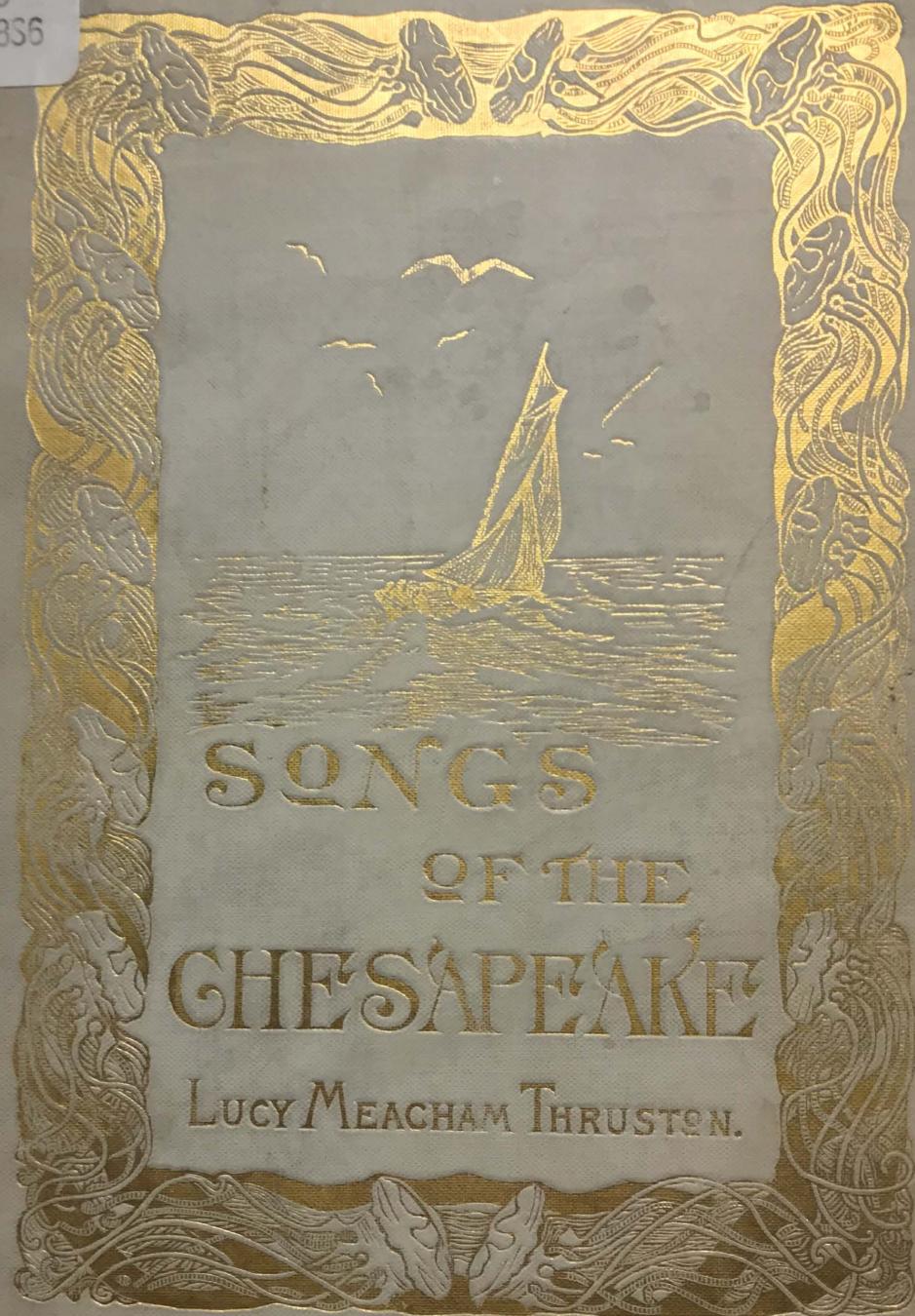


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Julia R. Bartlett

To Anna Belterton Chaydlee,
Whose affectionate interest has kept
alive the author's ambition, this
little book is dedicated.

