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THE BRIGHT SIDE
LIVING

And OTHER POEMS

CHARLES WAYNE RAY





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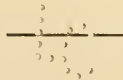
CHARLES WAYNE RAY, A. M., D. D.,

Author of

*“Bible Questions Answered”, “Heart Echoes”
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CONTENTS

Dedication	12
The Happy Hoosier.....	13
Keep Smiling	15
Old Year Dying.....	16
By the Sea of Galilee.....	18
Summer Dreams	20
The Bright Side of Living.....	20
My House.....	22
The Boy's Play.....	23
Troubles That Never Come.....	23
When a Feller Needs a Friend.....	24
Tim Penny	25
Why I Stole.....	26
Jesus Save Me.....	27
Faith	28
The Dawn at Sea.....	28
The Starry Night.....	29
Mother	30
Acrostic	30
Thinking	31
Poetical Medley	32
Standing Alone	33
Battle of Life.....	35
Don't be in a Hurry.....	35
Crossing the Delaware.....	36
Weep With Him.....	37
Springtime in the Woodland.....	38
Song of the Bird.....	39
My Little Farm.....	40
Th' Auld Gate.....	41
The Fussy Farmer.....	41

Happy Farmer	42
Nebraska Gem of the Prairie.....	43
Sorrow Everywhere	46
The Miser	47
The Highway	47
True to Your Duty.....	48
Slaying an Enemy.....	48
Waiting Time	49
I Want to Keep Living.....	50
Curing Gossipers	51
Only a Tear.....	52
At Virgil's Tomb.....	53
The Arab Bedouins.....	54
My Neighbor	55
Faithful Mohammedan	56
My Friend	57
The North Wind.....	58
The Broken Heart.....	59
John Luschen	59
Buying a Gun.....	60
Hide Away	61
Bella Signorina	61
Happy Lives	62
Venice the Beautiful.....	62
Back to Italy.....	64
Call of the Sea.....	65
Count Yourself Rich.....	66
Man is Often Blind.....	66
Loch-Lomond	67
The Honest Laddie.....	68
The Unnoticed	69
Those Troubles.....	70
How the Soul Lives.....	71
Funny World	72
King Pharaoh.....	73
The Poor Dog.....	74
Dreary Old Age.....	75

Winter Has Come.....	75
Keine Brot.....	76
Meine Heimat.....	77
My Cottage.....	77
The Beggar Boy.....	77
Writing Verses.....	79
Mercy Show.....	79
I Love Him.....	80
Getting a Welcome.....	81
Sleep.....	81
The Night Before Christmas.....	82
Tomorrow is Christmas.....	83
Nature's Temple.....	83
Acrostic.....	84
The Poet's Theology.....	84
The Broken Pansy.....	85
Fleeting Life.....	86
Easter.....	86
The Red Bird.....	87
You're Out.....	87
Work.....	88
Man's Fate.....	89
The Good Man Dies.....	90
The Window of the Soul.....	90
When all Our Ships Come in.....	91
Waitin' for Fame.....	92
The Halted Traveler.....	94
Abraham Lincoln.....	95
Sonnet of Gladness.....	96
The Dying Soldier.....	97
Eulogy to Our Heroes.....	98
The End of the Road.....	99
A Misty Day.....	100
Evening Bells.....	101
Pushing Out to Sea.....	102
Home at Last.....	103

DEDICATION

*To the precious memory of my true
devoted parents, William R. Ray and
Hester A. Ray, of Riley, Indiana,
this little volume of poems is ten-
derly and lovingly dedicated by
THE AUTHOR.*

THE HAPPY HOOSIER

I met a happy Hoosier on a summer day,
"Give me a dime," he said, "I pray."

But I said to him, "I'm broke you see,
You can have any dime you find on me."

When I informed him I was broke
He didn't even wait to joke;

But a happy Hoosier still was he
Although he got no dime from me.

Then he hastened away without a frown
As tho' I had given him half a crown.

I don't know why we need to cry
Or often heave a mournful sigh,

Whether in truth you're really broke
Or just pretend it in a joke.

If you travel round in this big world,
You'll find a lot of folks need gold;

For, O, so many that you see
Have just been broke, or soon will be.

But what is gained by feeling bad?
Cheer up my friend, and don't look sad;

For it doesn't cost much to give a smile
But it will wear for many a mile.

I am so glad the air is free
And so is talk in some degree;

But when you've money, don't forget
To pay your bills without regret.

Now happy Hoosier come again
And always make your story plain;

Speak to the point and don't stretch out
All the news you know about;

For there're so many bores in life
Who fill the world with pesky strife;

They visit with such a clattering tongue
That you are glad when they are gone.

Let me kindly you implore
Leave in time to call once more.

Happy Hoosier keep your smile,
It will wear for many a mile;

In the sunshine, in the shadow,
On the hilltop, in the meadow,

Even when the world is dark
In your heart may be a spark.

Never waver in your scheme
If you have a worthy theme.

Happy Hoosier keep the track
For you'll draw some others back,

Who, in other days gone by
Left the path but heaved a sigh.

Out in doubt and deep dismay
They have spent the long, long day.

Now to you is left a mission,
Go on a divine commission:

Cheerful, glad and happy be
Good luck ever stay with thee;
Keep your smile, altho' you're broke
It's a treasure, not a joke.

KEEP SMILING

Just keep on a smilin'
And scatter all frowns away,
Then your life will be more happy
And your heart will be more gay.

For the smiles will cure the blues;
Then let the sunshine in,
And cheerfulness will help you
In all your struggles to win.

So don't forget your smilin'
When the day is dark and drear,
And the task is long and irksome
And no one says "take cheer."

O, it's smilin' always smilin'
That'll brighten the darkest day,
Yes, 'twill fill your soul with heaven
And 'twill lengthen out your pay;

For frowns and scowls and worries
Kill many big, strong men,
And defeat them in their duties,
Hindering nine out of ten.

But smilin' lifts the heavy heart
And brightens the eye that's dim;
It fills and thrills and generates
The power that gives men vim.

So, break up the frowns and wrinkles
With many happy daily smiles;
And your heart will keep a singin'
While you travel miles of smiles.

THE OLD YEAR DYIN'

I was jist a thinkin'
How the year is almost past,
Ah, this very night I'm thinkin',
Is the night that goes the last.

I am thinkin' of the days
That one by one sped by
And now it seems a little sad
The old year soon must die.

But dyin' comes to everything,
To man and beast and bird,
And I reckon it comes to passin' time
As you have often heard.

If I could jist go back a step
And change a day or two,
I wouldn't be a carin'
If time and I were through.

But it's jist as true as ever
That a day we can't recall,
But it's also very pleasant
God is good to each and all.

So I am jist a thinkin'
Of the good I've tried to do
While the old year is a dyin'
And the new a comin' too.

But, as I keep a thinkin'
To me it's doubly sad
To know so many duties
I've done so very bad.

I couldn't be a saint
Like Uncle Deacon Brown,
And always keep a wearin'
My religion and a crown;

For cows I've been a milkin'
And pigs a feedin' too
And workin' all around the farm
To get a cent or two.

But cows and pigs don't care a whit
Whether you're a saint or sinner,
But if they're cold and hungry
They simply want their dinner.

That's jist why I'm a thinkin'
About the year that's past;
And wonderin' how it happens
I lived to see the last.

Well, I jist about decided
 That God does not intend
 That I should break my neck
 Tryin' all my ways to mend.

Yes, I hear a bell a ringin'
 And its chimes are very sweet;
 I think it is our sexton
 A callin' us to meet.

So I must be a goin'
 And thinkin' as I go;
 For the old year is a dyin'
 And the new a comin' too.

BY THE SEA OF GALILEE

(This poem was written by Rev. Chas. Wayne Ray, D.D., on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, June 23, 1907, while he was on a tour of the Holy Land.)

It is on a Sunday's morning
 All alone I speak to Thee,
 As I'm sitting by the sea-side
 On the shores of Galilee.

Can it be, Oh, Lord of Heaven,
 That I'm here beside the sea;
 All alone beside the waters
 In the land of Galilee?

Oh, beautiful sea of Galilee,
 My hand I bathe in thee,
 As thy billows wash the lea
 Where my Jesus used to be.

Here my Savior walked in darkness
As He sought to save the lost;
And to care for His disciples
As their ship in danger tossed.

Long, long years have passed since then
Yet my Lord will come once more,
To welcome home on the glory shore
Many whose sorrows are o'er.

Help me Jesus, by the sea-side
To surrender all to Thee;
And to always love and cherish
All that God would have me be.

Help me Savior now to enter
In a closer walk with Thee;
May my all to Thee be given
On the shores of Galilee.

Yes, I'm coming blessed Jesus,
For that fellowship divine,
And I learn from Holy Scripture
All those blessings shall be mine.

Now I see my way is open
At the door my Savior stands;
Soon I'll run to greet Him
And to clasp His blessed hands.

The act is done, Oh Prince of Peace,
And I have once more found release,
Seal my deed with solemn grace,
May my joys of Heaven increase.

Now I'm sitting by the sea
As the waves leap up to me,
Each one sparkling seems to say
"Trust the Lord, and you'll be free."

So I'm sitting here alone,
Far from friends and far from home;
Only two, my Lord and me,
On the shores of Galilee.

SUMMER DREAMS

The sweet dreams of the summer
Of the field and bird and rose,
Open to me the charms and beauties
That in the woodlands do repose.

