

The Later Works of Rosalie Tookey

Compiled by Keith and Linda Tookey

Edited by Keith Tookey

Dedicated to the memory of a beloved Aunt

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The Later Works of Rosalie Tookey

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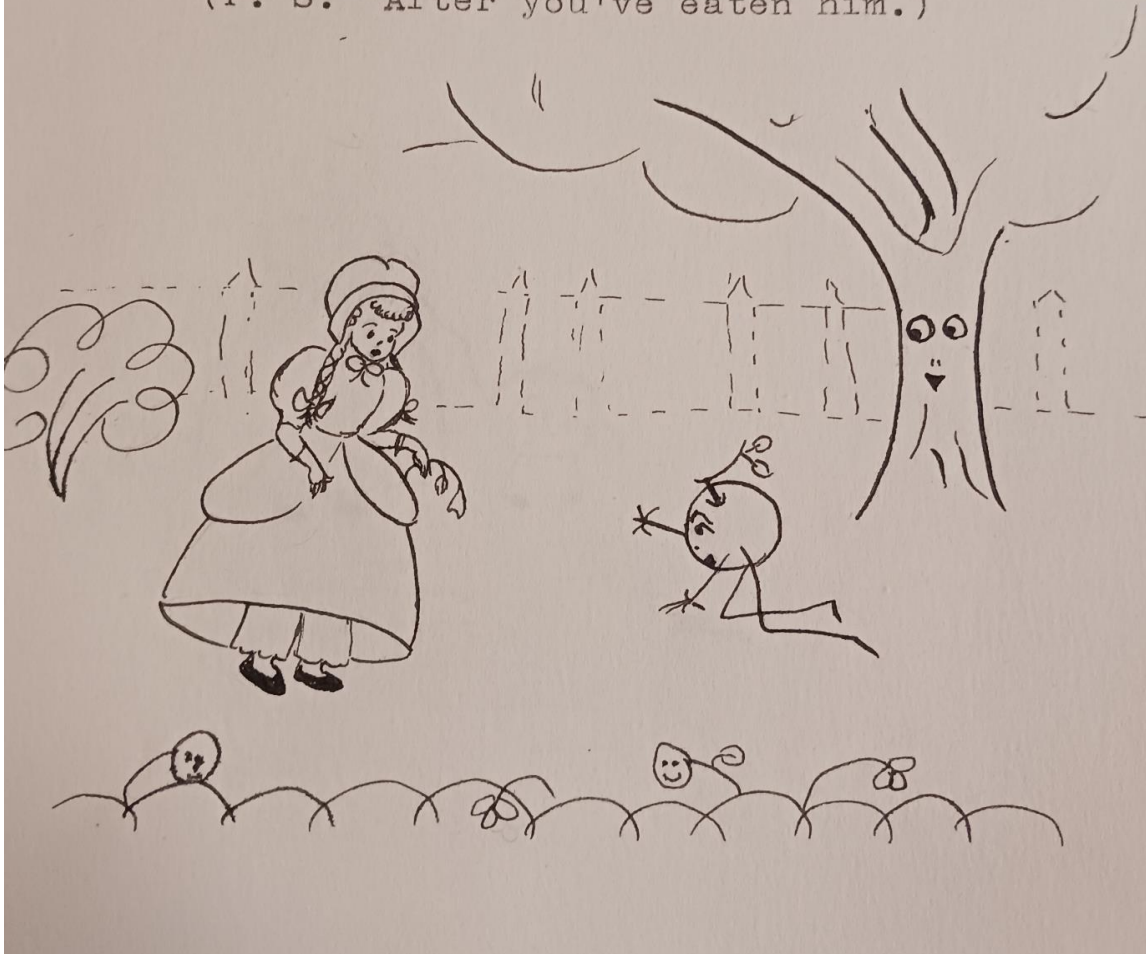
The Illustrated Works

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Humpty-Dumpty

Humpty-Dumpty took a great leap,
Humpty-Dumpty fell in a heap.
He fell from the apple tree--
 saucy and mellow,
No one ever saw such a pert
 looking fellow.
Soon all the king's horses and
 all the king's men
Need never to worry about him
 again.