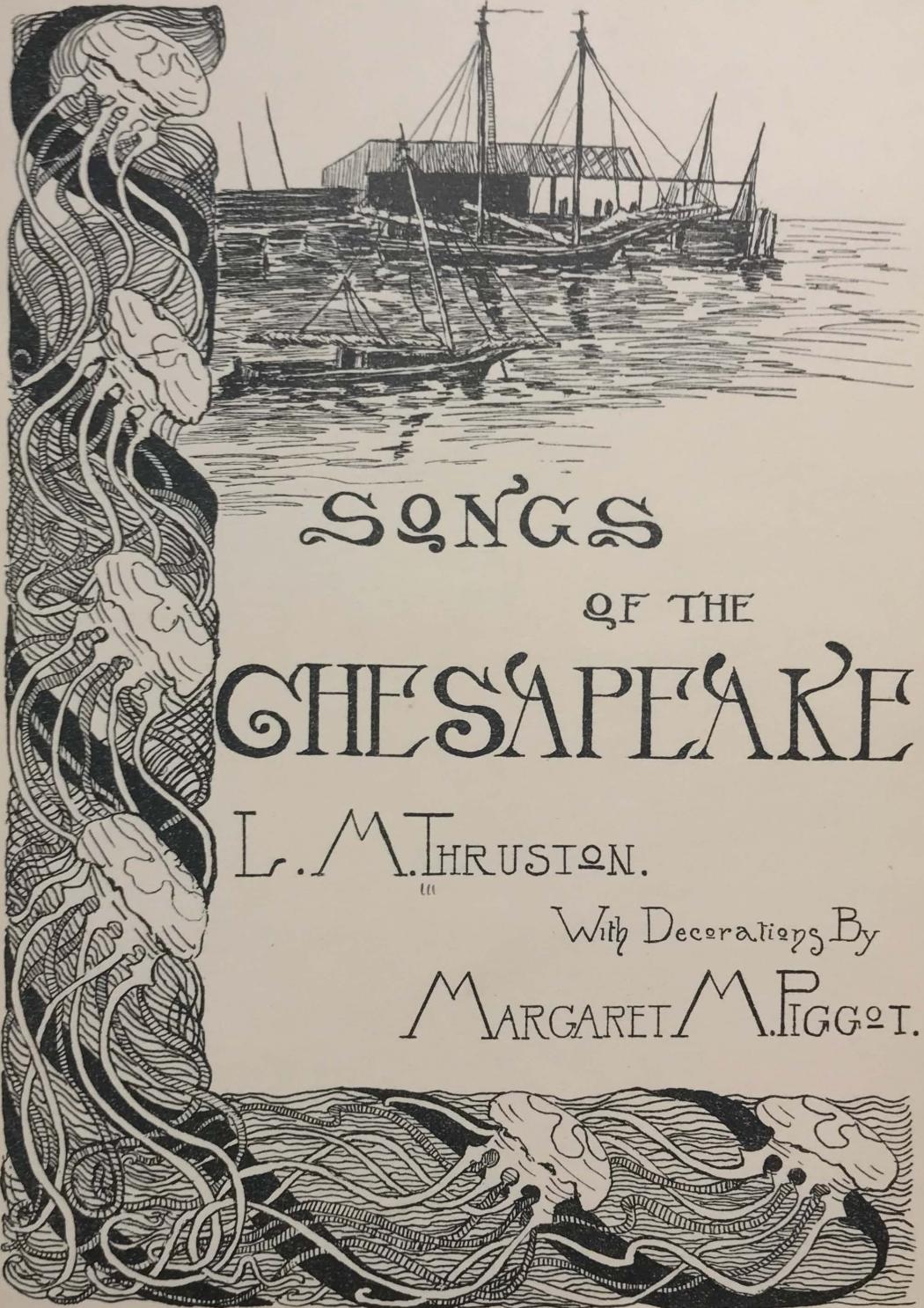


PHOTO. LITH. BY A. HOEN & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Through My Window.

The breeze comes in at my window
And brings me a breath of the sea;
A taste of the salt, and the perfume
Of blossoming bush and tree.



A mocking-bird swings in the cherry
And sings his varying song.
The catkins are on the mulberry,
