

**SOUL
SONGS**

**GRACE
MANN
BROWN**

7-3503
11815837

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SEP 13 1972

NOV 22 1917

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There is only God and
in that consciousness alone
shall you and I endure.

IT SEEMETH TRUE

It seemeth true that earth is torn and rent.
That anguished hearts and shivered souls are
spent

With pain and glaring grief.

It seemeth true that Heaven is shrouded o'er
That God's sweet home has closed its door
Upon the earth child's woe.

It seemeth true that earth is moaning deep
That hope and faith and love are locked in
sleep

And human need forgot.

Dear heart, it is not true.
Beneath the racking roar of hate.
Beyond the clanging claim of fate.
Is God's sure love.

Thank God it only seemeth true that love
forget.

His love is law itself.
This seeming crash of things
Is love's great law of birth
Onsweeping and upreaching far
To render love's life free.

The heart break of the world is pleading now
For peace.

The clarion call of life is ringing now
For peace.

The steady word of truth is speaking now
For Peace.

The living faith of myriad souls is breathing
now
For peace.

God give us peace.

MY SOLDIER.

I did not know that he was so big
That his eyes were so blue
And that he was so strong and handsome too,
I never knew
'Til I saw him in Khaki rig.

I did not know France was so far away.
I never thought that some soon day
My treasure boy might be on his way
To France.

I did not know that I loved him so,
My blessed boy of long ago.
I did not know,—

God,—how many things there are
That Mothers do not know.

Because I know
That God is all supreme
I have no fear.

Because I know
That I attract my own
I have no fear.

Because I want
The Thing which is my own
No matter what my own may be
I have no fear.

SOWING AND REAPING.

I attract my own returning
I must reap what I have sown.
I alone can meet conditions
When I've made them all my own.

Only I may know the sorrow,
Only I can feel the pain
When I myself have brought the burden
Crashing on my heart and brain.

Yet the knowledge of my sowing
Gives me power to overcome
Gives me strength to bear the reaping
And to know "Thy will be done."

For the will of love is justice,
And the field of life is right
For there is no loss in action,
Every deed returns in might.

As the seed is sown in kindness,
So in kindness it returns
Bearing two fold strength and beauty
As it lives and loves and learns.

Every creature in the all life
Reaps what ever it has sown,
Even God in his great mercy,
Only claims what His own.

The greatest thing which God can give
is love

The greatest thing which man can know
is love

The only thing which will not fail
is love

The one sure thing which frees and saves
is love

God give us love.

MOTHER LOVE.

I kneel at your feet
My tiny queen,
 So dimpled and pink and dear,
And I know that all earth
Is purified
 Because of their impress here.

I gaze in your eyes,
My dearie love,
 Those eyes of brilliant blue
And I know that the angels
In worlds above
 Must envy their heavenly hue.

I hold you close
My treasure child,
 With a passionate, conscious power
And I know that the joy
Of heaven and earth
 Is mine this holy hour.

I love you, sweetheart
My dainty one,
 With a love beyond compare
And I know that all earth
Is glorified
 Because of my mother prayer.

'Tis good to know
That God is always near
No matter what may seem
The distance in between
His home and mine.

'Tis good to know
That truth is all supreme
No matter what the load may be
Upon my heart
Some days.

'Tis very good to know
That God's great life is dominant
In all that IS
That now and always there is only life
God's life.

SOMEDAY

Some day the glorious sun
Will rise in stately silence
And I shall not see.

Some day the wondrous wind
Will whisper songs in secret
And I shall not hear

Some day the glinting waves
Will shimmer in their gladness
And I shall not know

But way beyond the stately rising sun
And out of sound of wondrous singing
breeze
And far outreaching glinting shimmering sea.

Someday the voice of all eternity
Will call in tones of universal love to me
And I shall know.

Come, let us enter the silence,
'Tis a beautiful realm of the free,
There's no heartache or sin in the silence
There's no wearisome pain in the silence
Only rest for you and for me.

And when we enter the silence,
Let it be with love full and free
For the wonderful tone in the silence
And the marvelous touch of the silence
Shall balance in you and me.

So that when we enter the silence
We shall know the truth that is free
We will not think false in the silence
We shall only think love in the silence
That God's life may enfold you and me.

THE SILENCE

I took me into the silence
For my eyes were heavy with tears,
And oh, I was weary
And life seemed dim and dreary
In the chill of the onweeping years.

“Hark” said the voice of the silence;
“Art sure thou hast done thy part?
Has thou held thy life in gladness,
Has thou cleared thy thoughts from the sadness
That threatened thy weary heart?”

“Behold,” quoth the voice in silence,
“There is no sorrow and pain;
‘Tis all a grievous delusion,
A mighty appalling intrusion,
A creation of thine own brain.”