(P. S. After you've eaten him.)



My Purse

My purse and I are sending you
our last red cent.
Now we are financially embarrassed.

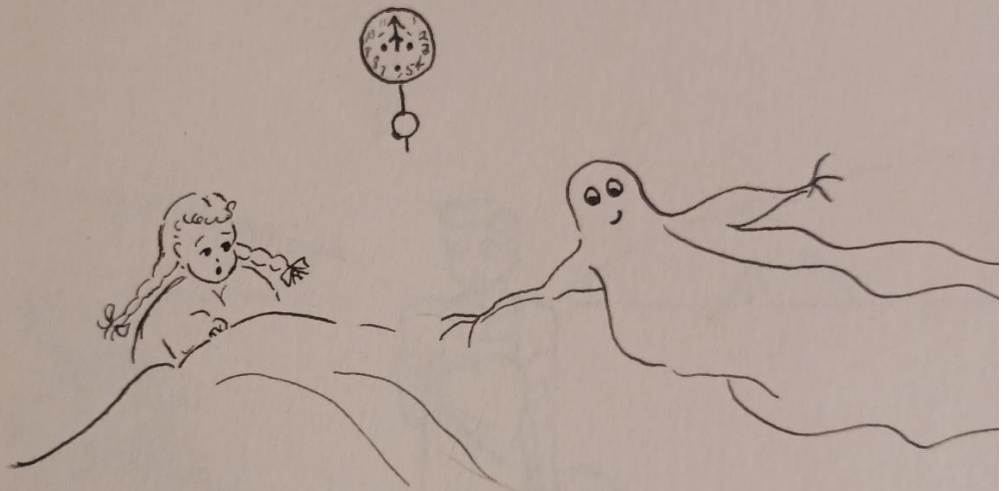
MINNIE



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The Ghost

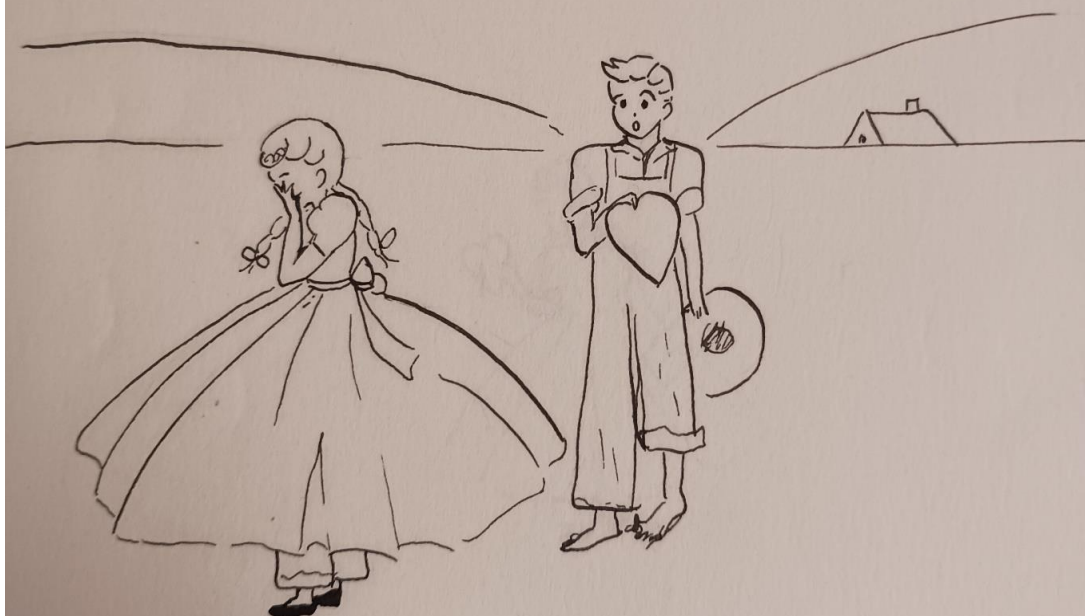
Last night when I was snug in bed
A ghost came in and haunted me.
All dressed in gliding, gleaming
white,
A spooky looking ghost was he.
He nearly scared me half to death,
I'd never seen a ghost before--
So tuck him in your tummy, please,
And he won't haunt me anymore.