And the days are bright and long.

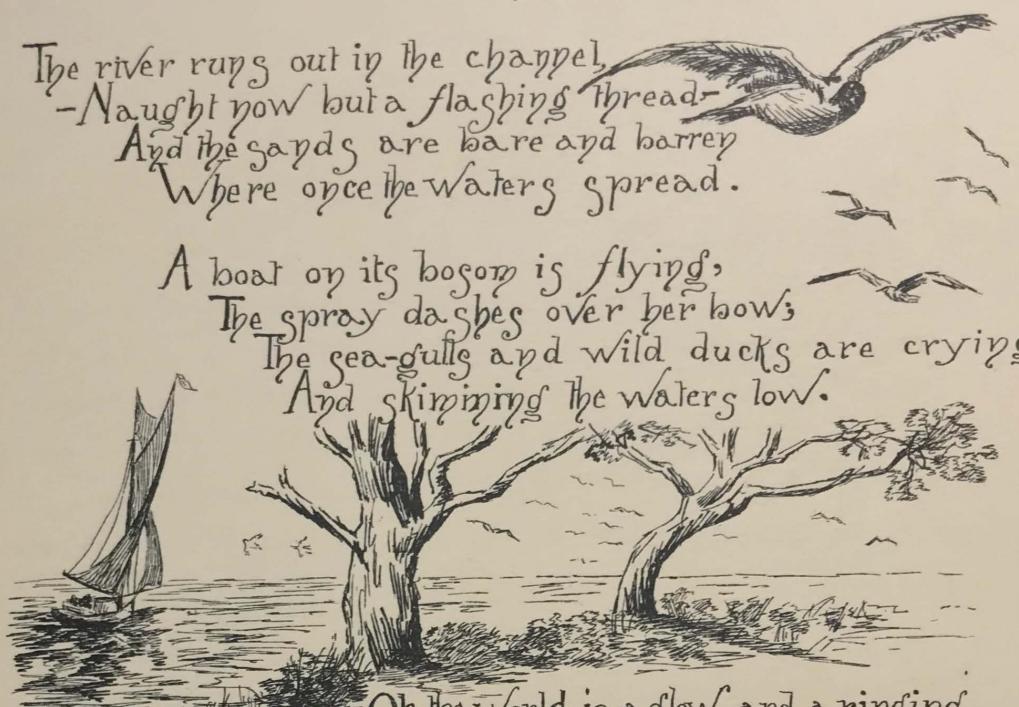
The quince, and the pear, and the lilac
Bloom out by the garden walk;
The jonquil and white narcissus
Have opened their lips for a talk.

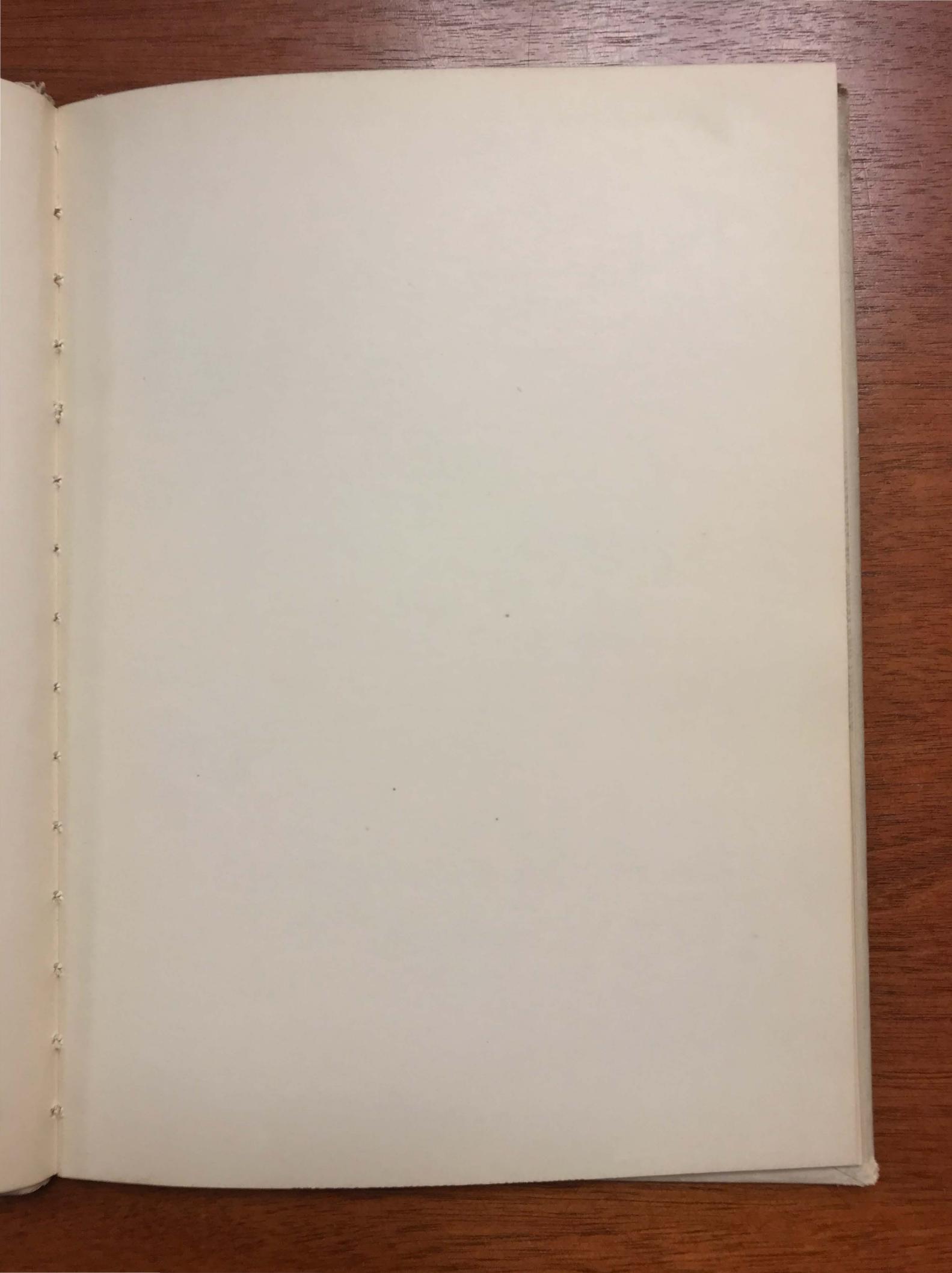
Oh the wind is strong and glorious
As it rushes on its way!
It blows the wave - victorious -
Far down the Mobjack bay.

