

Seekers After Knowledge

Thomas A. Davis

Oh! Seekers after knowledge
Who search the dusty page,
Delving in books that are musty
And yellow and faded with age.

Books that hold the wisdom
Of sages, long past dead,
Who in their turn did follow
The paths that others led.

Use thou thy findings well,
For the glory of the race,
As did those bards of old
Who left an immortal trace.

So seek ye, O ye seekers.
Go, read the pages through,
Then use your valued learnings
To build the path anew.

Despair and Hope

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I feel the hopelessness of life,
The darkness of despair,
As if it were futility,
This dark quicksand of care.
It seems to me all uselessness,
The brunt and tear of toil.
Of what use is this ceaseless work
When evil seeks to foil?

But wake my soul! Cast off thy fear,
For e'en tho' death be near,
There ever is a greater hope,
A light that is most dear.
A lighthouse that forever shines
O'er life's dark, lonely sea,
And throws a ray that shines for aye
Far through eternity.

Guides Invisible

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We, through the labyrinthine ways
Of light and darkness, hours and days,
Grope, now in shadow, now with sight,
To find the Way, to do the Right.

Within this maze of right and wrong,
Of good and ill, of pain and song,
The unseen Guides of heaven tread
To lead the souls that will be led.

And oft, unseen, those Guides will stand
To turn our feet, to take our hand;
To lead us on the upward road,
To cheer our hearts, and lift our load.