Heartsister Week



Hearts
and darts
and mystery,
Presents gay for everyone;
You
and I
and packs of glee--
Heartsister week is lots of fun.



Saint Valentine

I wonder who St. Valentine could be.
He is a funny man, it seems to me--
He lives alone mid ribbon-bows
and hearts
And paper lace and cupid's bows and
darts.

I wonder if he ever gets to be
Lonesome in his lace and finery.
Or does he stay alone quite all
the time?
Perhaps there is a Lady Valentine.



For You

FOR YOU:

Perfume in the flowers
Dancing 'neath the trees,
Perfume fills the garden
And drifts upon the breeze.

Perfume in a bottle,
Perfume for your nose;
Perfumed hankie, dress, sachet
Where e'er milady goes.



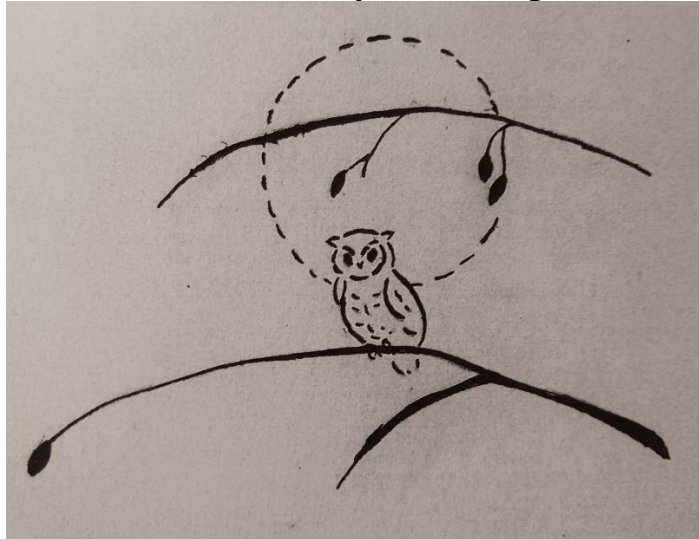
TROUBADOUR

Little brown owl, with your strange, wild cry,
Out In the night, in the moonlight and frost,
Noiseless your wings, but how swiftly you fly,
How sadly your voice trails away and is lost—

Is lost in the night, on the sound of the wind
Scattering leaves on the earth, on the grass,
Who has the eyes or the wisdom to find
The pathway you trace through the trees as you pass?

Crisp is the air when your sad voice comes swinging
Night after night through the fast—thinning trees;
Bonfire smoke tangles its charm with your singing,
Tugging the heart with the incense it weaves.

Little brown troubadour singing of fall,
While shivers the wind through the dead leaves and dry,
Echoes within me leap up at your call,
Little brown owl with your strange, wild cry!



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ADVENTURE

All on a silver summer night
When cricket songs were shrill,
I visited a haunted house
Upon a shadowed hill.

I lifted up the rusty latch,
Threw wide the sagging door. *Opened*
Within were only spiderwebs,
And dust upon the floor,

And moonlight sifting through the rooms
And shadows on the stair.
But neither ghost nor living form
Nor any sound was there.

But there was silence, deep and strange
That through the dusty gloom
Seemed like a voice reechoing
From room to haunted room.

And now when stars shine far and dim
And moonlit nights are still,
I dare not venture near the house
Upon its haunted hill.



Career Favorites

The Empty Room

What is so silent as an empty room?
What is so silent, and indeed so sad?
Wherein lies naught to welcome in the friend,
Wherein lies naught to make the stranger glad.