The river runs out in the channel,
-Naught now but a flashing thread-
And the sands are bare and barren
Where once the waters spread.

A boat on its bosom is flying,
The spray dashes over her bow;
The sea-gulls and wild ducks are crying,
And skimming the waters low.

Oh the world is aglow and a ringing
With the sun, and the wind, and the Spring!
And the breeze from the ocean is bringing
The youth of the year on its wing.





HIGH TIDE

The waves are moving in rhythmic dance
Down the Mobjack bay:

As the sunshine strikes with sparkling lance,
They shoreward turn and all advance
To a rippling roundelay.

The pine trees stand - a dark green band -
Round the Mobjack bay:

The wild plum blooms on every hand
The waters seem running all over the land
As the tide makes strong headway.

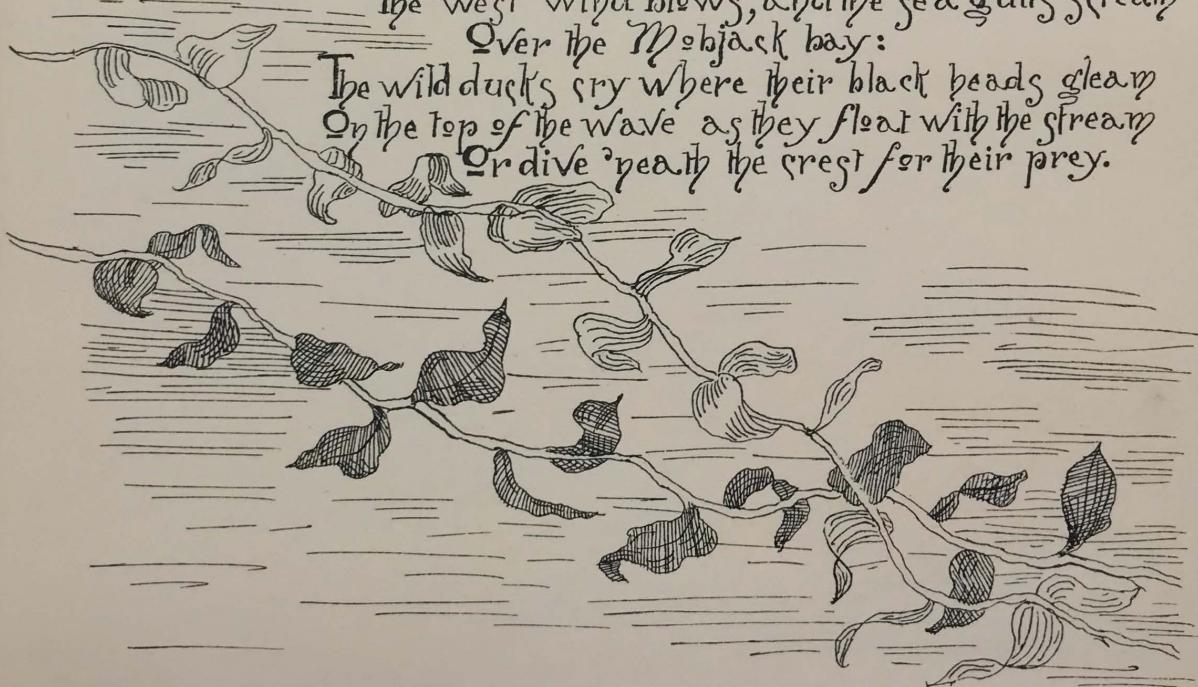


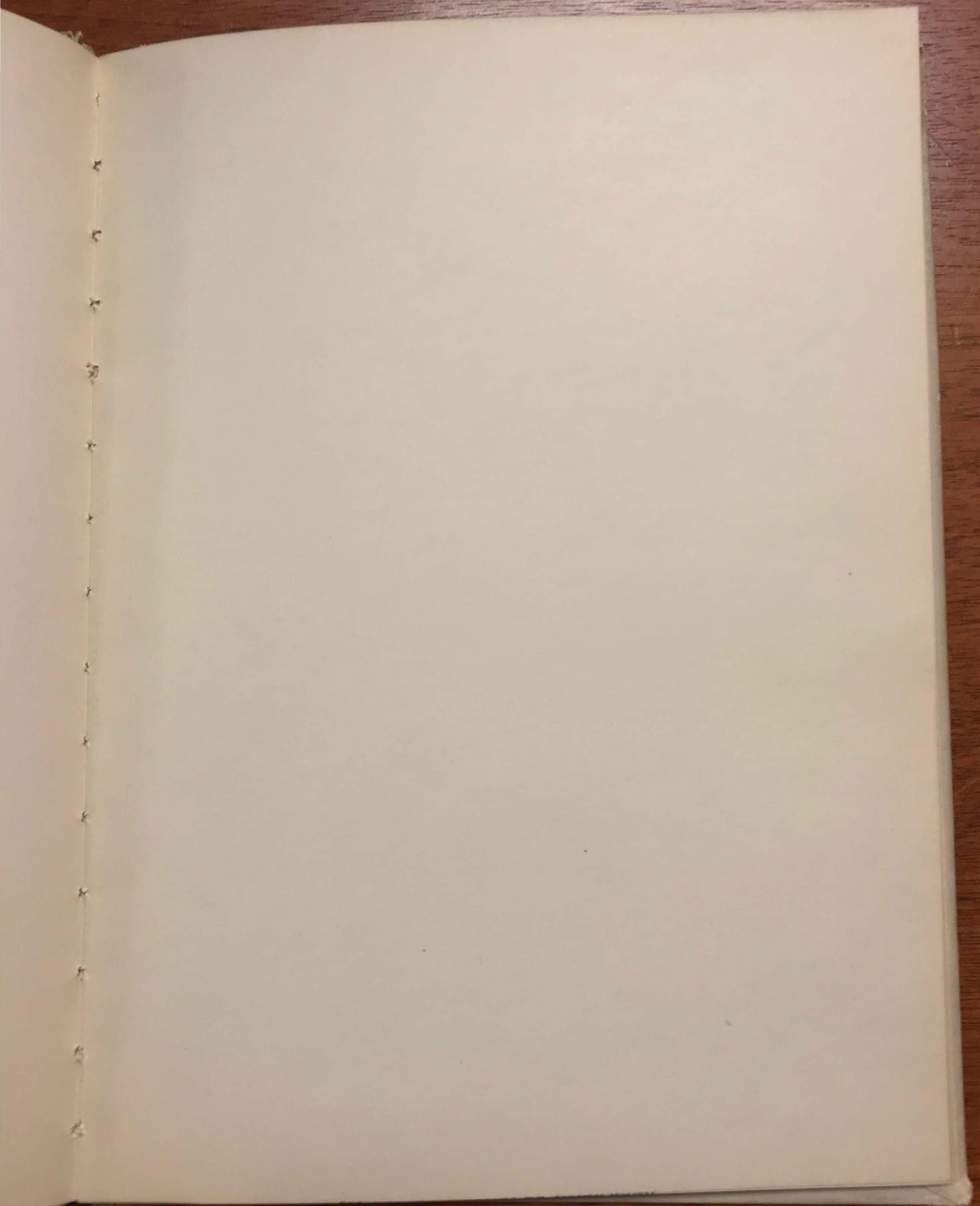


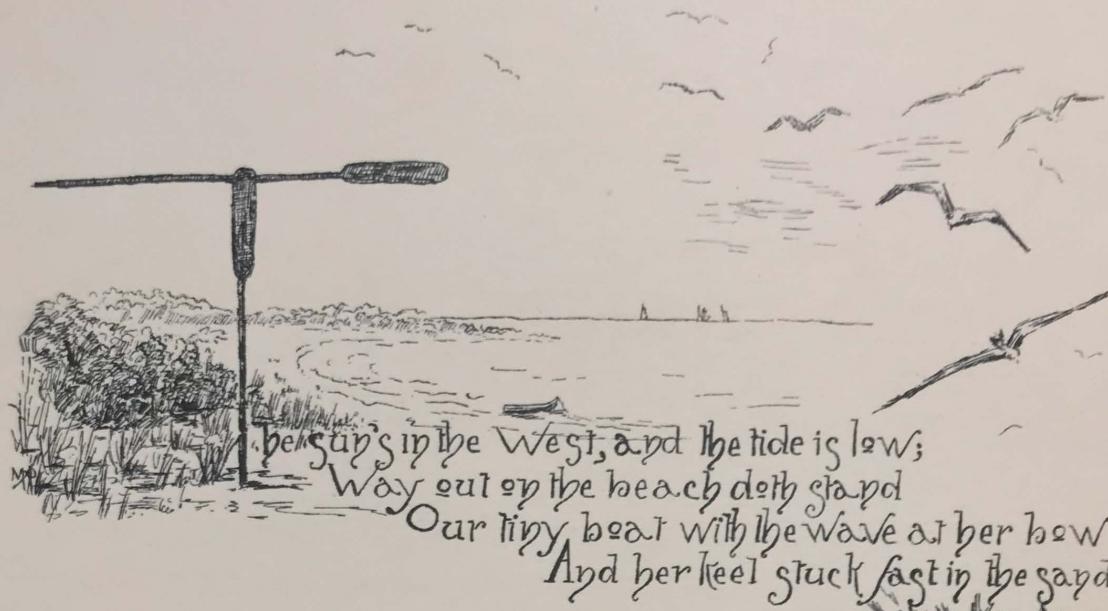
Into ditches and creeks the salt flood pours
From out the Mobjack bay:
Flows through the bay bush, over green floors,
Creeps through the grass to the very doors
Of the people who live by the bay.

The west wind blows, and the sea gulls scream
Over the Mobjack bay:

The wild duck's cry where their black heads gleam
On the top of the wave as they float with the stream
Or dive 'neath the crest for their prey.

