

PS 3515  
.0484 W5

1922







Where are the  
Yesterdays?

and

Other Poems

by

HELEN AGNES HOLTON

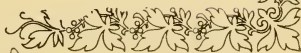
This little volume forth I send,  
Because I love to write.  
And may it lend to every friend,  
Some pleasure and delight.

The Author.

Dedicated to my daughter  
Florence Mildred Holton

Milwaukee,  
Kulke & Pauli, printers,

1922



PS 3515  
D4 84W5  
1922

Copyright 1922  
by  
Helen A. Holton ✓  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

DEC 30 '22

© CI A 692639



1883

KULK & PAULI, Printers  
439 27th Street  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



## INDEX

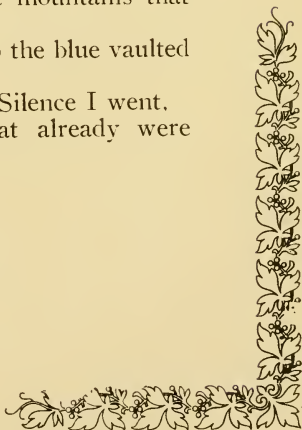
	Page
A Letter in Rhyme .....	102
Along the River of Time.....	68
A New Year .....	32
A New Year's Reverie .....	25
America .....	89
Aspiration .....	11
A Solace from the Sea .....	70
A Song of the Sea .....	21
A Tribute to Carrie Nation .....	110
August .....	40
Autumn .....	42
Be a Booster .....	31
Broken Friendship .....	72
Captive .....	34
Charles Dickens .....	47
Christmas Chimes .....	12
Come to Me I'll Give Thee Rest.....	78
Edgar Allen Poe .....	51
Easter Hymn .....	63
Goldenrod .....	60
Good-bye John Barleycorn .....	44
Have You Prayed Today .....	91
How We Build .....	84
Hurrah, Hurrah for Tennessee .....	82
In Memory She Lingers .....	95
In September .....	23
June .....	109
Knitting .....	41
Let Us Have Peace .....	76
Lines to a Little Girl of Ten Summers.....	62
Lines to a Sweet Girl Graduate .....	93
Lovelight .....	66
Lincoln .....	50
L'Inconnu .....	88
Naming the Baby .....	58
Nature's Child .....	43
Never Despair .....	83
New Year's Resolutions .....	103
Memory's Chain .....	24
Midwinter .....	81
Milwaukee's Anniversary .....	92
Mother .....	73
October .....	99

Ode to Niagara .....	71
Our Flag Is There .....	74
Our Love Is Dead .....	101
Our Martyred President .....	94
Old Settlers Day .....	105
Pie Is Pie .....	69
Reply to a Leap Year Proposal .....	59
Reminisence .....	96
Requescat in Pace .....	36
Salome .....	79
Sleep Ye Fallen Heroes, Sleep .....	15
Shakespeare .....	38
Spare the Birds .....	108
Sousa's Band .....	75
Substitutes and Camouflage .....	14
Sunshine in the Heart .....	106
Summer's Gone! .....	86
Summer's Here .....	22
Thanksgiving .....	30
Thanksgiving Time is Here .....	17
The Butterfly .....	54
The Children .....	64
The Great Salt Lake at Sunset .....	55
The Flag .....	35
The Great American .....	13
The New Century .....	20
The Mississippi .....	34
The Old Wisconsin River .....	29
The Rockies .....	45
The Royal Gorge .....	46
The Soldiers .....	16
The Springtime .....	18
The Titanic .....	27
The Way to Hooverize .....	87
The Rain After Drought .....	85
The Song of the Breeze .....	67
The Mowing .....	56
The Wailing Wind .....	99
The War Is On .....	61
To My Muse .....	98
Thoughts for Easter .....	104
Vespers .....	77
W. C. T. U. Definition .....	90
What Shall We Do With Our Islands?.....	100
With No Apologies to the A. of C.....	107
Wonderland Park .....	90

## WHERE ARE THE YESTERDAYS?

Oh pray tell me where are the yesterdays  
gone?  
I have searched for them all the way since  
the gray dawn;  
I've crossed the wide ocean and sailed the  
blue sea,  
And borrowed the wings of the morning to  
flee—  
I asked of the song birds that flew quickly  
past,  
Where are the yesterdays? The days that  
came last?  
They replied with a warble as higher they  
flew,  
Methought they were searching the yester-  
days too;

Afar o'er the hills and the mountains that  
rise,  
And lift their proud cliffs to the blue vaulted  
skies;  
And down in the valley of Silence I went,  
In search of the days that already were  
spent.



And there 'mid the darkness and gloom like  
a pall,  
The days that were numbered were encamp-  
ing withal ;  
Some appeared bright and cheerful, others  
dark as before,  
And my search, ah, then I knew it was o'er !

From the heights of the present, we long-  
ingly cast,  
A glance retrospective o'er the intervale past  
And sigh for the yesterdays spent all in  
vain ;  
But Today and Tomorrow shall greet us  
again.

But today and tomorrow ah, soon they will  
be  
As the yesterdays were to you and to me ;  
They steadily fall into line one by one,  
As Time measures off the swift days that  
are done.



## ASPIRATION

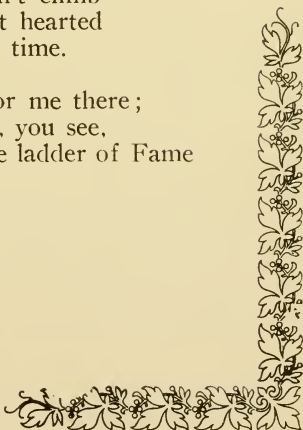
On the topmost round of the ladder of  
Fame,  
I see a glittering prize.  
And on that round I would scribe my name,  
And to its summit rise.

But oh, the climbing is so hard,  
It makes me dizzy and faint;  
Sometimes I think I will give it up  
The struggle is so great.

The ladder is steep and slippery too,  
And the climbing wearies me.  
The rounds are rough, what shall I do?  
Which way, then shall I flee?

If I descend to the lower rounds  
They'll say that I couldn't climb  
That I was weak and faint hearted  
And they knew it all the time.

Besides there isn't room for me there;  
Those rounds are so full, you see,  
So the topmost round of the ladder of Fame  
Is the only one for me.



## CHRISTMAS CHIMES

Sweet Christmas bells, joyful their chimes  
Stirring our hearts with song and rhyme.  
Glory to God, Hark, Hark the strain!  
Peace to our land restored again!

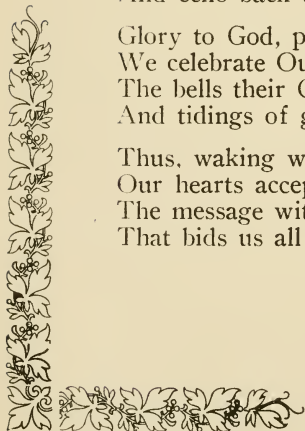
The heavy tread of martial feet,  
The trumpet blast, the drum's loud beat,  
Are hushed and e'en the bugle call.  
"Peace, peace on earth, good will to all!"

The holly and the trailing vine  
Of polished green, fair wreaths entwine;  
And flowers strewn along the way,  
Blest emblems of that new-born day.

The starry hosts proclaim on high,  
Their songs of victory from the sky;  
Our spirits catch the joyful strain,  
And echo back the glad refrain:

Glory to God, peace, peace on earth,  
We celebrate Our Savior's birth!  
The bells their Christmas carols sing,  
And tidings of great joy they bring!

Thus, waking with the morning light,  
Our hearts accept, with glad delight,  
The message with melodious voice,  
That bids us all this day rejoice.



## THE GREAT AMERICAN

*Theo. Roosevelt*

The great American has gone,  
A patriot brave and bold;  
Not half his deeds of chivalry  
Have ever yet been told.

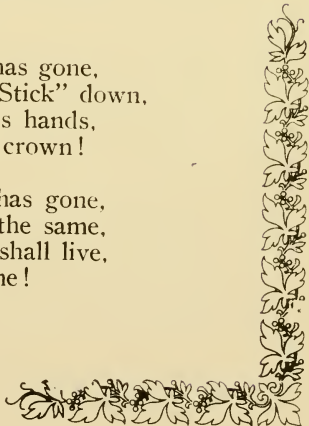
He loved the simple things of life,  
He loved the children too;  
He took delight in all his work  
What'er he found to do!

He led a very strenuous life,  
He worked with all his might,  
To help advance every reform,  
He championed the right!

Distinguished for his bravery  
And for his iron will;  
He formed a party of his own  
His calling to fulfill.

The great American has gone,  
He has laid his "Big Stick" down,  
It was a sceptre in his hands,  
He, a king without a crown!

The great American has gone,  
The world moves on the same,  
He left a record that shall live,  
And an Immortal name!



## SUBSTITUTES AND CAMAFLOUGE

It is very interesting  
To be living in an age,  
When substitutes and camaflouge  
Are especially the rage.

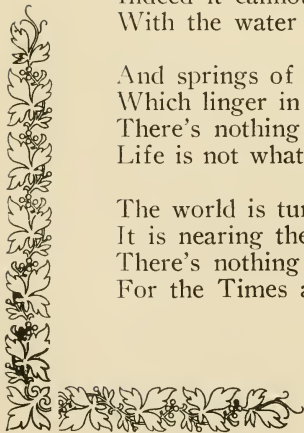
There's nothing genuine any more,  
Not even the food we eat,  
There's substitutes for the staff of life,  
And there's substitutes for meat.

I am simply famished for white bread,  
I am longing for a slice  
Spread with fresh butter from the churn,  
There's nothing half so nice.

And oh, the water now a days,  
It is doctored, and it smells,  
Indeed it cannot be compared  
With the water from the wells

And springs of many years ago,  
Which linger in our dreams,  
There's nothing genuine any more,  
Life is not what it seems.

The world is turning upside down,  
It is nearing the danger point ;  
There's nothing genuine any more,  
For the Times are out of joint.





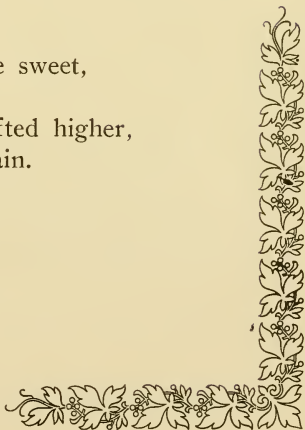
## SLEEP YE FALLEN HEROES, SLEEP!

Sleep ye fallen heroes, sleep,  
Your work was nobly done;  
You fought for Freedom and the right,  
And fadeless laurels won.

Sleep, ye valiant, true and brave,  
The winds your requiem sing,  
Your names are cherished in our hearts,  
And sacred memories bring.

Sleep, ye fallen heroes sleep,  
Where moss and seaweed grows;  
No slab of marble marks the spot,  
The place of your repose.

Sleep, and let your rest be sweet,  
Ye did not die in vain;  
For Freedom's torch is lifted higher,  
And new luster it doth gain.



## THE SOLDIERS

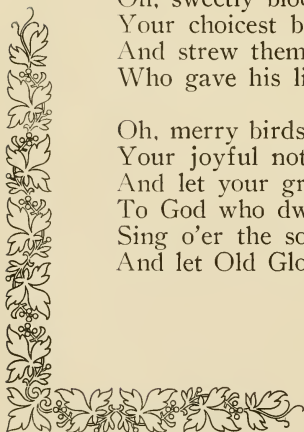
Oh, list to the strain of the throbbing drum,  
We hear in the distance, the soldiers have  
come;

A fragment of what they were before,  
Their ranks are depleted, yet once more,  
We see them swinging along the way,  
To the strains of martial music today.

A few there are left who falter on,  
But many have passed away and gone;  
Their ranks are growing less each year.  
They reply to the summons: "I am Here,"  
And into the shadows they march along,  
To the call of the far-off trumpet gong!

Bend softly down oh azure sky,  
Honor the graves where the soldiers lie;  
Oh, sweetly bloom ye flowers of May,  
Your choicest blossoms give today,  
And strew them on the soldier's graves,  
Who gave his life our land to save!

Oh, merry birds, ye birds of Spring.  
Your joyful notes exultant sing;  
And let your grateful songs arise,  
To God who dwells above the skies;  
Sing o'er the soldier's lonely grave  
And let Old Glory proudly wave!



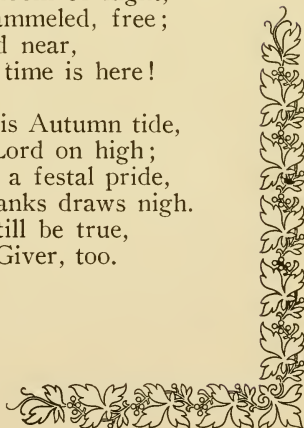
## THANKSGIVING TIME IS HERE

There's a mellow light on the distant hills,  
And a song of hope in the leafless trees;  
There's a note of joy that exultant thrills,  
Our waiting hearts, in each passing breeze;  
And sweetly the song-waves soft, and clear,  
Are chanting thanksgiving time is here.

There's a quiet song in the tranquil air;  
And the anthem's ring which maketh glad;  
And the stars shine out with a tender care,  
Watching the absent ones, cheering the sad,  
With songs of gladness the day draweth  
near,  
Rejoice, for thanksgiving time is here!

Shine on, oh stars, in thy pensive light,  
Speed on, oh winds, to the farthest sea;  
Lift from sad hearts the gloom of night,  
Fill them with hope, untrammelled, free;  
Let gratitude from far and near,  
Resound, for thanksgiving time is here!

With a peace and joy at this Autumn tide,  
We lift our hearts to the Lord on high;  
And spread the board with a festal pride,  
For the time for giving thanks draws nigh.  
Favored of God we will still be true,  
And render thanks to the Giver, too.



## THE SPRINGTIME

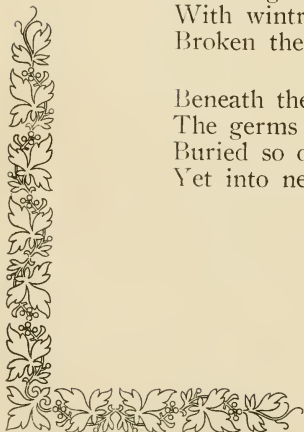
The earth in beauty lies,  
Where barren crests were seen;  
We look with glad surprise,  
Upon the fields of green.

