

*Joseph Labadie*

# Holiday Sentiments

1933-32

Freedom.

I long for freedom everywhere, I dream of freedom every day, I talk for freedom here and there. And freedom's aye my muse's lay.

Who Truly Live.

Nor lands, nor flocks, nor gold A noble soul bewitch,

And only those who hold

The graces sweet are rich.

Who work and love and give

Of their abundant store Are they who truly live

And get returned much more.

If You Love Me.

O if you love me tell me so And ease my heart of weighty woe And with assurance make it glow.

O if you love me tell me, sweet, A love that's dumb is incomplete And fullest joys thus meet defeat.

O if you love me make me feel That you are helpful, fond and leal, And that I'm needful to your weal.

If you have flowers for me, dear, Wait not to place them on my bier, . But let their fragrance sooth me here,

O if you love me tell me so In velvet words with accents low And do the things that make me know.

New Year.

We slip thru time as a ship full sailed

Glides thru an oily sea Full tilt for the grave, the port unknown Unknown the consignee.

Each year goes by as but a day,

We in the dark pursue A hope that makes for Happiness

What I today wish you.

The Anarchist Library  
Anti-Copyright  
May 21, 2012



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Detroit.

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