



Samantha Joyce

A Heart Full of Poems



Museum of Moments -
Tuesday September 23,
2008 Uxbridge, Ontario

Samantha Joyce serves tea
with a beautiful apple tea cake
from a local bakery
and introduces her collection
of favourite poems.

The Gift

by Bliss Carman



*I said to life "how comes it with all this wealth in store
Of beauty, joy and knowledge, The cry is still for more".*

*Court all the years of striving to make the burden less –
The things designed and fashioned to gladden thy success!*

*The treasure sought and gathered, thy lightest whim to please –
The loot of all the ages, the spoil of all the seas!*

*Is there no end of labour, no limit to thy need,
Must man go bound forever in bondage to they greed.*

*With tears of pride and passion she answered, God above!
I only wait the asking, to spend it all for love!*

Poems Recalled by Samantha Joyce



SITTING IN HER HOME on July 23, 2008 in Uxbridge, Ontario, Samantha Joyce shared some 'moments' about her life long enjoyment of poetry. She told how poetry is an artistic way of expressing the moments in life that touch our emotions. Poetry explains these moments so we can understand how lives and events unfold.

Samantha Joyce was born in 1932 in Prince Edward Island, Canada and grew up near Charlottetown. Although she eventually married and spent most of her adult life in Toronto, she feels a strong bond with Prince Edward Island. Her recollections of life on the Island are reflected in the poems she recalls. The scent of the sea, the first Mayflower blooming and gardens fill her memories of Prince Edward Island. Living on an island, she recalled how it felt 'contained' as people knew that the land was surrounded by water - in this sense, it felt safe. Island life was quite insular. "Prince Edward Island seemed cradled in the waves"...

During her school years, teachers asked the students to recite particular poems and Samantha still recites poems. The poetry of Bliss Carman, Carman, Marjorie Pickthall, Pauline Johnson, Alex Colville, Charles G.D. Roberts, Wilford Campbell, Archibald Lampman, Henry Woodsworth Longfellow, W.B. Yeats, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Wilson MacDonald, Leigh Hunt and William Shakespeare are recalled as 'moments' in Samantha Joyce's life. Some of these writers are well know Canadian poets and others are poets of the English language.

The following pages reveal 'moments' in poetry, where messages shed light on how our culture recalls lives past and present yet these timeless messages speak for the future. Poetry expresses the emotive response to human interaction with nature and other living things.

*"There is a part of me that knows, beneath in certitude and fear;
I shall not perish when I pass, beyond mortality's frontier."*

