

# The Roanoke News.

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## Fulfillment.

The following poem we take from the Daily more Weekly Sun. It was written by Miss Sue Hunter of Virginia, who is a niece of Dr. Willis Jones, a great grand daughter of Willis Jones. It is a beautiful poem and will be read with pleasure by all who appreciate true poetry.

To day, with joyful heart closed to sleep, I gazed Above the fair sun splendor of the land, While from the dust the wild flowers gently My tired feet with soft caressing hands.

Oh rich creation of this underworld! Where fragrant floods noiselessly beat, Drowsing grasses dewily impared.

How like a child's world without a bairn, Ah well! I wish the world without bairns And woe because it falls about my feet!

III.

The moon does melt from the deepening sky, Let all the birds in odorous showers intermix; The water, like a child, under the waters, And fair, and hence unreach'd, a deathless thirr.

IV.

In my hands I hold and blossoms bear,

My fingers feel the petals noiselessly beat,

And when I touch them, still spring up fresh and fair.

That it shall rest its blossoms on my heart!

V.

One rich creation of this underworld:

Where fragrant floods noiselessly beat,

Drowsing grasses dewily impared.

How like a child's world without a bairn,

Ah well! I wish the world without bairns And woe because it falls about my feet!

VI.

The moon does melt from the deepening sky,

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VII.

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X.

In my hands I hold and blossoms bear,

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XI.

In my hands I hold and blossoms bear,

My fingers feel the petals noiselessly beat,

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In my hands I hold and blossoms bear,

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XX.

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