The verdure-tinted hills  
Are all aglow with light!  
The wild, unfettered rills  
Are sparkling clear and bright.

And, swaying to and fro,  
The crocus lifts its head;  
The brooklet murmurs low,  
Stern winter now hath fled!

The blight, the withering blast,  
The long dull night of pain,  
With wintry winds is past,  
Broken the Ice King's reign!

Beneath the frost and snow,  
The germs of flowers slept,  
Buried so deep below,  
Yet into new life crept.



And now, exultant send,  
Their fragrance thro' the air,  
Bright songsters vie and blend  
Their sweet songs everywhere.

The buttercup doth bow  
Its head, all sunlight crowned;  
And perfumed zephyrs now  
Float in the breeze around.

Nature awakes to life,  
In opening bud and flower,  
Freighted with blessings rife,  
Filling each joyous hour.

The merry springtime brings,  
New life, new hope, new cheer!  
The whole creation sings,  
Its theme, Springtime is here!

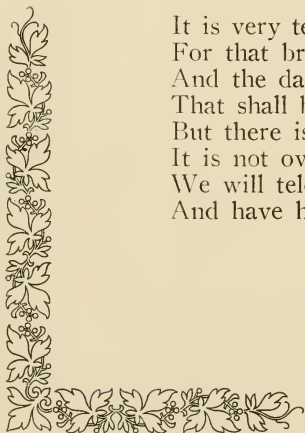


## THE NEW CENTURY

When does the new century begin?  
I'd really like to know,  
The question is so vexing,  
It does perplex me so;  
My brain is in a muddle,  
My nerves are all unstrung;  
I am weary of the query  
Oft asked by mortal tongue.

Philosophers and poets,  
And other men of note;  
Are trying to say something  
None others ever wrote—  
About the coming century,  
When new days, new ways, begin,  
But still they do not quite agree,  
Just when it will usher in.

It is very tedious waiting,  
For that brand new spotless page,  
And the dawning of the century,  
That shall bring the Golden Age.  
But there is no use to worry,  
It is not over-late;  
We will telephone Saint Peter,  
And have him fix the date.



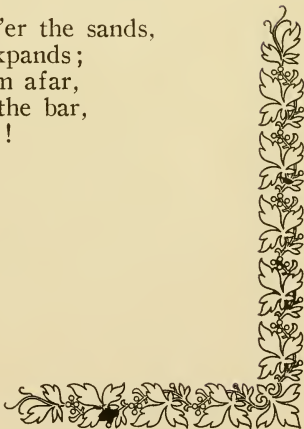
## A SONG OF THE SEA

Drift, ebb and flow, oh, restless sea,  
And onward sweep so proud and free;  
Thy dancing waves the whole day long,  
Still echo thine eternal song,  
Drift, ebb and flow oh sea!

The white ships spread their sails and glide,  
Bouyantly o'er the surging tide,  
The sun, with golden orb serene.  
Weaves garlands in thy tresses green;  
Drift, ebb and flow oh sea!

Sing, chant and sing oh billowy sea,  
In minor strains thy melody;  
The waves are dashing in their might,  
The Lighthouse lends its cheery light,  
Drift, ebb and flow oh sea!

Down deep descents and o'er the sands,  
The creeping tide slowly expands;  
The sea-gulls cry, and from afar,  
The murmur dies beyond the bar,  
Drift, ebb and flow oh sea!

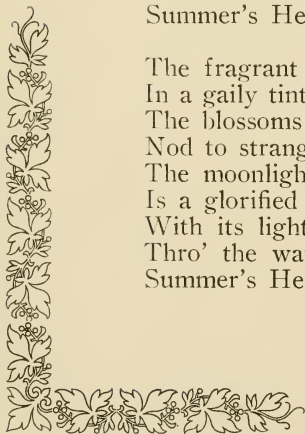


## SUMMER'S HERE!

The lark is gaily singing,  
From his lofty perch on high;  
And crimson-tinted banners,  
Are spread out upon the sky.  
The mists have veiled the morning,  
The lovely days grow long;  
The air is perfume-laden  
The birds revel in their song.  
Summer's Here!

The breeze with gentle motion,  
Sways the branches on the trees  
The forests' cooling shadows,  
Tempt to idleness and ease;  
The brooklet murmurs softly  
To the willows bending low,  
The cricket chirps a challenge  
To the fire bugs as they go.  
Summer's Here!

The fragrant flowers cluster  
In a gaily tinted mass;  
The blossoms by the roadside  
Nod to strangers as they pass;  
The moonlight on the meadows,  
Is a glorified delight;  
With its lights and shadows shifting  
Thro' the watches of the night.  
Summer's Here!

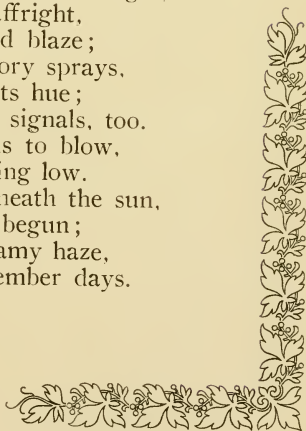




God's beauties like sweet incense  
Permeates the earth and sky;  
His benediction lingers,  
While the days are going by;  
Our hearts respond in gladness,  
Joining nature in her praise;  
Perfection meets our vision,  
In His wondrous works and ways.  
Summer's Here!

## IN SEPTEMBER

The song birds spread their wings and fly,  
To distant lands 'neath warmer sky,  
The sunbeams, too, withdraw their light,  
The flowers shiver with affright,  
The sumach kindles its red blaze;  
Tinted with gold, the hickory sprays,  
The curling leaf changes its hue;  
The clouds hang out their signals, too.  
The blustering wind begins to blow,  
O'er meadow grasses bending low.  
The streams half dried beneath the sun,  
Foretell that Autumn has begun;  
O'er all there creeps a dreamy haze,  
That brings the cool September days.

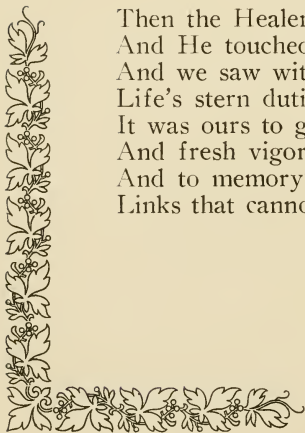


## MEMORY'S CHAIN

There are golden links that bind us,  
In the chain of memory.  
And we oft recall the old days,  
Days of youth and infancy.  
When our hearts were filled with gladness,  
Happiness did then abound,  
With no thought of care or sadness,  
But true joy in life we found.

All the changes came so gradual,  
We can scarce believe it true,  
And our friends were taken from us,  
One by one, were lost from view.  
And our lives were very lonely,  
For an aching void was there.  
Weary days we spent in greiving,  
Days of darkness and despair!

Then the Healer came so softly,  
And He touched our lives anew;  
And we saw with a dim vision,  
Life's stern duties, and we knew,  
It was ours to gather courage,  
And fresh vigor for the strife;  
And to memory's chain was added,  
Links that cannot break thro' life.



## A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE

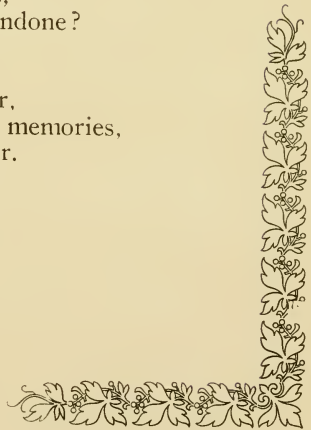
Silently the shades of evening,  
Gather round this quiet spot,  
And I watch the waning twilight,  
In a reverie of thought.

Thinking of the year that's passing,  
Of its hours dark and bright,  
Wondering what record it carries,  
In its winged rapid flight?

Will it tell a pleasing story,  
Of earth's wayward children here?  
Of good work done, and happy workers,  
Busy all the livelong year?

Or will it tell of sadness,  
Of virtues not yet won?  
Of hours spent in idleness,  
And of good deeds left undone?

Methinks I hear the echo  
Reverbrate through the air,  
Old Year goes laden with memories,  
And burdens heavy to bear.



And borne on the ebbing tide,  
Of death's cold mystic river,  
Into that shadowy land,  
Bids us farewell forever.

And now we hail the glad New Year,  
And future joys await to be unfurled,  
Another page in Time's great book begun,  
Another page of grace for all the world.

Then as we wend our checkered way,  
'Mid summer's bloom and winter's chill,  
Let us reap earth's choicest blessings,  
For there's more of good than ill.

Upon this pure and spotless page,  
May kindness be traced,  
Then when we bid this year adieu,  
Naught would we see erased.



## THE TITANIC

Out on the boundless ocean,  
In her glowing strength and pride,  
Sailed the beautiful Titanic,  
The ocean's queen and bride.

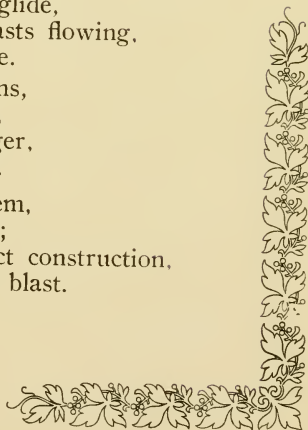
Built by a master workman,  
Wrought by a human hand,  
With armory of iron,  
And vast compartments grand;  
With flower gardens blooming.  
With arbors and terraced streets,  
With pleasure-domes in profusion,  
A stately palace complete!

Away on her maiden voyage,  
Laden with precious freight;  
Furnished with pomp and splendor,  
Unsinkable, up to date.

This giant ship so princely,  
O'er the water swift did glide,  
The flag from her tall masts flowing,  
Gracefully on she did ride.

On thru the frozen regions,  
With little slack of speed,  
On, to the signals of danger,  
The captain gave no heed.

The fatal spell was on them,  
A delusion held them fast;  
The ship with such perfect construction,  
Would ride the storm and blast.



The night was calm and lovely,  
The waters peaceful too,  
This gallant ship in mid-ocean,  
Would prove both safe and true.

But a ghostly sentinel arose,  
An iceberg in its might,  
And struck the ship a fatal blow,  
And awful was the night.

Doomed to sure destruction  
Was the Titanic in her pride,  
The cry of distress was heralded  
Over the ocean wide.

"Women and children first," they cried  
The Life-boats were lowered fast;  
Women and children were rescued,  
But the men were left till the last.

Down in the deep they were submerged,  
Those brave, heroic men;  
Their valiant deeds of chivalry,  
Are repeated over again.

The millionaire, the deck-hand,  
As equals, took their flight,  
In the presence of death, together,  
They were summoned that sad night.

And the peerless ship in her beauty  
Sank to a watery grave;  
Down went the idle beast of men,  
Who were powerless to save!

## THE OLD WISCONSIN RIVER

In the far-famed Dells of Kilbourn,  
Flows the Old Wisconsin river ;  
Noted for its natural beauty,  
And its place renowned in history.

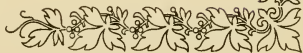
Majestic river, flowing stately,  
Just beyond the North horizon,  
Mecca of the tourist who visits  
The famous Dells of the Wisconsin!

Giant rocks, juttred and craggd,  
Lift their heads, crowned in the sunlight ;  
Shapely forms and chiseled figures,  
Are mirrored in the Old Wisconsin!

Here the Red man with his quiver,  
With his mighty bow and arrow ;  
Made his haunts, and built his wigwam,  
On the banks of the Old Wisconsin!

In this zone of fragrant pine trees,  
'Mid the green of fern and forest ;  
Rang the weird, tuneful rhythm,  
Down the gulch, and thro' the canyon!

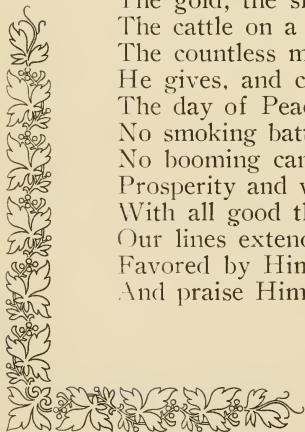
Memories of those ancient tribesman,  
With their moose-bones, and their tom-toms,  
Lingers still within these regions,  
And echoes o'er the Old Wisconsin!



## THANKSGIVING

List, ye people one and all,  
To the Presidential call,  
Our Nation's Magistrate saith he,  
"Render thanks on bended knee."  
Do not feast the whole day long,  
Lift your hearts in prayer and song,  
To the bounteous God above,  
For His all-sustaining love,  
For the plenteous harvest's yield,  
For the fruits from teeming fields,  
For the nation's prosperous wealth,  
For the comforts and the health,  
That the Giver doth bestow,  
On His creatures here below.

With a free and lavish hand,  
He scatters blessings o'er the land,  
The gold, the silver, too, He wills,  
The cattle on a thousand hills;  
The countless mercies at our feet,  
He gives, and crowns our lives complete!  
The day of Peace dawns bright and clear,  
No smoking battle towers we fear;  
No booming cannons crash around,  
Prosperity and wealth abound;  
With all good things, enriched are we,  
Our lines extend across the sea,  
Favored by Him, let us rejoice,  
And praise Him with our hearts and voice.





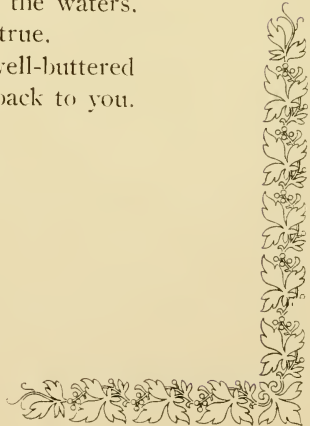
## BE A BOOSTER

There are very many people,  
Sitting round in every town,  
Who are always pessimistic,  
Knocking every good thing down.

Do not be that kind of person,  
They are of no use on earth—  
Be a booster, not a slacker,  
Lift and boost for all you're worth.

Be in earnest, show your mettle,  
Sail right in, and help along;  
During this campaign for Victory,  
Make your plea both good and strong.

Cast your loaves out on the waters,  
This the saying, it is true,  
Right side up, and all well-buttered  
They will then come back to you.

