

# **POEMS**

**JOHANNA FREEDMAN**



P O E M S

1956 - 1958

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## PREFACE

These poems were written by our daughter Johanna in Mallorca, the Ticino, and Barbados. At the start of our trip she was seven years old, when we returned she was nine.

Benedict & Nancy Freedman

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HOLY HOLY HOLY

A little robin up in a tree,  
Holy, holy, holy.

A little robin up in a tree,  
Holy, holy, holy.

Chirp, chirp, chirp,  
Holy, holy, holy.

THE LOVE OF GOD

The love of God which is known to thee  
Makes the apple on the tree.

The love of God which is in thy head  
Makes the laughter to be said.

The love of God which is so true  
Makes the birdies coo for you.

THE FLOWERS OF THE MORNING

The flowers of the morning,  
So sweet and nice and gay,  
Were never like my sweetheart,  
Who's now so dead and gray.

The flowers of the morning,  
So calm and full of colors,  
Were never like my sweetheart,  
That charming Miss Mullers.

The flowers of the morning,  
Of blue and red and brown,  
Were never like my sweetheart,  
Who's now way down down down.



## THE WANDERER

Lonely, silently, sadly wanders  
The Wanderer.

Bluntly does he walk through  
The quivering pines;  
Sadly does he  
Wander.

Silently does he pray, he is  
The silent.  
He is the lonely,  
He is the sad;

He wanders through the gates  
Of heaven.

THE SEA

The sea is mighty, rough with rage,  
And so becomes its depth and  
Age.

It shapes the world from round to long  
And always sings a thundrous  
Song.

The sea is mighty, rough and raging,  
Growing old but never  
Aging.

It pounds against the sharpened rocks  
And beats against the shipping  
Docks.

L'NORE

I had lost my sweet L'nore  
And had left the oaken door  
To begin my hopeless wander  
To the hills that you see yonder.

No woman's hand would I accept  
But the one that I still kept.  
And L'nore's voice I sometimes hear:  
"Love is life, and not to fear."

PROTEST AGAINST FISH

A Friday of bread  
Can send men to bed,  
And victuals they taste  
Like paper and paste;

Only a glutton  
Could dine on cold mutton;  
I never did care  
For bacon when rare;

But all are sweeter  
To see on a dish  
By any wise eater  
Than nothing but fish!

## THE OMINOUS TOAD

I'm here to tell the story  
Of Jack O'Rory  
And three of his twenty-one sons.

One was brave,  
One was bold,  
But the other was an ominous toad.

The brave one he was killed in war,  
The bold one died of fame;  
But the ominous toad,  
He lived to be so old,  
That he married a frightful dame.

FAIRYLAND

I wish I could fly to  
    Fairyland!

Where the roses are gold,  
Where the sun shines  
Day and night, and a new life  
Will unfold,

Where life is so bright  
That stars glow with wondrous ray  
In a new enchanting way,

To dine with fairies  
In that wonderful land  
Where there is gold, silver  
    And purple sand.

## WHO CAN EXPLAIN MISERY?

Who can explain misery?

It is something sad, yet something free,  
Something one cannot always see.  
A thing that has no meaning,  
A thing that has no end.  
Something unexplainable.  
A thing you cannot mend.

And as you push and as you pull,  
You can understand what misery is in full.  
Misery is a wordless wrong,  
Some unspoken word of destiny's throng.

## A CHILD

A child left alone  
Without a mother, without a home,  
Adopted with love,  
Finding the babe gentle as a dove.

And the babe promised much,  
Growing day by day with ruddy cheeks  
and such,  
And as it grew it blossomed day and  
night  
Till it came to a maiden with beauty  
bright.

And she came before the people,  
She came before them in the shadow  
of the steeple,  
And the envy she was of the women;  
Till one lady by the name of Dömen

Bethought herself of sweet Mary as  
dead.  
So she baked a pie with poison,  
And it soon sent poor Mary to bed.

And so Mary died  
From the woman who lied.



## BESIDES THAT

Besides that - quoth my love - besides that there are many things. The shoe maker. The candle maker. The apple picker. The garden man. All are things. But besides that, besides that, there are many other things a woman needs, many things...

A man is different. All he needs is:  
A tie. Clothes. Food. Wife.

Yet with a woman it is different. Besides that there is a time for birth. So yet, lieth the dead. Of all the different things there are many others never thought of till late.

Yet besides that, yes besides that, there will be a time for you to give. A great thing. But I will say again, there are other things. But besides that, besides that -- There his voice died away...

Still I thought that there were other things besides that.