

SONGS 

OF

 IREDELL

SARAH A. HEINZERLING



Harold Scott

With Easter greetings
from the author,

Sarah A. Heinzeling

Handwritten signature or initials in blue ink, possibly reading "Handwritten" or similar, located in the upper left quadrant of the page.

Songs of Gredell

By

SARAH A. HEINZERLING

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Sarah A. Heinzerling
Statesville, N. C.

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Besides original verse not previously published, this booklet contains lately revised selections from the author's magazine, THE PIONEER, which suspended publication in 1928. For permission to reprint other selections she is indebted to: *The North Carolina Poetry Review; The Home Department Magazine; The Golden Age; The Charlotte Observer; The News and Observer; The Statesville Daily; The Reidsville Review; and other State papers.*

Thanks are also returned to the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs for the privilege of using the prize poem "WILLOW WHISTLES."

FOREWORD

The Author was born on September the 11th, 1862, in Reidsville, N. C., and grew up with that progressive town. Her maiden name was Sarah Anderson Chance, but she is now Mrs. J. E. Heinzerling and, since 1911, she and her family have resided in Statesville, N. C.

Her parents, William Anderson Chance and Elizabeth Jane Allen Chance, were also born and reared in Rockingham county, in the vicinity of Reidsville, and all of her grandparents were natives of North Carolina. With so much "tar on her heel", she could not help loving the State, its climate and its people.

After writing verse for many years, she is now collecting such as she cares to preserve, for publication in small booklets. *THE PINES OF ROCKINGHAM* and other Poems, released in May, 1934, was the first of the series, and *SONGS OF IREDELL* is the second. Both are privately printed.

Mrs. Heinzerling is an enthusiastic clubwoman, an active member of both local and national organizations, including the U. D. C.; the Community Club; the Statesville Woman's Club;; the North Carolina Poetry Society; the State Literary and Historical Association, and the National League of American Pen Women. She has written under a number of pseudonyms, but her luckiest is Sanderson Chance, used when she won the Poetry Cup, given by the Literature Department of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs for the best short poem entered in their 1933-34 contest. This lyric, entitled *Willow Whistles*, is given the place of honor in *SONGS OF IREDELL*.

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To the Old North State
Where the highways smooth and wide,
Stretch along through changing miles
Of lovely country-side;
Summer days and winter days
Inviting all to ride;
I dedicate these little songs,
Their worth she must decide.

SARAH A. HEINZERLING

SONGS OF IREDELL

WILLOW WHISTLES

Oh, it's time for making whistles!
Let us go—let us go,
To the wild secluded places
Where lilting streamlets flow;
Where graceful pussy-willows
In a shining silver throng,
Are dancing by the waters
To the music of their song.

It is time for making whistles
That will blow—that will blow;
For the green is on the upland,
The woods and hedges glow;
The South Wind wafts a greeting—
The birds a welcome sing;
Oh, it's time for willow whistles
To pipe in praise of Spring!

APPEAL TO POESY

Sweet Poesy, I knock upon thy door;
Let those closed portals open wide to me?
I crave the beauty of thy face to see;
And knock again, with bolder hand, and more
Determined will than I have used before.
Behold, how fast the precious moments flee
To join the hours that nevermore shall be;
I now demand, where once I did implore!

Alas, it opens not—it opens not,
To sweet entreaty nor to fierce desire!
Is there some secret word—some magic name,
That all must utter on this sacred spot,
Whose spirits long to reach the inner fire
Of Poesy, and bask within its flame?

TO SONNET WRITERS

Who follows Shakespeare's lead should be prepared
For adverse winds of ridicule that sweep,
About the minor poets who have dared
The crags of thought no weakling mind may leap.
Where genius soars, the lesser spirit crawls,
Toward the heights it strives in vain to reach;
Where genius stands secure, the tyro falls
Into miasmie bogs of futile speech.
But there are lovely vales that lie between
The lofty summits scaled by Avon's Bard,
Where those who wish, may travel safe, serene,
And find the journey neither rough nor hard.
Take thou the valley road, O poet friend,
And reap, not fame, but pleasure, in the end.