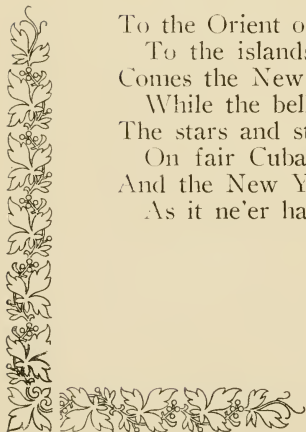


## THE NEW YEAR

The New Year dawns in beauty,  
Greater far than tongue can tell.  
The bells herald its coming,  
As they chime o'er hill and dell.  
We list their soft vibrations,  
And we catch the glad refrain:  
"Peace on earth, good will to man,"  
Is re-echoed o'er again.

A great and prosperous nation  
Swells the chorus from afar;  
O'er mountain, plain and prairie,  
Shines that old immortal star.  
With a majesty transcendent,  
With a luster, soft, serene,  
Shines the star that led the Magi  
To the lowly Nazarene.

To the Orient old in story,  
To the islands of the sea,  
Comes the New Year in its beauty,  
While the bells ring merrily.  
The stars and stripes are planted  
On fair Cuba's distant shore,  
And the New Year brings rejoicing,  
As it ne'er has done before.



The New Year greets the northland,  
With its wintry winds and snow,  
And smiles upon the southland,  
Where the fragrant roses blow.  
It bids the west a God speed,  
From each lofty mountain height,  
And in the east reverberates,  
The swift messenger of light.

“Peace on earth, good will to men,”  
Lingers, zephyr-like around,  
O'er all Columbia's borders,  
Where sweet victory has been crowned  
Like the sun burst on the hilltops,  
Breaks the dawn of the blue light;  
Then hail, all hail the New Year,  
With its aspirations bright.

Amid the bells deep chiming  
We catch the glad refrain,  
And swell the glorious anthem  
That rang o'er Bethlehem's plain.



## THE MISSISSIPPI

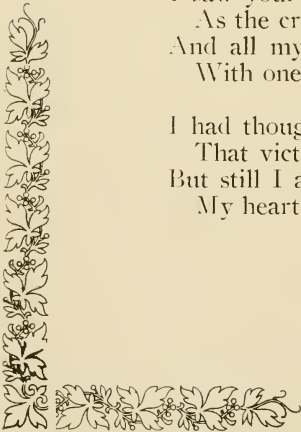
Father of waters, broad and deep,  
Rolling down the course appointed thee.  
Thy surface calm, sometimes asleep,  
Thy current gliding, smooth and free.

Mighty forces urge thy sweep,  
Onward, and, in awful wrath,  
Thy torrents spread disaster far and wide,  
And sweep man's structure from thy path,  
With thy swift, devastating tide!

## CAPTIVE

I saw your face a moment,  
As the crowd went surging by;  
And all my hopes were shattered,  
With one glance from your eye!

I had thought that all was over,  
That victory I had known;  
But still I am your captive,  
My heart is all your own!



## THE FLAG

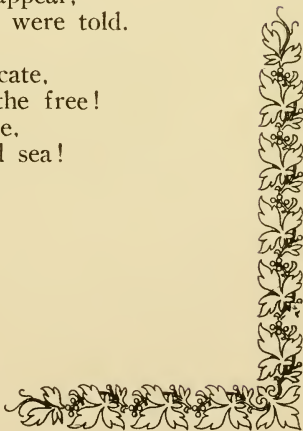
Hoist the flag and let it wave  
Over fair Columbia's land.  
Our forefathers died to save,  
This emblem from traitors hands.

It has been baptized in blood,  
Hallowed, too, by shot and shell;  
Rescued from the battle's flood  
Where our heroes round it fell.

Let it float in Heaven's blue,  
This dear banner we all love;  
'Tis our hope across the seas,  
God has blessed it from above.

Luster new it gains each year,  
And it never will grow old,  
Brighter still it doth appear,  
Half its victories n'er were told.

This the day we dedicate,  
To our flag, flag of the free!  
Joyfully we'll celebrate,  
It is ours on land and sea!

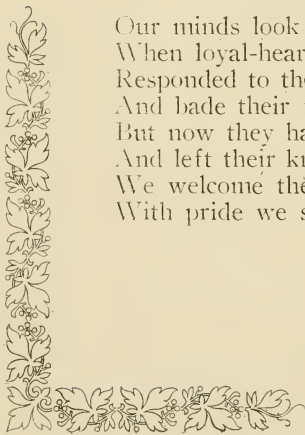


## REQUIESCAT IN PACE

When men go forth to cruel war,  
We watch them pass out of our sight;  
And strain our longing eyes to see,  
Between the mists, some token bright.  
Of their return, and bouyant Hope,  
Points farther on when Peace shall thrill  
Our waiting hearts with joy serene.  
And gratitude our bosoms fill!

This gift within her chalice brings,  
The blessed hour of promised joys;  
With happy hearts we celebrate,  
The glad return of soldier boys.  
Shine out kind stars upon the way!  
Ye blithe winds chant your message clear;  
Tributes of love, and garlands bring,  
And render thanks, the hour draws near!

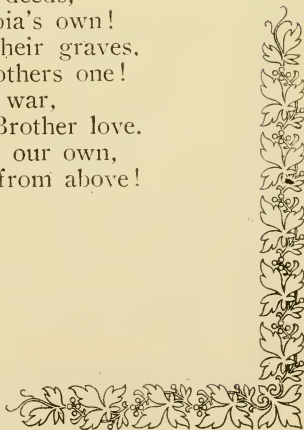
Our minds look back some months ago,  
When loyal-hearted sons and true,  
Responded to their Country's call,  
And bade their friends a sad adieu.  
But now they have come back again,  
And left their knapsacks, shield and sword!  
We welcome them with warm hand-clasps,  
With pride we spread the festal board!



And, heart to heart responsive beats;  
In greeting those returned from war;  
Rejoicing that our banner waves;  
So glorious, from near and far!  
We give three cheers for victory;  
And for Humanity's great cause;  
To the North, the South, Hosannes!  
To the East and West Huzzas!

But e'en at this glad hour we pause,  
And trace again in quick review,  
The number of those valiant men,  
Who donned the uniform of blue;  
Faces we miss among the ranks,  
Who've heard the Death-knell's muffled  
    sound;  
Buried are they in foreign lands  
'Neath many a shapeless, lonely mound!

Heroic valor crowns their deeds,  
Those loving sons, Columbia's own!  
Old Glory flaunts above their graves,  
The Blue, the Gray as brothers one!  
The fiery blasts of flaming war,  
Made strong the links of Brother love.  
One flag, one country, that our own,  
Pride of the world, blest from above!

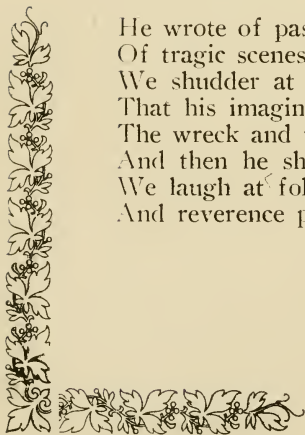


## SHAKESPEARE

A man of genius and true worth,  
His fame has spread through all the earth,  
In every hamlet, village, town  
His living precepts are laid down.  
"To God and thine own self be true"  
(This every one should aim to do.)  
It will follow as the light the day,  
Error and wrong shall flee away.

The rich, the poor, the strong, the weak,  
From Shakespeare's pen true wisdom seek.  
His stories, morals do contain,  
His was an active, fertile brain,  
His wit shines like a brilliant star,  
Sending illuminations far.  
His beauty, like the rolling sea,  
Is spread for all, untrammelled, free.

He wrote of passion and of crimes,  
Of tragic scenes and strenuous times,  
We shudder at the plots portrayed  
That his imagination made.  
The wreck and ruin that he brings;  
And then he shows us brighter things.  
We laugh at folly, weep at crime,  
And reverence pay to the sublime





He was familiar with all good,  
The rocks, the trees, the solitude,  
The lovely flowers, the fragrant breeze,  
He wove into his plays to please.  
Next to the Bible we esteem  
The songs of Shakespeare and his dream.  
He did not live for any age,  
But for all time this worthy sage.

We will commemorate his worth,  
And celebrate his death, his birth,  
In festivals of song and praise,  
In presentation of his plays.  
His dramas, episodes, sublime,  
We will reproduce, as in his time.  
Three hundred years have passed since then  
But he still lives in the hearts of men.



## AUGUST

A silence breathes its spell,  
Alike o'er all the earth;  
Hushed is the song of birds;  
And hushed the sounds of mirth.

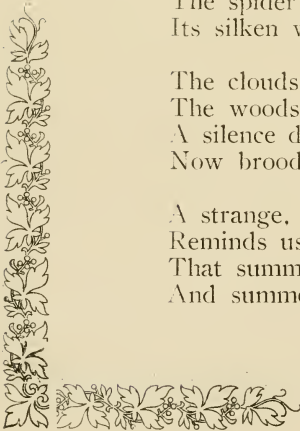
The river leaps and flames,  
Beneath the August sun;  
Shriveled and withered leaves  
Are falling one by one.

Wild lillies lift their heads;  
The bees hum early, late;  
There's not a single rose  
Now left beside the gate.

The straggling briar sweeps,  
And winds its thorny way;  
The spider spins and weaves,  
Its silken web all day.

The clouds, they drift apart;  
The woods, the lakes are still;  
A silence deep, profound,  
Now broods o'er vale and hill.

A strange, a weird spell,  
Reminds us every one,  
That summer days are past,  
And summer, nearly done!



## KNITTING

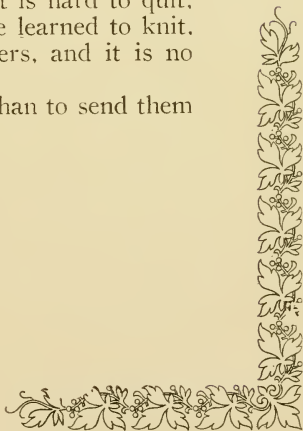
Everybody's knitting everywhere we go,  
Knitting scarfs and sweaters, helmets, wrist-  
lets, so—

I am not a slacker, I will do my bit,  
And I will get busy, and begin to knit,

Knitting for the Army and the Navy, too,  
Sounds quite patriotic, shows a purpose true  
Loyalty to country, this the latest stunt,  
Interest in the soldiers who are on the front ;

They are loyal patriots, in this awful fight,  
With their lives they're willing to defend  
the right ;  
God have mercy on them, send them victory,  
Haste the final issue, Peace and Liberty !

We will keep on knitting, it is hard to quit,  
It is fascinating since we've learned to knit.  
Helmets, scarfs and sweaters, and it is no  
joke ;  
We had rather ship these, than to send them  
Smoke.



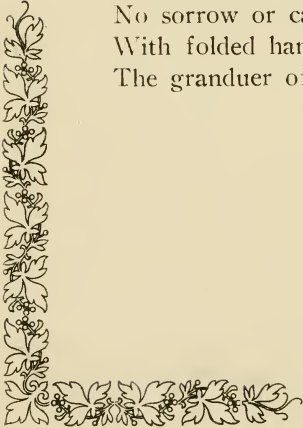
## AUTUMN

The sun half hid in the shadowed sky,  
Sheds a gleam of golden light,  
The dead leaves fallen and withered lie,  
The birds have taken their flight!

In the quiet woods, there's not a breath,  
Left to stir the barren trees;  
A tender touch like the touch of death,  
Has silently passed over these.

All nature, clad in somber array,  
Leaves its impress over all;  
Springtime and Summer have passed away,  
And vanished beyond recall.

Autumn in splendor sits serene,  
No sorrow or care it knows:  
With folded hands and a thoughtful mein,  
The grandeur of nature shows!



## NATURE'S CHILD

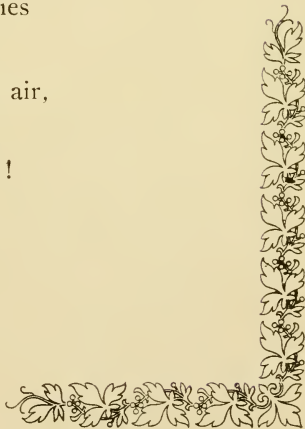
There is magic in the air,  
And the calling of the wild!  
My spirit leaps to meet it,  
For I am nature's child!

My whole being thrills with rapture,  
Responsive to the call;  
And I hasten to the woodlands  
Where God's care is over all.

I listen to the song birds,  
As they flit among the trees;  
I hear the thrush and linnet,  
And the droning of the bees.

I watch the nimble squirrel  
As he scampers in the grass;  
And the violets and daisies  
All greet me as I pass!

Oh there's magic in the air,  
The calling of the wild;  
Exultant I will follow,  
For I am Nature's child!



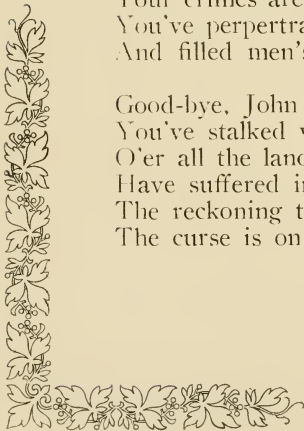
## GOOD-BYE JOHN BARLEYCORN

Good-bye John Barleycorn, Good-bye,  
At last your race is run;  
Like Kaiser Bill you are banished  
From your warm place in the sun;  
(You deserve a warmer region  
For the Deviltry you've done.)

You've broken hearts and ruined homes,  
You are a demon in disguise;  
You heard the children weeping  
But you did not heed their cries;  
Nor the prayers of sorrowing mothers  
With their sad and downcast eyes.

Good-bye, John Barleycorn, come down,  
From your exalted state;  
You've been a cruel tyrant  
Your crimes are very great.  
You've perpetrated Anarchy  
And filled men's hearts with hate.

Good-bye, John Barleycorn, too long  
You've stalked with giant tread  
O'er all the land, millions of lives  
Have suffered in your stead;  
The reckoning time has surely come  
The curse is on your head.



Good-bye John Barleycorn, Good-bye  
We are glad to see you go,  
You've brought distress, misery,  
And wretchedness and woe;  
The people now have spoken,  
They have struck the fatal blow!

