

Greed.

Greed! thou hast made of me a slave;
My heart no longer pulse a tender beat;
This callous soul of mine no tears to lave.
I worship at a golden shrine and greet pain.
The gold that I have filched through others
Where are my tears the solace of the heart?
Imprisoned by the golden bars of gain which
of gain
Which I myself have wrought and cannot part.

And when I walk no sunshine round me falls;
The canopy of greed hath darkened earth;
Fair heaven hath ceased to hear my stifled calls;
My hopes are chilled as sorrow chilleth mirth
No pity fondles me for stricken poor.
What would I give? My Gold! to heal myself
Of this disease which all my illness bore.
My heart is sick and dull from wicked pelf.

Oh could I drown this eye unused to flow
In tender gush love's messengers and true!
Then would I recompense for deathless woe
Which I have done in time and now review.
Meteminks stern vengeance knocketh at my door
And shouts the torture of my captured wealth,
Nor doth he fail to scourge and beat me sore,
And means in scorn - Physician heal thyself.

- C. H. Baltzer.

Published in the Chronicle some years ago.

Frost Ere Roses.

Oh weepst not fond Mother-earth,
The change hath bared thy breast
And withered what thou gavest birth
When spring time was thy guest.

Thy pulseless breast in cold repose
Shall nurse next verdant year
When thou dost wake and bid the rose
To shed sweet Virtue's tear.

Then thou'll wear the bridal veil,
The landscape of thy wand,
Thy vernal robe for mount and dale,
Thy truant lover's bond.

-C. H. Baltzer.

Once published in Chronicle.

A Bachelor's Lament.

I'd like to know who killed my cat,

I'd like to know the man,
The mice have stoll'n every once of fat
I had to grease my pan.

Cho.--

Bring back, oh! bring back my tabby to me.

I'd like to know who killed my cat,
I'd like to know the man!
Come back oh! come back my tabby to me.

I cannot sleep a wink all night

For the squeak and gnaw of mice;
And they play at pool and snarl and bite
And gamble brick bat dice.

The wind goes howling o'er my bed

For want of window panes,
The thieving rats on putty have fed
Till not a light remains.

I went one day for my Sunday hat,

But none had I to wear
'Twas a ball of shreds a carded bat
Soft as a bay's hair.

- Ryle, Co. Baltzer

THE TREE.

"Breathes there a man with soul so
dead"

Who never spoke to yonder tree,
Nor drank in silence what it said
Beneath its breathing canopy.

It tempted first the pilgrim's prayer,
Under the freedom of the skies;
And stood the bridal of the air
With sweetly incensed lullabys.

The morning hills at rising sun
Breathes fragrance from its thous-
and trees
When spring and summer blend in
one
To weave and float, the morning
breeze.

The tree with soft and soul-like
voice
Doth kiss in agony the sod;
It bleeds, where once it did rejoice,
The felled, the ornament of God.

The solemn pines must weeping
stand
Beneath the vernal liquid sky,
And gaze on that fell human hand
Which smote and bade their com-
rade die.

"There's pleasure in the pathless
wood,"
There's life, there's healing in its
leaves;
Then squander not what God made
good,
Which sky and earth and man
bereaves.

—C. H. Baltzer.

Middleton, March 1, 1921.

to the

TO NEXT SUMMER

Then, I would wake from thee, sweet
dream,

When winter's blast and icy dale
Yield to thy sun in throbbing green,
And Distance echoes Winter's
wail.

And then bedew'd with ether blue,
I'll wander in the fields alone,
To gather jewels as pure as dew
And sip the splendours of thy
throne.

Fair Queen of the meadow and
Love;

Parent of the rose and winsome
elf,

Sweet incense thou waftest above
From buds of thy birth and robes
of thy self.

Thou clothes the earth in gold and
green,

And thrills with music from thy
bird,

And wash with dew thy flowers that
dream,

Ere slumber of thy Morn is stirr'd.

Let Fancy be ^{my} ~~thy~~ dearest shrine.

When I can clasp no sweeter god;
In fancy kiss the bud divine

To leap in glory from the sod.

I will not fret for Landscape's death,

Nor weep a tear for withered vine:

For well I know next summer's
breath

Will hail "the good old summer
time."

—C. H. Baltzer.

Halifax Herald

Apostrophe to the Sun

Great monarch, who can your king-
doms number,

That do homage to thy fiery power!
Are not the fires which in mid-earth
slumber

Heirs of thine the same as gentle
flowers?

Yield not only half thy realm of splen-
dor

To create and re-create here below,
Think'st thy other half some help
doth render

In the vaults beyond where thy sun-
beams glow?

'Tis only a thought like down of a
thistle blow.

Radiant dispenser of heat and light,
Thou strengthens the weak and
crushes the strong,

Hurls from the globe the sable wings
of night,

Brightens flowers which in the mead-
ows throng,

And yet too great for man to look
upon

When enthroned from thy meridian
flight,

Thou destroys the mighty. Life when
begun

Is cradled in warmth from thy lofty
height,

Subdued by thy gentle touch from
your dazzling light.

Fain would I ask, Art thou the source
of life?

Whence comest the germ-bursting
bud of spring?