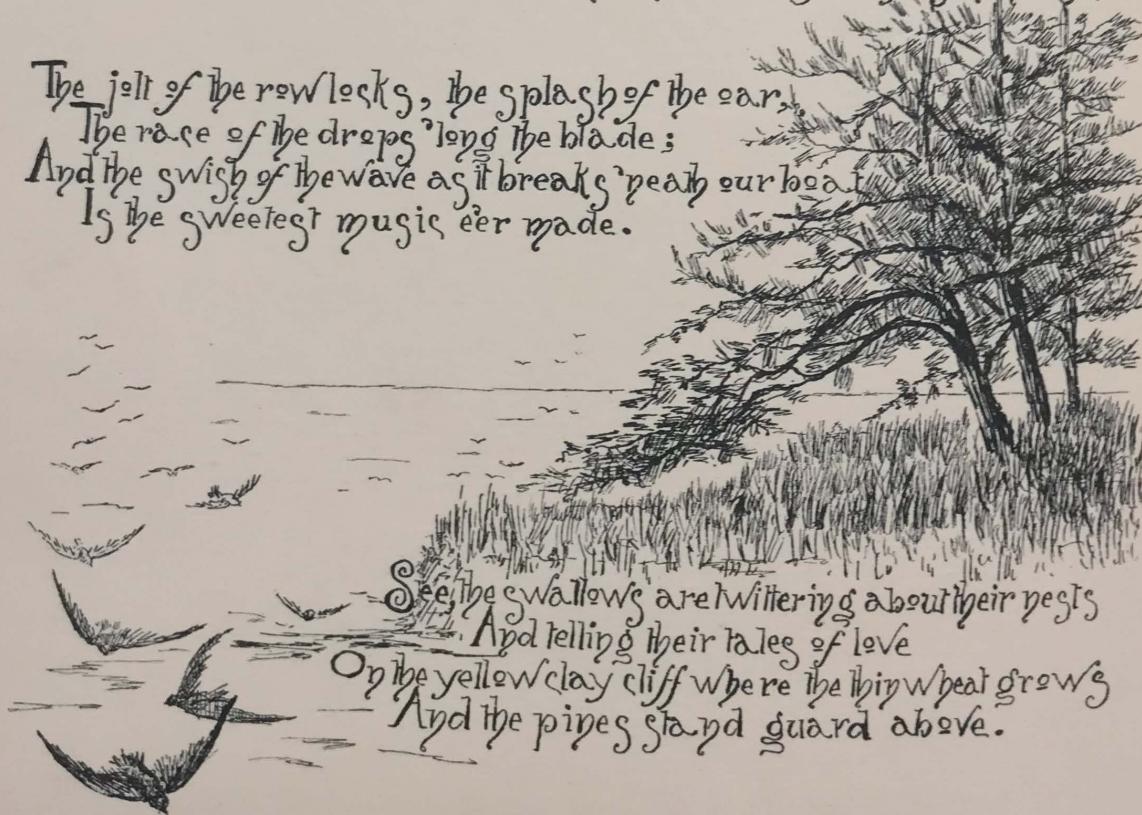






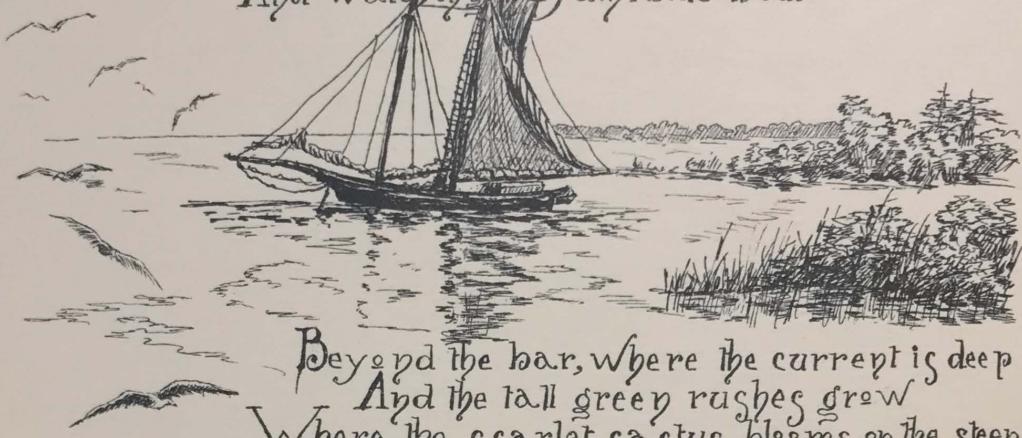
The sun's in the west, and the tide is low;
Way out on the beach doth stand
Our tiny boat with the wave at her bow
And her keel stuck fast in the sand

The jolt of the rowlocks, the splash of the oar,
The race of the drops along the blade;
And the swish of the wave as it breaks 'neath our boat
Is the sweetest music e'er made.



See the swallows are twittering about their nests
And telling their tales of love
On the yellow clay cliff where the thiy wheat grows
And the pipes stand guard above.

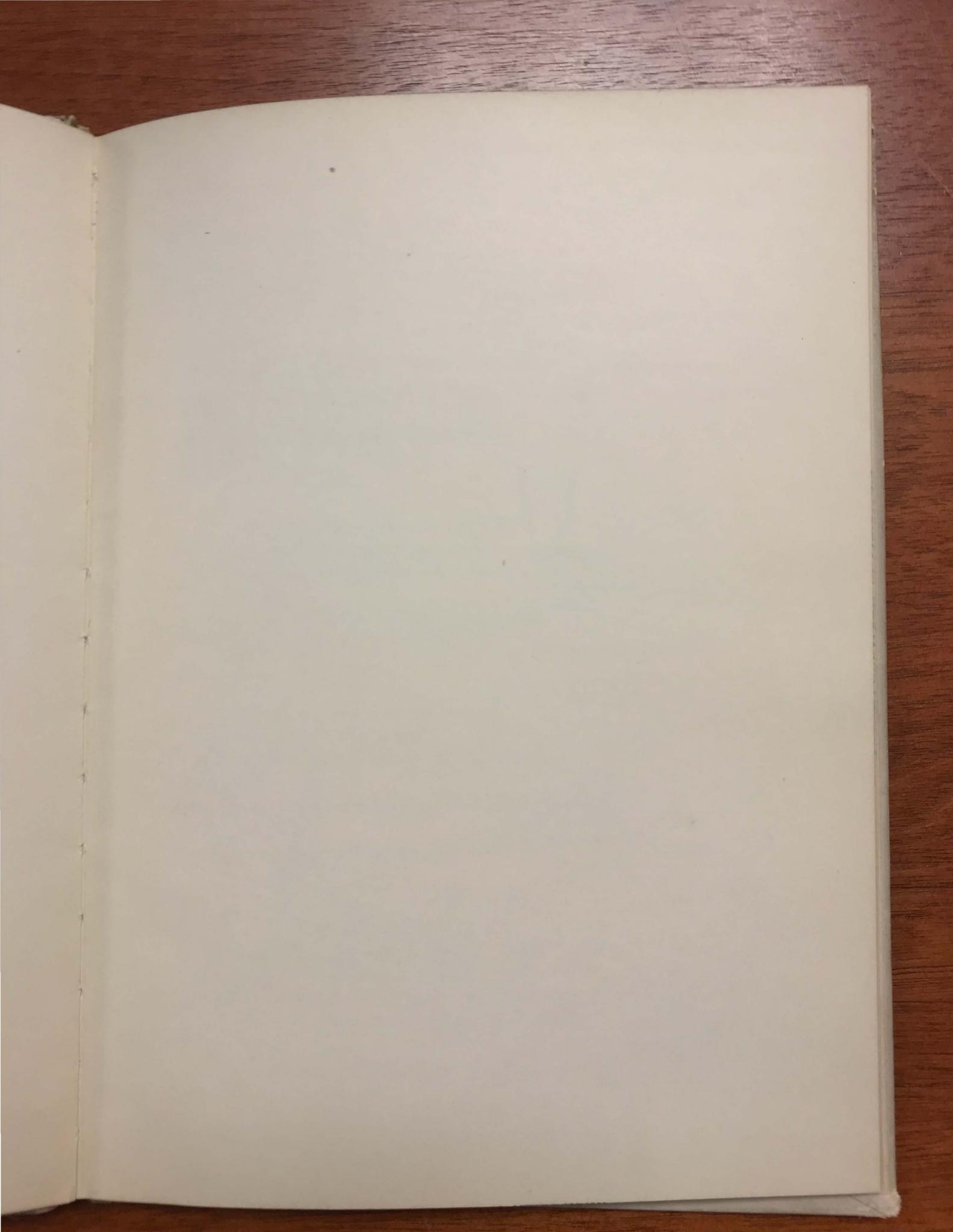
At the mouth of the creek a puppy waits
The tide of the morning, to sail;
Her captain is lazily smoking his pipe
And watching the faint blue trail.