The fragrance of the flowers bloom
Kissed my sad cheek with a smile,
Now as I work the long, long day
I feel that life's worth while.

But summer soon is gone and then—
Comes the winter snow so cold,
But I will cherish the summer dreams
For they're better to me than gold.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIVING

Man's life is more than a living to make,
Death more than a grave in which to lay,
But touched by a tenderness divine
That man shall with God's angels play.

A good heart is always a splendid thing
For it gives man hope which is sublime,
And dispels all fears and false alarms,
Then whispers, "Live throughout all time."

Our lives are just what we make them
And we are making them every day;
They cannot be all sorrow nor all gay
Nor will they be all winter nor all May.

But sunshine and shadows—joy and pain—
Cold frosty winter and sweetness of spring,
Are some of the cares and pleasures
That to you this world will bring.

But brightest and best of all living
And no man is ever denied that delight,
Is the heart that's happy and contented,
And bears no wild fear of the night.

Bright days of yore—bright days before—
Thine own forever shall one day be,
So why fuss around and always complain
If the bright side of life you would see.

Keep smiling when your heart is heavy
And sing when your cupboard is bare,
Then the birds will come and feed you
And you will have plenty to spare.

Oh, why should we ever go fretting,
Bending low with our burdens and care,
When the world is so bright and so happy
And the bright side is found everywhere.

So I'll smile when the days are cloudy,
And sing when the cupboard is bare,
For I've found the bright side of living
And the world has for me little care.

MY HOUSE

I will lay away
A penny a day
To buy a home
In which to stay;
But a long, long time
It is sure to be
Before I can pay
My home all free.

But just the same
I mean to try,
And save some pennies
Before I die.
But a penny a day
Comes in so slow
It seems my pennies
Will never grow.

Working for pennies
For many a day,
I saved up five
For my house to pay.
So my house is built
And I feel safer,
For it's all made up
Of thick brown paper.

THE BOY'S PLAY

Come sit on my knee, little man,
And listen to what I shall say,
For the summer will soon be gone
And so will the summer play.

The winter's cold wind and snow
Will drive all the birdies away,
And the posies like those you picked,
Frozen on the ground will lay.

But do not weep, my little man,
For the winter play will come,
And jolly sleigh ride and rabbit hunt
Will lure you out from your home.

No one likes these sudden changes
From cold winter to the spring,
But all through life they're coming
And they'll joy or sorrow bring.

So always live, my little man,
The best you can each day,
Whether at the hardest work
Or in the happiest kind of play.

TROUBLES THAT NEVER COME

The troubles that never come
Make the hair of many gray,
And the sorrows that some carry
Could have been left by the way.

The fearing and the fainting heart
 Weakened by a fancied loss,
 Is the one that often pines the most
 And feeds on ashes and dross.

Then why should a mortal man
 Yield to a deceptive foe,
 And why will he allow himself
 To be enslaved by a mythical woe?

O, man, awake and arise
 And with courage enter the fray,
 Do not go forth in pining
 But battle for right each day.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

May I ask you one plain question—
 And I'll on your word depend—
 "Please answer me in honest truth,
 When does a feller need a friend?"

I'll tell you what I truly think,
 And for you will theories bend,
 As I point you to that cloudy day
 When a feller needs a friend.

It's the day when your money's gone
 And to you nobody will a penny lend,
 When you've no job and are awful sick—
 That's when a feller needs a friend.

It's when the cold world does condemn
 And no one will rise and you defend,
 When your honor's trampled in the dust—
 Then's when a feller needs a friend.

It's when you've lost your store and all,
And broken fortune you're too old to mend,
When you give up hope and cease to try—
That's when a feller needs a friend.

When you feel all alone in the world
And there are none to whom you can send
To ask for a lift to get started again—
Then's when a feller needs a friend.

O, if somebody only knew and would help
Those who are ready to sever life's trend,
And render them kindly deeds of love—
For that's a time a feller needs a friend.

But let us all remember as we live
It's just as needful to be that friend
And help the man who's down in the world
As it is for the feller who needs a friend.

He needs your help to rise and journey on
And you need his painful wants to attend,
To enlarge and cause your heart to grow
For God and the feller who needs a friend.

TIM PENNY

Tim Penny was a Christian man
I guess you heard him say,
But he never did a lick of work
And said he couldn't pray.

But yet Tim always went to church
And never missed one day,
But he would knock the Sunday school
And yet he wouldn't pay.

The preacher and the choir came in
For a load of fiery blame,
The ladies' aid and the stewards—
He gave them hell the same.

But Tim was not an apostate
Made vile—but yet no better,
For he was just a chronic kicker
And he lived it to the letter.

No one could please Tim Penny
For he'd always growl and fuss,
He saw some bad in every saint
And would die if he didn't cuss.

So when you meet a grumbler
And hear him whine and fuss,
Please think of old Tim Penny
Who died when he couldn't cuss.

WHY I STOLE

I stole and what do you think
That all my friends will say
When they hear that I was wicked
And did act in this bad way?

I know just what they'll think
And the brand they'll put on me;
They'll call me "thief and robber
And a lost man he will be."

All know stealing is not right
And that men should honest be,
But on me they'll show no mercy,
For I'm a preacher as you see.

But now I really do not know
Why I should act so bad,
To steal when I ought not to
For my Bible says it is bad.

My friends don't be too hard on me,
Please don't blame me when I say,
That I was so tired and weary
That I simply stole away. (to rest.)

JESUS SAVE ME

Jesus, save me, ever save me,
When my feet are on the brink;
Come thou near and lift me
Lest I in the mire shall sink.

Save me from the luring tide
When my heart is beating low;
Be ever near and turn me back
When I to the pit must go.

Jesus save me from the fall
When the storms of passion roll;
Be the Watchman at my gate;
Come thou Guardian of my soul.

Jesus save us every moment
As we through the valley go;
Help us find the faith of power
And to use all that we know.

FAITH

I want a faith that's growing,
Ever reaching out and knowing,
And always ready in bestowing
Many good deeds daily sowing.

A faith that does believe in all,
That doubts can never thrall,
But puts its trust in great and small
And listens daily to God's call.

Faith is ever man's vital need,
For without faith the heart will bleed,
And high and low should intercede
The cry of faith God will always heed.

THE DAWN AT SEA

The sparkling sun lit up the dawn
And kissed the crystal billows,
So every wave with a silver thread
Looked like the snow-capped willows.

A day so bright cheers every heart
And kills our selfish notions,
For as our ship sails proudly on
We have no sad commotions.

Bright day at sea continue on
And give us dreams galore,
So may we live and shout to see
That land we left before.

For every day's a little life
The setting sun doth close,
And every heart however sad
Will smile to scent a rose.

Then peaceful, quiet, silvery sea
Bear our ship to yonder shore,
And safe at home from ocean roam
Your charms we shall adore.

THE STARRY NIGHT

A misty veil falls on the earth,
The sun goes out of sight,
The little stars peep out at you
And whisper, "it is night."

The birds go home to roost,
The cattle and horses rest,
While all about the veil of night
Makes man and nature blest.

There is a solemn loveliness
About the starry night
That makes man always feel
The blessings of the right.

Then view it from the hilltop
As the curtain rolls below,
And watch the chasing stars
As forever on they go.

There is no grander beauty
Than the quiet starry night,
As it drops the veil of sleep
And fastens the eyelids tight.

Then sleep and be refreshed
 For the night is nature's friend,
 And it will always come and go
 Until the earth shall end.

MOTHER

I had a mother once,
 And so great was she
 That all my troubles lighter grew
 When she would say:
 "Cheer up, my boy,
 There'll be some brighter day."

ACROSTIC

Voices of the lilies
 In the meadow and the dell,
 Calling man to duties
 That in future years will tell
 Of the sweetest golden pleasures,
 Rich in blessing for thy soul,
 You may reach this happy goal.

ACROSTIC

How many are God's blessings
 Open to us every day,
 Promises of His goodness
 Ever cheer us on the way!

THINKING

Think, boy think, as you older grow
And many a valuable lesson know,
For thinking makes the young mind grow,
And in the life will blessings show.

Think, and then will thy path be clear
And you shall miss the many a tear
That does so oft in the face appear,
For thinking not makes man to fear.

Think, and you can chain the air
And to the heavens build a stair;
Then make thy home so happy and fair,
At night you'll sit in your evening chair.

Think, and time shall wait for thee
And mark the stages that shall be
In your upward climb of wholesome glee
For honor, fame and fortune you shall see.

Think, and the rushing crowds will stay
To hear what you will have to say,
And you shall mould like softened clay
The minds of men, both near and far away.

Think, and power of soul shall rest
Within thy mind and in thy breast,
And you shall be most nobly blest
Then gain from earth the very best.

POETICAL MEDLEY

Long, long days
In their frays
Time soon betrays
But never stays.
Man often prays
And then delays
In his evil ways
And resolution slays.
The boy portrays
In the month of Mays,
Children have plays,
The girls wear stays,
Forests have jays,
The sun has rays
That makes the grays
In the ocean sprays
At the middays.
The general arrays,
The captain hoorays,
When the stowaways
No fare ever pays,
When the tide sways
To the open bays
Of the distant Malays.
Kings have their says
And send large relays,
Bearing golden trays
To open leeways
When some critic flays
Their many holidays.
But poets write lays
And hope for repays,

For poems always
Dread fear allays,
But never prepays
Wisdom that brays,
But soon decays
Like new-mown hays.