This is life within nature's realm of
strife,

Aye more, methinks the birds that
gladly sing

Render praise of song to the celestial.

Winter's icy fingers vanish like dew
At thy command from haunts terres-
trial,

The fragrant rose and fruit of
matchless hue,

Which flaunt their toilless splendors
from thy sources drew.

The seat of life which vaults eternal
space,

Controls the hearth the ocean's
mighty bosom

By diffusing sunbeams or whirlwind's
trace

Which baffles fleeting man's earthly
wisdom;

Nor less are these devoid which claim
a thot

The river's ceaseless flow from this
is fed

By deluge that falls from thy sprink-
ling pot

Placed there in the heavenly blue
o'erhead,

Of all thy deeds the human tongue
hath never said.

Thy power is great, nor doth man deny
That nature great and small in rill
or sea

Proclaims thy majesty o'er land and
sky,

Or wherever thy countless kingdoms
be,

Must bow to thy rolling sceptre of fire.

Grand puissant orb the love of
flower

Which lives on sunbeams from its
distant sire

Bedecked in jewels from recent
shower,

Gently falls from the clouds as thy
floating tower.

Thou unfurls the bud and clothes in
gorg'us green

The mountainside in robes of ether
dye,

And fills with song from distant sunset
scene

By birds which hail your new-made
summer sky.

Thus with timely pace in trodden bal-
dric

Bestows thy healing beams like gen-
tle nurse

Who watches flight of time with meas-
ured tick

In unison with thee man's ills dis-
perse.

In storm or calm thou art king of
earth's universe.

—C. H. Baltzer.

News of the City

A GREAT DECREASE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

C h a r i t y .

Charity, like the sky above,

Set ~~X~~ with jewels the distant star,

Charity where is thy field of love ?

'Tis here 'tis there , it gleams afar.

'Tis the best of God's attributes

And makes us better than the brutes.

Why shackle ink or hold thy hand,

Or speak with tongue when costeth not ? ^{naught}

Dash to the earth the Devil's brand

And strive to make a better lot,

For him who craves thy charity

And thus enter eternity.

'Tis there 'tis there The Happy Land

Where clothed in robes of spotless white,

Crowned with jewels the love-made band

To spend Eternity's delight

With Cherubim around the Throne

And found through Charity alone.

There is a dearth in human form,

Which casts a shadow before the Light,

While struggling through Life's searching storm ,

And veil the brightest hopes in Night.

Until this veil is rent in twain

To scatter such ignoble pain.

Shall Stoicism like savage pride

Shall tongues like burning sands unyield

Shall human hearts forever hide ~~and~~

And stand aloof no effort ~~yield~~ ^{would}

To help the human souls that crave

For some cheer that would make them brave.

§ Shall frowns transport the springs of bliss,
And march through corridors of Hell,
To scriver a suppliant wish ?

— A beggars alms, bre the portal
Of thy heart wherein love should rest
The gift~~x~~ of Gedas mercies blest.

Shall Nature's Truth no bounty yield,
And pause before Man's heartless deeds,
Shall he forever fail to deal
Some little help the poor manneeds?

Shall man not wake his feelings numb,
Shall ink, and type, and heart, be dumb?

§ Shall human hearts forget the grief
And counterfeit ^a fruitful toil?
These acts that fail to give relief
Are like the shadows that recoil--
Unlike a deed a helping hand
Worth ten thousand columns unscanned.

No! Future holds the healing balm
When Truth and Friendship will be weighed.
There is a storm ! There is a calm !
A grief in every life to fade !
There is a joy- the sweetest food~~x~~
Do not forget for God is good.

C. H. Baltzer.

Published



MOTHER'S FLAG

WORDS BY

DR C.H. BALTZER

*Hiddleton,
N.S.*

MUSIC BY

**PAUL
HEINRICH**

COLLEGE MUSIC CO
PUBLISHERS
TORONTO

Mother's Flag

Music by
PAUL HEINRICH

Words by
Dr. CHAS. H. BALTZER

INTRODUCTION
Slowly

1. Tell my moth - er when you found me,
2. For she knows I died for Eng - - land,
3. 'Tis the Un - ion, Jack she gave me,

I was bur - ried 'neath the slain, And my coun - try's flag was
That I died for Eng - land's flag; Peace and free - dom is her
And she bade what - e'er the strife, You must meet your foe - men

round me, Crim - soned with my life - blood stain
 slo - - gan, First to hoist the free - man's flag
 brave - - ly Tho' you stain it with your life

Tell her that for her you kissed me Shed - ding tears up - on my
 And I know she will but proud - ly Kiss this em - blem of the
 Fell our ban - ner 'neath the foe - men, Tram - pled by the fren - zied

cheek, Tell her that I know she'll miss me
 brave; Can - non can - not speak so loud - ly
 throng, Ere I num - bered with the fall - - en

CHORUS
Moderato

Com - rades tell her not to weep. —
Tho' in si - lence rules the wave. — Take this ban - ner to my
Moth - er's flag the vic - t'ry won. —

rall.

moth - er, — It will show her boy was brave, —

— And she'll guard it as no oth - er

Com - rades 'tis the one she gave. — gave. —

1 2

From
to H. Baltzer,
Middleton
N.S.

