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Box 18, Folder 26 - Poems (E.M.S.) Titles: Venite Adoremus; God Child; The Crib; The Mystery of Christmas; Ode on the Death of Tippie; Turf Carts in Galway; To Daphne; Elastic Bands; Assumption Day; Turf in Ireland

Edwin Mortimer Standing

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GOD BLESS



ALL YOUR WISHES

VENITE ADOREMUS

O mystery of God in man
Too deep for us to understand !
He is too weak and small
To hold the children's ball ,
Yet earth and sky
Together lie
Within the hollow of His hand.

Sweet Baby lips that cry
If ^Mary be not nigh
To cheer the gloom of night ,
Who could conceive
That on Creation's eve
They spake .." and it was Light"

Sweet ^Baby hands up -pressed -
Dimpled and creased and curled -
Upon Her heart of love ,
Who would have guessed
They wrought the mighty world
And all the stars above ?

Sweet Baby eyes that look ,
As in a wonder-book -
Upon a world new-found
Of touch and sight and sound ,
Who would surmise
That you are wise
With all the wisdom of the skies'

E. M. S.



May God bless all your wishes,
And all your hopes and longing,
And all your heart's rejoicing,

When Christmas time is here.

May the blessing and smile of Mary,
The Mother of Christ Our Saviour,
Shine bright on the ways you're faring,
Through every future year.

Brian O'Higgins



from

Martina

THE GOD CHILD

Sweet Baby Hands up-pressed -
Dimpled and creased and curled -
Against Our Lady's breast ,
Upon her heart of love ,
 Who would have guessed
 You hold the mighty world
 And all the stars above ?

Sweet Baby Lips that cry ,
If Mary be not nigh
To cheer the gloom of night ,
 Who would ~~conceive~~
 That on Creation's eve
 You spake - " and it was light"?

Sweet Baby Eyes that look
With mild surprise
Upon a world new-found
Of touch and sight and sound ,
 Who would surmise
 In You alone
 Dwells all that is
 Or may be known ?

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THE CRIB

Christmas again ! and as we come before
The Crib we ponder ever more and more
Sweet complications in a simple thing .-
Born in a stable yet a mighty King !
The Word Incarnate yet He cannot speak !
All things depend on Him , yet must He seek
The means to live at Mary's maiden breast .
He is perpetual motion and perpetual rest ;
Forever beats for us His Human Heart ;
Yet is He One and Changeless without part .
Unknown on Earth save to the chosen few ,
In Heaven all the Hosts of Angels knew .
Alpha and Omega , the Eternal and Sublime ,
He gives the date to everything in Time .
Dwelling at once in every part of Space ,
Yet is He cabined in this tiny place .
Born of the Virgin ; yet before His birth
Chose Her as destined Queen of Heaven and Earth .
Unfathomable mystery of God in Man !
After all search we end where we began .
So head retire and let the heart have sway ;
As on our knees before the Crib we pray .

-:-:-:-:-

(Christmas Thought)

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS

.....

Sweet Baby Hands up-pressed -
Dimpled and creased and curled -
Against Our Lady's breast ,
Upon her heart of love ,
Who would have guessed
(you) They hold the mighty world
And all the stars above ?

Sweet Baby Lips that cry ,
If Mary be not nigh
To cheer the gloom of night ,
Who would conceive
That on Creation's eve
(you) They spake - " and it was light " ?

Sweet Baby Eyes that look
With mild surprise
Upon a world new-found
Of touch and sight and sound ,
Who would surmise
In You alone
Dwells all that is ,
Or can be known ?
may

Mortimer Standing

An early decision
would suffice.

E. M. Standing

ODE ON THE DEATH OF TIPPIE

"Some DOGgeral rhymes"

Tippie, I know thou art not really dead,
That was not thee we laid beneath the sod;
Thy spirit was a thing unlimited,
A small imperishable spark of God.

Not back to Chaos was thy Being sent,
As went to nothingness thy mortal frame;
Thine was a soul too kind, too innocent
To vanish in the void from whence it came

Somewhere I know - in some celestial sphere -
The goodness which was thine - was thee - still lives,
Still conscious is of hope and joy and fear,
Still conscious too of love it takes and gives.

Oh joy! that in my mournful soul and blind
Has flashed the vision of a truth sublime;-
"That love which glows on earth from mind to mind
Shall glow Eternally -- as once in Time.

With calmer mind I go to meet the fate
Of coming years, by confidence sustained
That I shall meet my old friend soon or late
In that far region of the Unattained.

Tippie, I know will ever watch and wait,
Barking whenever Heaven's door-bell peals,
And stand by Peter, as he opes the Gate
To sniff each new come spirit at the heels;

Not Michael's Heavenly Guard in fiery mail,
Nor singing saints do I first wish to see,
But Tippie's faithful eyes and wagging tail
When Peter turns for me the Golden Key.