—Bliss Carman, 1921

Vagabond Song

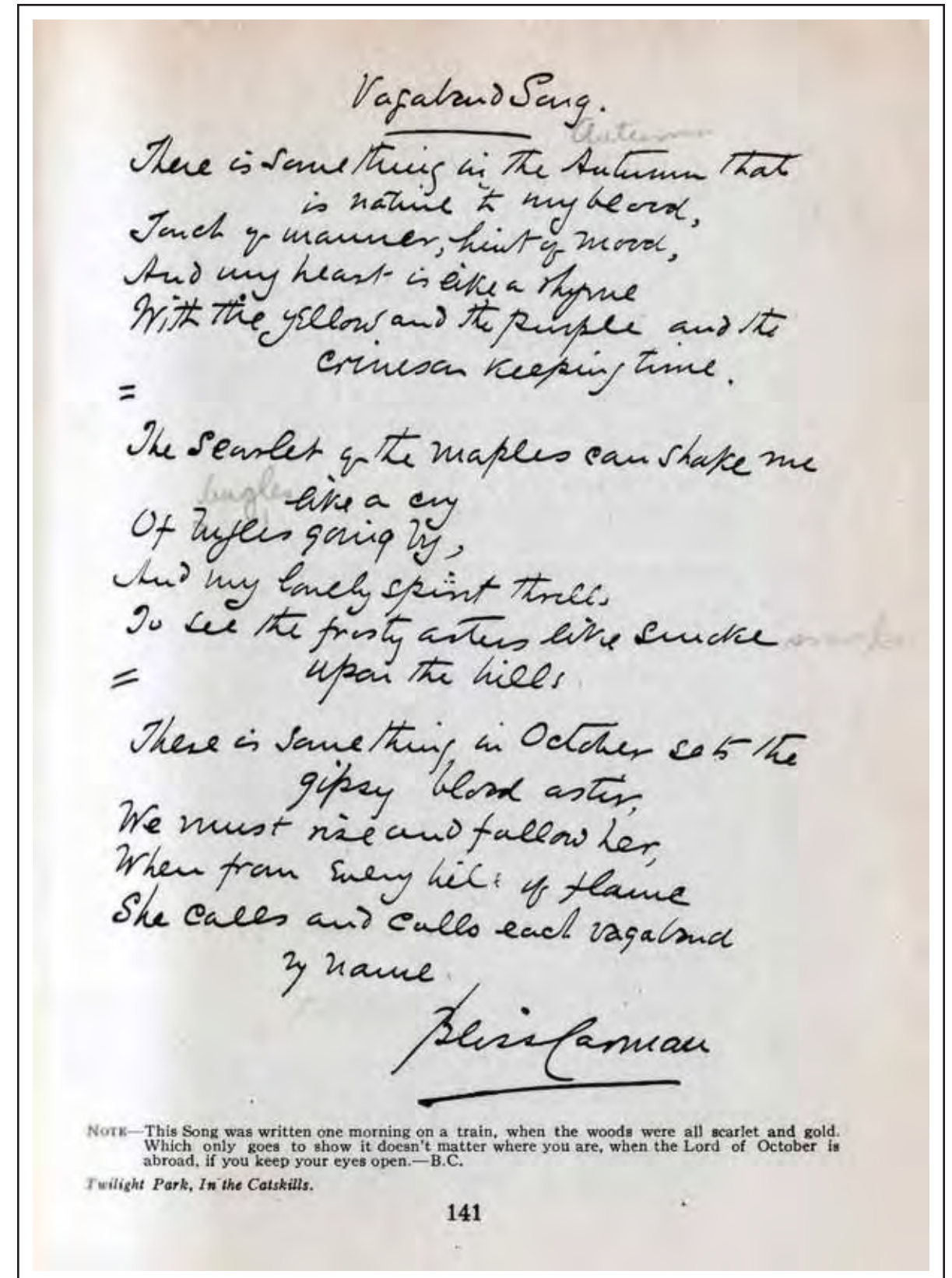
by Bliss Carman
1861-1929



There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood --
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.



Vagabond Song Handwritten by Bliss Carman
This poem was written while Bliss Carman road on a train.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

175.

The Song my Paddle sings

WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest,
 Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
 The sail is idle, the sailor too ;
 Oh ! wind of the west, we wait for you.
 Blow, blow !
 I have wooed you so,
 But never a favour you bestow.
 You rock your cradle the hills between,—
 But scorn to notice my white lateen.
 I stow the sail and unship the mast ;
 I wooed you long, but my wooing 's past ;
 My paddle will lull you into rest ;
 O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
 Sleep, sleep !
 By your mountains steep,
 Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
 Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
 For soft is the song my paddle sings.
 August is laughing across the sky,
 Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
 Drift, drift,
 Where the hills uplift
 On either side of the current swift.
 The river rolls in its rocky bed,
 My paddle is plying its way ahead,
 Dip, dip,
 When the waters flip
 In foam as over their breast we slip.