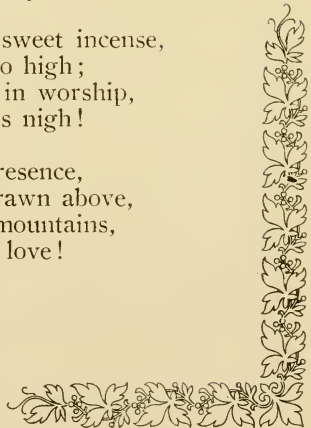
## THE ROCKIES

Here the great majestic Rockies,  
Lift their heads all sunlit crowned!  
Toward the very gates of Heaven,  
With a mystery profound!

Here the eagle on his pinions,  
Soars aloft so light and free,  
Here the mighty force of nature,  
Speaks in tones of majesty!

Perfumed breezes waft sweet incense,  
From these lofty cliffs so high;  
And our hearts respond in worship,  
For we know that God is nigh!

We can feel His very presence,  
And our thoughts are drawn above,  
To the Builder of the mountains,  
To the God of life and love!



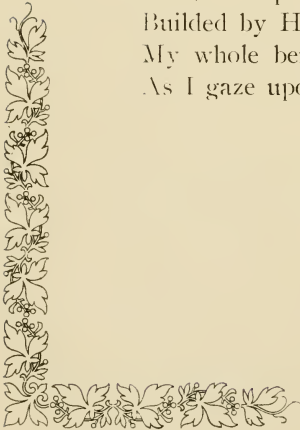
## THE ROYAL GORGE

Cliffs and chasms rise before me,  
And mountain forms on every hand;  
In passing thro' the Royal Gorge,  
The crowning glory of the land.

With Infinity behind me,  
With Infinity before:  
Peaks and pinnacles surround me,  
While below the waters roar!

Great and marvelous the wonders,  
Of this myriad-crested place.  
With its walls of massive marbles  
Towering into dizzy space!

This, a temple of the mighty,  
Built by His power and might;  
My whole being thrills with rapture,  
As I gaze upon the sight!





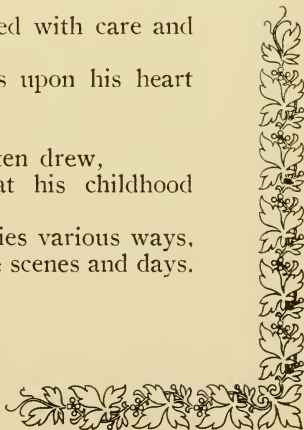
## CHARLES DICKENS

One hundred years ago there came to earth  
A child of humble parents and of lowly  
birth  
At Landport, then a little suburb town  
Of Portsmouth, which has since sprung into  
renown.

No bugle blast, or clairon trumpet then,  
Welcomed this child, destined to win the  
hearts of men,  
And hold spellbound with laughter and with  
tears,  
And draw the masses toward him through  
the coming years.

His father the reverse of fortune knew,  
And Charles, the little lad, suffered ex-  
tremely, too;  
For his young life was filled with care and  
pain,  
Which stamped its impress upon his heart  
and brain.

In his writings later he often drew,  
From sad experiences that his childhood  
knew—  
And wove them in his stories various ways,  
For keenly he recalled those scenes and days.

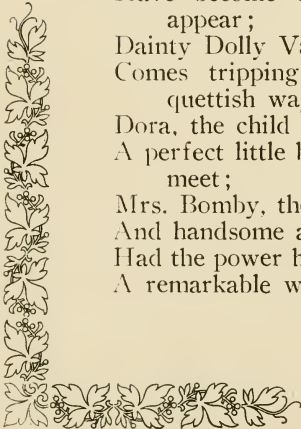


He loved to read, and early he began  
To write brief sketches, to originate and  
plan,  
Stories of human interest with a scene  
To illustrate his characters upon the screen.

His fertile brain and ever ready pen  
Was on the alert in all the affairs of men;  
He was the prophet of the middle class;  
The whole of London life, whatever came to  
pass.

He depicted with his descriptive art,  
And in each tragedy he took an active part,  
His Pickwick Papers, published, brought  
him fame—  
Success assured, his mission was his aim.

His famous portraits this centennial year,  
Have become favorites with all as they  
appear ;  
Dainty Dolly Varden, dimpled and gay,  
Comes tripping and dancing in her co-  
quettish way ;  
Dora, the child wife, confiding and sweet,  
A perfect little beauty, whom one is glad to  
meet ;  
Mrs. Bomby, the second, proud and cold,  
And handsome as a statue, we are told—  
Had the power her husband's will to sway—  
A remarkable woman for one of her day



Charming little Nell has a host of friends  
Who will remain loyal till time itself ends;  
Lucie Manette, she was called the golden  
thread,

And dispelled the gloom, bringing sunshine  
instead;

Miss Havisham, the bride-to-be, the same,  
Left all alone, for her bridegroom never  
came.

All of these characters and many more,  
Are very familiar, we have seen them be-  
fore.

These famous folk, and others just as dear,  
Parade in the procession this centennial year,  
To honor Charles Dickens, it is plainly seen  
The whole world loves him and will keep  
his memory green.



## LINCOLN

One chosen and ordained of God, a leader  
strong and brave.

A magistrate with high ideals, he freed the  
fettered slave;

As Moses led the Israelites from out the  
wilderness,

So Lincoln with the helm of State, guided  
our nation, and to bless;

With faith in God, he faltered not, but held  
with steady hand,

The reigns of power till war and hate was  
driven from the land;

His name is honored and is linked with the  
bravest and the best;

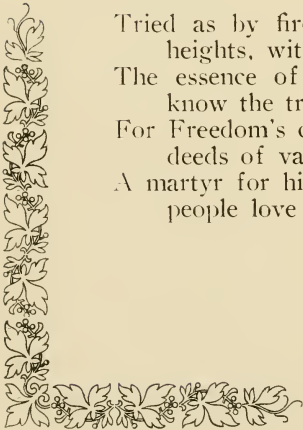
He was the highest type of man, his char-  
acter could stand the test.

Tried as by fire, his spirit rose, to lofty  
heights, with purpose true;

The essence of his heart's desire was to  
know the truth and live it, too,

For Freedom's cause he lived and died, his  
deeds of valor won him fame

A martyr for his country's sake, a grateful  
people love his name!

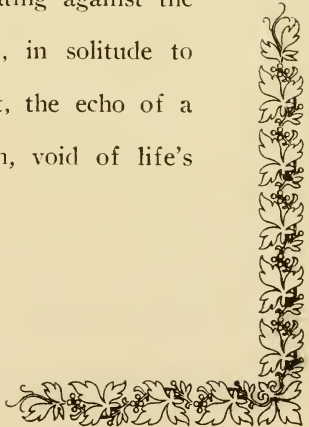


## EDGAR ALLEN POE

Out from the busy world apart from haunts  
of men,  
Friends of Poe have gathered to celebrate  
again  
His memory and verse, the essence of his  
song,  
Which thro' the passing years shall be re-  
membered long.

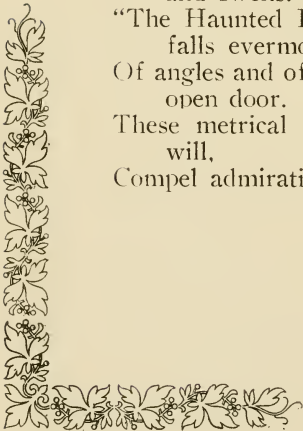
Gifted with rare genius and fascination, too  
Peculiar to himself, his style none other  
knew.  
His was the "shadow voice" in the temple  
of song;  
Touched with melancholy, a note vibrating  
strong.

His spirit ever stands beating against the  
gate  
Of Death's lonely portals, in solitude to  
wait.  
His Lyrics, sad and sweet, the echo of a  
lyre  
Beyond the hills of Death, void of life's  
desire.



Poetry was passion with him, his natural  
bent  
Was toward the mystical, and with this  
theme intent  
He wrote, the whole world listened to the  
melodious strains;  
He was called a marvel in intellect and  
brains.  
His verse met with favor and merited  
applause;  
He became popular despite the critics flaws.  
His magic melodies rang out so clear and  
sweet,  
The Idol of the hour, the world was at his  
feet!

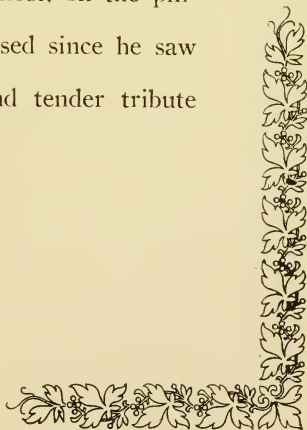
“The Raven” gently tapping, the chiming of  
“The Bells”  
Made his name immortal, their music ebbs  
and swells.  
“The Haunted Palace” echoes to the foot-  
falls evermore,  
Of angles and of demons crowding thro’ the  
open door.  
These metrical marvels, expressive of his  
will,  
Compel admiration and are favorites still.



Master of Melancholy and all fantastic  
sound,  
Poe ranks without a peer the whole wide  
world around.  
The "rare and radiant fancies" flashing thro'  
his active brain,  
No pen can e'er describe, or their mystery  
explain.

In poverty he struggled which tried his heart  
and soul,  
The demon that enslaved him lurked in the  
sparkling bowl.  
He saw the "handwriting" for himself on  
the wall,  
His verses give the key to his untimely fall.

But with all his failings, Poe did inscribe his  
name,  
Among the first and foremost, on the pin-  
nacle of Fame.  
A hundred years have passed since he saw  
the light of day,  
We celebrate his birth and tender tribute  
pay.

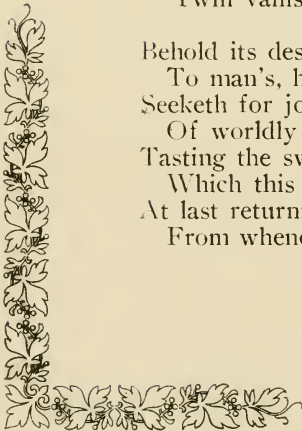


His genius and talent are held in high  
esteem.  
The whole world admires his visionary  
dream,  
His writings hold a charm, and these shall  
ever be  
A living monument unto his memory.

### THE BUTTERFLY

The springtime brings the butterfly,  
Zephyr-like its wings,  
Rocked in the lap of flowers,  
Enchantedly it swings.  
Drunken with fragrance and sunshine,  
In brilliancy it glows;  
But in Heaven's eternal vastness  
'Twill vanish like the rose.

Behold its destiny is like,  
To man's, his heart's desire.  
Seeketh for joy, yet oft alas,  
Of worldly pleasures tire.  
Tasting the sweets of every kind,  
Which this life doth bestow,  
At last returning to the sky,  
From whence true joy doth flow.





## THE GREAT SALT LAKE AT SUNSET

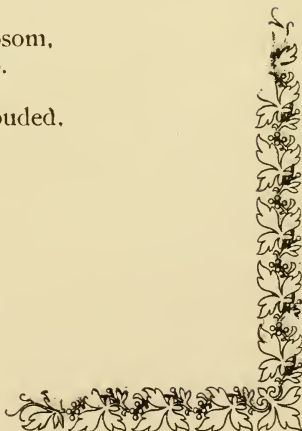
Scene of inspiring grandeur  
That bursts upon my view  
Imperfectly I'll paint it,  
Dear reader, now, for you.

The Great Salt Lake, enchanted  
In silent wonder lies;  
All picturesque and lovely,  
Its mountain islands rise.

Casting their deep, dark shadows,  
O'er the expanse below;  
Their heights tinged by the sunset light,  
That sheds a softened glow.

Charmed with its radiant beauty,  
I gaze across the deep;  
Mirrored in Nature's bosom,  
The dreamy waters sleep.

Oh, lake in mystery shrouded,  
So beautiful, sublime;  
A gift of the Eternal,  
The wonder of all time!

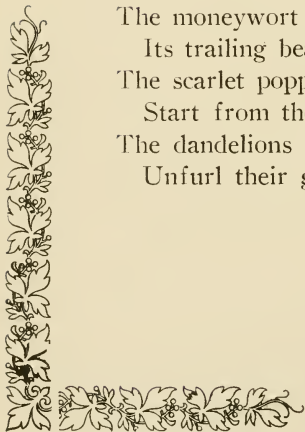


## THE MOWING

There's a click of the farmer's shining  
scythe,  
As he sharpens it to-day,  
Preparing to mow the meadow,  
That stretches far away.  
That sound is borne on the breezes  
And is caught by the flowers at play.

The robin lists the woeful tale,  
And tells the daisies near ;  
Their golden hearts are trembling,  
And failing them with fear.  
The feathery seed-sprays lowly droop,  
And shudder as they hear.

The moneywort before the blade,  
Its trailing beauty flings,  
The scarlet poppies in alarm,  
Start from the noise it brings ;  
The dandelions from slumberland,  
Unfurl their gauzy wings.

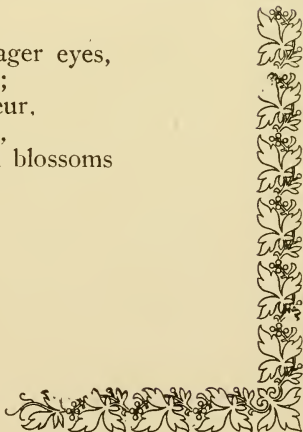


The grasses bend their tossing heads,  
The purple thistles sigh;  
The blossoming mallow's downy leaves  
Depressed, dejected lie;  
And broken at the mower's feet,  
The clover blossoms die.

Before his swift and awful blast,  
The grasses shrink away;  
The greedy sickle spareth naught,  
Its mission is to slay.  
A harvester of death to all  
That cometh in its way.

The farmer gazes on the fields,  
Content with ruin wrought.  
In somber robes the meadow now,  
Appears as well it ought.  
For Death hath claimed its victims,  
And desolation wrought.

We looked with longing eager eyes,  
And feasted all the way;  
Upon the meadow's grandeur,  
Ah, now we cannot stay,  
But mourn the flowers and blossoms  
We saw but yesterday.



## NAMING THE BABY

This is the day the baby came.  
I think we must give her a name;  
Since this is Decoration Day,  
Perhaps we'd better call her May.

She's just as cute as she can be,  
She climbs up on her papa's knee,  
And laughs and crows so very sweet,  
And she has dimpled hands and feet.

Sometimes a tear down her cheek flows,  
Like a fresh dewdrop on the rose.  
But soon again in childish glee,  
She sweetly smiles on you and me.

I kiss her for I love her so,  
Then on the floor I let her go.  
And watch her as she creeps away,  
She's only one year old today.