STANDING ALONE

Long ago in a broad wide field,
Near a road stood a lonely tree,
Battered and torn by many a wind
Still it stood there in its glee.

For beaten by the blasting storm
And tested in winter and summer,
Bowing and bending still it grew
And it stood there all the stronger.

It grasped every tussle with the wind
As alone it seemed each year to say,
The oak that stands alone in the field
Oft remains there for many a day.

A lone boy worked at a hard daily task
While the others went off to play,
And day after day he stronger grew
As he constantly worked away.

Until he stood at the end of the race,
Tested and tempered and very strong,
And admired and honored by every one
There he lived after working so long.

Yonder a lone man battled day after day
In the struggle with vice and sin,
And after every failure would say,
“I’ll keep on in the fight and win.”

Year after year he battled alone
With appetite, passion and pride,
And like the lonely oak in the storm
He struggled away with the tide.

But the lone man stood undaunted
When he kept the Cross in view,
When appetite, passion and pride came up
What struggles he had none knew.

But after the battle the lone man stood
The victor at the close of life,
And brightly smiling was heard to say,
“ ’Tis the end of my long bitter strife.”

“For year after year I struggled away
Against poverty and vice and sin,
But no man ever came and said to me,
‘Keep on in the struggle and win’.”

THE MORAL

When you see a lone man battle
Against the dread forces of sin,
Step up and take him by the hand
And say, “Hold fast and you’ll win.”

BATTLE OF LIFE

In every place you'll always find
It's a struggle to win your way,
But honor and pay is sure to come
If you battle on day after day.

No matter how hard you're hit in the fight
Or how big was your blackened eye,
Be a man and jump to your feet again
And the next time much harder try.

The world is big—there's plenty of room
For the man that ceases not to try,
And although you've failed many times
Never give up life's battle and sigh.

For all have failed in some hard task
And were pushed aside in the race,
But time and the power of a giant will
Shall bring you to your chosen place.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY

Don't be too hasty to say all you think,
Time may alter your thoughts in a blink.

Don't be too ready the gossip to hear;
Help to defend when the tattler is near.

Don't render judgment till both sides you hear,
For often men's judgments do wrongly appear.

Don't be in a hurry to tell all you know,
For after the telling, a lie will soon grow.

Don't be in a hurry to live out your life;
Take time to live it without bitter strife.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE

It was a dark, cold night
And the waves were leaping high,
But the Father of our country
Was determined to win or die.

Neither snow, rain nor the broken ice,
Nor the river's foaming tide
Could baffle the courage of such a man
Nor shake his valiant pride.

So into the little boats they climbed
The soldiers one by one,
And just before the break of day
Crossing the Delaware was done.

On to the town of Trenton,
Through rain and falling snow,
Those brave Colonial soldiers
Marching on to win, they go.

They charged the British Hessians
And they captured every one,
And new was the fame of Washington
That glistened in the morning sun.

For this capture of one thousand
On that cold December morn,
Revived the hopeless soldiers
Who had been almost forlorn.

But the war has long been over
And those soldiers sleep and rest,
But the crossing of the Delaware
Was their most trying test.

“America’s freedom will now be gained,”
Said those brave men one by one,
As they marched at the word of Washington
After crossing the Delaware was done.

WEEP WITH HIM

If you could know the heartaches
That destroyed all the vim
Of your dear friend of years ago,
You needs must weep with him.

And had you heard the troubles
That made his face so grim;
Then if his story all was told
You needs must weep with him.

Then as the beggar tells of his woe,
Of the biting cold and hunger grim,
When his troubles all are told,
You needs must weep with him.

Weeping and moaning with bleeding face
The drunkard groans with a bitter whim
But when his sorrows all are told,
You needs must weep with him.

When your boy comes crying from his play
With his kite torn from the rim;
After you hear of that broken kite,
You needs must weep with him.

The poor man begs for a loaf of bread
And shivers as you look at him;
But could you see the want in his home
You needs must weep with him.

In every life if you could see
 How heartache, pain and woe bedim
 And taste the cup each one must drink,
 You needs must weep with him.

So when the journey of life is o'er
 And time brings you up to Him;
 After you've heard how Christ did suffer,
 You needs must weep with him.

SPRINGTIME IN THE WOODLAND

I walked in the woodland valleys
 Where the flowers were sweet and gay,
 And I heard the robbins singing
 For it was the month of May.

The trees above, the grass beneath,
 And the songs of awakened spring
 Caused every tree and plant and flower
 To me love's message bring.

The singing birds and blooming flowers
 And the cheerful songs of life,
 Just filled my hungry soul so full
 There was no room for strife.

So all day long I feasted there
 In the forest by the sea,
 And into my soul a flood of song
 The little birds sang to me.

The warm spring brings into my heart
 The joys of a new born love,
 And into the woods I'll walk again
 For the cooing of the mating dove.

So whistle and sing the sweetest song,
And oft in the woodland stray,
For out of your soul the birds will drive
The most bitter sorrow away.

SONG OF THE BIRD

Chick-a-dee-dee, a birdie sang,
And he sang so happy and free;
In winter and summer thus he sang:
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee.

The tune he sang was very sweet
And it cheered us, I must say,
But when he missed to come and sing
That was a long, long day.

At early dawn his little song
Stirred us to greet the sun,
And then at night his evening song
Made time more fast to run.

Sing birdie, sing chick-a-dee-dee,
Thy song we love to hear,
For there is rythm in your tune
And music in our ear.

Chick-a-dee-dee, how sweet it sounds
As you sing it early and late,
And I do believe within my heart
That you're singing for your mate.

MY LITTLE FARM

Long I've dreamed and waited
To buy a little farm,
For I want to leave the city
And bask in nature's charm.

I want to eat the sunshine
And drink in the fragrant air,
I want to live near nature
And listen to its prayer.

So good-bye busy city
I am going to my farm,
Where little birds and flowers
Will teach no false alarm.

I will plant some corn and berries
And will harvest all my hay,
I shall pick the beans and pumpkins
And will sometimes try to pray.

Yes, I'm movin' to the country
Where it's big and air is free,
So I'll say good-bye old city
For I'm parting now from thee.

I will listen to birds and flowers
And walk by the running stream,
There I'll live with God and nature
And with joy my life will gleam.

TH' AULD GATE

Meet me my bonnie lassie,
Come down to the auld gate,
And I will by the lowland come
But fear I may be late.

I hae nae aiver—so I must walk,
But I'll come all the way,
Along the road by Loch-Katrine
I'll turn in by the brae.

The bonnie lassie true was she
And stood lang at the gate,
But niver mer her lover came
Although she lang did wait.

The lad and lassie ne'er did meet
Down by that auld hame gate,
For the laddie found a broken brig
And there he lang did wait.

So now the laddie's heart is wae
But the lassie, she is gay,
For a laddie wi' a' aiver came
From over the highland way.

THE FUSSY FARMER

A farmer was so very cross
As the summer went right on,
And the reason why he made a fuss
Was the frost upon his corn.

“All my labor is lost,” said he,
“And bleak winter soon will come,
And I’ve no hay for my horse or cow,
No bread or meat in my home.”

“Then you shall die, you fussy man,”
The north wind howled away,
And the fussy farmer began to think
What he to the wind should say.

But the bright sun warmed the earth
And the frost all melted away,
Then the fussy farmer found in the fall
That he had plenty of corn and hay.

His labor was not lost at all,
But all his crops were good,
And the fussy farmer in the fall
Found that he was blessed of God.

Don’t be in a hurry to fuss, my man;
Don’t damn and curse the earth,
For if God don’t come the devil will
Then you shall have a new hearth.

HAPPY FARMER

A farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
Watching the little clouds of smoke
As they slowly floated away.

I have planted corn each year
And harvested my wheat and hay,
Always raised some hogs and cows
And have made my farm to pay.

But now we're old, my wife and I,
Yet long we toiled together;
Some days were dark—some work hard—
But we labored in all kinds of weather.

We planned and worked and saved
And always tried to do our best,
But now the working days are o'er
And we're going to take our rest.

We'll go and visit Tom and Bill
And try that city life awhile,
Yes, we'll take it easy, wife and I
For we've traveled nigh on sixty mile.

Yes, the farm is all paid out,
But it took a long, long time,
O how we pinched and saved
And did not even waste a dime.

But those were happy days for us
For our hearts were always glad,
When sorrows came, we trusted God
And they did not seem so bad.

The joy we had in our planning
Brought the sunshine in our home,
And now after sixty years are passed
We can claim it for our own.

NEBRASKA GEM OF THE PRAIRIE

It is like a dream of yesterday
That chases pleasant thoughts away,
As we travel back for fifty years
And watch the coyotes chase the steers.

Over the prairies broad and wide,
Rolling west from the Missouri side,
Dotted with valleys and wasted plains
With buffalo grass and sage brush chains.

For five hundred miles it stretches away
Untilled and unsettled for many a day,
'Twas a seeming tract of worthless land
Claimed by a roaming Indian band

That hunted the buffalo, fox and bear
And traveled and camped but didn't care
To plow and sow this vast domain
For undisputed had been their claim.

But one stormy day a stranger came
A Yankee farmer was this man's name,
Who viewed the prairie land with pride
And thought he'd for one year abide—

To see if corn and wheat and rye
Would grow for him if he would try
To plow and sow this western plain
For land back east was a costly strain.