“Tis with thee,” crooned the voice of the silence,
So steady and sweet and true.

“Thou mayst crush thy heart in its fierce unrest
Or give thyself to the very best
That thy part of life can do.”

“Go tell mankind,” spoke the golden voice,
“Every thing rests with you—
The secret of life, its success and its love,
The keynote of earth and of realms above,
Is that you to yourselves shall be true.”

There's a freedom in God's loving
Like the freedom of the world.
There's a mercy in His wisdom
Like the flag of truth unfurled
And I know beyond all seeming
And I've known it ages long
That where souls have loved completely
Love forever is their song.

W E

No body knows but you sweetheart,
Of the paths you have trodden alone,
No body knows but you dear heart,
Of the sorrow and grief you have known.
And my soul reaches out across the worlds
And my heart feels the throb of your pain
For my love responds to all you have borne
As I touch you and hold you again.

Aye, I am alive and alert, sweetheart
As I was in our dear earth home,
And you will arise in spirit and truth
And look in my eyes again.
We shall know that together we live and love
As in beautiful days agone
For nothing can come between us, dear heart,
We who are truly one.

HER KINGDOM.

There was once a maid of high degree,
And she was as fair as fair could be,
And her eyes were as blue as the shimmering
sea

And her hair was the hue of gold.

One day this maid of high degree
Decided that she a queen would be,
That queens alone were perfectly free,
As free as the perfumed air.

And the song she sang was of gems and gold,
Of costly treasure and laces old,
Of waiting maids and of warriors bold
All bending to her sweet will.

But alas for the dreams of the lady bright,
A youth rode by on a charger white
And his face shone forth a heavenly light
As he gazed on the sweet fair maid.

When the maiden looked in his upturned eyes,
All radiant in their sweet surprise;
"My kingdom is here," she joyously cries
"For the king of my heart has come.

“Yes I’ll be queen of hearts” said my lady fair.
“That’s the only kingdom for which I care,
For love alone would I do and dare,
For love will I live and die.

And the song that she sang was a song of love,
Of the earth beneath and of heaven above
And the sweet eyes drooped as a gentle dove
As she entered her queenly realm.

Oh blessed youth, in thy shining eyes,
Oh sweetest maid on thy fair breast lies
The secrets of earth and sea and skies,
Holy secrets of God’s own realm.



I choose my part of life,
My very own.
I choose my part of love,
My precious part.
I choose my part of work,
Work in God’s name.

I am not pleading for riches,
I do not care for ease,
The only thing for which I pray
Is simply to do as I please.

I want to do just whatever
I want to, every day;
And I want to say what pleases me
With no one to say me nay.

There's nothing else in the earth life
No matter what men may say
Which is so perfectly lovely
As merely to have one's way.

THE WEST.

The broadening prairie stretches wide
As we sweep toward the setting sun
And over its vivid enchanting space
When the darkening day is done.

I feast my eyes as we roll along
And I reach with outstretched arms
Toward the beautiful realm of poem and song,
To the west with its fair free charms.

Oh, you of the east with its stilted poise
And we of the free, wild west
And they of the throbbing city life
May choose which we love the best.

But methinks, as we pass o'er the rolling plain
And breathe its great breath so free
That something from out its wild, tender heart
Belongs to my soul and me.

I BELIEVE.

It may be that God is yonder,
Millions of miles away,
It may be He judges you and me
And never trusts us or leaves us free
To live our every day,
But I don't believe it.

It may be that Heaven is some vast place
Far in the distant sky
And that you and I, if we're very good
And always do the things that we should
Shall get there by and bye
But I don't believe it.

It may be that men and women,
Aye and the children too,
Shall suffer thru all time eternal
With pain and woe supernal
For sins which they never could do
But I don't believe it.

I believe that God is present
Now and everywhere
For the work that we do and the words we say
And the things we think in our hearts each day
Are exactly what we are,
Don't you believe it?

I love to believe that Heaven is home
The home of this very hour
And that you and I are always good
And always doing the things we should
In building this home of power
You surely believe it.

I know that men and women
Aye and children the same
Are reaping rewards of good they have done
Of great overcoming and victories won
In God's great name.



God knows,—that man shall know.
God frees,—and man is free.
God gives,—that man may give.
God loves,—and love shall be.

When that day comes that thou must
pass my way,
All earth shall make the path clear
for thy feet.

When it is time for thee to sing to me
thy song of life,
Behold I shall be waiting here
thy soul to greet.

JUSTICE.

If one might only raise his eyes to Heaven
And know that God is good and all is well;

If one might only reach into the distance
And sense a love beyond a power to tell,

He might with sweeter grace endure the sorrow
Which presses on his trembling human heart,

Life's lessons might not seem so deeply cruel
When he with joy must part.