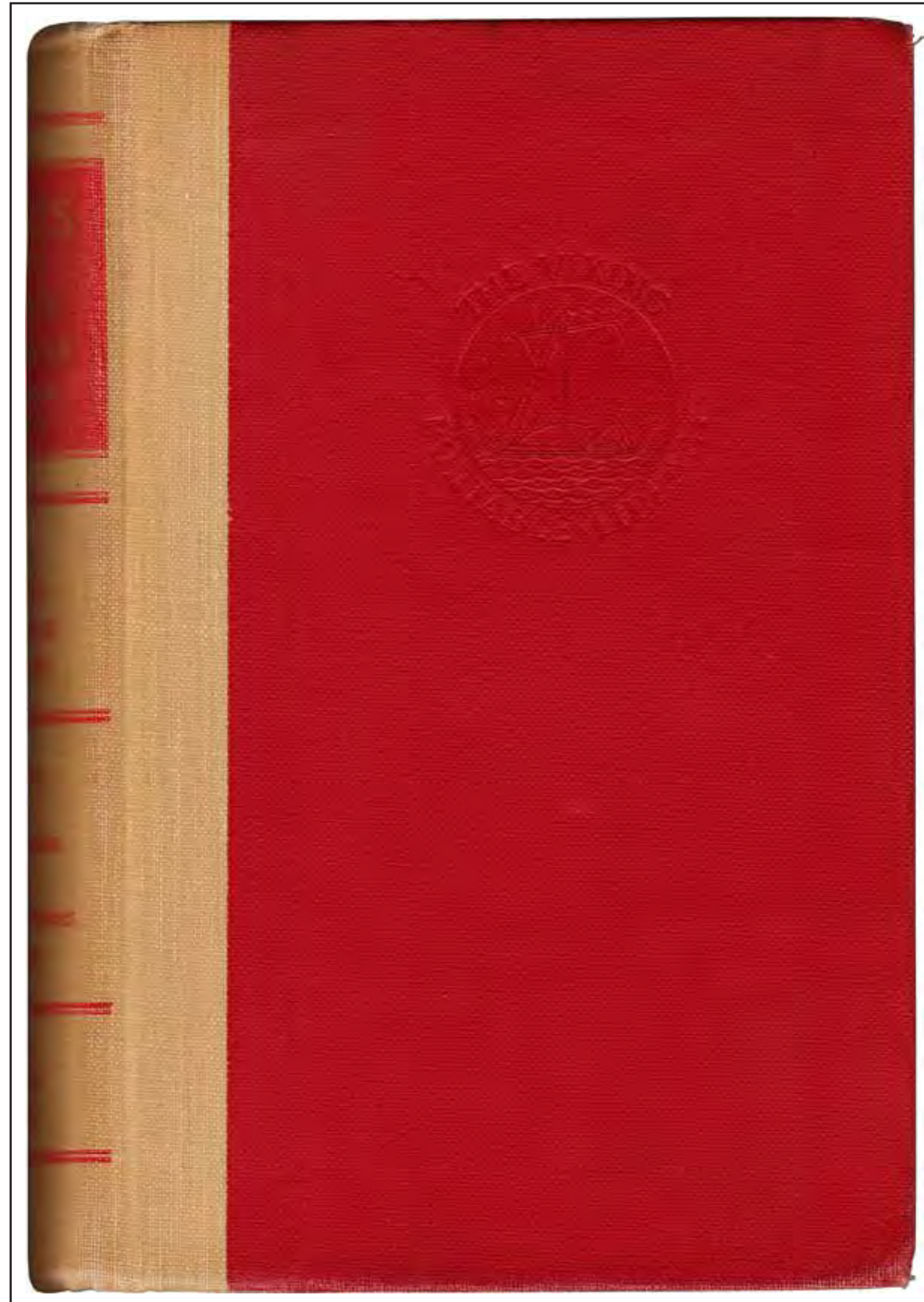
And oh, the river runs swifter now ;
 The eddies circle about my bow ;
 Swirl, swirl,
 How the ripples curl
 In many a dangerous pool awhirl !
 And far to forward the rapids roar,
 Fretting their margin for evermore ;
 Dash, dash,
 With a mighty crash,
 They seethe and boil and bound and splash.

Be strong, O Paddle ! be brave, Canoe !
 The reckless waves you must plunge into.
 Reel, reel,
 On your trembling keel,
 But never a fear my craft will feel.

