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For Those Grown Old

By Wilhelmina Stitch

I pray you be not angry, hard or cold

With those grown old

Two things there be that torture me

(How shall such pain in rhyming lines be [told]?)

The sound of children crying bitterly,

And words like spears, hurled at the

[maimed?] old.

They are so tired; no longer are they girls
with youths brave armour warding off

Life's blows,

They are defenceless; very swiftly hurt;

One sharp word hurled, and lo? the hearts
blood flows.

They are so very tired; one never knows

When they may slip into the arms of Death

And sob like children lost and found again

And with this hurt, tear-laden breath

Till Death, the friend, how they've escaped
from pain.

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Oh, sin indeed to make the old weary of life;

They who have had their share of misery & strife

Oh, wrap your tenderness about them like a shawl

To comfort them and keep them from the cold

And let your love build up so high a wall _

The spears of life find not the [maimed? unarmed?] old

Copied by Carrie E. Williams

July 1928

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