And yet from out the mighty stillness

The word arises clear as shimmering dew;

Thou knowest this, oh child of doubting sorrow
Thy only care is to thyself be true.

Dear heart, be still and know his law is perfect,

Dear child, cast all thy burdens there,

For God is just and in his mighty justice
Thy sorrows are His care.

THE FREE STAR.

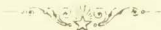
Yon, the star of freedom rises,
Rises from a submerged sea,—
 From a sea of tortured manhood,
 From a sea of anguished mothers,
And the wail of little children
Children of this cruel day.

Higher still the bright star rises
'Till we see its radiant flame
 Flame of sacrifice of manhood
 Flame of breaking human hearts
In the lurid glaring presence
Presence of this cruel war.

And the star of freedom yonder
Holds us tense and still
 Knowing that it must be finished
 Knowing well the price we pay
Price of happiness and comfort
Comfort of our lives and homes.

All the world is hoping, waiting
Waiting for the wondrous star,
 Seeing that for future ages,
 Seeing that for countless humans
Men are giving all their treasure
Treasure of their hearts and lives

And the glorious star is blazing
Radiance for a fair free world,
 Shining forth in burnished promise
 Promise for God's wholly world
World of peace and love and freedom
Freedom for this newer time.



God make us free,—
Free to be true,—
 God make us true,—
 Behold we are free.

Come out of the dark, oh soul of me,
And forget the grief that is past,
For the world is calling to such as thee
And the night is fading and we shall see
That truth is ours at last.

'Tis a newer day, oh heart of me,
For sorrow has vanished far
And Life is breathing fresh and free
A wonderful joy to such as we
In the glory of things that are.

KARMA.

She aimed a blow at the heart of me
I bared my soul to its might.
And the anguished thing lay throbbing there
'Til the day sank into the night.

She lifted high her golden head
As her beautiful face so fair
She tore apart from the soul of me
For I had enthroned it there.

Some how, I think that in days ago,
In the ages of long ago
That I must have done this pitiful thing
That I must have dealt the blow.

Which today returns to the heart of me
And frees the quivering thing
From human idols and human loves
That divine love may enter in.

I sang my song by the mountain side
And the tone was clear and strong;
In silvery waves it quivered wide,
With vivid life it swept the tide
And echoed long and long.

For never a word of love goes forth
That is lost to the human heart
And never a song sweeps over the earth
And never a message of living truth
But lives on to do its part.

A PERFECT DAY.

Hark to the song of a perfect day,
A day of rest and love,—
When the shadows of earth seem far away
When hope shines forth thru a glory ray
As the sun shines from above,
This fair free day.

And hark to the song of another day
A day of storm and shine,
When shadows of earth are not cleared
away
When life seems dark thru a misty ray
Which blurs the shine divine
Because of tears.

And I say to my soul, why must it be
That perfect days are rare,—
Why may not every day we see
Be filled with joy for such as we,
Who balance our wee share
In life's great work.

Ah, I see the shine of the perfect day
'Tis the day of service and love,
It is I who color its vivid ray,
It is I who balance its work and its play
Its service and its love,
God's perfect day.

Only a passing joyous thought
Sent from a loving heart,
Yet it stills an angry, hasty word
And saves its crushing dart.

Only a fleeting word of cheer
Said with a gracious smile,
But it carries a wave of happiness
That makes the day worth while.

Only a little kindly deed
Done with a willing hand,
But its goodly work will sweep
along
And be felt in all the land.

For every deed and every word
Which carries the loving thought
Shall be a power in all the earth
To render its woes as naught.

HIS BIRTHDAY.

Here's to our wonderful Cornell man,
With his yell from Ithaca town,—
And here's to his health and his beautiful
life
And the work which that life shall crown.

Methinks I see his kingly stride,
For he knows it all you see,
And my heart brims o'er with mother
pride
And the love of him and me.

Twenty one years for my college man,
Years of pleasure and pain;
Here's another toast to my precious
son
And his work of heart and brain.

Joy to my man, my blessed man,—
May his life be of use and of power
May every treasure that God can
give
Fill its every glorious hour.

THE SONG OF THE SEER

Behold I reach to the vaulted sky
With my soul aflame with light
Nor swerve I from my motive high
As the beckoning star gleams call me nigh
While the heart of me sings delight.

Oh, the mighty secret within my heart
And the marvellous things I shall say
Of the world within and the world without
And which are now of myself a part
That I've gathered along the way.

With ecstatic grace I greet the sun
As it welcomes the coming day
Lighting the glorious work to be done
'Til the day and the night have merged
into one
While the earth rolls on for aye

I sing the song of a love divine,
Of a joy and a power untold
And I chant the secrets of space and time
Revealed in the light of a faith sublime
As their truths to men unfold.

