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World's Fair Poems



BY THE

ST. LOUIS POETESS

Lelah Harrison Brown



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The White City.

Behold the White City
That beckons far and near,
That gathers from the universe,
A million gifts appear.
Her massive walls protruding,
Her rising pinnacles,
Her shining roofs alluding,
Her columns there descend.

Behold her in her splendor,
Whose very name displays
Great progress of the ages,
Her avenues and ways ;
Her march upon yon centuries
Forever dead and past
To-day shall shine victorious—
The modern and the fast.

Her court-like domes and buildings,
Her palatial facades
Surrounding views of Orient,
Her winding balustrades ;
Her hills and vales ascending,
Her million lights aglow,
Her precious Niagara
O'er rocks of mineral flow.

Beyond her varied industries
Gleam countries of the world,
Who stand beside America
With banners all unfurl'd,
Of every tongue and color,
Bedeck the great Midway
A mark—a representative—
In the progress of to-day.

Her thousand wheels revolving,
Her batteries resound
Like some dark ocean liner
Through deadly waves rebound
Or groan upon the surf
Of the ever-sinking brine,
When this great spectacular opens
In this glorious modern time.

When Stars and Stripes shall flutter
Beside the Orient,
And songs shall rise together
Of every dialect,
Where the greatest of Expositions
Upon a strip of land,
Bespeak a rural byway
Transplanted by man.

Surrounding dells and gardens,
The fair Jerusalem;
No more the winter hardens
The dancing waterfalls,

The brilliant flow electrical
Shall capture every eye
That views the panorama—
They dare not pass her by.

Although our foreign brother
May not just prove us well,
His space will not be missing
Upon the flowery dell,
For Japan shall spell ilumi
Upon this glorious site,
And the rockets of to-morrow
May be canceled in the night.

And o'er the great White City
A thousand flags unfurl'd
May echo peace and safety
To great countries of the world,
Who hath gained upon the ages
In velocity of speed,
In great electrical forces—
The greatest of man's need.

To send a thousand messengers
Across the ocean deep,
From foreign shores responding
The nations hear and speak.

Worth of the Exposition.

Though it has cost her many millions
To have the great World's Fair,
A million hearts will gladden
And a million eyes will stare.

To view the rare exhibits
From nations far and wide
Will be a living benefit
Upon every human side.

Where energy has spared no seconds
In the race for rapid skill,
In the face of bold activity
Flow in and out at will.

Where science has proved ethereal,
Inventions paramount,
Great strides in education
Too numerous to count.

In unity they have struggled
With a never-ceasing tire,
With sheerness of sight and strategy,
To master heat and light.

Religion in the days of Genesis,
The primitive and the new,
The same God stirs the universe,
The Christian and the Jew.

Alike He calls to nations
From the uttermost parts of earth,
Reveals through man His being
From the cradle of His birth.

So He stands to-day as Master,
In the likeness of His God,
A prince, a bard, a ruler,
In His hands He holds the rod.

And now this anniversary
Which the world hath called to serve;
May it excite man's animation
In the strength of God to serve.

Where living founts now opened
From every field and stage,
From the crudest to the fittest,
In this wide, progressive age.

The New St. Louis.

There'll be a new St. Louis
In this city of the West,
The seat of the great metropolis,
Where all classes will be blest.

While the clamor and the tumult,
With her endless wheels afloat,
Shall awaken every fibre
Of the palatial court.

There'll be some faint resemblance
Of the old one come and gone,
The mud will be some harder
And the winds will sometimes mourn.

However they will frolic
With the bonnets as they sail,
The mothers-in-law will jabber
For the pouring down of hail.

