

As Time Glides On

George Thompson Hutchinson

*** A Distributed Proofreaders Canada
eBook ***

This eBook is made available at no cost and with very few restrictions. These restrictions apply only if (1) you make a change in the eBook (other than alteration for different display devices), or (2) you are making commercial use of the eBook. If either of these conditions applies, please check with an FP administrator before proceeding.

This work is in the Canadian public domain, but may be under copyright in some countries. If you live outside Canada, check your country's copyright laws. **If the book is under copyright in your country, do not download or redistribute this file.**

Title: As Time Glides On

Date of first publication: 1900

Author: George Thompson Hutchinson
(1857-1931)

Date first posted: May 31, 2017

Date last updated: May 31, 2017

Faded Page eBook #20170567

This eBook was produced by: Al Haines &
the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada
team at <http://www.pgdpCanada.net>

As Time
Glides
On

Hazell, Watson & Viney, Limd. Lith.
London & Aylesbury.

I wear not the purple of earth-born kings,
Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;
But monarch and courtier though great they be,
Must fall from their glory, and bend to me.
My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say
They will not come under its mighty sway?
Ye may learn who I am,—there's the passing
chime
And the dial to herald me—Old King Time!

ELIZA COOK.

As Time Glides On.

The Months
in Picture and Poem.
arranged by
G. Thompson Hutchinson.

Frank Hobden, George H. Edwards, H. F.
Hobden,
A. Woodruff
and
Allan Barraud.

LONDON
Hodder and Stoughton,
27, Paternoster Row.

The months are met with their crownlets on,
As Julius Cæsar crowned them;
With slaves the gentleman thirty-one,
And the ladies thirty round them.

OLD BALLAD.

Day follows night; and night
The dying day: stars rise, and set, and rise:
Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and embrosial
flowers,
Droops into pellid autumn: winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away;
Then melts into the spring, soft spring, with
breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,

Recalls the first. All to re-flourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend,
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

YOUNG.

JANUARY.

The trees all bare and leafless.
The winds so piercing blow:
The waters too are frozen,
And earth is wrapt in snow.

A thousand wishes passing,
Greetings from friend to friend:
Youths, maids are gaily singing,
The Old Year's cares at end.

Good bye to trials and sorrow,
To all that is dark and drear:
This is time for rejoicing,
First month of a glad New Year.

Another year in life begun,
 'Tis thus the time glides by,
Hast'ning on to the realms above,
 To that home beyond the sky.

F. O. H.

FEBRUARY.

The snow has left the cottage roof;
 The thatch-moss grows in brighter green;
And eaves in quick succession drop,
 Where grinning icicles have been,
Pit-patting with a pleasant noise
 In tubs set by the cottage door;
While ducks and geese with happy joys
 Plunge in the yard-pond brimming o'er.

The small birds think their wants are o'er
 To see the snow hills fret again,
And from the barn's chaff-littered door
 Betake them to the greening plain.

The woodman's robin startles coy,
No longer to his elbow comes
To peck, with hunger's eager joy,
'Mong mossy stumps the littered crumbs.

MARCH.

On all green places where ye blow,
Tenderest thoughts of GOD that grow,
 Violets! March violets!
Hidden hearts that, lying low,
Sweeten all about you so,
 Violets! March violets!

The love of youth is in your breath,
Love of youth more strong than death,
 Violets! March violets!
Gathered in the greening glade,
And on lips of promise laid,
 Violets! March violets!

Other sweetness, too, ye take,

Often kept for saddest sake—
Kept for soft'ning old regrets—
To hearts throbbing ye are prest,
Ye are laid on hearts at rest,
 Violets! March violets!

ISA CRAIG.

APRIL.

Emblem of life, see changeful April sail
In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
Now bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise,
Anon recalling Winter's stormy gale,
And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail:
Then smiling through the tear that dims her
eyes,
While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
Promise of sunshine not so prone to fail.
So, to us sojourners in life's low vale,
The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
While still the Fates the web of misery weave,

So Hope exultant spreads her airy sail,
And from the present gloom the soul conveys
To distant summers and far happier days.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

MAY.

