

October 5, 1974

Mark Savary

MOUNTAIN BALLAD

Elton Jones in Sullivan's Hollow

When Elton Jones was at the fair,
He met a sprightly lass
With sunburned cheeks and auburn hair,
Who watched parades that pass.

They soon became enraptured both,
Nor could they look away;
To lose the other each was loath,
But there they could not stay.

The eager Elton questioned Jane:
"And where do you abide?"
"In Sull'van's Hollow, Valley Lane,"
The bashful girl replied.

"I'm coming soon to visit you!"
"You'll have to ask my Pa;
He limits me to suitors few
And drinks his liquor raw."

They left with longing in their eyes,
But not to meet again.
Intending Janie to surprise,
He journeyed to her lane.

Into her lane he passed with joy,
But quickly he was stopped:
The natives seized the stranger boy--
From shades of trees they popped!

They hitched the lover to a plow
Beside a stubborn mule;
He labored harder than a cow
To pull the heavy tool!

At noon he occupied a stall--
Was fed with ears of corn;
He found his loving youthful call
Was dealt contempt and scorn!

He wondered how their corn was used
And learned that twenty jugs
A single acre oft produced
To fill their greedy mugs.

They all pretended not to know
A Jane with auburn hair,
Or whither such a gal might go--
Nor should a stranger care!

The barnyard gate they opened wide
And bade him hit the road;
Not in their Valley Lane to abide,
Nor seek a near abode.

He left the valley all alone
Without a glimpse of Jane:
(His hapless lot he would atone)---
And left the Valley Lane!

Mark Savary

The Storm (I wrote this poem when I was a boy)

A hot and sultry day it seemed--
So still the air, no leaf moving;
The rays of August sun down beamed:
A horrid day it was proving.

On yon horizon clouds of black
And thunder on their rear rumbling:
The weary workman hurries back
To his old home in haste stumbling.

In come the cattle from the farm:
They rush as creatures wild stricken
By panic to be safe from harm
As clouds in haste and black thicken.

Now darkness o'er the land is spread,
And down the wind descends roaring;
The lightning comes zigzag o'erhead,
And forth bursts the rain pouring.

The creaking house with groaning calls;
The trees by force of wind bending;
The hail upon the roof down falls,
And muddy brooks are fast wending.

All in anguish seem to cry:
"Thou Prince of Thunder, Storm and Gale,
When we are weak alone weary,
Do not our supplications fail,
For day is dark from storm dreary!"

At length there comes a lighter hue;
The storm at last is just breaking,
And soon the sky appears in blue;
The day anew is now waking.

The sun is low in west again;
The humid bow in east spanning
The sky above the grassy plain
Is draped about the storm dying.

The sun has set beneath the hills;
The sun in purple mist setting.
The land with twilight splendor fills;
The sun again is clear setting.

Autumn Twilight "Way Down Home"
The sun has set beyond the hills;
In purple mist the monarch lies!
The land with twilight splendor fills,
And darkness stalks in eastern skies.

A mass of peas and pumpkins there
Amid the rattling blades of corn
Entangle feet of children fair
By whom the harvest home is borne.

Tobacco fields, though gathered well,
Dispel their scents that sweetly fade
Where fireflies cast their eerie spell
At home in twilight's mystic shade.

The pensive moon above the earth
Distills her beams into the vale
Where playing children in their mirth
Are gazing on her sad and pale.

The stars are coming, day is dead;
The orchard trees are hanging low
With apples mellow, sweet and red
Down in the valleys that I know!

I've seen the Father walking there
To bring His rest from toil and care
In twilight glory "way down home."

Mark Kearsy

Musings on a Stormy Night

The wind is moaning--listen to the sound!
The windows rattle, fences howl and cry.
I hear the rustling leaves upon the ground
Among the trees, beneath an angry sky.
A wild and lonely note pervades the air:
The horses neigh and cattle hurry home;
In disapproval and with bristled hair,
The swine sustain their warmth in froth and foam.

I sit within the embers' ruddy glow
And gaze at length into the mystic light.
Like throngs of busy men, or empty show--
Like men in strife or calm, serene delight--
The trembling shadows--ghostlike-- rise and fall,
And hurry onward to their destined goal
In varied forms upon the ancient wall
To scan with awe an angel's shining scroll!

I muse and ponder on the flowing train--
I hear without--now shrill, now dull--the moan.
The wind now fiercely drives the beating rain--
But sound and musing blend in soothing tone.