Only the echoes, hollowly forbidding
The tired one to stop and rest awhile,
Hold strange communion through the dismal portals
And solemnly dispair a word or smile. *forbid?*

Who enters in an empty room with laughter
Will walk with mocking laughter by his side;
Who comes into an empty room with singing
Will come with eerie voices as his guide.

For thus the stillness of the room is guarded
When strange echoes discourage every sound.
The dusty windows shroud forgotten secrets--
Each door in lost, *forgotten* regretful dreams is bound.

Then come with me into this empty room
But press thy mortal feet with silent care.
Who would tresspass the dreams that lie forgotten
Or wake the loneliness that slumbers there?

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GOLDEN ROAD

When the sun sinks in the lovely west,
And the night begins to fold;
The road that wanders past my house
Looks like it's made of gold.

I call it the little golden road
This lovely little trail;
It passes many rivers wide
Where pretty schooners sail.

One day as I was watching it,
It stopped to talk with me,
"I'll take you to the loveliest place
In all the world, said he

So off we started merrily.
We tripped along the way,
Everything looked so beautiful
Just at the close of day.

We passed a little sleeping town,
A grove of maple trees,
Where they sweetly bent and swayed
in the soft, cooling breeze.

And all the time I wondered
What could be its surprise.
But when we finally came to it,
I could scarce believe my eyes.

Just then he turned and said to me,
You need no more to roam,
For here's the best place in the world,
Your blessed home sweet home.

So you may go to sunny Spain,
Or sail the seas that foam,
But I will choose the Golden Road,
The one that leads me home.

Rosalie Tookey (published)

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SOLITUDE

There's a wee brown house by a murmuring brook
Where the dew falls like a dream;
Where the nightingale sings his peaceful song
And the moonlight falls on the stream.

A whippoorwill in a valley near
Is chanting his evening song,
And the little stars in the blue, blue sky,
Twinkle all night long.

So, when the sun sinks in the west
And night begins to fall;
And the stars come peeping overhead
And the whippoorwill starts to call.

Then let me to this valley go
And see the beauty there,
And hear the nightingale's sweet song
While the moonlight falls so fair.

Rosalie Tookey

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C L O U D S

I like to sit some afternoons
And look into the sky.
And see the white fluffy clouds
Go floating floating by.
But there's one thing I couldn't see
E'en though I'd think and think,
And that's "Why are they sometimes gray,
And other times they're pink?"

Until last night I thought it out,
It's cause somebody's died,
And then they drop big tear drops down
As across the sky they ride

And all the small pink clouds that lie
Down in the west so low;
Are flowers for the funeral
Tied with a purple bow.

Rosalie Tookey

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The Silver Moon

The sun sinks in the golden west,
Birds and bees have gone to rest,
Everything is sleeping.

Now high up over hill and Vale
The moonlight spreads silver light so pale,
Shadows are a-creeping,

And high upon her throne at night
She floods the world with pure, clear light
While endless watch she keeps.

Oh! What joy, what beauty there
see the moonlight fall so fair
While all else lies asleep.

Rosalie Tookey

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Smile

If the sun comes up in a cloudy sky
And it brings a cloudy day,
If you just feel cross, and pout, and cry.
Then the clouds are there to stay.
But if you sing a song so gay
And smile a little smile.
The clouds will seem to float away
In just a little while.

Rosalie Tookey

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TWO SISTERS

I know two little sisters true
Who never can agree;
One always comes with trouble.
And one with fun, you see

One is like a dark and dreary night,
And one is like the day;
The one like day is welcomed, too.
The other chased away.

And now that I have told you this,
I know you'll guess them right,
Of course, the sunny one is smile,
And frown, the one like night.

And though some folks will like old frowns.
And wear them all the while.
I'll gladly frighten mine away
With just a happy smile.