Hail! Fairy Queen, adorned with flowers,
Attended by the smiling hours,
'Tis thine to dress the rosy bowers
 In colours gay;
We love to wander in thy train,
To meet thee on the fertile plain,
To bless thy soft, propitious reign,
 O lovely May!

'Tis thine to dress the vale anew
In fairest verdure bright with dew,
And harebells of the mildest blue
 Smile in thy way;
Then let us welcome pleasant spring,

And still the flowery tribute bring,
And still to thee our carol sing,
O lovely May!

MRS. HEMANS.

JUNE.

Come, June! and with beauty fill the earth.
Long have we waited for thy clear blue sky;
Though May is sweet she lacks thy constancy,
And chilly winds oft break the glad world's
mirth.

Of lovely flowers ad buds there is no dearth;
Far overhead the swift-winged swallows fly,
And watching earth's fair beauty wonder why
They stayed so long in lands of lesser worth.
Lightly the lark mounts up to greet the day,
Forgetful of the Winter's bitter cold;
At eve the nightingale's melodious lay
Charms all the world to slumber as of old.
Ah, sweetest month, would thou couldst with

us stay;
Too soon the tale of thy glad days is told.

JULY.

Now is there silence through the summer
woods,
In whose green depths and lawny solitudes
The light is dreaming: voicings clear ascend
Now from no hollow where glad rivulets
wend,
But murmurings low of inarticulate moods,
Softer than stir of unfledged cushat broods,
Breathe, till o'er-drowsed the heavy flower-
heads bend.
Now sleep the crystal and heat-charmed
waves
Round white, sun-stricken rocks, the noontide
long,
Or, 'mid the coolness of dim-lighted caves,
Sway in a trance of vague deliciousness.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

AUGUST.

How fair a sight, that vest of gold,
Those wreaths that August's brow enfold!
Oh, 'tis a goodly sight, and fair,
To see the fields their produce bear.
Waved by the breeze's lingering wing,
So think, they seem to laugh and sing,
And call the heart to feel delight,
Rejoicing in the bounteous sight;
And call the reaper's skilful hand
To cull the riches of the land!
'Tis fair to see the farmer build,
Now here, now there, throughout the field,
With measuring eye correct, that leaves
Fit space between the numbered sheaves.

SEPTEMBER.

Now had the season returned when
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,
from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays, to the shores of
tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the
winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of
old with the angel
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical
light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of
childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the
restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled.
All sounds were in harmony blended.

LONGFELLOW.

OCTOBER.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious
breath,

 When woods begin to wear the
crimson leaf,

 And suns grow meek, and the meek
suns grow brief,

 And the year smiles as it draws near
its death.

 Wind of the sunny south! Oh, still delay
 In the gay woods and in the golden
air,

 Like to a good old age released
from care,

 Journeying, in long serenity, away,
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I

 Might wear out life like thee, 'mid
bowers and brooks,

 And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind
looks,

And music of kind voices ever nigh;

 And, when my last sand twinkled in the
glass,

 Pass silently from men, as thou dost
pass.

W. C. BRYANT.

NOVEMBER.

Dark visaged visitor, who comest here,
Clad in thy mournful tunic, to repeat
(While glooms and chilling rains enwrap thy
feet)

The solemn requiem of the dying year;
Not undelightful to my list'ning ear
Sound thy dull showers, as o'er my woodland
seat

Dismal and drear the leafless trees they beat:
Not undelightful, in their wild career,
Is the wild music of thy howling blasts,
Sweeping the grove's long aisle, while sullen
Time

Thy stormy mantle o'er his shoulder casts,
And, rocked upon his throne, with chant
sublime,
Joins the full pealing dirge, and Winter
weaves

Her dark, sepulchral wreath of faded leaves.

DECEMBER.

Tis done! Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

His desolate domain. Behold fond man!

See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,

Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,

Thy sober autumn fading into age,

And pale concluding winter comes at last.

[The end of *As Time Glides On* by George
Thompson Hutchinson]