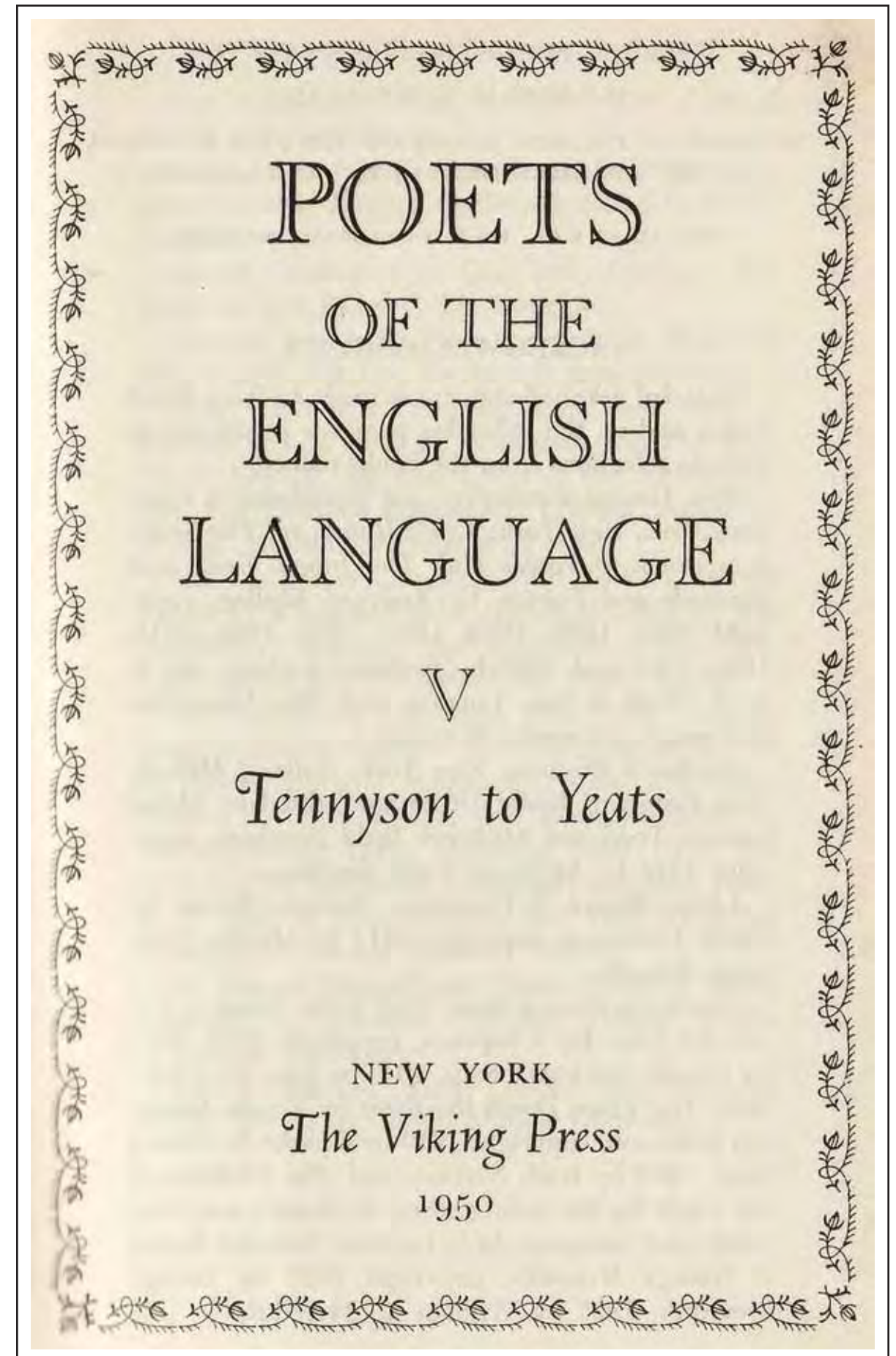
We've raced the rapids ; we're far ahead ;
 The river slips through its silent bed.
 Sway, sway,
 As the bubbles spray
 And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
 A fir-tree rocking its lullaby
 Swings, swings,
 Its emerald wings,
 Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

Be strong, O Paddle ! be brave, Canoe !
 The reckless waves you must plunge into.