So he built a hut with the earthly sod
And began to struggle with sand and sod,
But year after year this Yankee stayed,
Not because farming in this new land paid,

But each passing year caused him to see
That he was poorer than he used to be,
And so he could not move and get away,
But in this wild land he had to stay.

Then Germans, Swiss and Belgians came
With purposes all about the same;
They wanted a home and one fair chance,
So many picked homesteads in advance.

But now these fifty years are sped
And that worthless land is a flower bed.
It is rich as any soil that doth lay
Along the path of the farmer's way.

Go travel the valleys and prairie plains
Of Nebraska farms of fruits and grains,
And beautiful farm houses you will see
As fine as any farmer's home need be.

Gone is the buffalo, bear and coyote too,
And the state has gained in wealth most true,
Until towns and cities dot every plain
And to market the railroads carry the grain.

The schools and churches are the very best
And our boys and girls pass the Harvard test,
While in every part of this western state
The people are strong and rich and great.

They have always nurtured wholesome power
And have stood for advancement every hour,
They have built an empire vast and great
And named it Nebraska before 'twas a state.

Chorus:

O, Nebraska, the gem of the prairie,
The home of the true and the merry,
Stretch away, stretch away in glory,
The coming years will tell a story
Of thy greatness, wealth and power to be
For thy people are loyal, pure and free.

SORROW EVERYWHERE

A little bird sang a song in a tree
But he sang in a sad refrain,
And I wondered why his little tune
Had such a gloomy strain.

One day a little boy cried out,
Who lived just over the way;
With a broken heart he cried
And moaned all the livelong day.

Then into a humble home I went
But sat in a long reverie,
For a mother with tear-stained eyes
Poured out her sorrows to me.

Slowly I walked up over the hill
And kept walking so far away
Till I came at last to a villa
That overlooked the sea so gray.

I'll enter here, I said to myself,
And feast with the rich and gay;
Here I'll forget the sorrows I met
This beautiful sunshiny day.

A strong brawny man bowed to enter
And pushed out a chair toward me
As he brushed a stream of tears
And turned his face to the sea.

Then he wept as he told his story,
With his head bowed to the floor,
For more sad was he than boy or bird,
As deep sorrow had entered his door.

Thus everywhere I have traveled
Through the land and over the sea;
I have found some gloom of sorrow
Poured from every heart to me.

THE MISER

There is no voice can wake the soul
Of him whose heart is hard and cold,
Who hoards his money all his life
And sells himself a slave to gold.

O could he see the world's delight
And taste the pleasures of one day,
Of living in unselfish bliss
He'd scatter all his gold away.

No longer in that greed of gain
Would his poor soul be found,
But like a prisoned bird set free
His heart would leap and bound.

"But I will pass his cottage by
And waste no time with him,"
The angel said and winged his flight
And left the miser fast and grim.

THE HIGHWAY

My lassie'll take the highway,
But I'll gae by the brae,
And I'll be hame in the evening,
But where will my lassie gae?

TRUE TO YOUR DUTY

Fear not to do your duty
Even though it is very hard,
But remember in the doing
Neglect will sure retard.

Be faithful in the small deeds,
Do each one your very best,
And never shun nor shirk them
For they are your final test.

Be true to the work you're given
And ne'er desert your post.
When the books of life are opened
You'll rank in the heavenly host.

SLAYING AN ENEMY

It was a hard, hard fight
And many a scar had I,
For all night long I fought
Till I thought I'd surely die;

But still I fought like a Tartar
All through that night of pain,
And wondered if when morning came
My enemy would be slain.

At last I made an awful hit
And thought the conflict o'er,
But when I looked for my enemy
He gave me one dig more.

So all night long I fought my foe
And hoped at early dawn to see
That I my bitter foe had slain.
Morning came—I only found a flea.

WAITING TIME

Waiting at the gateway
Is what most of us have done,
And looking for the coming
Of a certain loving one.

We've asked it o'er and o'er:
"I wonder why he is so late,"
But still we kept on waitin',
Down by the old garden gate.

This is one sad part of living
And it seems it's always been,
That some keep others waitin'
Till the shades of night come in.

Mother, father, wife and sweetheart
Oft have waited long in fear,
But there came no word of comfort
And the waiting was so drear.

Some keep waiting to begin
What long ago they should have done,
Waiting for the shoes of dead men
Or for fortune to come from some one.

Waiting to build their own home,
Or to move from the city to a farm,
They've wasted a score of years
And the waste was shiftless harm.

If man would only do today
With all his might and power,
The duties that the day requires
In the sunshine and the shower,
He would change many stormy clouds
And be far richer on tomorrow,
For like a noble king he'd be
Shielding himself from many a sorrow.

I WANT TO KEEP LIVING

Brighter, still brighter
My soul grows each day,
For I am always trying
To find the brightest way.,
And I find it very easy
So will give the reason why,
For the brightest day of living
Is some day before you die.
For living is just doing
The deeds you've always done,
But filling them with sunshine
And not missing any one.
So I want to keep a living
Until I have to die,
For the brightest day of living
Is some day before you die.
The brightest day of living
Is the day that's passing now;
If you will just remember
And wear a smile upon your brow.

The brightest day of living
Is this day that we live now,
If you'll fill it full of sunshine
And carry smiles upon your brow.

CURING GOSSIPERS

John Barley had a billy goat
That wore a long necktie,
And he fed him on foul gossipers
Till the goat thought he'd die.

John Barley took his goat so sick
To a sewing bee one day,
And after he'd been there awhile
They gave him a little tea.

The goat began to sniff and sneeze
And out jumped gossipers, three;
At once the goat began to mend
And soon was well and free.

Now when he's fed on gossipers
He runs to a sewing bee,
For he can always sniff and sneeze
When he gets a little tea.

At a sewing bee with a little tea
The gossipers jump out quick,
So what's the use for men or goats
From the gossipers to be sick.

For if you've had some gossipers
Just run to a sewing bee,
And you'll be cured in a little while
When you've had a little tea.

ONLY A TEAR

'Twas only a tear
That fell from her face,
As she labored and suffered
All the day in her place.

'Twas only a tear
On her cheek so fair,
But after it dried
The burn was still there.

'Twas only a tear
But it burned its way,
And wrinkles were left
On her face to stay.

'Twas only a tear
As the night came on,
But her heart was broken
For her lover was gone.

'Twas only a tear,
But it told of that love,
That bound their young hearts
With the ties from above.

'Twas only a tear,
But it falls every day,
From some broken heart
That bleeds all the way.

AT VIRGIL'S TOMB

I came one day to a poet's grave,
Who lived long, long ago
In that beautiful land of Italy,
But now he sleeps on Posillipo.

Onward I was rushing in my glee,
Never stopping in one place to stay,
Until I came to Virgil's tomb
And read the epitaph where he lay.

I paused as though a living poet
Spoke to me his last request,
"Siste viator pauce legito
Hic Virgilius tumulus est."

For though he had slept for ages past
And his voice had long been still,
It seemed to me that he spoke that day
As I lingered on that Neopolitan hill.

Stop! Traveler, read! And how these words
Aroused my soul to tarry at his grave,
And meditate upon that mortal dust
Of Virgil who was both wise and brave.

The busy throngs have been passing by
And two thousand years have sped away,
Yet many have missed the poet's song
While Virgil here in this casket lay.

Poetry, story and love's sweet song
Are the charming lessons from Virgil's pen,
But O, how many in the rush of life
Neglect the stories of such good men.

“Stop! Traveler, and wait awhile,” I read,
“This is the tomb of Virgil”, it said
Carved were these letters on the stone
Of this Roman poet who so long is dead.

THE ARAB BEDOUINS

I crossed the sandy desert
Through Arabia's dusty plain,
And saw the dark-skinned Bedouins
As they tramped the barren main.

They wore no hats, no shoes,
No smiles shown on their face,
But scanty dressed and woe-begone
They still survive—a sad, sad race.

They seem like travelers come from far,
No settled homes have they to keep,
But when the mist of night descends
They pitch their tents and sleep.

The race holds mysteries all would know,
Hemmed in by the fates of the past;
Still these dark-skinned Bedouins live,
And shall live while time shall last.

Weak, superstitious and ignorant, too,
They tramp the boundless dusty plain,
This poor benighted race of ancient men,
Thirst and famine have the thousands slain.

I saw them in that wasted land
Where the pagan's bond doth bind,
I read their woes in each sad face
But I failed life's joys to find.

MY NEIGHBOR

A priest and a Levite once passed by
And left a wounded man to die—
Was that priest or Levite you or I?

It was on the highway to Jericho
This man for business had to go,
But robbers by the way laid low;

They struck him with a pointed spear
And took from him all that was dear;
In scorn they gave him one last jeer.

A good Samaritan came down that way
And saw the suffering Jew as he lay
Almost dead, we can most truly say.

The Samaritan served him in his need,
Carried him away on his own black steed,
Paid an innkeeper for his room and feed.

“When I return I'll pay thee more
Until this suffering man is o'er
The wounds that he from robbers bore.”

Beautiful lesson from that passerby
Who found that Jew almost to die.
Was that Samaritan you or I?

FAITHFUL MOHAMMEDAN

Five times one day
I saw him stop and pray ;

'Twas Mohammed's priest
Far in the land of the east.

In the ancient queer old Cairo
The Moslem priests are on the go.