She tries to show us when she stands,  
How tall she is, and lifts her hands.  
She loves us dearly it is true,  
She loves her little sister too.

These little girls are very dear,  
We are so glad we have them here.  
They cheer our hearts along the way,  
They grow more precious every day.

## REPLY TO A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL

I am filled with consternation,  
By your urgent invitation,  
To change my life and station;  
By and affiliation.  
I haste an explanation,  
To relieve the situation.  
After due deliberation,  
I would dispel your hallucination,  
It is only infatuation,  
Or it may be admiration  
That caused this declaration.  
I would ask consideration,  
And more thoughtful meditation.  
To change your expectation,  
Which is an exaggeration,  
In a Leap Year Innovation,  
I make this calculation,  
Without any hesitation.



## GOLDENROD

When the sun is bending low,  
In the cool autumnal days;  
Then the Goldenrod doth show,  
Full fledged brow, and heart ablaze.

When the summer days have fled,  
And the flowers withered lie;  
Goldenrod doth lift its head,  
Plumes of yellow flaunting high.

Rich with tinge of native bloom,  
Bearing still the sweet impress  
Brightening up the death and gloom,  
With its genuine loveliness.

In the field and by the wall,  
Where the tangled briars lay;  
Wealth of gold now crowneth all,  
Through the lovely Autumn day.



## THE WAR IS ON

The war is on with Germany  
They are calling us to come,  
And help the nations in distress  
To finish Kaiserdom.  
And we will sail across the sea  
And take a fighting chance.  
We'll chase the submarines, enroute  
And join the troops in France.

We did not want to fight, but now  
Humanity's fierce cry,  
Has pierced our hearts we will advance,  
Their cause we'll not defy,  
The stars and stripes will lead us on,  
America the Free  
Shall yet redeem the whole wide world,  
In Peace and Liberty.



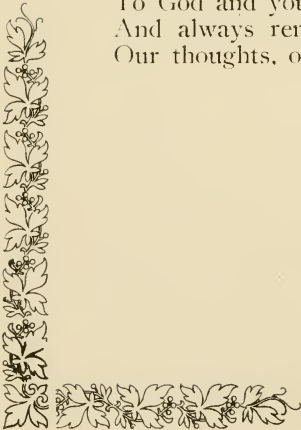
## LINES TO A LITTLE GIRL OF TEN SUMMERS

Sweet is the season of youth, dear,  
And childhoods' sunny hours;  
Enjoy their pleasures while you may,  
Snatching their fragrant flowers.

And hasten not into care and strife,  
And out of the dear Home nest,  
But be a child as long as you can,  
For the time is not long at the best.

And when you become a woman,  
And learn life's restless ways,  
May you cherish pleasant memories,  
Of your happy childhood days.

And when trials and storms o'er take you,  
To God and yourself be true;  
And always remember, beloved,  
Our thoughts, our prayers are for you!





## EASTER HYMN

Hail to the brightness of Easter's glad morn-  
ing

List to the chime of the clear ringing  
bells;

Bring floral tributes the altar adorning,  
Join the glad chorus that joyfully swells.

Morning of gladness, the tomb is now  
broken,

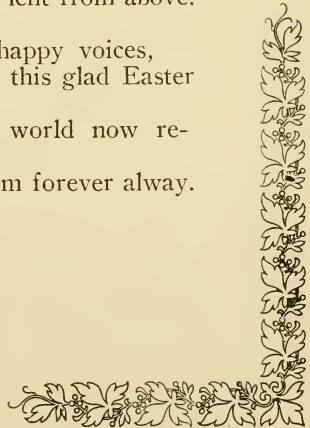
Scattered the shadows and darkness of  
night.

Waft it ye winds the verdict is spoken,  
The Savior is risen! "Let there be light"

Burst into blooming, ye beautiful flowers,  
Emblems of passion, tokens of love,  
Send out your fragrance, brighten the hours,  
Send forth sweet incense lent from above.

Sing all ye children, lift happy voices,  
Shout, shout His praises this glad Easter  
day,

Look up, be hopeful, the world now re-  
joices,  
Crown Him and bless Him forever away.



## THE CHILDREN

List to the cry that is borne on the air,  
From the Orient it comes, a cry of despair,  
It is wrung from the lips of women and men,  
This heart-cry of Rachel repeated again,  
Oh, what will become of the children?

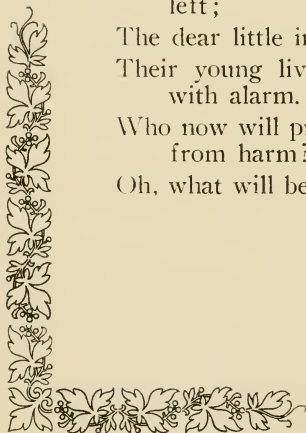
The mothers, heart broken, in agony cry,  
As they part with their loved ones who go  
    forth to die;  
At the call of the bugle they haste to the  
    fray,  
With sabre and sword, clad in battle array,  
Men and brothers, and fathers of children.

Forward they march, and the children are  
    left;

The dear little innocent ones are bereft;  
Their young lives are saddened and filled  
    with alarm.

Who now will protect them and shield them  
    from harm?

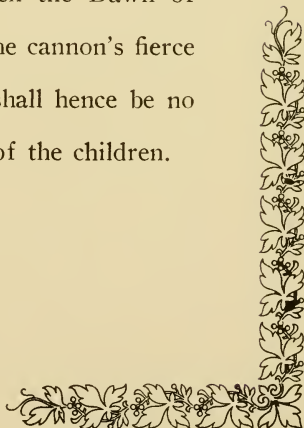
Oh, what will become of the children?



It is lifted to Heaven, this sad, bitter cry,  
On the dread battlefield where the brave  
soldiers die,  
Where unnumbered corpses lie mangled and  
slain,  
They cry with their last breath, they cry  
in their pain,  
Oh, what will become of the children?

In every land, from near and from far,  
The children are innocent victims of war.  
Great God, in Thy mercy look down from  
above,  
Protect them we pray, by Thy power and  
Thy love.  
Oh Lord, protect the dear children.

Oh God, let the war-maddened nations now  
cease,  
We beseech Thee to hasten the Dawn of  
Peace,  
Let thy voice rising over the cannon's fierce  
roar,  
Declare war and carnage shall hence be no  
more.  
Speak Peace for the sake of the children.

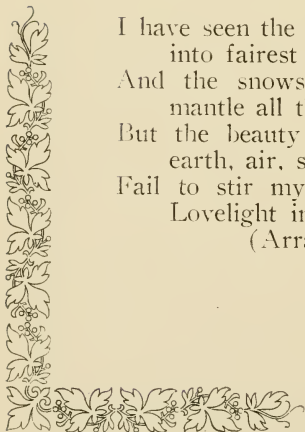


## LOVELIGHT

I have seen the sunrise breaking, far across  
the distant hills,  
And the shades of evening gather, creeping  
slowly o'er the rills,  
I have heard the song birds twitter as they  
took their homeward way,  
Toward the fair, the sunny Southland, where  
the gentle zephyrs play.

I have heard the chimes of church bells,  
echo on the floating breeze,  
And the south wind softly blowing, stir the  
branches in the trees ;  
And the moon with all her splendor, bathe  
the hilltops with a glow,  
Radiant beyond description, tinting river far  
below.

I have seen the buds of springtime blossom  
into fairest birth,  
And the snows of winter cover, with a  
mantle all the earth,  
But the beauty and the grandeur of the  
earth, air, sea and sky,  
Fail to stir my heart within me like the  
Lovelight in your eye!  
(Arranged to music)



## THE SONG OF THE BREEZE

Oh, list to the song of the gentle breeze!  
As it sways the branches on the trees;  
It attunes the twigs with a melody sweet;  
As it echoes thro' the valley and street;  
O, list to the song of the breeze!

Oh list to its song in the early morn,  
As it sweeps thro' the fields of the rustling  
corn;  
It twirls and tosses the waving grain;  
The song of the breeze is a welcome strain;  
O, list to the song of the breeze!

It hies to the forests of spruce and of pine,  
It wafts a sweet perfume, a fragrance  
divine;  
It ripples in laughter as in a sweet dream,  
And stirs the flowerets asleep by the stream;  
O, list to the song of the breeze!



## ALONG THE RIVER OF TIME

Along the river of time,  
We pass with the fleeting years.  
In perfect meter and faultless rhyme,  
With a boundless sweep, the isle sublime  
We discern through the mist of tears.

The dreams of youth, the long, long dream  
How it thrilled us in life's golden day,  
With a cloudless sky our hopes did beam,  
As we anxiously stood by that wonderful  
stream,  
And watched our frail bark float away.

We found the magical Isle,  
And buried our treasures there.  
And the songs that we breathed on the air,  
We recall, and the faces so fair;  
That are lost to us now for awhile.



## PIE IS PIE

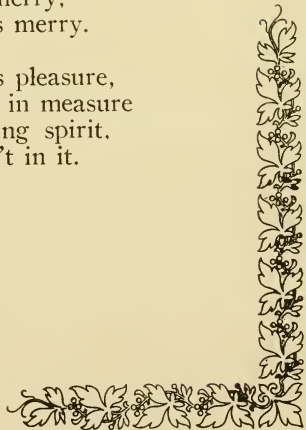
Pie, it graces every season,  
And, if used in bounds of reason,  
It will prove a boon, a blessing,  
To the appetite refreshing.

Pie is made of fruits and juices,  
But is subject to abuses ;  
Pie is both a friend and foe,  
And it sometimes brings us woe.

Pie is mighty, and pie is kind,  
And pie is merciless we find.  
But if used in moderation  
It will prove a consolation.

Pie is pie oh, how we love it ;  
Crisp flakey crust, is what we covet ;  
Be it apple, peach or cherry,  
It will tend to make us merry.

Pie can sing the senses pleasure,  
And the pains thereof, in measure  
Pie revives the drooping spirit,  
“Personal Liberty” isn't in it.



## A SOLACE FROM THE SEA

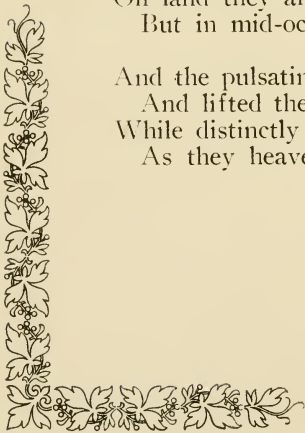
I stood beside the sea shore  
The waves were dashing high,  
I tried to catch their meaning,  
And there escaped a sigh.

The waters have sung dirges,  
And hymns of sacred tune,  
And there came a holy unction,  
Which proved to be a boon.

My heart was attuned to sadness  
And 'twas possible that I—  
Had mistaken the water's rhythm  
So I waited another reply.

All the sound waves run to the ocean  
Mingled and intermingled they come,  
On land they are jostled and crowded  
But in mid-ocean there's room.

And the pulsating waves throbb'd wildly  
And lifted their cadence high,  
While distinctly I could hear them,  
As they heaved a long drawn sigh.





And far across the waters,  
Too far for mortal ears  
That sigh was borne on the billows  
Till it spent itself in tears

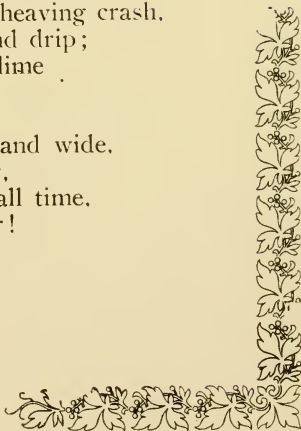
And my troubled heart was quiet  
And there came a flood of light;  
I bless God for the ocean,  
And the sigh it breathed that night.

### ODE TO NIAGARA

Roll on Niagara in thy might,  
And let thy torrents fall;  
The grandest sight in all the earth,  
Thou dost eclipse them all!

With lash and dash and heaving crash,  
With swish and whirl and drip;  
Roll on old cataract sublime  
With never failing grip!

Thy billows tossing far and wide,  
Stupendous buckets pour,  
Roll on thou marvel of all time,  
With soul inspiring roar!



## BROKEN FRIENDSHIP

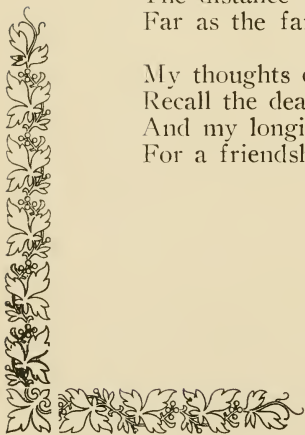
I am sitting in the twilight,  
Between the blue and the gray;  
My heart its way has been winging  
To you all the livelong day.

Methinks I hear you singing  
In tender strains and low;  
That old familiar ballad,  
You sang so long ago.

And my heart beats wild with rapture,  
Then again 'tis filled with pain;  
For I know that now we're parted,  
And shall n'er be friends again;

The ties that once did bind us,  
Are broken now, and we,  
The distance widens between us,  
Far as the farthest sea:

My thoughts on rapid pinons,  
Recall the dear, dead past;  
And my longing heart is yearning  
For a friendship that will last.

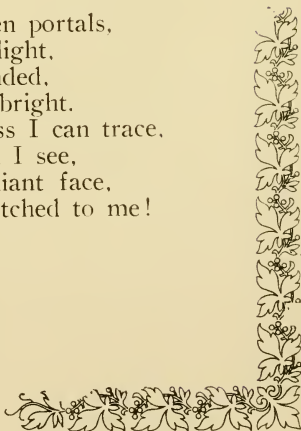


## MOTHER

Dearest word in human diction,  
Title taught by angel band;  
Is the hallowed name of Mother,  
Yet today, alone I stand,  
Gazing down the coming vista,  
Of the future years, apace,  
With my longing heart still yearning,  
For a glimpse of that dear face.

The cold world's unfriendly shadows,  
Chills my spirit, damps my brow,  
With a sense of desolation—  
For I have no mother now!  
But Faith points with brighter outlook,  
To that land unknown to me,  
World unseen, the veil is lifted,  
She has solved the mystery.

She has passed the golden portals,  
Gleaming with celestial light,  
All her trials now are ended,  
And her future shall be bright.  
And through the darkness I can trace,  
The outline of that form I see,  
In saintly robes, her radiant face,  
And a dear hand outstretched to me!