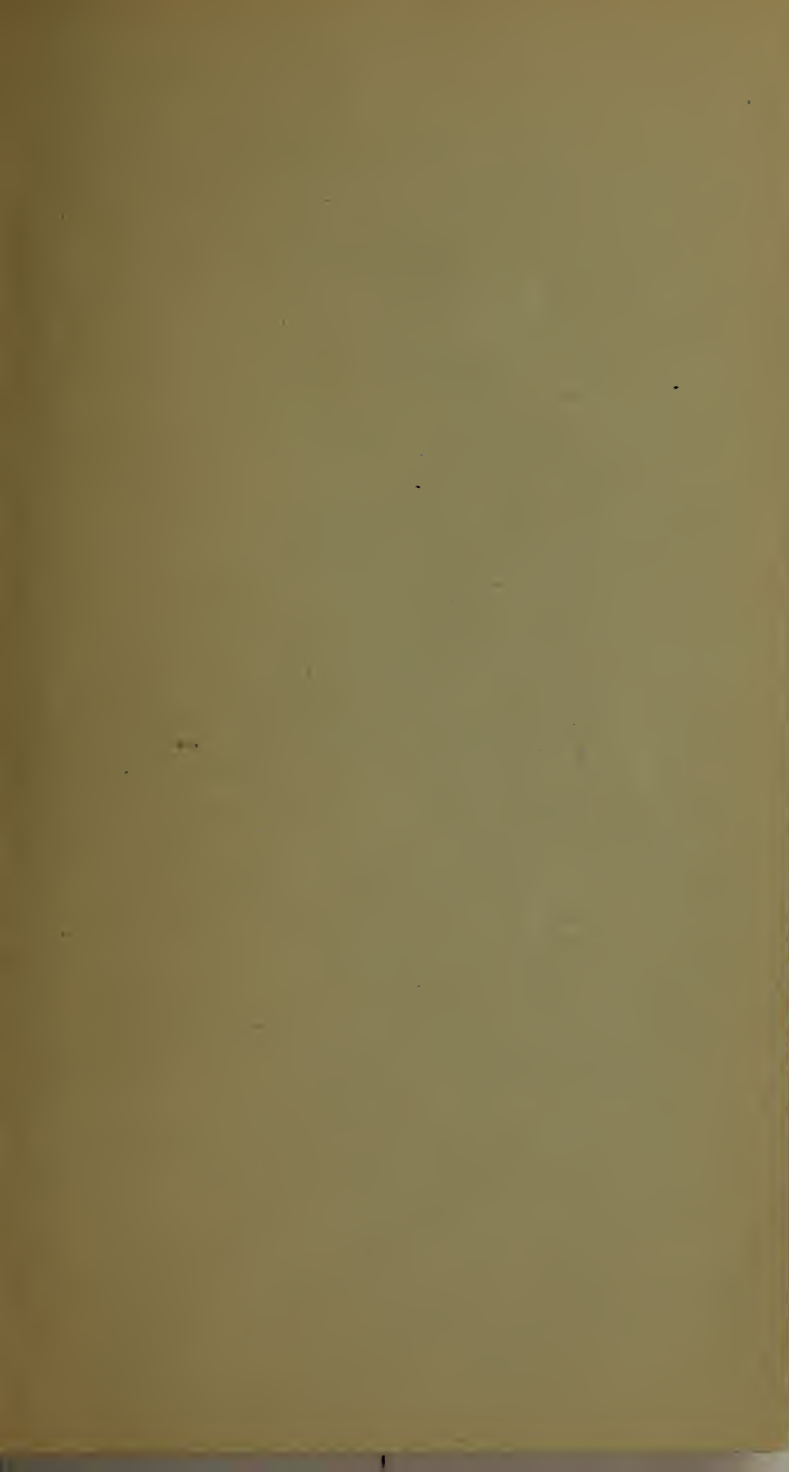
And the men will say, "'Tis nothing
To compare with Buffalo;"
The old maid will regret it
That she didn't catch a beau.

And the stately troop of old maids
Will be prominent in the game,
Who make out boys are worthless,
But they like them all the same.

And when the Fair is over,
What a solemn, solemn grave—
The parks will all be empty
With a discontented wave.

And the people will be wishing
For another glorious Fair,
But not to show St. Louis,
For she's had enough to share.

So it is the great forthcoming—
Not the glory of the real—
That unites our imagination
With the ever-turning wheel.



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