True to all their binding creed
It has long been well agreed,

The sheik is more prompt to pray
Than Christians are some vows to pay.

True to the letter of his Koran law
He bows and bends, but finds no flaw ;

His very soul would be lost indeed
If he should fail his prayers to read ;

Or if he'd fail to hear prayer's call
Under the law he'd have to gall.

I saw him in yon busy street,
With him on barren plains did meet.

So the Christian man can little say
Against the Moslem's faithful way

Of keeping true to the Koran's letter
And trying each day to worship better.

We fuss and rail against his creed
And make the Moslem's poor heart bleed.

I wonder if the day won't come
When Christian—Moslem will be one,
And bow at the altar side by side,
Then find that both in God abide.

MY FRIEND

I love my friend
And I'll tell you why—
I love this man you see,
Not for his wealth or power;
Not for his help to me;
But I love him first,
This friend of mine
For a tender heart hath he.
I love him for he is as true
And faithful to that tie
As are the laws of nature
That come from God on high.
He is my friend of years ago,
This man that here you see,
A binding tie of faith and love
Binds this good man to me.
The mention of his name brings joy
And then to see his face,
Clasping his warm strong hand
Fills all my soul with grace.
So when I count my treasures
And in heaven I lay my store,
Among the things I'll prize most dear
And count them cheaply won,
Is the cherished thought of him
And the good to me he's done.

THE NORTH WIND

I hear the howl of the wind
From the north land far away
And it makes me shiver and shake,
For I have no place to stay.

I feel its slimy biting tongue
And its blasting fangs sting me,
But still I must tramp onward
For nobody ever cares for me.

'Tis such a misery to be poor
When the north wind sweeps along
For it even chills my soul
With its cold and mournful song.

It howls and then it whistles
And rocks the earth in its tread,
Then drives the poor man on
Till he wishes that he were dead.

But I can bear the north wind
Better than a saloon man's grudge
For it bites my body and soul
Until I dare not budge.

Howl and bite, thou winter wind!
You are no worse to me
Than he who gave me drink for gold
And a drunkard made me be.

THE BROKEN HEART

All broken and sad
Bleeds my heart today,
For they've taken my sweetheart;
They have taken her far away.

And I've no desire to linger
In this villa by the sea,
Unless they bring back my sweetheart
'Twill be the death of me.

All alone I weep for my dearie
And nobody can comfort me,
For my heart is sad and broken
While I suffer by the sea.

I am so crushed by sorrow
And my heart bleeds every day,
For I'm looking for my sweetheart
Or I want to go away.

JOHN LUSCHEN

John Luschen is a mighty man,
His soul is so big and free,
He always fights for God and right
And will not from duty flee.

He has a heart that is so big
So all his friends do say,
John Luschen put a string on it
So he would not give it away.

In daily life he is a power,
As all his friends do feel,
He stands a high man in the church
And his soul is full of zeal.

BUYING A GUN

I want ter buy me a gun,
The biggest what you got,
That'll shoot cannon balls
And all that kind of shot.

Yes, I mean one for a nickel
That'll kill most anything,
For I'm going to hunt bears
And wild turkeys on the wing.

I must have some bullets too,
The kind what's made of paper
So when I snap the trigger down,
Them little boys will scaper.

No not like that, nor that,
But one what's got a string,
Just fastened to the bullet
So when it hits, it'll sting.

You've got it right for sure,
A popgun is just what I mean
And here's the nickel what I had
For I've kept it in my jean.

Off went that boy so happy
And as proud as an earthly king,
For he had bought a gun himself
And one that was sure to sting.

HIDE AWAY

The earth is full of sorrow
And it follows us every day,
But always keep up cheerful
Or hide away, hide away.

Troubles—you'll all have them
Wherever you work or play,
But do not get discouraged
Just hide away, hide away.

When you're so tired and weary
And don't know what to say,
Lock up your store or office
And hide away, hide away.

When sick and sad and troubled
And short of both work and pay,
Thinking that life is not worth while
You'd better hide away, hide away.

If many days are dark and dreary
While you try life's game to play,
Don't run away from your duty
But quietly hide away, hide away.

You will gain much new vigor
For the battles on your way,
If you do not fuss and fume
But just hide away, hide away.

BELLA SIGNORINA

O bella Signorina Italiana
Io me ne andro lontano
Datemi per favore la vostra parola
Edio fabbrichero una capanna
E voi verrete con me.

HAPPY LIVES

Deeds of smiles and sunshine
Mingled with the tears,
Drive away man's troubles
And sweeten all his years.

Bright and happy faces
Give new life each day,
Sifting out the sorrows
And bringing joys to stay.

Tender words of kindness
Make the cold heart warm,
Every one may speak them
With a gentle pleasing charm.

Rich and poor alike today
Can fill this world with love,
And make that lowly hovel
Like the mansions up above.

VENICE THE BEAUTIFUL

Charmed by its silent romance
With watered streets of blue,
I landed once in Venice
When the Campanille was new;
Fantastic, quaint and weird
Was the thrill to me that day,
While rowing with a gondolier
To the Belle Vue for a stay.

The streets all were noiseless
For gondolas skim the way,
As hacks and busses all are boats
And on watery streets they play.
Delights to me were priceless
In fair Venice on the sea,
As I learned its ancient history
What its glories used to be;
For silent marble tongues proclaim
The glories of its living fame,
As from the time-honored Rialto
Immortalized by Shakespeare's name;
From Saint Mark's sublime cathedral
And that Doges palace grand,
And the mounted four bronze horses
Napoleon brought from Turkey's land.
Thus into Saint Mark's square I went
Where Venice glows in luster bright,
There pigeons come to feed and play
And Venetian singers charm the night;
Then on the grand canal they stay
And swell the air with sweetest tune,
Cheering the hearts of weary men
While overhead peeps out the moon.
Venice is a city of man-made charms
As it grows up out of the sea,
And those clever Venetian merchants
They would make a prince of thee;
So when you travel o'er land and sea
And men of many races you meet,
You'll find none at all more genteel
Than those in Venice that do you greet.

BACK TO ITALY

Beyond the wide deep ocean,
I want my home to be
And my heart has been a yearnin'
To go back to Italy.

I miss those charming people
That I met beyond the sea
And now I am just waitin'
To go back to Italy.

The mountains and the sunshine,
And the smiling folks you see
Just keep the heart a beatin'
To go back to Italy.

I hope the time is coming
But I don't want days to flee,
Still all the time I'm plannin'
To go back to Italy.

Sailing back on the "Mendoza,"
O such fun as that will be
When launched upon the ocean
To go back to Italy.

Write at once, ye Temple tourists
And send on your names to me
Then we'll book you for our party
To go back to Italy.

Count the jolly days that's coming
On our ship crossin' the sea
When the Temple tourists gather
To go back to Italy.

CALL OF THE SEA

I am enticed by the call of the sea
As the waves leap up to the shore,
And I long to board a gallant ship
And sail abroad once more.

I love the deep blue ocean
And the billows under the sky,
But once in a storm on the waters
Is enough when the waves are high.

Of all the beauties in the world
On the land or the sailor's sea,
None are so grand and beautiful
As the boundless ocean to me.

Roll on thou swelling ocean tide,
Carry safely my ship and me
For I know thy tide is changing
As far as man's eye can see.

Dancing and skipping and singing,
Like young girls out at play
Thy waves keep up a romance
And are courting from day to day.

Freely you bound in a moving tide
And laugh as you roll away,
And sing to the sailor on the deck,
And keep his heart in a fray.

Beautiful charming ocean waves,
Sing to man's heart each day,
And you will drive all troubles out,
And make his heart more gay.

COUNT YOURSELF RICH

Count yourself rich immensely
In treasures beyond compare,
If you have health and vigor
And do all your trials bear.

Life is worth the best we get
Of the things that are most dear,
If you would travel the happy road
You'll find it begins right here.

Sing and laugh and you will have
A host of most loyal friends,
Who will always welcome you
For some joy on you depends.

Count yourself a king in the world
While you daily work at your task,
And never give up and say, "I can't."
But work on your best to the last.

MAN IS OFTEN BLIND

So fast man hastens on his way
Trying to find the happiest day
He often goes so far astray.

For short is pleasure's sweet refrain
And afterwards is long, long pain
For what is lost we ne'er regain.

Misfortune oft is coming near
But her footsteps does man seldom hear
Until he is caused to weep and fear.

But why should man be deaf and blind
Regretting to leave his wealth behind
When in heaven he'll better riches find?

For what escapes our misty eyes
Blinded by the dust of a worldly prize
May be the purest gold of Paradise.

So hasten away and quick devise
In some way to ascend the skies
And captivate the richest prize.

So never think that looking wise
Will open the gates of yon Paradise
For dust may blind your sleepy eyes.

LOCH-LOMOND

I once sailed o'er Loch-Lomond
On a bright and pleasant day
In the bonnie land of Scotland
Where I whiled some days away.

O take me back to Scotland
Down on the bonnie brae
And let me see the lassies
In their happy daily play.

But I am far from Scotland
Far from the bonnie brae
But I hope again to see it
Still my heart is saying nae.

Let's sail the deep blue ocean
To the bonnie land o' brae
And visit with the lassies
And watch them in their play.

O bonnie land of Scotland
 My feet are turned away
 O wad some sailor tell me
 To Loch-Lomond I may gae.