## OUR FLAG IS THERE

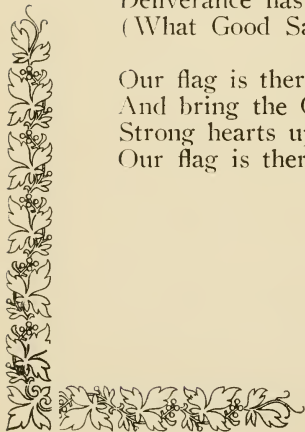
Our flag is there on Cuban soil,  
It waves today so proud and free;  
Behold the glorious stars and stripes,  
Emblem of Peace and Liberty!

That flag is known on every shore,  
A champion of truth and right;  
And o'er the Islands of the sea,  
It doth so grandly float tonight!

Sustained alike in peace and war,  
'Mid battles roar, at close of strife;  
Our flag is there a harbinger,  
Of a new day and never life!

Oppressed long by Spanish yoke,  
Our suffering neighbors now are free;  
Deliverance has come at last.  
(What Good Samaritans, are we.)

Our flag is there, long may it wave,  
And bring the Orient sweet relief;  
Strong hearts upheld its mast head high,  
Our flag is there, Emblem of Peace!

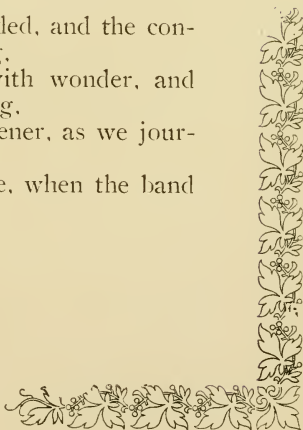


## SOUSA'S BAND

We watch the men assemble and note their  
preparation,  
As they gather on the platform with due  
deliberation ;  
Then all trials and tribulations we banish  
far away,  
For it thrills us through with pleasure when  
the band begins to play !

There's a jingle in the meter, worthy of a  
great ovation,  
And a measured smoothness running with  
a perfect intonation ;  
And our hearts beat time in unison, to music  
so entrancing,  
Our pulses throb with vigor, while our feet  
would go a-dancing.

When the final piece is ended, and the con-  
cert hall we're leaving,  
We're completely dazed with wonder, and  
sigh almost to grieving,  
That we cannot hear it oftener, as we jour-  
ney on our way,  
For oh, the blissful rapture, when the band  
begins to play ?



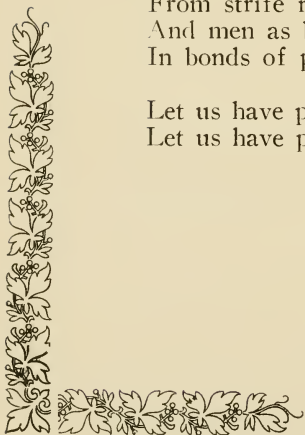
## LET US HAVE PEACE

Let us have peace, oh Lord we pray,  
Let us have peace;  
Let warfare over land and sea,  
And bloodshed cease.  
Drive back the war-gods in their wrath,  
Their fury stay.  
Relieve from suffering and distress,  
Dear Lord, we pray.

Let us have peace, oh Lord,  
Let us have peace!

Oh let the Dove of Peace fly forth,  
On wings of light,  
Bearing a message to the world,  
Speed thou its flight.  
A message of good will that shall  
From strife release,  
And men as brothers, all unite  
In bonds of peace.

Let us have peace, oh Lord,  
Let us have peace!



## VESPERS

In the stillness of the night,  
    Music floats from near and far;  
And a sense of keen delight,  
    Lingers with each shining star;  
How they twinkle in the sky,  
    As the moon smiles over all;  
Fleeting shadows pass me by,  
    At the Fairy's whispered call.  
All around is calm and still,  
    Save the little summer brook;  
Down the valley, 'neath the hill,  
    Bubbling from its cozy nook;  
And the pure liquid note,  
    From the night bird's silvery throat.  
As it echoes farther on,  
    Trembles, quivers, and is gone!



**“COME TO ME, I’LL GIVE THEE  
REST”**

When the flowers are blooming sweetly,  
And their fragrance fills the air,  
When the sun in all his splendor  
Lights the sky with dazzling glare,  
Fold me in Thy arms dear Saviour,  
Hold me closer to Thy breast,  
Let me hear Thy gentle whisper:  
“Come to me, I’ll give thee rest.”

When the shades of evening gather,  
And the clouds are rising high,  
When the birds have ceased their music,  
And the flowers droop and die.  
May I still hope on as gladly,  
As when all was light and free,  
Let Thine arms of love surround me,  
Saviour, mine, abide with me.





## SALOME

It was the birthday of the king,  
Herod, the crowned head.  
The Lords, high Captains, royal chiefs,  
Assembled for the spread.

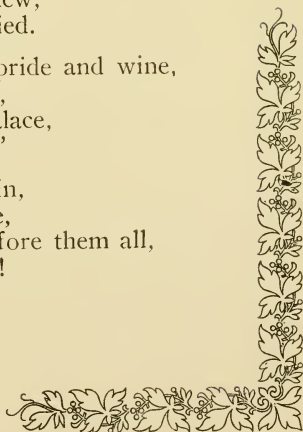
King Herod sat upon his throne,  
His feasts were known to fame:  
He welcomed all his royal guests,  
From far and near, they came.

The jesters joked, the slave maids danced,  
Hilarious were they!  
Strong wine had turned their heads that  
night,  
And Bacchus held full sway.

The dance went on, the shapely maids,  
Their supple muscles plied;  
Faster and faster on they flew,  
To please the court they tried.

King Herod, flushed with pride and wine,  
Spake thus, in accents free,  
"Bring Salome from the palace,  
And let her dance for me."

The stately maiden glided in,  
Her chiseled form in gauze,  
She swayed and danced before them all,  
And quickly won applause!



Her hair was coiled around her head,  
A picture fair was she;  
With flashing eyes and teeth of pearl,  
She tripped fantastically!

Her breath came fast, her bosom heaved,  
And when the dance was done;  
Down at King Herod's feet she dropped,  
His plaudits she had won.

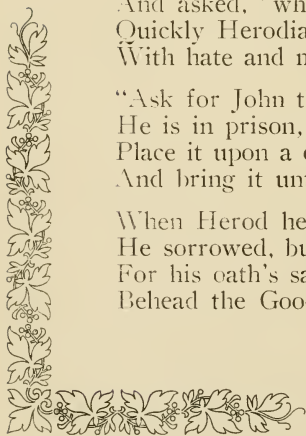
The King, the Lords, enraptured gazed,  
Enchanted by the sight;  
The flying feet, the flush of youth,  
Held them spell-bound that night.

"Ask what you will, King Herod cried,  
And I will give it thee,  
Even to half my kingdom."  
So proud and pleased was he.

Then to her mother Salome fled,  
And asked, "what shall I do?"  
Quickly Herodias replied,  
With hate and malice too,

"Ask for John the Baptist's head,  
He is in prison, see.  
Place it upon a charger,  
And bring it unto me."

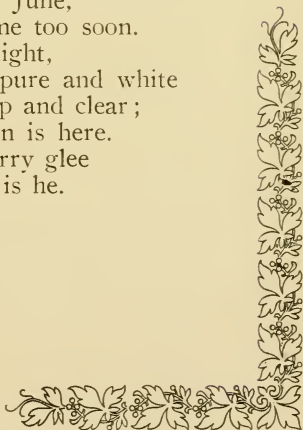
When Herod heard the girl's request,  
He sorrowed, but he must,  
For his oath's sake, and for his friends,  
Behold the Good, the Just.



The deed was done, the ghastly deed.  
And Herod's family,  
Are classed as wicked murderers,  
In Sacred history.

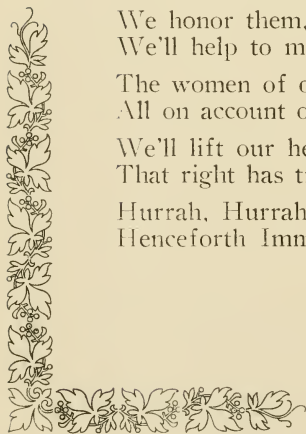
## MIDWINTER

Stern Winter with his reign is here.  
We welcome him, and the New Year.  
The snow birds twitter in the trees,  
The icicles in pendants freeze;  
The children shout in merry glee,  
The storm King roars, sovereign is he:  
The snow balls bound along the street,  
Our hands are numb, and chilled our feet.  
But then we like the frigid cold,  
The charms that winter months do hold.  
We do not sigh for balmy June,  
Or Summer days, they come too soon.  
But oh, the rapture and delight,  
To watch the snow flakes pure and white  
And breathe the air so crisp and clear;  
Stern Winter with his reign is here.  
Then shout and sing in merry glee  
King of the day and night is he.



## HURRAH, HURRAH FOR TENNESSEE

Hurrah, Hurrah, for Tennessee,  
The women of our land are free,  
It was Tennessee that did the trick,  
And cinched the law and made it stick.  
Thirty-six states have ratified;  
We are extremely gratified.  
The antis will survive no doubt  
And soon they with us then will shout.  
Oh, Tennessee, fair Tennessee;  
Our hopes, our faith centered in thee!  
The struggle long ago begun,  
Is ended, and the victory's won!  
Credit we'll give those pioneers,  
Who worked and toiled so many years,  
We honor them, it is their due;  
We'll help to make their dream come true.  
The women of our land are free;  
All on account of Tennessee;  
We'll lift our hearts in prayer and song,  
That right has triumphed over wrong.  
Hurrah, Hurrah, for Tennessee,  
Henceforth Immortal thou shalt be!

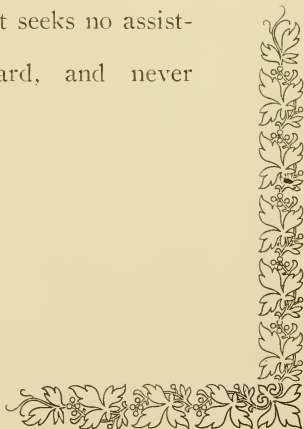


## NEVER DESPAIR

Never despair tho' dark clouds may gather,  
The sun in his splendor n'er ceases to shine;  
Above the wild tempest his radiance is  
streaming  
Then catch a faint glimmer, and cease to  
repine.

Never despair if friends turn against you,  
And, misrepresented, you stand all alone.  
Take heart, the motive which prompts every  
action,  
Is known, not by men, but by God on His  
throne.

The journey of life has its lights and its  
shadows,  
And each of us mortals are allotted our  
share.  
With firm self reliance, that seeks no assist-  
ance,  
Press onward and upward, and never  
despair.

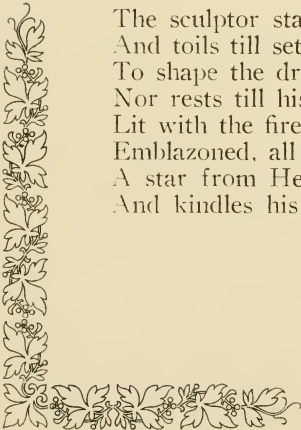


## HOW WE BUILD

Ages have sunk in oblivion,  
And palaces crumbled away;  
Nations have risen in splendor,  
And perished again for aye;  
Buried are Pompei's treasures,  
Mosaics, temples of stone,  
The masters of Rome have vanished,  
And Ceasar's pillar is thrown.

The East with its pomp and glory,  
Shows but the Pharaoh's fall;  
"Dust to dust returneth,"  
One fate embraceth us all.  
Yet higher still we aim,  
Tho' failing in what we ask.  
And learn to build from the corals,  
Who lend their lives to the task.

The sculptor stands with his chisel,  
And toils till set of the sun;  
To shape the dream that haunts his soul,  
Nor rests till his work is done.  
Lit with the fire of genius,  
Emblazoned, all aglow;  
A star from Heaven falls,  
And kindles his torch below!



Who can compass the realm,  
That encircles the origin of thought?  
Who can measure the influence,  
That human souls have wrought?  
Striving for science and progress  
On towards the Infinite.  
Though wrapped in shadows of error,  
We hold the promise of Light!

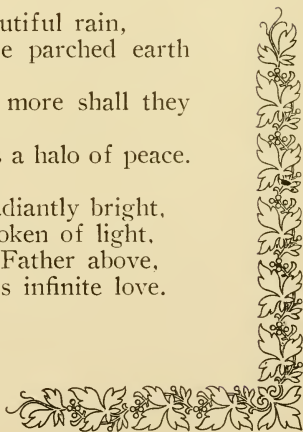
### THE RAIN AFTER THE DROUGHT

Oh how delightful the beautiful rain,  
To see the swift flash of the lightning again,  
To hear the deep crash of the thunders' wild  
    roar.

Thank God for the shower descending once  
    more.

Oh how refreshing the beautiful rain,  
It comes as a boon on the parched earth  
    again,  
Seed time and harvest, no more shall they  
    cease,  
The promise fulfilled brings a halo of peace.

A bow in the heavens so radiantly bright,  
Its colors soft blending a token of light,  
Reminds us our Heavenly Father above,  
Still watches o'er all in His infinite love.

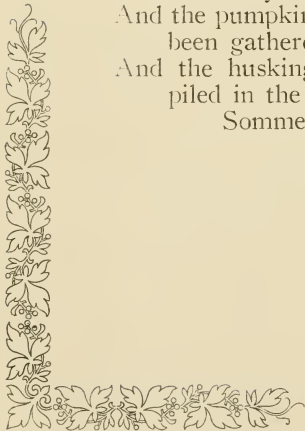


## SUMMER'S GONE!

When the sumach by the roadside, has  
turned a ruddy hue,  
And the golden-rod is flaunting its native  
colors too ;  
And luscious grapes hang on the vines, in  
clusters ripe and blue,  
Summer's gone!

When the sunset in its splendor, lights up  
the western sky,  
And the whippoor-will and katydid do with  
each other vie,  
And the leaves are gently falling and flowers  
droop and die,  
Summer's gone!

When children gather hazel-nuts with loud  
and noisy din,  
And the pumpkins and the squashes have all  
been gathered in ;  
And the huskings bees are over, the corn  
piled in the bin,  
Sommer's gone!