Poets of the English Language V
New York, The Viking Press, 1950

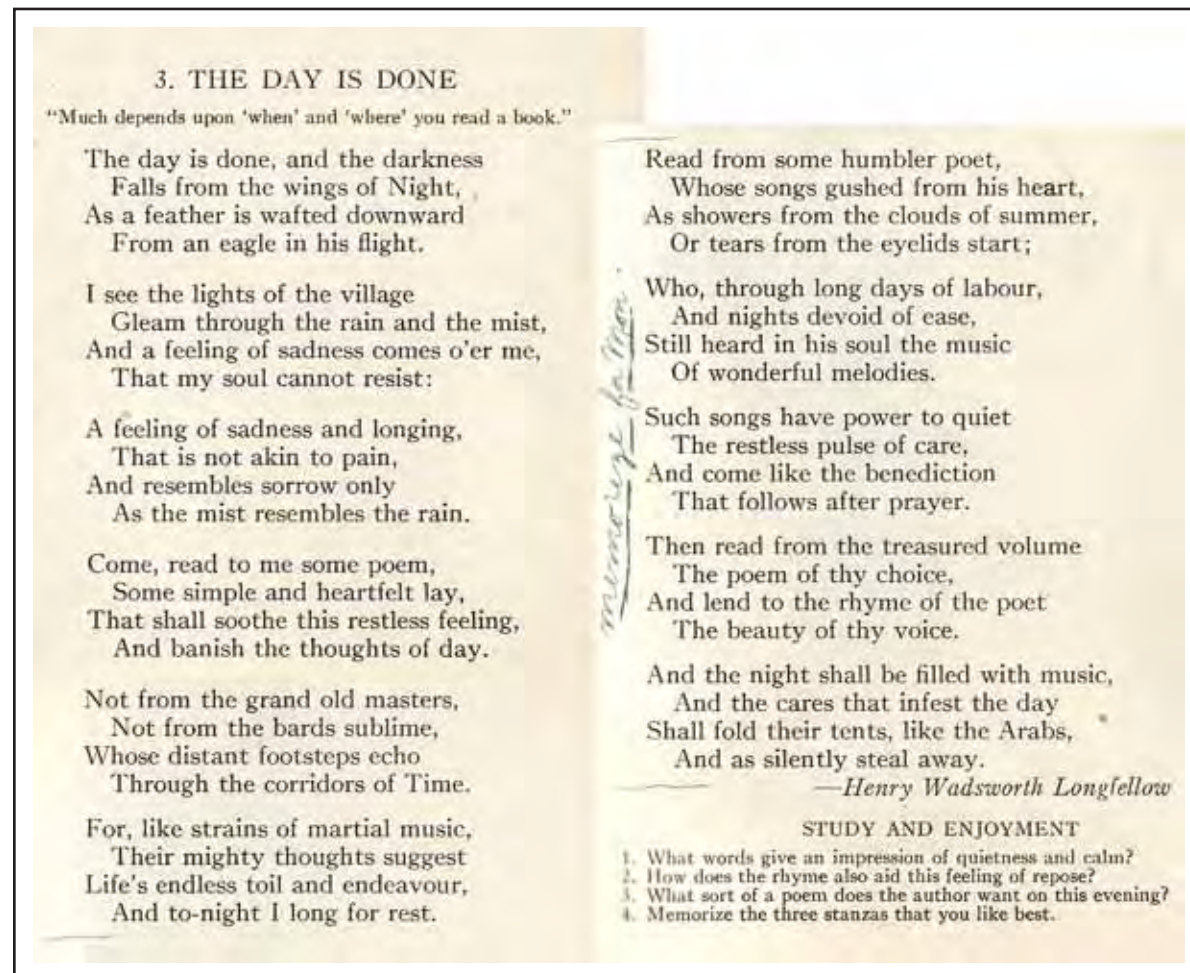


Paudeen

Indignant at the fumbling wits, the obscure spite
Of our old Paudeen in his shop, I stumbled blind
Among the stones and thorn trees, under morning light;
Until a curlew cried and in the luminous wind
A curlew answered; and suddenly thereupon I thought
That on the lonely height where all are in God's eye,
There cannot be, confusion of our sound forgot,
A single soul that lacks a sweet crystalline cry.

