on all the past
Its joys and tears and vain regret.

So many unrelated things
And scenes both dim and gay are gone
And though my memory fondly clings,—
I turn to greet Tomorrow's Dawn.

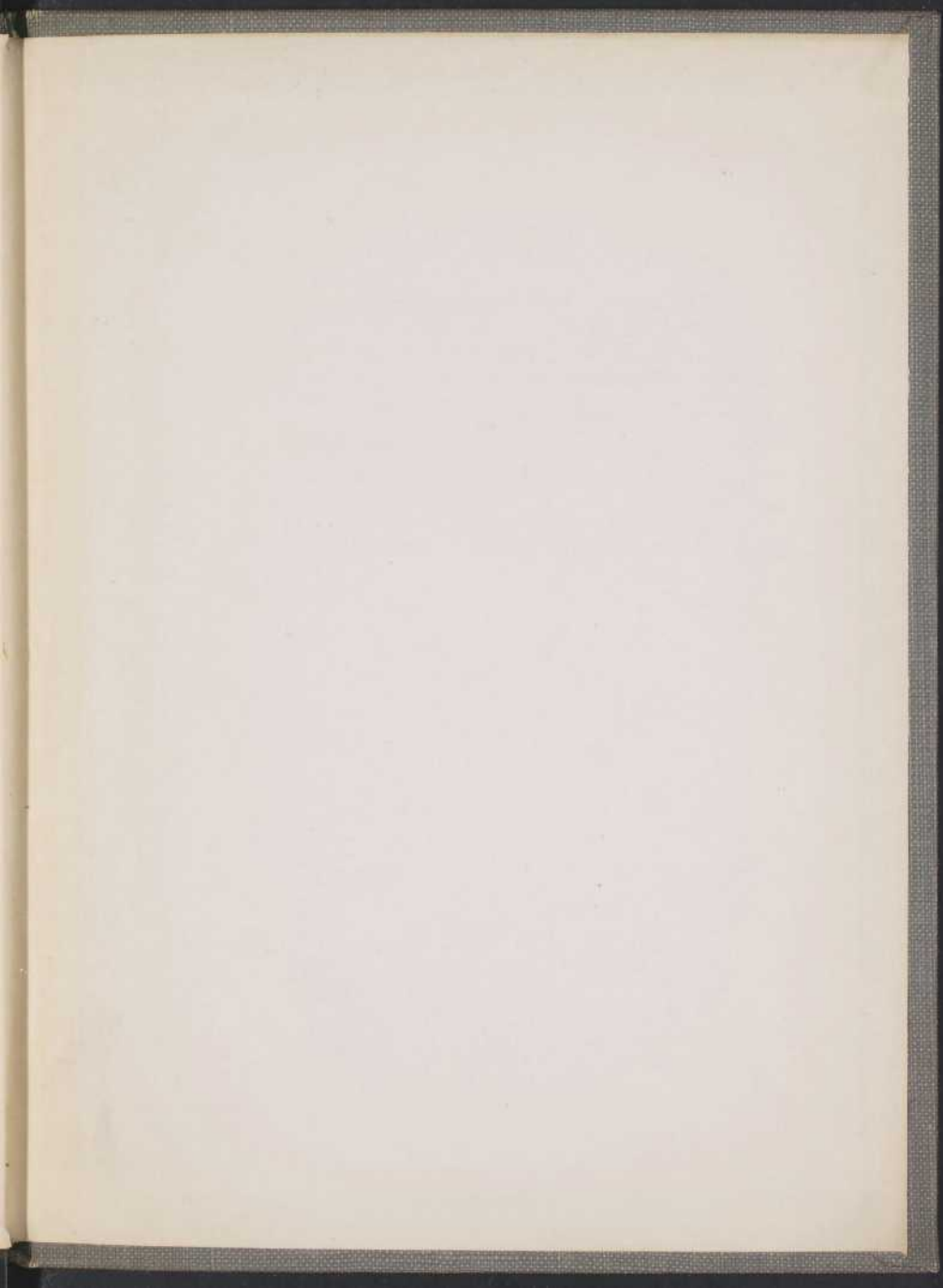
Beauty

No day, however grey, can fail to bring
Into my life some gay and lovely thing,
A crimson sun,—a poem lit with flame,
The sight of pines from which a blue-bird came.
The wind at play in clover-scented grass
Swept all my cares away. I saw them pass,
And, swinging o'er the hills, adventuring,
The virgin moon at night. I pause,—
remembering.

A New Page

Unlinked, and free, from all past time,
And time to be,
I would be loosed from memories grey,
From care set free;
Unchained from old perplexities,
That bring dismay,
Severed from shadows,—broken dreams,
To a new day.

But Hope still speaks of all the good to be,
Another chance,—a clear new page, I see,
For you and me.



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