

THE WAGES OF TIME .

Compelled to write by some deep inner urge
Moments speeding on, as wave succeeding wave
Speak to me beckoning words of haste,
The sands of time run out. Write on! Write on !
And as these thoughts on paper weave their pattern
Created from the wakening mind, concepts spring forth
Seek to find expression in the written word.
Useless it is to try and guess from what deep caves
Ideas spring forth to be expressed on printed page
Each cavern of the mind in dark recess
Must store some gleam of truth, some thought .
Yearning that half hidden truth to once express;
Some worded gem is found and caught
To be preserved in script for yet a future age.

That some one theme of mine writ down as here,
Will touch a troubl'd heart at future date;
Give it fresh strength, cleanse it from fear and doubt,
Is payment I can only pray to earn.

Others have cheered my way and smooth'd a path
Not always straight: Have poured on oil and wine,
Bound up wounds and set me on my road;
Cheered and bless'd as I had not thought to be :
Nor could I ever pay them back, because long since
Their due reward had come, for they in their desire for life,
Had left behind the printed word the rhym'd poem,

THE WAGES OF TIME.

That chanced upon by worldly eyes and mind
Used much to modern day and age,
Had ceased to inward look or care withal
What their brief vision might briefer still reveal.

When like some soothing hand laid cool on fever'd brow
The written word springs off the page,
Touches a secret chord long since grown around
By tares and weeds of a neglected past
Brings all that chord to vibrant life
Dashes all the clinging vines of doubt aside
Gives faith and courage to a fainting heart
Companionship in loneliness, succor to wounds
The while the mind but faintly grasps the theme,
Some still small voice speaks in accents low,
This, though long dead the author
This, and this alone, is true

If we believe in life eternal as many do.
Then in our living we are but passing thru this life on
And in our passing, touch each other, each other cheer,
Mid share'd doubts, companion fears,
We find a solace, lift each other up,
With lighter heart the other's burden share;
Our load not heavy if we hold forth the helping hand
And with it strengthen those whose groping feet,
Stumble o'er rocks of adversity or age;
Riches we have, wealth beyond the wildest dream
Can we, with others, share the written page.

THE WAGES OF TIME.

Compelled to write by some great inner urge
The minutes hastening on, like wave succeeding wave,
Speak to me, beckoning words of haste,
The sands of time run out ! Write on ! Write on !
And as these word on paper form,
Their pattern woven from the walled mind,
The mortar crumbles and the walls collapse
A mind springs free, and mid realms unknown
Seeks to express itself by medium of the written word.
Useless it is to try and guess from what dark caves
These thoughts spring forth to light:
Each cavern of the mind, each dark recess,
Must store some gleam of truth, some thought;
When yearning that half hidden truth to once express,
Some worded gem is found and caught
The pen writes on to paint it for posterity.
That some one theme of mine ^{writ down} expressed as here
Will touch some troubled heart at future date,
Give it fresh strength, cleanse it from fear and doubt
Is payment I can only pray to earn.
Others have cheered my way and smoothed a path
Not always straight: Have poured in oil and wine,

Bound up wounds and set me on my road,
Cheered and blessed as I had not thought to be,
Nor ever pay them back could I, because long since
Their great reward had come, for they in their desire
For life, had left behind the printed word the rhym'd poem
That chanced upon by worldly eyes,
Used much to modern day and age
Had ceased to inward look or care withal
What their brief vision might briefer still reveal.
laid?
When like some soothing hand cool on fevered brow
The written word sprang off the page
lighted Touched a secret ~~court~~ *chor* long since grown around
By tares and weeds of a neglected life
Brought all that *church vibrant* ~~court~~ *clinging* to life, dashed all the vines aside
Gave faith and courage to a fainting heart,
Companionship in loneliness, succor to wounds.
For while the mind but faintly grasped the theme
Some still small voice spoke in accents low,
This, though long dead the author, this and this alone
do is true.
If we believe in life eternal, as many claim,
Then in our living we are but passing from this life on
And in our passing touch each other, each other cheer
And mid share'd doubts, companion fears,
We find a solace, lift each other up,

With lighter heart the other's burden share.

We find our load not heavy if we but hold forth the
 And with it strengthen those whose groping feet,

Stumble o'er the rocks of adversity or age.

Riches we have, wealth beyond all mortal mind

Can we with others share the written page.

The Weages of Time G. L. J. Dec. 3/1908.

Compelled to write by some great inner urge
The minutes hastening on, like waves succeeding waves
Speak to me, beckoning words of haste,
The sands of time run out! Write on, write on!
And as these words on paper form
Their pattern woven from the walled mind
The mortar crumbles and the walls collapse
A mind springs free and new realms unknown
Seeks to express itself by medium of its written word.
Useless it is to try and guess from what dark ^{cares} ~~cares~~
These thoughts spring forth to light.
Each cavern of the mind each dark recess
Must store some ^{gem} ~~gem~~ of truth some thought
When yearning that half hidden truth to once express
Some wadded ^{gem} ~~thought~~ is found and caught
The pen flies on to paint it for posterity

That some one theme of mine expressed as here
Will touch some troubled heart at future date
Will strengthen it cleanse it from fear and doubt
Is payment I ~~can~~ only pray to earn.

Others have cheered my way and smoothed a path
Not always straight, have poured in oil and wine
Bound up wounds and set me on my road
Cheered and blessed as I had no strength to be

How ever pay them back could I, because long since
Their great reward had come, for they in their desire
For life had left behind the printed word the rhythm's poem

That shamed upon by worldly eyes
Used much to modern day and age
Had ceased to envious look or care initial
What their brief vision might brief still reveal.

When like some soothing hand cool on fevered brow
The written word sprang off the page
Touched a secret court long since grown around
By tares and weeds of a neglected life
Brought all that court to life, dashed all the ^{aside} ~~verses~~
Gave faith and courage to a fainting heart
Companionship in loneliness, succor to wounds.
For while the mind but faintly grasped the theme
Some still small voice ^{spoke} ~~speak~~ in accents low
This, though long dead the author, this and this
alone is true.

If we believe in life eternal as many claim
Then in our living we are but passing from this life on
And in our passing touch each other, each other cheer
And mid shad'd doubts and companion fear
We find a solace, lift each other up the others ^{share} ~~burden~~
We find our load the lighter if we but hold fast the helping hand
And with it help those whose groping feet,
Stumble o'er the rocks of adversity or age
Richer we have, wealth beyond all mortal mind
Can we with others read and share the written page.

Norman Turnbull
Dec 9th 1958.