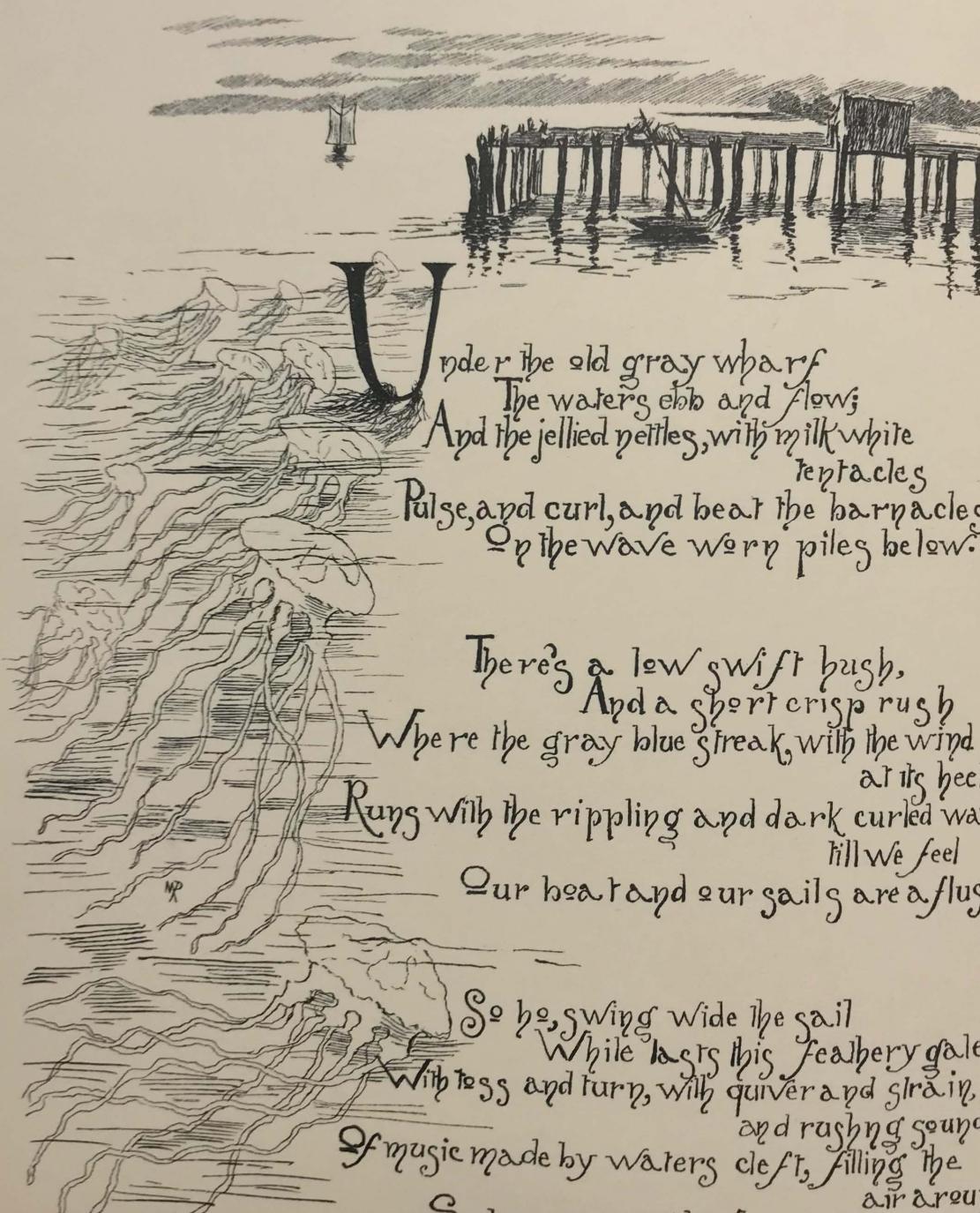


Beyond the bar, where the current is deep
And the tall green rushes grow
Where the scarlet cactus blooms on the steep
And the gulls slit to and fro:

There let us rest. Doth know my love
How sweet is the evening calm
With the joy of thy radiant presence so near
And the touch of thy soft warm palm.