A sympathetic throb enchants my soul:
The teachings Nature holds for those who hear
Impulses are to blend the throbs of life
Into a mighty strain--a cosmic whole.

Life

The sun has set, and twilight's wings
Enshroud the dells in purple mist;
Their autumn leaves and trickling springs
Are with a golden splendor kissed.

I wander through the harvest field
Where human hands have wrought with care;
I see the fruits with bounty yield
A luster to the fragrant air.

As quiet and light as peaceful dreams
The evening shadows come floating by;
Like fairy music's soothing streams
These dreamy shadows pass and die.

And lo, a sprite from memories past
Has come to haunt my waking dream!
A love that angels ne'er surpassed
Holds dear a maiden's heart serene!

My vision rests in starry skies--
I feel that love is everywhere!
Anon the vision flees my eyes,
And I conceive my daily care.

Thus, life is like a changing page;
But rapture rests on him who strives
To live his life from youth to age
With constant gaze on holy lives.

Mark Lowry

ENGLISH STYLE SONNETS

First Wedding

Jehovah duly called the lonely man
Distraught and bored with longing all the day;
He summoned all His creatures and began
To have them pass in splendid bold array.

Then Adam gave them names as he might choose
For useful work, for beauty or for grace:
There were that could accomplish and amuse,
But nowhere was an understanding face!

Jehovah put the man to sleep profound;
He opened up his side and took a rib
To build a woman that could man confound
With sweetness, love, desire and woman's lib!

And thus Jehovah married man to wife
To love and live together all their life.

Spring of Music
Job 38:7

The sounds of music surge through toxic air:
The aching soul, confused and oft distraught--
And burdened down by grinding grief and care--
Is soon consoled and roused to potent thought.

The rustling leaves and dancing rays of light,
Combined with sounds of men at work and play
And melodies of those who make delight,
Compose a deathless symphony today.

Now whence the spring and force in air and sound
That bring the tones of nature and of men
To blend in lofty organ strains profound
And far excel the strains in human ken?

The God Who made the world and man is He
Who tunes the sounds of love in victory!

Peculiar People

Am Segulah Deut. 7:6; 14:2; 26:18

'Twas after pleas and threats to Egypt's king
And devastating plagues reduced the land,
Egyptians shouted, "Lost is everything,
And death has stalked about on every hand!"

Then Moses led the Hebrews through the sea
Where now at length they threw their burdens down;
They sang exultant praises to be free
And watched their former masters sink and drown.

"Peculiar people you shall be to me:
Come now and will give to you My code,
And you shall be My am segulah free--
My precious treasure in your new abode.

"I purchased you, My people, at a peerless price--
And gave to you rewards of sacrifice."

Walt Whitman

ENGLISH STYLE SONNETS

WORK

The Master made His man to love his toil
In Eden's Garden lush with primal wealth
And placed him there to dress and keep the soil---
A worthy task for happiness and health.

And ever after, hist'ry clearly shows,
That man has lived and prospered by his work---
By peaceful labor ev'ry nation grows;
Nor is there often place for those who shirk.

Now work is good, no matter what we do,
As long as work is useful for a need
Of people rich or poor, in host or few,
That fruitful life they all may learn to lead.

In loyal labor give the best you can---
Devote your utmost for the good of man.

VICTORY

They sang his praises who excelled at arms;
They gladly gave to him their highest rank;
But ghastly men and graveyards posed alarms
From which the noble soldier often shrank.

And many follow after wealth and fame--
The glamor, strength and flash of gems and gold--
Though oft they yield the quiet of peace to shame
And long for truth and justice to unfold.

But he who learns his proper place to fill
And fitly labors with his fellows here
Will find the laurel wreath his soul to thrill
And gain the wares that wisdom finds most dear.

Then vict'ry's not the prize of fight,
But always crowns a struggle for the right.

PEACE

The aftermath of war is hailed as peace,
And demonstrations add their loud acclaim,
While misery and bondage lack release,
And selfish pride and greed conceal their shame.

Then some with noble sentiments survey
The beauty spots of Nature still alive;
Yet all the while their hearts with sorrow sway
In storm and flame the tempest to survive.

But one with calm, assuring faith can win
With sympathetic love for fellow man
Wherever he may be with trusting men
In any situation he may scan.

Then peace abides within the human heart
That humbly dwells from greed and strife apart.

Mark Lawrence