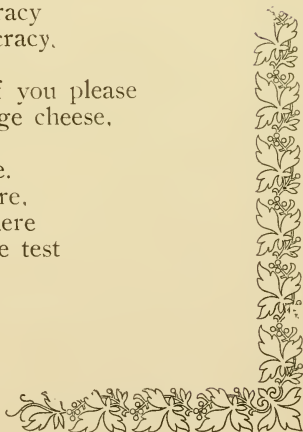


When a tinge of gold and crimson dots the  
landscape here and there,  
And birds have sung their parting songs that  
linger on the air,  
And a sad and solemn stillness has settled  
everywhere,  
Summer's gone!

## THE WAY TO HOOVERIZE

Save, conserve, economize,  
Is the way to Hooverize,  
This is what we all must do,  
To help our Allies safely thru  
The struggle for Democracy  
And freedom from autocracy.

One simple way, then, if you please  
Is just to use pure cottage cheese,  
Use it early, use it late,  
Use it in its natural state.  
Place it on the bill of fare,  
Do not fail to keep it there  
It is food that stands the test  
If you get the very best.

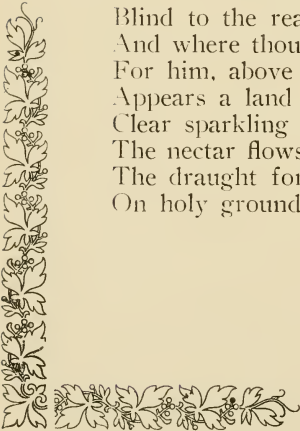


## L' INCONNU

Ah, dost thou know and canst thou find;  
The thoughts that fill the poet's mind?  
Or hear the mellow chime of bells,  
Stirring his soul and ever tells  
Him when to take his pen and write  
E'er the muses take their flight;  
The bells that ring those chimes so true;  
They do not ever chime for you.

Then do not turn away and scorn,  
The simple folklores Heaven born;  
Or criticise with frozen heart,  
The meaning that his songs impart;  
Or judge with cold, disdainful eye,  
His joy in life, his motives high;  
For this doth prove thine eye is blind;  
To a true poet's soul and mind.

Blind to the realm where muses dwell;  
And where thou seest naught but a cell,  
For him, above this earthly clime,  
Appears a land of song and rhyme.  
Clear sparkling fountains cheer his soul;  
The nectar flows in sacred bowl;  
The draught for thee is cold and dead;  
On holy ground, thou canst not tread.

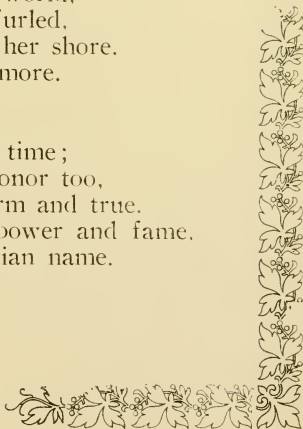


Alone the poet sits and dreams,  
And many a brilliant gem he gleams,  
Of thought, from fancy's dazzling heights,  
(Tho' he may live in gloom and night)  
He spins and weaves the web of life,  
In visions of good will and strife.  
Of love's delights and woes as well  
The poets mind ah, canst thou tell?

## AMERICA

America, so proud and grand,  
Firm, united doth she stand;  
The leading nation of the world,  
Her flag, triumphantly unfurled,  
She welcomes strangers to her shore.  
To dwell in Peace forevermore.

America, in all its prime,  
Was planted for all future time;  
Men linked to truth and honor too,  
They built a foundation firm and true.  
Here wealth and wisdom power and fame,  
Were founded on a Christian name.



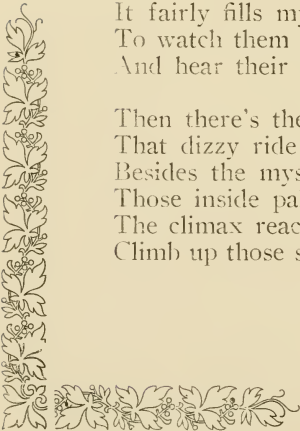
## W. C. T. U. DEFINITION

W stands for women and war against wine,  
C stands for christian, come fall into line!  
T is for temperance all over our land,  
U is for union, united we stand,  
United against King Alcohol's powers,  
Which seeks to destroy this fair land of  
ours.

## WONDERLAND PARK

Of all the parks, there's none so grand,  
And beautiful as Wonderland;  
The name is well applied, 'tis true,  
I never saw such sights, did you?  
So many queer and funny things,  
As lighted boats made into swings,  
And Scenic railroads, such a sight;  
It fairly fills my soul with fright,  
To watch them riding for a spell;  
And hear their wild and frenzied yell!

Then there's the artificial lake,  
That dizzy ride so many take;  
Besides the mysteries untold,  
Those inside palaces do hold;  
The climax reached, when all those chumps  
Climb up those stairs and bump the Bumps!



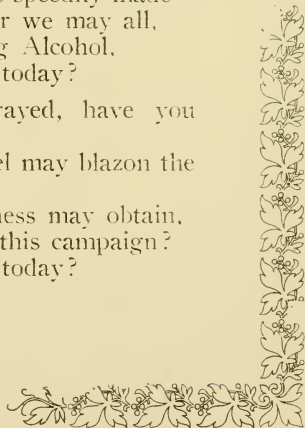
## HAVE YOU PRAYED TODAY?

Have you prayed today, have you fasted  
and prayed,  
That God in His wisdom will lend us His  
aid  
In driving this monster with poisonous  
breath,  
Out of the Homeland and on to his death,  
Have you prayed for this today?

Have you prayed today, have you fasted and  
prayed?  
For the success of the plans so carefully laid,  
To interest the people all over the land,  
And arouse them to action, united to stand?  
For this have you prayed today?

Have you prayed today, have you fasted and  
prayed,  
That righteous laws may be speedily made  
And enforced, that together we may all,  
Witness the doom of King Alcohol,  
Have you prayed for this today?

Have you fasted and prayed, have you  
prayed today?  
That the light of the Gospel may blazon the  
way  
That Truth and righteousness may obtain,  
And victory be granted in this campaign?  
Have you prayed for this today?



## MILWAUKEE'S ANNIVERSARY

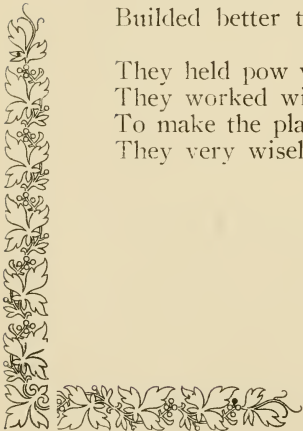
We love Milwaukee by the lake,  
Lake Michigan so grand;  
We love to linger by the shore;  
And watch the waves expand!

The lovely waters are so blue,  
Reflecting glorious light;  
And as the ships pass to and fro,  
Our hearts thrill with delight!

It is true our beloved city,  
Just seventy-five years ago;  
Was planted on Lake Michigan,  
By the pioneers, you know!

We celebrate their good deeds, now,  
And their devotion too;  
For the builders of this city,  
Built better than they knew.

They held pow wows with Indian Chiefs,  
They worked with heart and hand;  
To make the place a great success,  
They very wisely planned.



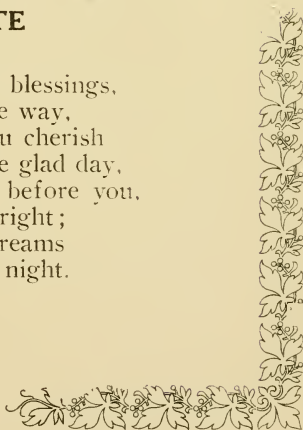
Milwaukee re-echoes the glad hura  
Of Industry and Trade;  
She is progressive, and demands,  
Respect for all laws made!

With high ideals and lofty aims,  
She stands for Truth and Right.  
We are proud of our Home City,  
Crowned with God's Love and Light.

We now appreciate the worth,  
Of those brave men of old;  
A place for them in memory  
And in our hearts we hold.

## LINES TO A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

May heaven's choicest blessings,  
Surround you all the way,  
Thru life, and may you cherish  
Fond thoughts of the glad day,  
When life loomed up before you,  
With expectations bright;  
May you realize the dreams  
You had that happy night.



## OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT

In the splendor of our Union we have risen  
in our might,  
We have boasted of our love of liberty.  
To the nations long in darkness we have sent  
the gospel light,  
And our flag is floating far across the sea.  
We are mighty among nations, the world  
doth know our worth,  
And we've proudly nurtured freedom all  
the way ;  
But a treacherous foe hath risen from the  
caverns of the earth,  
And our boasting seems but mockery  
today.

Our nation sits in mourning ; its loved chief-  
tain is no more ;

His funeral knell is tolling everywhere ;  
But the echo, faint, resounding from yonder  
distant shore—

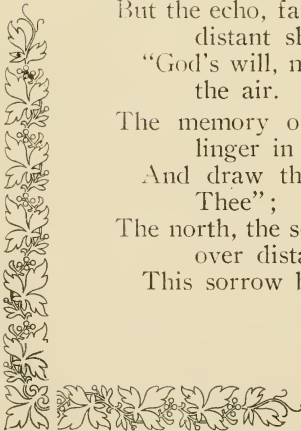
“God's will, not ours, be done,” comes on  
the air.

The memory of those dying words shall  
linger in the breeze,

And draw the nation “Nearer, God, to  
Thee” ;

The north, the south, from east to west, and  
over distant seas,

This sorrow binds all hearts in unity.





## IN MEMORY SHE LINGERS

*Frances Elizabeth Willard*

Oh, tell ye bells, in solemn rhyme,  
O'er the sad world, a funeral knell;  
"For God and Home and Native Land"  
Ring out the chimes, the candence swell.

Death has taken our leader home  
To join the glad, the ransomed throng;  
In that dear land of wonderous beauty,  
She is singing the new-made song.

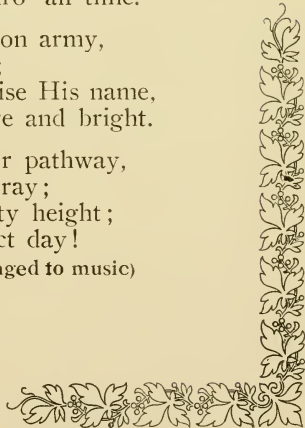
There no clouds shall ever gather,  
Bright are the skies and always fair!  
All her trials now are ended,  
And she is safely anchored there.

Still in memory she lingers,  
And her sweet influence sublime,  
Long crowned a queen in loyal hearts,  
She lives, and shall live thro' all time.

And our great White Ribbon army,  
Rank and file as one unite;  
To bless the Lord, and praise His name,  
For that white life, so pure and bright.

For the star that lights our pathway,  
Sheds its peaceful mellow ray;  
O'er hill and vale and lofty height;  
To that fair land of perfect day!

(This poem has been arranged to music)



## REMINISENCE

*(Dedicated to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union)*

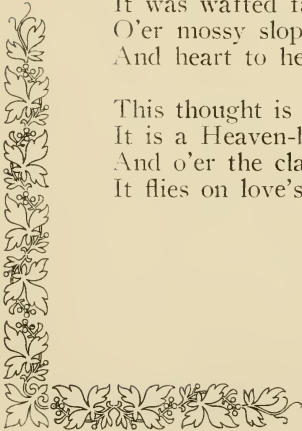
A ripple rose out on the sea,  
The great wide sea of life;  
The current bore it on and soon  
It seemed a giant rife.

Some said it was a pebble thrown  
From yonder distant shore;  
That soon amid the billows deep,  
It would sink to rise no more.

Not so, but on it swiftly sped,  
A ray of light divine;  
Freighted with love for human souls,  
It touched your heart and mine.

The sedges bore it on in song,  
It was wafted far and wide;  
O'er mossy slopes and grassy fields,  
And heart to heart replied!

This thought is from our God alone,  
It is a Heaven-born thing.  
And o'er the clamor of the world,  
It flies on love's sweet wing.



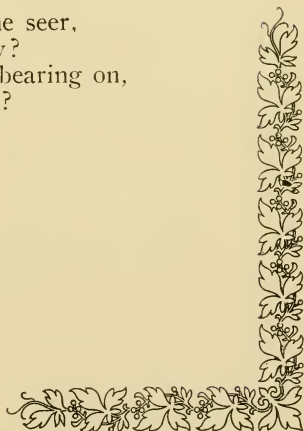
To burdened hearts, to dreary homes,  
A message of content,  
On wings of faith, and hope and prayer.  
This living current went!

And through the highways of the world,  
To foreign lands and climes;  
With banners floating in the breeze  
This truth pealed out its chimes!

And thousands caught the glad refrain,  
And swelled that chorus grand,  
And thousands donned the Ribbon White,  
And with our army stand!

And as the years run down the glass  
Of Time, like grains of gold;  
And thro' Eternity's vast space,  
This thought shall yet unfold.

Where is the prophet or the seer,  
Who can fortell God's way?  
When a million hearts are bearing on,  
This thought of God today?



## TO MY MUSE

Oft when the stormy wind doth sweep  
And whips the ocean till it foams;  
Thy image, mirrored in the deep  
Takes wings and o'er the water roams.

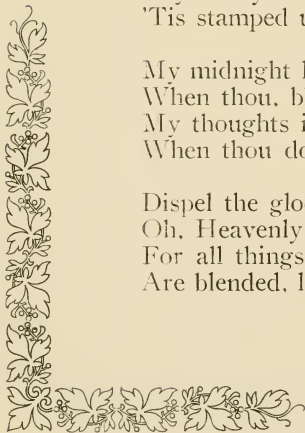
I trace thee in the midnight star,  
That blazes down from Heaven above;  
I catch a glimpse of thee afar,  
Borne on the wings of light and love.

And when the golden orb of day,  
Doth tip the hills with radiant light,  
Resplendent with thy dazzling ray,  
Traces of sadness take their flight.

Reflected in the morning dew,  
That glistens on my window pane;  
Thy lovely face I often view,  
'Tis stamped upon my heart and brain.

My midnight lamp it burneth low,  
When thou, blest spirit art my guide;  
My thoughts in rapid transit flow  
When thou dost linger by my side.

Dispel the gloom propel the light,  
Oh, Heavenly Muse, abide with me;  
For all things beautiful and bright,  
Are blended, linked, and cling to thee!