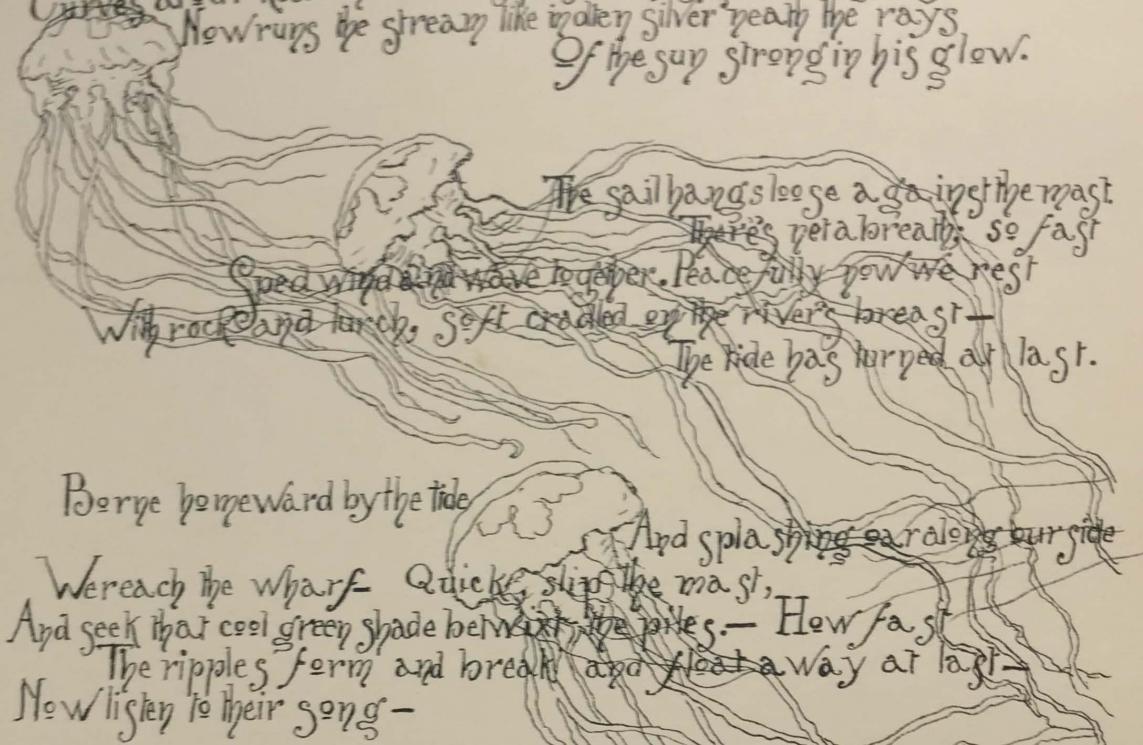


Under the old gray wharf
The waters ebb and flow;
And the jellied nettles, with milk-white
tentacles
Pulse, and curl, and beat the barnacles
On the wave worn piles below.

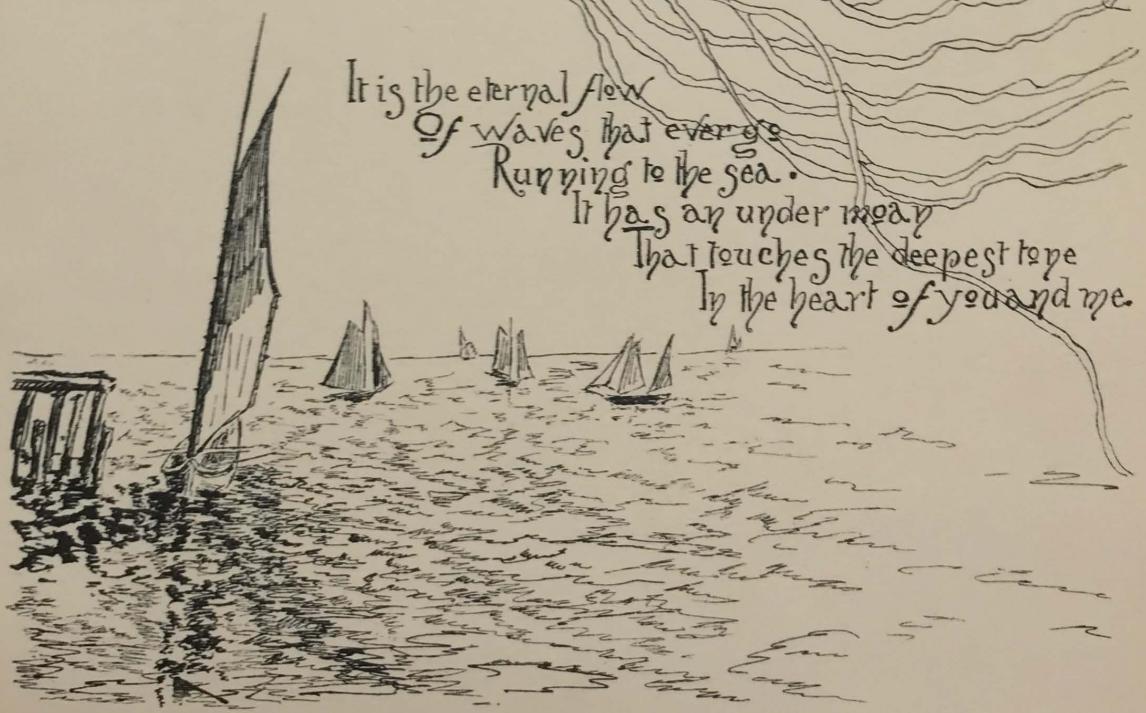
There's a low swift hush,
And a short crisp rush
Where the gray blue streak, with the wind
at its heel,
Runs with the rippling and dark curled wave;
Till we feel
Our boat and our sails are aflush.

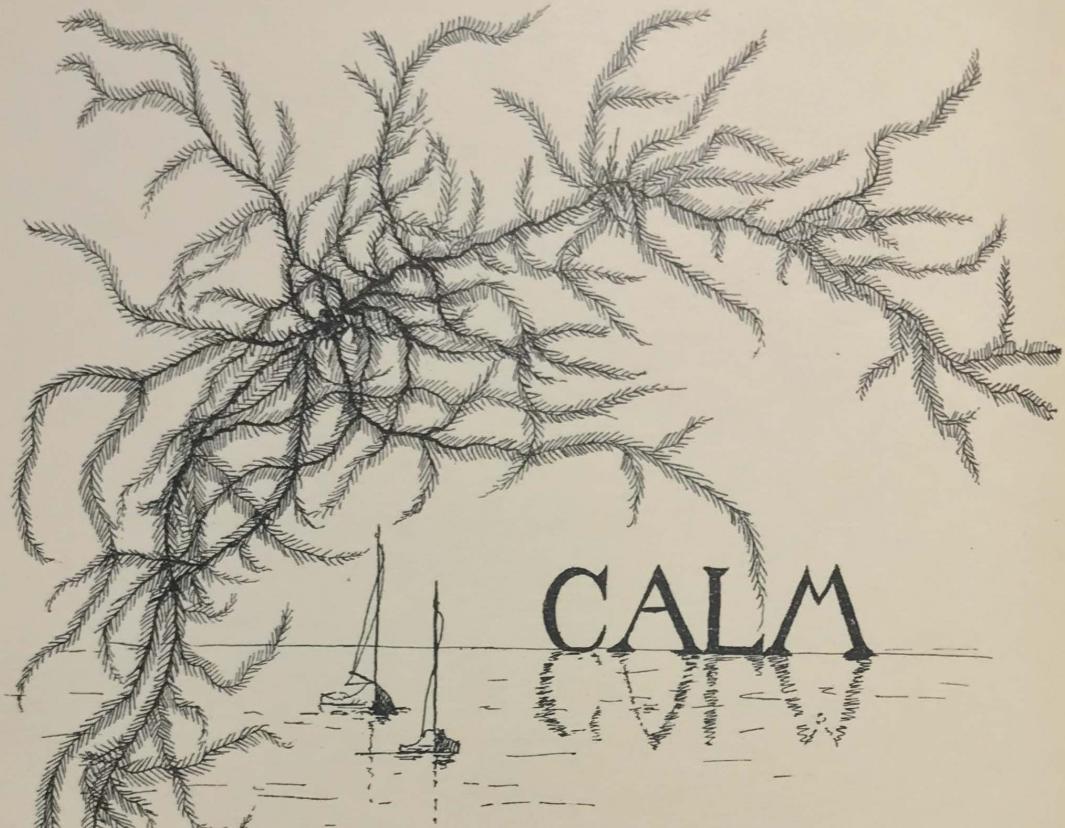
So ho, swing wide the sail
While lasts this feathery gale! -
With toss and turn, with quiver and strain,
and rushing sound
Of music made by waters cleft, filling the
air around
So ho, we sail! We sail!