E.M.S.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF TIPPIE

~~MY STAR OF HOPE~~ (Some "doggerel" rhyme.)

Tippie, I know thou art not really dead,
That was not thee we laid beneath the sod;
Thy spirit was a thing unlimited,
A small imperishable spark of God.

Not back to Chaos was thy Being sent,
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XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

E.M.S.

TURF CARTS IN CO. GALWAY

Saturday morning is market day,
And along the road by the surf,
With a rumble, rumble all the way,
The carts go by with turf.

All the way to Galway town,
In sunshine, storm or rain:
Ten miles there, with up and down,
And ten miles back again.

I hear the wheels upon the road -
A mile behind, a mile ahead -
As through the night they bring their load,
While folk are still in bed.

Far off at first and very faint,
I hear them jog along,
With now and then a loud complaint,
And now and then a song.

They get quite loud as they get near
And go by with a roar,
Which fades away till I can hear
The waves upon the shore.

I press my nose against the pane
To watch them going by:
And sometimes they are drenched with rain,
And sometimes they are dry.

I wish I had an ass and cart,
And turf to put in it;
It would not take me long to start -
I'd go this very minute.

When I'm a man and grown up quite
I'll buy one of my own,
And get up in the dead of night
And drive it into town.

: : : : : : : : : : :

TURF CARTS BY GALWAY BAY

(The meditations of an Irish lad of 8 years as he watches
the turf carts go by from his cottage on the Spiddal Road)

Saturday morning is market day ,
And along the road by the surf ,
With a rumble , rumble all the way ,
The carts go by with turf .

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In sunshine , storm or rain ;
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TO DAPHNE

Who is Daphne ? Don't you know ?
She is the morning dew
That shines in every copse ,
In myriad drops ,
Each bright with rainbow hue :
So much Apollo loves her
(And I do too)

Who is Daphne ? Don't you know ?
She is a child so sweet and mild ,
So good and kind , in heart and mind ,
You are at once beguiled .
And - by the stars within their courses!-
She draws the most amazing horses .
Horses that dance and prance ,
Wuth eyes a flashing , hoofs a dashing ,
Manes of flame , and tails the same ...
Just such steeds Apollo needs
To drive his radiant car
Up , up on high , across the sky
Above the morning star , -
The famous Horses of the Sun
Who gallop forth when Night is done ,
And the shining Day begun .

Who is Daphne ? Now you know -
Something at least -
But , like the man in Holy Writ ,
At the famous Wedding Feast ,
I have kept the best of it
Until the very end . -
Whish is just this -
She - is - my - friend !

I thank you Daphne for your gift
Of witty verse and coloured art
From the bottom of my heart :
And in return I truly pray
That God will bless you every day .

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And with a gun
Froze everyone,,
Saying "stick up.'stick up ! "
At this the "Funny Bird -
Quite undeterred
Said "Hiccup ! Hiccup ! "

This gave the robber such a start
He dropped his gun and felt his heart
Which was going pitter -pat .
Then tripping on the mat
He fled the house
Like frightened mouse .
And as her Dad the gun did pick up
The bird kep saying "Hiccup.'Hiccup'. "

Ull the man was lost to view.
And if you think this isn't true
Just ask the bird upon the shelf
Or make a better one yourself .

ELASTIC BANDS

Elastic bands ! elastic bands !
I love to twine them round my hands ,
Or stretch them out when they are slack
Till , with a flip , they jump right back .
Sometimes they jump into the air
And I can't find them anywhere .

Sometimes I wind them round a lid
(The way Miss Jones our teacher did)
And when I twang them quick and sharp
They make a sound just like a harp .
And if I put it next my ear
The noise it makes gets still more clear.

Elastic bands ! elastic bands !
They say they come from foreign lands :
You would not think so by their looks ,
But yet it says so in the books .
In some far distant forest tree ,
This rubber grew there just for me .

Elastic bands ! elastic bands !
There 's no one really understands
How I adore elastic bands .

.....

E. M. Standing

2 m Standing

292 Nottingham Rd

Hill Top

Eastmead

Gratts

ASSUMPTION DAY

In Heaven to-day there is holiday —
Such foolish things he needs must say
Who would speak of the mysteries sublime
Of Eternity in the words of Time —
For this is Our Lady's Assumption Day ;
And the New Jerusalem is gay
With colours of opal and amethyst ,
And dew-drops the morning sun has kissed ;
And the robes of the Saints as they come and go
are brighter than sunshine on untrodden snow .

The Angels are waiting , tier on tier ,
For the Queen of Heaven to appear .
Michael is there , with his shining host ,
Strong in the might of the Holy Ghost ;
And Raphael waits , and Gabriel
Who gave the message that startled Hell .
The Holy Innocents , too , are there
With eager and expectant air .
And the Cherubim and Seraphim —
Majestic Beings whose outlines dim
Are lost in the blaze of Holy Light
That screens the Throne from mortal sight .
And the Holy Elders , a score and four ,
Casting their crowns for evermore
By the crystal sea on its mirrored shore ;
All , all are waiting to sing her praise
Who nursed at Her breast The Ancient of Days ;
For did not Our lady Queen give birth
To the King of Heaven as well as Earth ?