## THE WAILING WIND

Oh, the wailing wind on a stormy night,  
As I take my pen and try to write;  
Of what shall I write, of the beautiful snow,  
That is falling so gently on all below?  
Or tell of the brave deeds of heroes of old,  
Or of midsummer's pleasures, or winter's  
fierce cold?

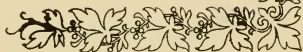
I ransack my brain a subject to find,  
And the topic suggested comes with the  
wind.

Thro' the branches outside I hear it sigh,  
In an undertone, then sobs rise high;  
And wildly it beats 'gainst my window pane.  
Shrieking in frenzy a frantic strain,  
Then heaving a sad, despondent groan,  
It suddenly sinks to a monotone.  
Then murmurs in plaintive tones and long,  
The cadence of its weird song.  
With anger intense, on fury bent,  
It ends its wail when its grief is spent.

## OCTOBER

The hills, the vales, the forests,  
With splendor are ablaze;  
October wields her sceptre,  
In magic, matchless ways!

Queen of all the seasons,  
With her banners flaunting high,  
Resplendent in grandeur,  
She crowns the year to die.



## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR ISLANDS?

What shall we do with our Islands?  
The question that puzzles us now,  
Uncle Sam worries and wonders,  
And strokes his gray beard, knits his brow!

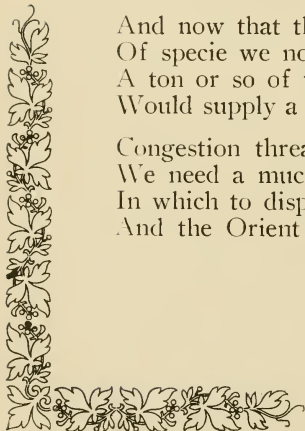
We must have a coaling station  
And keep it well under control;  
An occasional earthquake to rouse us,  
And shake us up well on the whole!

Earthquakes abound on those islands,  
Volcanoes are active there too;  
And when agitation is waning,  
We shall need a volcanic flue.

The gold, the iron and the copper,  
Found in the mines are enough,  
To replenish our "trusts" when in danger  
Of running quite out of the stuff.

And now that the "wild cat" system  
Of specie we no longer heed;  
A ton or so of those wild cats,  
Would supply a long felt need.

Congestion threatens our nation,  
We need a much wider scope;  
In which to display our products,  
And the Orient fills us with hope.



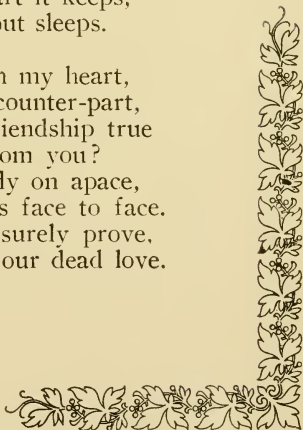
But while the question is pending,  
And the day of decision draws near,  
We will civilize the natives;  
By sending them fresh lager beer.

Sixty thousand kegs at the outset,  
Has been shipped to the Isles of the Sea;  
And this is the first installment of  
American civilization to be.

### OUR LOVE IS DEAD

Our love is dead, and can it be,  
That I no more am loved by thee?  
That thro' the coming years alone,  
I wander on by thee unknown?  
Oh, say not so, my dearest friend,  
True love can never know an end.  
Enshrined within the heart it keeps,  
Our love it is not dead, but sleeps.

Then why this longing in my heart,  
To share with thee the counter-part,  
And taste the joys of friendship true  
How can I live apart from you?  
Oh, weeks and months fly on apace,  
Some sweet day bring us face to face.  
Then shall our meeting surely prove,  
The ties that bind us or our dead love.



## A LETTER IN RHYME

To My Daughter :

This is a lovely morning  
And the news to you, I'll tell,  
Perhaps you've had some warning  
That all has not gone well.

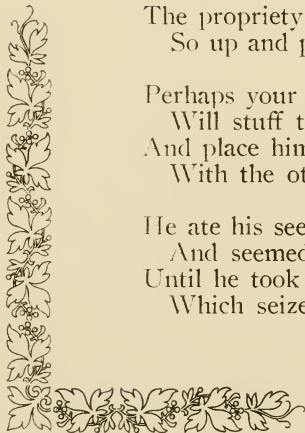
You're little birdie took a bath,  
This very pleasant day,  
The first that he's attempted  
Since you have been away.

He shivered and he shrivelled up,  
I set him in the sun ;  
But soon he straightened himself out—  
I knew his race was run !

I threw him in the garbage pail,  
And then began to doubt  
The propriety of the act,  
So up and pulled him out.

Perhaps your father when he comes  
Will stuff the little elf,  
And place him on the pedestal  
With the other on the shelf.

He ate his seeds a whole dish full  
And seemed to be alright  
Until he took the fatal plunge  
Which seized him with affright.





I hope you will not blame me,  
The water, it was warm.  
I tried to take good care of him  
And did not do him harm.

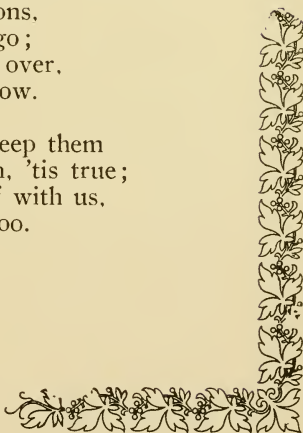
And when these hasty lines you read  
Which now I chance to write,  
Please recollect that he was ill,  
And in a sorry plight.

And should you get another bird,  
Now this dear bird is gone,  
I hope 'twill be the kind that keeps  
His coat of feathers on.

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Bring out the resolutions,  
We made one year ago;  
And let us look them over,  
Our good intent to show.

We surely meant to keep them  
And pledged our faith, 'tis true;  
But soon it was all off with us,  
And the resolutions too.



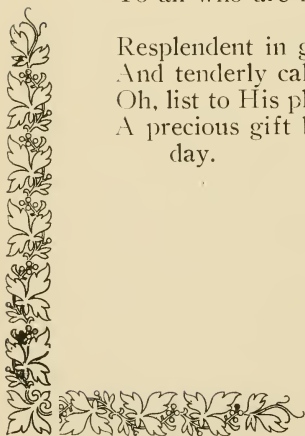
## THOUGHTS FOR EASTER

Oh haste to the sepulcher, enter with care,  
Deserted and vacant, the Lord is not there.  
He has broken asunder the cold, clammy  
chain,  
Of Death's icy fetters, He liveth again.

We mourned at His burial, and wept o'er  
His tomb.  
Our hearts sank within us, enshrouded in  
gloom,  
But light after darkness, joy cometh beside,  
The Saviour is risen tho' once crucified.

Then why longer doubt Him, but only be-  
lieve,  
Why are we reluctant His love to receive?  
He offers it now so full and so free  
To all who are needy, to you and to me.

Resplendent in glory He sits on the thorne,  
And tenderly calleth, He knoweth His own.  
Oh, list to His pleadings, and make no delay,  
A precious gift bring Him, this glad Easter  
day.



## OLD SETTLER'S DAY

Ship Ahoy. All Hail, What Cheer!  
Old friends and neighbors gather here,  
To celebrate this festal day;  
And pass the golden hours away.

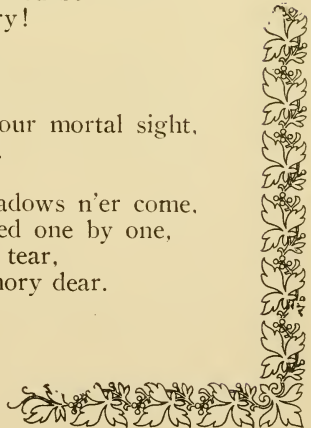
From street and square, from hill and glen  
They come, and mingle once again;  
Their kindly greetings to extend,  
In fellowship, as friend to friend.

The warm hand-clasp, the gracious smile,  
Welcome assures, and cheers the while;  
Sweet music floats out on the breeze,  
The birds are singing in the trees.

The sun in splendor sheds his light,  
Upon a scene joyous and bright;  
A scene that shall remembered be  
And kept sacred in memory!

Yet as we linger we recall,  
Faces we do not see at all.  
Who have passed beyond our mortal sight,  
Out of darkness into light.

Beyond the hills where shadows n'er come,  
These friends have gathered one by one,  
We drop for them a silent tear,  
And hold them in our memory dear.



## SUNSHINE IN THE HEART

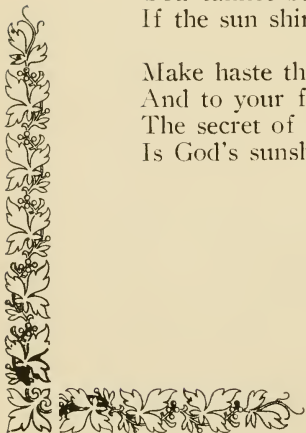
We meet so many people,  
Who seem downcast and sad;  
Perhaps this song will cheer them  
And help to make them glad.

There is no use of sighing,  
Tho' joys in life depart,  
It is best to keep on trying,  
With sunshine in the heart.

Then do not be discouraged,  
In life, act well your part;  
And hold within your keeping,  
God's sunshine in the heart,

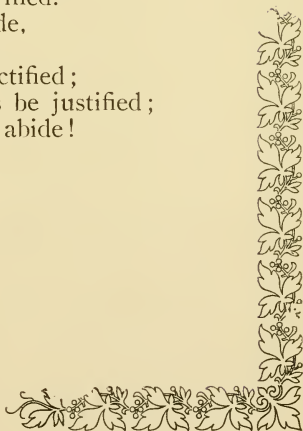
When trials overtake you,  
And disappointments smart,  
You cannot be defeated,  
If the sun shines in your heart.

Make haste then, speed this message,  
And to your friends impart,  
The secret of true happiness  
Is God's sunshine in the heart.



## WITH NO APOLOGIES TO THE A. OF C.

Some people are dissatisfied,  
Since Prohibition was ratified;  
On the water wagon they will not ride.  
Their thirst it is not gratified;  
For with the wets they are allied.  
With wine they'd rather be supplied;  
Or beer, as medicine applied.  
They rant at the progressive side;  
Long haired reformers they deride;  
They say the city is "cootified"  
With double-quick angels, who have tried  
To clean up vice, but are defied.  
These men who swell with pomp and pride,  
Have aired their opinions far and wide;  
And stirred up a hornet's nest, beside;  
Their character they've exemplified.  
By no means are they glorified.  
It matters not what'er betide,  
Our city shall be clarified;  
And existing wrongs be rectified;  
Then shall wholesome laws be justified;  
And Peace and prosperity abide!



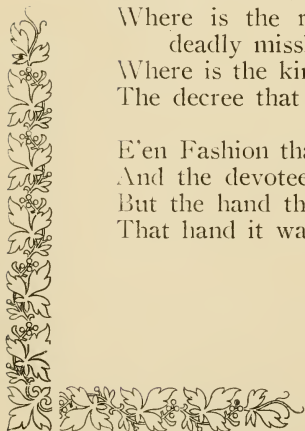
## SPARE THE BIRDS

I heard a cry from the woodland,  
A cry of wild despair!  
It echoed through the forest,  
And pierced the tranquil air.

It swept across the prairie,  
And o'er the meadows green,  
It swayed the bending willows,  
And rent the vale between.  
It ascended to the housetop,  
And to every lofty place,  
It was borne across the waters,  
And filled far-reaching space.

It was a cry of consternation,  
We recall that awful spell!  
When all nature stood awe-stricken,  
And a million song birds fell;  
Where is the ruthless hand that let that  
    deadly missile fly?  
Where is the king that issued,  
The decree that these must die?

E'en Fashion that fair goddess,  
And the devotees at her shrine,  
But the hand that made the song birds,  
That hand it was divine.



Beware then, oh, my sisters,  
Of Fashion's allurements fair,  
Sanction not the cruel practice,  
But the feathered songsters spare!

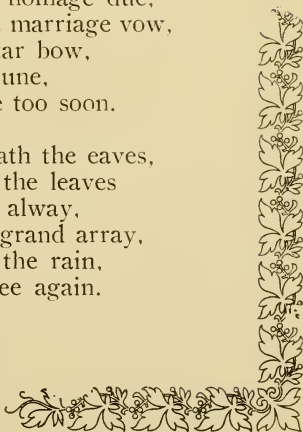
For the price of a dead birds' plumage,  
If oft the price of a silent song;  
Then take no part in their slaughter,  
But save them this great wrong!

### JUNE

Oh, loveliest month in all the year,  
How charmingly thou dost appear,  
Thou art the season's stately queen,  
Sedate and fair, calm serene,  
The sapphire skies are bending low  
And we are loth to see thee go.

June is the month of roses too,  
When lovely brides pay homage due,  
'Tis then they breathe the marriage vow,  
And at Love's sacred altar bow,  
Oh, regal, royal lovely June,  
Thy thirty days are gone too soon.

The thrushes perch beneath the eaves,  
The happy birds among the leaves  
Carol their joyous songs alway,  
Dame Nature decked in grand array,  
Thy balmy breezes woo the rain,  
We'll gladly welcome thee again.

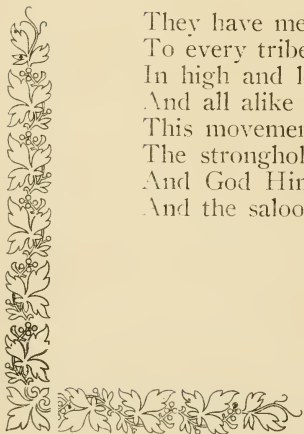


## A TRIBUTE TO CARRIE NATION

Who in the whole creation,  
Is there like Carrie Nation?  
To create such a sensation,  
On a smashing tour to go?  
The saloons, oh how they catch it,  
She takes her little hatchet,  
And deftly she goes at it,  
And strikes the fatal blow!

The choicest wine and liquor,  
She empties out the quicker,  
The Dealers dare not kick her,  
(Tho' they'd like to don't you know?)  
They threaten to enchain her,  
The law doth well sustain her,  
This makes it all the plainer,  
That the saloons must go!

They have meted out damnation,  
To every tribe and nation,  
In high and lowly station,  
And all alike laid low,  
This movement is a token,  
The strongholds of sin are broken,  
And God Himself hath spoken,  
And the saloons must go!











**WERT**  
**BOOKBINDING**  
Granville, Pa.  
Sept—Oct. 1985  
We're Quality Bound

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 938 468 8