THE HONEST LADDIE

My wee bonnie lassie
 Where will ye gae today,
 To the braes of the lowland
 Or in the highland stray?

You can see I'm just a sailor
 Come from the watery way,
 But if you'll accept my company
 We will saunter by the brae.

I hae nae fame nae fortune
 And I hae nae worry and care,
 But I'll be a winsome fellow
 And will not my shillings spare.

Come wi' me ye bonnie laddie
 And we'll gae down by the brae
 We'll cross o'er Loch-Lomond
 And pick some flowers o' May.

So wi' tha' bonnie lassie
 He spent mony a happy day
 Rambling o'er the highlands
 And down in the lowland brae.

Nae fame nae fortune had th' laddie
 But an honest heart had he
 And he won the heart o' th' lassie
 Down on the banks o' th' Dee.

THE UNNOTICED

Up in the mountain
 Blooms a little rose,
Sweeter than a house plant
 In its high repose.

Up in the human heart
 Grows a purpose strong,
Fighting for the right
 Against the deadly wrong.

Up in the busy crowds
 Plod many weary men,
With torn bleeding hearts
 They go and sin again.

Up in the foul dark attic
 Some children starve each day,
For cruel vice and sin
 Have taken their bread away.

But up in the realms of God
 In those mansions far above,
Rich and poor go hand in hand
 Housed in that richest love.

Up in the souls of men
 Our God would there abide,
Lifting all human nature
 To be a heavenly pride.

THOSE TROUBLES

My neighbors all keep sayin'
How hard the times will be
Then fuss about the price of corn
And would most discourage me;

They say the war is comin' on
And the bank stock goin' down
That taxes will be goin' up
Then hard times in our town.

Well I duno if they are right
Or if I am in the wrong,
But just the same I smile away
And sing a cheerful song.

My note is due? I know it is
And I that note will pay
If I but have one meal to eat
And that be straw and hay.

Some say winter's coming soon
Then coal we'll have to buy,
But I just keep a smilin' on
And do hope I may not die.

Jones he sed terbaker's up
And eggs and taters have fell
Hogs and chickens too are low
And his wife she hain't so well.

O what troubles some folks see
And how they kick and growl so grim
You would suppose that God was dead
And this world was in a swim.

Then all the same I don't give up
But keep smilin' all the day
For troubles are what we make them
To keep or send them away.

Happy? Well I guess I am, Sir,
As happy as a poor man need be
For I have a place to eat and sleep
And I trust the morrow to see.

There hain't no use of fussin'
When things don't come our way
But work the harder, dig and save
And smile your best each day.

HOW THE SOUL LIVES

Think a kind thought my soul
Then you will have joy today,
And shall drive from your soul
All the evil thoughts away.

Pray a prayer for thy neighbors
That they may prosper each day,
And joy and blesings will come
As you travel the toilsome way.

Sing a song of redemption
'Twill cheer the saddest of men,
For the beauty and glory of living
Is to him who a servant has been.

Serve and you will be happy
And brighten the souls that you meet,
Lifting the sorrows and the burdens
Your life will be fully complete.

FUNNY WORLD

This is a funny world for sure
And how some folks will dig,
They'll starve and skimp along
And ride in a rickety gig;

They'll talk about the neighbors
And whine about the crops,
Some always fuss and grumble
As they eat their mutton chops.

It's a world of trouble too
And nose around and gossip,
And try to find some evil tale
From which to gain some profit.

Some people will save and keep
And hide their pennies away,
They never find any comfort
For they slave most every day.

They daily keep a thinkin'
That they may starve to death,
And so they keep a workin'
While they hardly draw their breath.

They find no pleasure in the world
For that might cost some money,
And thus they always rob themselves
For they miss the choicest honey.

KING PHARAOH

All saddled and all bridled
And so gallant rode he,
Out from the homeland
Toward the Red sea;

He was a proud despot
And they were his slaves,
Out rode the mighty Pharaoh
With his fighting braves.

Swiftly moved the royal host
Against that Jewish band,
And soon they saw the Hebrews
Wait long upon the sand.

Frightened were the untrained Jews
As on the shore they wait,
Then looked each other in the face
And read their own sad fate.

But kingly Moses with the rod
The sea, he soon divided
Then quickly marched those Jews across
For their fears had all subsided.

But all saddled and bridled
And so gallant rode he,
Out went the mighty Pharaoh
Far into the Red sea.

On moved his mighty host
Not one remained behind,
Out into the deep Red sea
The fighting braves went blind.

The ocean waves swept all away
Not one returned to tell,
How that mighty host went down
Or in what graves they dwell.

All saddled and all bridled
But rideth forth not he,
For Pharaoh and his mighty host
Sleep in the grave of the sea.

THE POOR DOG

I heard a poor dog howling
As though his heart would break,
And I guess he had his troubles
For he kept us both awake.

Both dogs and men have troubles
That oft come thick and fast,
But the man who keeps his troubles
Makes them much longer last.

And the troubles that doggies have
Are just as hard and true,
As are those little troubles
That bother both me and you.

Man's troubles seem such giants
And they spring up in a night,
That it keeps him always busy
Trying to drive them out of sight.

O I should be truly delighted
As through this dark world I go,
If I could lift all the troubles
Of both the men and doggies too.

DREARY OLD AGE

Gone from my heart are those days
When I was young and strong and gay,
Gone are those friends I used to know,
Gone like flowers that bloom in May.

Once I had a home and loved ones
And was happy as happy could be,
Now I'm alone in this dreary world
And nobody ever cares to see me.

But day after day I am waiting
As I older and weaker do grow,
For I, like the leaves of the forest,
Will fall to the cold earth below.

Yes, gone are those happy friends
That once my soul did gayly thrill,
But long since were mustered out
And now sleep down over the hill.

WINTER HAS COME

The leaves fall from the trees
And the flowers droop and die,
The robins to the southland go
And the north wind heaves a sigh.

Silently skips the biting frost
O'er the flowers in the dell,
And laughs in its merry glee
For summer has said, "Farewell."

We feel the bite of its icy tongue
 As it nips the school boy's nose,
 For it has driven the summer away
 And no one can tell where it goes.

That summer is gone we all lament
 And sigh as the winter we greet,
 But this is part of God's wise plan
 To make man's life complete.

So do not weep when summer is gone
 Nor despise the winter snow,
 For God has made the universe
 Far better than man does know.

Winter and spring, summer and fall,
 God has planned them each and all,
 Making the grass and flowers to grow
 And causing the leaves to fall.

He sends the frost that bites the bud
 And that stings your fingers too,
 He brings the winter from the north,
 Still He loves and cares for you.

KEINE BROT

Ich habe keine brot
 Für diesen kalten tag,
 Wo kan ich das finden
 Ich kan nimmer sag.

Ich vill durch dem strassen
 Sehr schnell da gehen,
 Aber wenn ich brot nicht finden
 Zu meine heimat vill ich gekommen.

MEINE HEIMAT

Ich vill zu meine heimat gehen
 Auch finden ich ihn so kalt,
 Ihn ist meine allein heimat
 Und das ist alles das ich gehabt.

Meine ist eine kleine heimat
 Und ich habe keine ander,
 Aber ich meine heimat liebe
 Ihn ist jemals wunderbar.

Einmal vill ich nicht zu kommen
 Zu meine heimat nimmermehr,
 Dann vill ich mein Gott besuchen
 Und ich vill hinauf gehen dar.

MY COTTAGE

Down in the valley
 Beside a little stream,
 There is my cottage
 And light in it doth gleam;
 There dwells my sweetheart
 Like a little queen,
 Down in the valley
 By that little stream.

THE BEGGAR BOY

I am so tired and hungry, Sir,
 And I have no place to go,
 For I am just a beggar boy
 A trampin' in the snow.

When I go beggin' at the door
The rich folks frown and say,
"We are going out to dinner
And have no bread today."

But on I keep a trampin'
Through the cold and bitin' snow,
And wonder if the people think
That I've no place to go.

Yes, I'm just a beggar boy,
Tired, hungry and foot-sore too,
Trampin', trampin' all day long
But I find no work to do.

For when I do ask for labor
The people just scowl and say,
"We do not hire any beggars
So just tramp on away."

Father and mother both are dead
But they too were so poor,
That all my life I've been beggin'
And a goin' from door to door.

"Come in," did you say, "for supper
And sleep tonight in a bed."
That sounds like a dream to me
The poor tired beggar said.

But after the meal was ended
The beggar stirred not from the chair,
But a sweet smile covered his face
As he slept all free from his care.

WRITING VERSES

I'll dip my pen into the ink
Then squint my eyes and blink,
And after while try to think.

If I could jot one poem down
That would arouse my native town
I'd count it worth a silver crown.

But writin' poetry seems a joke
When you're hungry and also broke
But still I'll try another stroke.

Writin' verses seems just play
Still it's harder'n pitchin' hay,
Rhymes don't always come your way.

Stoppin' here to start once more
I'll have your patience to implore,
So I'll give up and call it o'er.

MERCY SHOW

No advice have I to give
Rather do I strive to live

Better than I've done before,
But I've missed it o'er and o'er;

Mercy now I freely show,
Once no mercy did I know,

But this lesson have I learned
Sinners not the saints are spurned.

Long it took me this to learn
That mercy will itself return.

We scorn and kick the man that's down
And on his reformation frown,

We do him harm—and stab his soul
Rather than help him to the goal.

Now I will hasten to mercy show
For I myself have been so low.