.....

There is silence in Heaven - a little space .
She is coming ! God's miracle of Grace ;
She is coming ! Whose heel on the serpent trod ;
She is coming . the Virgin Mother of God .

Past all the Saints who sing their thanks ,
Patriarchs and Prophets in their ranks ,
Past all the nine angelic choirs -
Still seeking Him her heart desires -
Flesh of Her flesh and bone of Her bone -
She comes at last to the crystal throne .

Now all the hosts of Heaven raise
Their countless voices in a shout of praise ,

And now the Queen receives her crown ;
While every creature, bowing down ,
Makes such sweet homage with his lips
As ravished John in his Apocalypse .

So loud a shout of joy is sent
From Heaven's high tower and battlement ~~is~~
The fallen angels hear it well ,
And tremble in the depths of hell :
Of all the creatures in that heavenly host
Her most they fear , Her hate the most .

.....

But Heaven and Earth must needs be gay
On this Our Lady's Assumption Day ;
For a Queen has come to her throne to reign ,
And a Mother has come to Her Son again .

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E. Mortimer Standing

E. M. Standing
24 Lake View
Edgware.
Mdx.

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E. Mortimer Standing

E. M. Standing
24 Lake View
Edgware.
Mass.

TURF CARTS IN COUNTY GALWAY

Saturday morning is market day ,
And along the road by the surf ,
With a rumble , rumble all the way ,
The carts go by with turf .

A
All the way to Galway town ,
In sunshine , storm and rain :
Ten miles there , with up and down ,
And ten miles back again .

I hear the wheels upon the road -
A mile behind , a mile ahead -
As through the dark they bring their load ,
While folk are still in bed .

Far off at first and very faint ,
I hear them jog along ,
With now and then a loud complaint ,
And now and then a song .

They get quite loud as they come near,
And go by with a roar ,
Which fades away until I hear
The waves upon the shore .

I wish I had an ass and cart ,
And turf to put in it ;
It would not take me long to start ,
I ' d go this very minute .

When I 'm a man and grow up quite
I 'll buy one of my own ,
And get up in the dead of night
And drive it into town .

ooooooooooooOOOoooooooooooo

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TURF IN IRELAND

Turf (~~often~~ called peat in most countries) is used as fuel in many parts of Ireland . The country people cut it from the turf "bogs " in blocks , which are then put out to dry . When ready they are taken in donkey - carts to be sold at the nearest market . For a load like the one in the picture you would have to pay about . Often the turf vendors have to lead up and be on the road before dawn so as to get to the market in time .

A turf fire has a characteristic and delicious fragrance ; The well-known smell of certain tweeds , such as the Donegal tweed , is caused by the smell of the turf fires which clings to the harn as the peasant women weave it into cloth in their white-washed ~~cottages~~ thatched cottages . This picture was taken in front of one of the famous cottages in the famous Kladdagh district in Galway City . The picturesque Kladdagh is, alas, no more - a modern urban council having decided that - in spite of their artistic and historic associations , the cottages would have to come down as they did not come up to modern hygienic requirements .

The verses which follow are supposed to express the meditations of a little "Bucall" - a little boy of about six years of age as he hears (or sees ?) the turf cart passing by in the very early morning along the coast road by the famous Galway Bay .

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When all the atoms spun and curled
To come together in a world ,
And on the newly finished earth
The plants and animals had birth ,
God gave to each its proper share
Of things to eat and things to wear.

To ev'ry bird He gave its feathers
To guard against inclement weather ;
The rhino's vast and bulgy side
He covered with a wintry hide ;
While to prevent the wintry chills
He gave the armadillo quills.

Lest the snails should feel unwell
He housed him in his curly shell ;
And to the huge and grizzly bear
A shaggy coat he gave to wear.
The peacocks have their gorgeous tails ;
The fishes iridescent scales .
We cannot but with joy admire
How each and all has his attire.

But man came from the hand of God
As naked as the jumping frog.
Hence sceptics , in their narrow groove ,
Use this as argument to prove
That God cares less for such as us
Than for the hippopotamus.
But they forget He gave us Reason ;
And this for ev'ry changing season
Man makes his clothes to meet
The Summer sun or Wintry sleet .

But lo! the sun has gone to rest !
Your pardon ! I must change my vest.

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The rhino's vast and bulgy side
He covered with a wrinkly hide;
While to prevent the wintry chills
He gave the armadillo quills.

Last the snail should feel unwell
He housed him in his curly shell;
And to the huge and grizzly bear
His raggy coat he gave to wear.
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The fishes iridescent scales,
We cannot but with joy admire
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