Hark to the sweep of my vivid word
While it follows my fearless pen
And see the glitter of unsheathed sword
Revealing the coming of truth's own Lord
As it calls to the children of men.



We have no creed
But creed of loving helpfulness.
We have no law
Save law of broadest charity.
We have no work
That does not serve the race.
We have no joy
Save joyous consciousness
Of God.

God reigns in every realm
Of His all interactive life;
He knows the claim of souls,
The call of hearts,
The touch of pain in flesh despair
And glory be to that great God,—
He answers as he knows.

Oh, child of His pure love,—
Lift up thine eyes to His reply,
To thy soul call,
To thy heart claim
And free thyself from pain
And glorify thy God
That he may breathe thru thee

ONWARD.

It is not that I love thee less, dear friend,
That I can bid thee go and God thee speed;
It is not that thy life is far from mine
That I shall miss thee thru the coming years.

'Tis only that we've lived it out, dear heart,
The thing which we two lovers need to know,
And other pathways that before were closed
Are opening fair beside our seperate ways.

How good to know that when a thing is done
We pass it on and gently let it rest
In other realms which need it for their own
And in our own serene and certain way
We choose a broader path which leads us
Yonder—to a different world, with newer scenes
And greater loves,—
More worthy of a grander day.

When treasures fade from out our storehouse,
When ideals shatter as they fall.
When strong hearts quiver in their anguish
Because the crash has taken all.

Then only with the faith of childhood,
Then only with the hope of youth
Can men restore the darkening lovelight
And know indeed this living truth.

The power that rests in love's pure action,
The force that moves without a flaw
Divine will blends in mighty motive,
With loves fulfilment of the law.

LIFE AND I.

Life and I had a reckoning day,
A day of storm and shine,
When my soul upheapt to its old desires
When my heart was aflame with the living
fires
Of the hope which then was mine.

Life and I had a reckoning day,
A day of smiles and tears
When my soul grew steady with living hope
Of greater things in God's own work
Than had been in the passing years.

Life and I agreed to forgive
This earth child's pitiful tears,
To forgive and forget and arise anew
With a glorified faith and broader view
Of our work in the oncoming years.

God measures man's unrest
By hours and days and years,
God is man's perfect rest
Beyond all hours and years,
Beyond all hopes and fears,
Beyond all grief and tears
In God we rest.

TIME

So many years, oh God, so many years,
And yet they stand in Thy vast time
Less than my hours.

How many human lives have waked
And slept again in Thy vast time
In all these years..

How many hearts have leapt towards life
And drooped again in Thy great heart
In these gone days.

Aye, thrice as many years have come and gone
And steadily been numbered by in weeks and
days
Until this hour

Which opens clear to me the knowing
That my few days and hours and years are
only dreams
Of passing bondage.

Again I rise to meet Thy call, dear Lord,
Apart from time, awake in Thee, beyond all
seeming
One in Thy being.

There is always the way to freedom,
There is always the answer to prayer,
There is always the melting problem
And always the sun shines fair
When we open our hearts to our brother
And forget our own small plan
In the joy of serving each other
In the helping our fellow man.

OFTIMES.

Oftimes thru the murky dimness
Shines a star with sudden gleam,
Beaming forth in glint transcendant,
Reaching on in rays transplendant,
Bearing strength on winged beam.

Sometimes we must feel the darkness,
Feel its icy cruel dart,
Knowing in our inmost being,
Trusting far beyond the seeming,
Things that crush upon the heart

'Til we know there is no darkness
Yonder always is the dawn,
Brilliant in its sure oncoming,
Radiant in its vast onweeping,
Blessed truth from darkness born.

Blessed is he who sings the free song
And whose chant is measured with love
For his wisdom is exalted
And the soul of him is aware.

I WOULD LIVE.

I would live because I choose
And not because I must
 And I would choose to scale
 The heights of heaven and the
 deeps of hell,—
Now—now,— not some day yonder.

For verily the shine of life
Shall glorify its shadow,—
 And who would, even if he could
Choose only vivid light.

God,—I would be wholly Thine
Because I love.
 And I would know the ecstasy
 And agony of life,—the all of it
That knowing, I may be complete.

I want to know God's truth,
 To know it now.
I want to do my part,
 To do it now,—
And then, I want to plunge into
 The great onsurge of life,—
As rushingly it sweeps thru all the earth
And feel it, see it, taste it, know it,
 Live it, now.

And then when I shall know God's truth
And when 'tis time to have my very own,—
 I want to do the thing I'm doing now,
To work and love and give the whole of me
 And then to give some more.