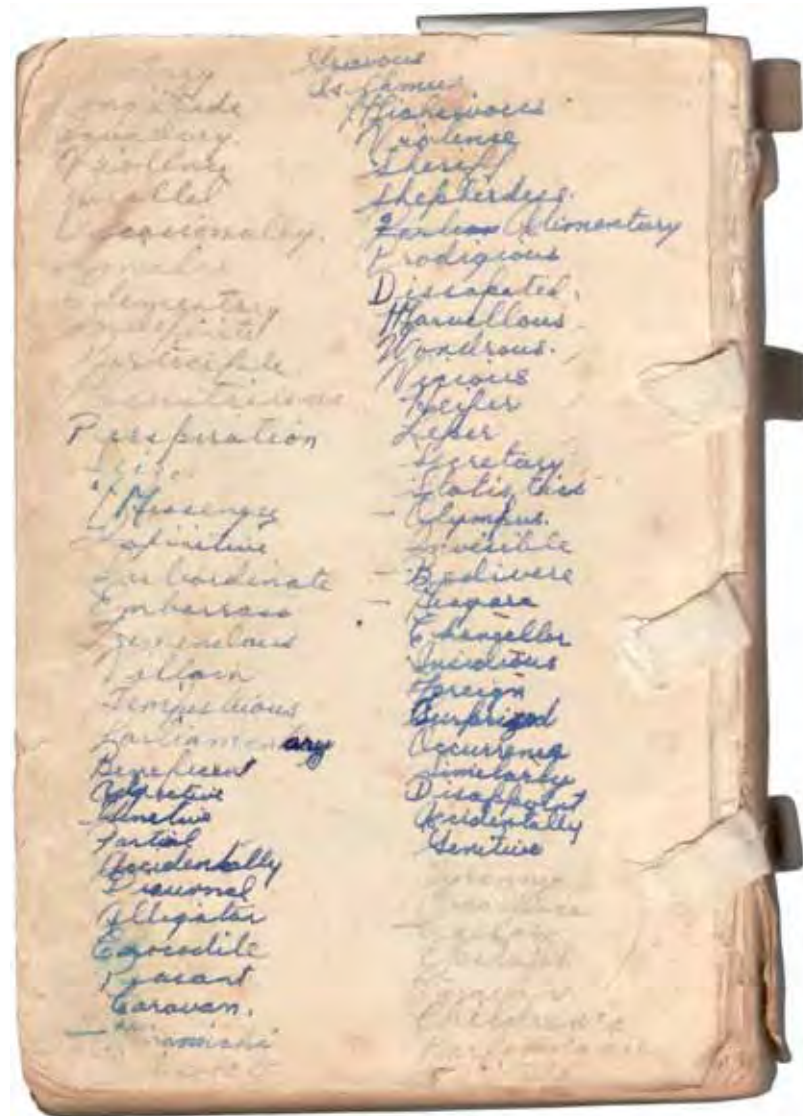
Paudeen
by William Butler Yeats

—
all are in God's eye,
—



The Day Is Done
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"Much depends upon 'when' and 'where' you read a book."

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.



Back page of Samantha Joyce primary school reader

These poems, expressions of nature and human relationships, are moments from the museum of Samantha Joyce's life, documented on a sunny afternoon in July 2008, Uxbridge, Ontario.