Rosalie Tookey

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P I C N I C F U N

Oh. I like to have a picnic,
On a sunny autumn day.
When the leaves are gently falling, one by one
When the old elm trees above us
Oh, so softly, softly sway.

For a picnic is such a heap of jolly fun.
Then what joy to spread the table
Down before us on the grass;

And set out the cookies sweet. and lemonade
A feast that's fit for kings
Has each smiling lad and lass,
For, you see, it is a feast that Mother made

But oh: When the evening shadows
Come a-stealing 'cross the sky.
And the sun is sinking in the golden west
Then to all my picnic frolics
I am glad to say "Good—bye,"
And to turn my footsteps home to peace and rest.

Rosalie Tookey

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VIOLETS

There are so many flowers fair
That dance beneath the sun,
They're all so Very beautiful,
I love them, every one.

And though the buttercup is fair,
The rose of lovely hue
I'd rather have the violet that dots the grass with blue.

Because when e're I see them,
They seem to dance and say.
"Oh, spring is here, sweet spring is here,
And summer's on the way

Rosalie Tookey

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W I N D S

Sing a song of spring time winds
Blowing shrill and high.
And setting kites a-sailing
Across the deep blue sky.

Sing a song of summer winds
Fanning soft and low,
Making rose buds gayly dance
As, oh so sweet, they blow.

Sing a song of autumn winds
Singing through the eaves,
And playing games of hide-and-seek
With all the little leaves.
Sing a song of winter winds
Whirling snow flakes down,
And dressing every grass and tree
In a frosty gown.

Sing a song of all the winds,
Winter, Spring or fall.
But Oh! I think that summer winds
Are pleasantest of all.

Rosalie Tookey

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The Remnants

Found in a folder

FOOTSTEPS

There are some footfalls going up the stairs;
They are the steps of little, timid feet.
They hesitate a moment at my door,
And then descend once more into the street.

Whose were the little footsteps on the stairs?
Where have they vanished in the snowy night?
Oh, come again, small timid one, and find
My door ajar, my fireside warm and bright.

Rosalie Tookey

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FALSE PEACE

Come down along the walk with me
And sit beside the fountain there ,
And watch the sparkling water rise
With sprays of rainbow in the air.

And we shall talk of simple things
And questions no one understands :
Of why things are so out of reach,
While yet we grasp them in our hands.

For here before us in the sun
is loveliness beyond compare ,
But through the shadow of our fears
We know it not, nor do we care.

What tranquil peace about us lies !
Within, what stormy tempests dwell
For far away our own men fight
And struggle with the gun and shell.

Somewhere the din of battle sounds
And wild death screams from sky and sea.
At home, the placid fountain dreams,
But such is not for you and me.

Rosalie Tookey

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INTERLUDE

I am a stranger in this busy town;
You are a stranger, too, and thus we meet.
The other people hurry to and fro
About their business, up and down the street.

How slow the hours when everything is strange!
But being strangers somehow makes us friends
Give me your handclasp, friend; then let us go
About the town until this day shall end.

Our friendship will not be one long enduring:
We're comrades only for a little while.
But someday, through the distance of the years,
We shall look back, remembering, and smile.

Rosalie Tookey

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The Ride To Town

The ride to town was long and hot, even though it was quite early in the morning. The sky seemed very pale and far away. At each puff of wind, little clouds of dust rose from the dry road. The wheat fields lay warm and golden in the sun, with each separate little shock standing jealously aloof from the others. Fields of clover, scattered here and there, were stifled in their own heavy fragrance. A rooster crowed from its perch in some distant hen house, a threshing machine rattled its way along the road, the eternal grasshoppers flew against the windshield.

Rosalie Tookey

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PRELUDE

Trees that nod in the wind,
Tall trees, empty and bare,
Where is the bloom of spring,
Where is the verdure--where?

Wind that tosses the trees,
Wind with chilling breath,
Where is the balm of spring,
Where is release from death?

Will these not come again?
"Will they not come, indeed!"
Answers the swelling bud,
Answers the springing seed.

Rosalie Tookey

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