My mind and heart in mercy glow
And I will always mercy show.

I LOVE HIM

Deep in my soul I love Him,
I fondly would ever be true
O Christ, my dear loving Savior,
I fully surrender to you.

In life so often I'm tempted
And often I fall by the way
But I long to love Jesus forever
And walk in His paths every day.

His love has a power that changes
The vilest of sinners to be
Like the angels that live in heaven
And He loves poor sinners like me.

So I'll leave my faults and follies
And break from the pleasures of sin
For I know that the Spirit of Jesus
Will enrich my poor soul within.

GETTING A WELCOME

We will always get a welcome
As we walk beside the stream,
We'll get it from the flowers
When we walk upon the green.

In the cool and shady forest
Where squirrels and birds are seen,
There we'll always get a welcome
When we walk upon the green.

So in every path of living
Where the tracks of men are seen,
Some will always get a welcome
When they walk upon the green.

Every man who does his duty
And to the right doth ever lean,
Will always get a welcome
When he walks upon the green.

So if we would teach a lesson
Let us love and not be mean,
Then we'll always get a welcome
When we walk upon the green.

SLEEP

The angels pin the eyelids down
And rock man's soul in sleep,
They stay near by the bedside
And a vigil watch they keep.

I think there must be angels
That travel with us in the day,
While others come at the sunset
And all thro' the night they stay.

So when your eyes begin to blink
Just know it's the angels' kiss,
For swift from the dome of heaven
They bring you some of its bliss.

Then in the angels' arms you rest
And pass to that dreamless land,
While o'er thy soul they keep a watch
Sweet spirits of that guardian band.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

It's the night before Christmas
And the snow's on the ground,
While the children are waiting
For Saint Nick to come round.

The little lads and lassies
For this day have waited long,
And the Christmas program's over
But not the Christmas song.

Seems everybody's smiling
The lean and fat—tall and thin,
And all the lads and lassies
Are wearing a monster grin;

For they're looking for tomorrow
And that's the Christ's birthday,
But little folks remember it
As a day to romp and play.

Ring out ye bells of Christmas
And scatter gladness everywhere,
For so happy are the boys and girls
They can hardly say their prayer.

But it's time to hurry off to bed
After the prayers have all been said,
Hang up the stockings in the corner
For this long night will soon be sped.

TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS

I am looking for Old Santa Claus
To come to me tonight,
And I have long been wondering
If he won't bring a kite;
Or perhaps a little drum,
But it'll please me just as well
If he would bring a gun.

But Santa is a good old man
I've heard my mama say,
And so I'll hang my stocking up
But keep on at my play,
And when it's time to go to bed
I'll just jump in and say,
"Please, Santa, tomorrow is Christmas
Day."

NATURE'S TEMPLE

Come walk with me in the woodland
Where the song bird sings so sweet,
Let us walk and talk together
And there God's whispers greet;

The beauty of all the earth is here
 And the oak trees are great and high,
 Under my feet the green growing grass
 Is dotted with those flowers that die.

Come sit with me in this shady dell
 By the roadside just over the hill,
 For nature has built her temple here
 And the worship is solemn and still.

ACROSTIC

Ramble over the wide, wide world,
 Over the ocean and land and sea;
 May all your travels
 And voyages prove
 Not one a loss to thee;
 Covet the path the good have trod,
 Enough when you make way to God.

THE POET'S THEOLOGY

Here this call
 In trouble all
 Soon shall fall;

For evil deeds
 Like tares and weeds

Grow thick and fast
 But longer last.

With neighbors bad
 The hearts are sad,

But jolly friends
 On love depends.

Many profess
But live less;

For Scriptures say
All should pray.

When hopes die
Some souls will sigh.

If God you see
Love must be
Strong in thee.

THE BROKEN PANSY

I plucked a sweet pansy
One bright summer day,
But soon it had wilted
And withered away.

Broken and severed
The flower will die,
So will the little bird
And so will you and I.

Guard thy fleeting moments
And check the angry spell,
Then tomorrow you shall know
That you acted mighty well.

Yes, broken was the pansy
And so is the wasted day,
But the idle word not spoken
Is the best that you can say.

FLEETING LIFE

Time, tide and flood sweep on,
Days and nights too soon are gone;

The boy and man are nearly one,
Pain and pleasure is life's sum.

Fleet, fly, thou fiery sun,
Faster and faster the races run;

Birth, baptism, marriage and death,
It's hardly time to draw thy breath.

Change, decay and resurrection be
The messengers that do wait for thee.

EASTER

The blast of the winter snow
Has been chased away by the spring,
And into the throb of life we come
With the joys that Easter bring.

The whole world teems with life
And the birds more sweetly sing,
For man once more has a new life
And it comes with the Easter spring.

This is the high tide of all the year,
Even the earth bursts open with life,
And a new spirit burns in the soul
As Easter drives out all the strife.

The Easter day is heaven's time
To herald the resurrection morn,
And proclaim in all the world around,
That Christ anew from the tomb is born.

Come one and all this Easter day,
Let's turn our hearts from sorrow,
And let Christ the King of Easter day
Fit us all for the labor of tomorrow.

THE RED BIRD

I am come from the fragrant fields,
Where the daisies bloom in the dell,
My heart is aglow with sweetest peace
For peace among the flowers dwell.

I live in a swinging little palace
In an oak tree great and high,
And the boys and girls call me
The red bird of the sky.

YOU'RE OUT

“Striker three and you are out,”
The umpire called from the base,
The batter left the diamond
And another took his place.

Soon the game is ended
And the players will be gone,
To rest and practice later
Till another game is on.

But life itself is one long game,
The batters you and I,
But what shall be the umpire's call
When the time shall come to die?

Striker one and striker two
And every hit will count,
But striker three and you are lost
If the umpire cries, "You're out."

Play hard and fast my friend,
Make every strike your best,
For soon you'll leave the diamond
And there'll be no other test.

Striker one, and striker two,
So swiftly goes life's game,
But all can make the home run
And win both life and fame.

WORK

Work and the world works with you,
Shirk and thy time is lost,
For all neglected duties
You will pay tremendous cost.

Work with a zeal and fervor
And you'll have a smiling face,
For the man who is in earnest
Will always find a place.

Work and your friends will miss you
When you shuffle off from time,
Work and the earth will praise you
And your life will be sublime.

MAN'S FATE

The flight of the bird
And the hot spoken word
Are records of the past,
They cannot be recalled
Nor can they be recast.

So man makes his fate to be
Like a binding band of steel,
Fills memory with the things
Which bring him woe or weal;

He climbs the winding stair
Through the duties of each day,
Sometimes he drinks of sorrow
And at other times he's gay.

Man has fixed limitations,
Some boundaries he cannot pass,
But he works, dreams and fancies,
And at times can wealth amass.

Man is a shirker or a worker,
He destroys and he builds,
He fells the mighty forest
And the rolling field he tills;

He scales the height of wisdom
And he sails the widest sea,
Reads the thoughts of God afar
And he strives like God to be.

Yesterday he lived in wealth
But today he bends so low,
And like the frosted lily wilts
Then from the world he'll go.

THE GOOD MAN DIES

When the good man dies
 The earth at once replies,
 I've lost a goodly prize
 But heaven will be more wise.

But when a bad man dies,
 I wonder who then replies,
 For his spirit goes to the skies
 Just as if a good man dies.

I wonder who is most wise
 When the good or the bad man dies,
 To be good who hardest tries,
 Which one the longest strives?

The good man surely dies
 When he his God denies,
 And never longer tries
 To gain a home in the skies.

And the bad man always dies
 When he the sin and self denies,
 And daily yearns and ever strives
 To gain a home up in the skies.

 THE WINDOW OF THE SOUL

Many are weeping and sighing
 As through life's valley they go,
 Fretting and wasting life's joys
 As they harbor all life's woe.

But lift up thy soul sad man
 And the world's glad blessings know,
 You need not pine thy years away
 Nor fixed in sorrow should you grow.

Break the narrow view of seeing
Just the dark and gloomy day,
You were born to know the planets
And make God's thoughts thy play.

Shake off thy wandering fears of doubt
And make thyself a god in sacred power,
So let thy steps be measured might
And all thy deeds as a fragrant flower.

Let no bounds make thee a narrow man
But penetrate until you touch
Scenes of uncorrupted and eternal thought
And make thyself an immortal son.

WHEN ALL OUR SHIPS COME IN

You have often heard folks say
When in trouble they have been,
We're looking for a better day
When all our ships come in.

When all our ships come in
From over the dreamy sea,
For we believe they'll bring
The fortune we long to see.

It seems there is a speck
In all folks just the same,
They are looking for the coming
Of a ship with wealth and fame.

Vain hope that many have in life
When loss and trouble corner them in,
They try to put off the settlement
Till their hoped-for ships come in.

And so they look and wait and hope
 That they may some day truly win,
 When they ought to work the harder
 Till their ships do all come in.

When all our ships come in
 From over the boundless sea
 We'll live in peace and comfort
 And a jolly time 'twill be.

But those ships with treasures rare
 May be far from the port tonight,
 And may have a stormy voyage yet
 Before you view their sight.

Remember this looked-for time
 When all our ships come in,
 Never comes to the most of folks
 For their ships do not come in.

Then I will work and hope and pray
 And try my daily way to win,
 For then I shall be doubly blessed
 If all my ships come in.