See, through the misty flow,
Green and blue, the bright rainbow
Curves at our keel. The cloud is past: with shimmering haze
Now runs the stream like molten silver;neath the rays
Of the sun strong in his glow.



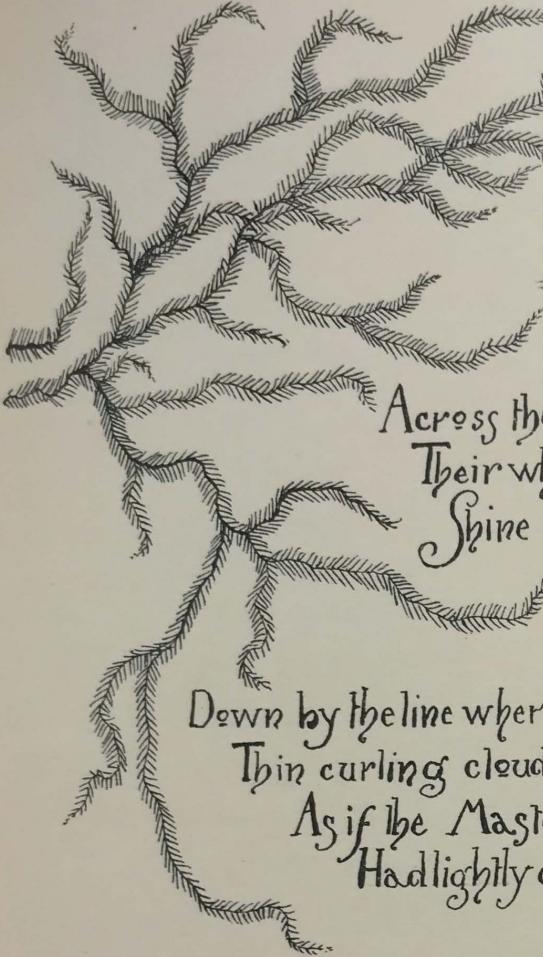
Berye homeward by the tide
And splashing ears along our side
We reach the wharf. Quick! slip the mast,
And seek that cool green shade between the piles.— How fast
The ripples form and break and float away at last—
Now listen to their song—



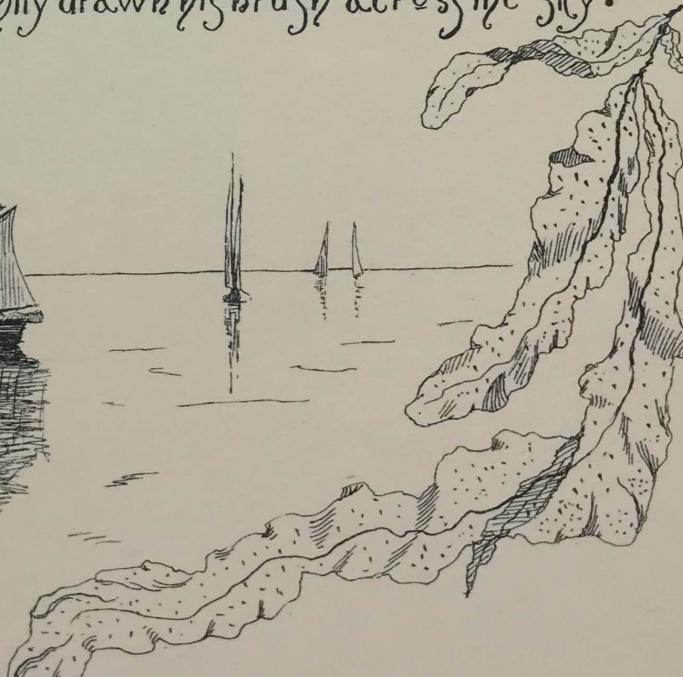


The bay spreads out to yonder misty shore
Without a ripple on her breast,
Nor flash of white cap along the tidal flow,
Nor curling wave with snow white crest:

But silver streaks, and darker breadths
Of blue; and here and there a gleam,
As if the sparkling sun flashed back
From jewels bosomed in the stream.



Across the sweep of blue lie boats becalmed;
Their white sails mirrored in the deep
Shine in the distance like the wings
Of giant butterflies a-sleep.



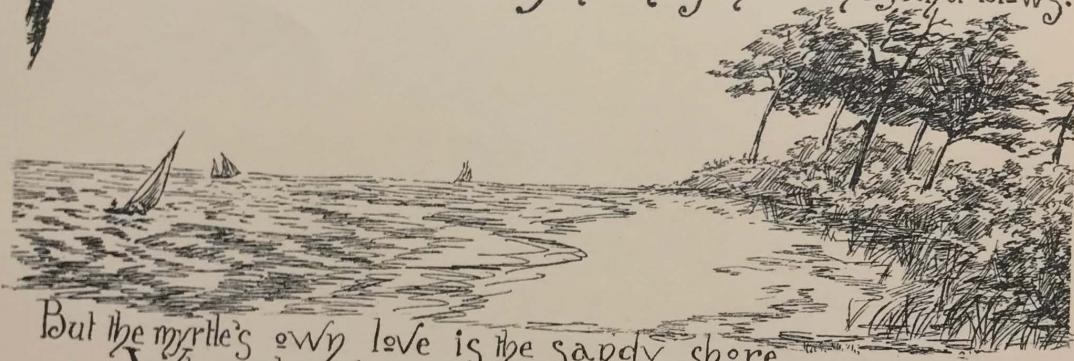
Down by the line where sea and sky are one,
Thin curling clouds close huddled lie:
As if the Master painter-whites and grays all done -
Had lightly drawn his brush across the sky.



MYRTLE

On the myrtle grows on the river's bank
And spreads its foliage dark
O'er the shining sand
And the pebbly land
Where the sea has left his mark.

And the myrtle grows in the forest cool,
And hides, with its thick small boughs,
The flower at its foot,
And the pale green shoot,
Of the moss that bends and blows.



But the myrtle's own love is the sandy shore
Where the wind and the wave are at home;
And the strong salt breeze
Bends the trunks of the trees
And sprinkles them briny with foam.

When the wind and the storm have spent their might
To crush and to bruise and destroy:
It fills the air
With a perfume rare -
An incense of strength and of joy.



