

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Annie Louisa Walker**

**- poems -**

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## **The Night Cometh**

Work! for the night is coming;  
Work! through the morning hours;  
Work! while the dew is sparkling;  
Work! 'mid the springing flowers;  
Work! while the day grows brighter,  
Under the glowing sun;  
Work! for the night is coming,--  
Night, when man's work is done.

Work! for the night is coming;  
Work! through the sunny noon;  
Fill the bright hours with labour,  
Rest cometh sure and soon.  
Give to each flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work! for the night is coming,--  
Night, when man works no more.

Work! for the night is coming;  
Under the sunset skies,  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work! for the daylight flies;  
Work! till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work! while the night is darkening,--  
Night, when man's work is o'er.

Annie Louisa Walker

## Women's Rights

You cannot rob us of the rights we cherish,  
Nor turn our thoughts away  
From the bright picture of a "Woman's Mission"  
Our hearts portray.

We claim to dwell, in quiet and seclusion,  
Beneath the household roof,--  
From the great world's harsh strife, and jarring voices,  
To stand aloof;--

Not in a dreamy and inane abstraction  
To sleep our life away,  
But, gathering up the brightness of home sunshine,  
To deck our way.

As humble plants by country hedgerows growing,  
That treasure up the rain,  
And yield in odours, ere the day's declining,  
The gift again;

So let us, unobtrusive and unnoticed,  
But happy none the less,  
Be privileged to fill the air around us  
With happiness;

To live, unknown beyond the cherished circle,  
Which we can bless and aid;  
To die, and not a heart that does not love us  
Know where we're laid.

Annie Louisa Walker