WAITIN' FOR FAME

I am waitin' just a waitin'
 For fame to come along
 And crown my idle moments
 And make me rich and strong;
 But so long I've been a waitin'
 For fame to come my way
 That now I am a thinkin'
 He's surely missed a day.

Waitin', yes I'm waitin'
For a title to my name
That cost no work or study
But just pinned on by fame;
Gold and honor for my waitin'?'
'Tis all the same to me,
But what delays his comin'
When his visit will be free?

But I mean to keep a waitin'
While others work all day
For if he finds them workin'
He will not stop to say,
"Can't you cease your labor
When but once I pass this way?"
But he'll always find me waitin'
For I'm waitin every day.

Still I'm here a waitin'
Even if fame is late
And I'm sure to be a waitin'
When he passes by my gate;
I wonder how my name will look
Carved out in bronze and stone;
O how my friends will envy me
When I walk with fame alone.

Waitin', still I'm waitin'
And my hair is long and gray,
But surely I'll not die
Till fame comes by this way;
What he'll give me for my waitin'
Will be very hard to say,
But fame will soon be comin'
For I've waited life away.

THE HALTED TRAVELER

'Twas on the way with the cross that day
As the mob with hate and anger cried,
That Jesus fell under the weight of the cross
And the centurion lashed His bleeding side.

Then a passing traveler was halted on his way
And told to follow his new found guide,
But Simon begged that he might be excused;
The captain answered, "Walk by the prisoner's
side."

On with the mob the Cyrenian slowly tramped,
Gazing upon the blood-stained face of Him
For whom he bore that heavy cruel cross,
At last to see the soldiers nail Him with a grin.

Perhaps that halted Cyrenian never knew that
Power and love flowed mingled with the pain,
Of the Christ who tramped in silence all the way
To reach Calvary where loss was greatest gain.

Then came the end so mystic, solemn and so sad
That Simon the Cyrenian bowed to God and said,
"It gives me joy that I was halted on the way
And bore the cross for Him who now is dead."

In life you shall all have some sudden call
And a halted traveler you and I may some day be,
Finding that into service we too had drafted been
And a neighbor's need had been the one decree.

Swiftly along life's thorny path men do go,
But are halted and hindered like Simon on his way
Thinking that they've sad days to look upon,
But Simon the Cyrenian ne'er saw a better day.

You were one time halted on your pilgrim way
But keep on climbing up Mount Zion and see
That from its summit you shall view at last
The glories of that Calvary were all for thee.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

He rose like a giant strong
This man so brave and true,
He always did the right,
Or as near it as he knew.

Humble retired and meek was he
As he worked at every task,
Was never known to break his word
But he kept it to the last.

He stood a kingly man of men,
Free from folly, malice and pride,
Was a giant for all men's rights
And his fairness shall forever abide.

This name of Lincoln ne'er forget
As the centuries shall roll away,
For he stood a man of God we think
And he lived it every passing day.

From the common ranks of men came he,
Schooled in adversity and poverty too,
Sad and lonely was most of his life.
But daily like God he steadily grew.

"Honest Abe" he was often called
By friend and foe the same,
But few in all the world have had
This title to their name.

In the hearts of men he'll always live
 While the years shall come and go,
 But the good he's done for all mankind
 There's none but God does know.

He fell a victim to murderous hate
 And sank in a martyr's grave;
 He died as he had always lived
 But he freed the white man's slave.

He sleeps in a Springfield cemetery,
 Our Lincoln so noble and true,
 But he set a standard for right living
 That daily challenges me and you.

SONNET OF GLADNESS

We love our God and praise Him too
 For sparing us to meet with you;
 For sending sunshine with the shower
 And lending us the fragrant flower.

We bless His name this happy day
 And on His altar here we lay,
 The broken heartstrings of our soul
 And pray that we may reach yon goal,

Where tired feet no longer tread
 But crowns bedeck the weary head;
 And battling trusting souls of men
 Lay down the cross and peace attain.

Come then and let us praise His name
 And love Him for His holy fame;
 Then all our earthly praises bring
 And laud and crown Him as our King.

THE DYING SOLDIER

He is dying, slowly dying
In a hut down by yon mill,
His face is pale and wan
And he's growing cold and still,

The soldier boy—brave and true,
Who answered his country's call,
He fought like a valiant Caesar
And he was noble, gay and tall.

Day after day he had tried to go
And answered again the bugle call,
But frail and weak he daily grew
As he was slipping beyond recall.

In a lonely hut he was dying,
There was none to bathe his brow,
As his soul leaped out of his body
And has gone to that eternal now.

No grave was dug for his body
And marker there was none to say—
So no one can find his resting place
Or tell where that brave boy lay.

Quietly he slipped away from earth
On the sands of yon southern plain,
But for the grave of this nameless hero
Many have long searched in vain.

But he was not alone when he left—
For heaven's angel band came down
And watched him through the night,
Then crowned him with a golden crown.

And they bore him away in triumph
 To that land of everlasting day,
 They dressed him in a robe of white
 And have taken him there to stay.

EULOGY TO OUR HEROES

Sleep on thou brave, brave heroes,
 All thy work was nobly done,
 But the long and bloody battles
 Claimed thy comrades one by one.

You have faced the firing cannon
 When you heard the general's call,
 And you marched when sick and weary,
 So you've suffered each and all.

No one knows the pains you suffered
 In the swamps and on the plain,
 While you tramped, toiled and battled
 Greater rights for man to gain.

But no more will bugles call you
 To face the cannon's smoke and roar.
 For you conquered in the struggle
 And that bloody warfare's o'er.

Sleep ye wounded, weary bodies,
 Comrades of our nation's life,
 Upon high live all your spirits
 And in heaven there is no strife.

But today from peaceful labors
 We were gathered at thy graves,
 And with love we dropped the flowers
 With the words—here sleep our braves.

And we also waved that banner
Of the red, the white, the blue,
And we thanked the God above us
That you fought as men most true.

Comrades of our land and nation
Who in earthly battles trod,
Form yourselves in grand procession
For you now belong to God.

THE END OF THE ROAD

It's a long way to travel
When you carry a heavy load,
But surely there's a resting place
At the end of the road.

It's a long day to suffer
When pains your body goad,
And there seems to be no help
Till the end of the road.

It's a long task that keeps you
Like the little climbing toad,
As he keeps on in his climbing
Till the end of the road.

There are many heavy sorrows
That come to man's abode,
But some must carry them
Till the end of the road.

Men have been seeking wealth
As through the world they rode,
And they'll keep on in the seeking
Till the end of the road.

It's a long, long desire
And a tiresome waiting mode,
From boyhood up to manhood
Till the end of the road.

It's a long path leading
Where tired feet never strode,
But just over the hill
Is the end of the road.

A MISTY DAY

Did it ever occur to you my friend
There will come a misty day,
When clouds shall gather o'er thy head
And the sun shall hide away?

When the friends of youth are gone
And alone you battle in the tide,
While the earth recedes from your view
What deeds of thy life shall abide?

But the misty day that you viewed afar
And feared when that day would come,
At last like the slow moving caravan
It has scattered its mist in thy home.

Your eye grows dim with the misty dew
And your friends you no longer know,
While around thy bark gathers the cloud
And where, O where, will thy spirit go?

So with joy and vigor of a stalwart soul
We meet in life and walk in the way,
But soon we'll come to the end of the road
To the beauty or gloom of that misty day.

EVENING BELLS

My boyhood life down in the dells
Was often cheered by the evening bells
Of church and school and that gay time
When home was sweet and heaven was mine.

But swiftly passed those days of glee
And gone is many a heart from me
That now in the silent city dwells
And answers not those evening bells.

Night follows day and soon is gone—
But the church bell still is tolling on
And echoes long in those shady dells
A low sweet tune of the evening bells.

And so will the tolling music be
When my own soul pushes out to sea—
Then other poets shall walk those dells
And hear thy tune, sweet evening bells.

PUSHING OUT TO SEA

The evening comes at last
And all friends turn to see
When the Spirit stands at the door
As we push out to sea.

He speaks in tender tones
A message so plain for me
"Do not go hence in weeping
When we push out to sea."

Eventide and a low sweet tune
Of a cooing dove in a tree,
And the soul begins to know
When we push out to sea.

Passing from the little home
To realms more pure and free
O may there be no weeping
When you push out to sea.

It may be a long, long journey
But his bark will surely be
A safe boat in which to sail
When you push out to sea.

Now the voyage is just begun
And my Pilot I can see,
So a long farewell I leave
As we push out to sea.

Eventide and the close of life
Is the record that will be
For friend and foe some day
When we push out to sea.

HOME AT LAST

When I reach my Father's house
Just over the crystal sea,
In those regions of delight
Where my soul would ever be;

When I lay my burdens down
And rest from the toilsome way,
I hope to enter the gates of gold
And with Jesus ever stay.

When my cares and toils are o'er
And I'm free from the storms that be,
My soul shall bask in eternal bliss
Where I've yearned for years to be.

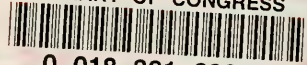
When I've come to the end of the road
And the days of my life are done,
If I reach that harbor safely
My crown of life will be won.

Yes, I'm trusting in the blood
Of that man of Galilee,
For He says in His written Word
He died to set the sinners free.

Chorus:

To glory my soul yearns to go
And the crown of His love to wear,
Then I will be happy in Jesus
For saints of His grace will be there.

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