



ARTHUR ORISON DILLON

Collected Poems

THE COMPLETE RECOVERED BOOK POETRY

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

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A CRITICAL READING EDITION

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CONTENTS

Books, poems, and editorial matter

Introduction	24
Source Prefaces and Contemporary Reception	28
Archival Images	32
Editorial Note and Sources	36
Earlier Books Absorbed into the 1931 Collection	37
<i>Collected Poems</i>	38
<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	39
<i>The River Of Music</i>	41
<i>You And I</i>	43
<i>In Solitude</i>	44
<i>The New Era's Chief</i>	45
<i>New England</i>	47
<i>The Radio</i>	48
<i>The Immortal</i>	50
<i>Two</i>	51
<i>The Action Mystic</i>	54
<i>The American Idyls</i>	55
<i>Farewell To Mortal Life</i>	57
<i>The Sea</i>	59
<i>The Desert</i>	60
<i>The Messenger</i>	61
<i>My Life</i>	63
<i>Virginia</i>	64
<i>The Song Of Triumph</i>	65

<i>The San Joaquin</i>	66
<i>The Poet</i>	67
<i>The Second Battle Of The Marne</i>	68
<i>The Pioneer</i>	70
<i>Nation Building</i>	72
<i>The Doer</i>	73
<i>Patriotism</i>	74
<i>Helen Waters</i>	75
<i>In Death</i>	77
<i>The Death Of Mother</i>	79
<i>The Snow Storm</i>	81
<i>American Race</i>	82
<i>The Pacific Ocean</i>	83
<i>The River Drivers</i>	84
<i>Evaline</i>	86
<i>Three Destinies</i>	87
<i>Be Proud</i>	94
<i>The Soul's Pathway</i>	95
<i>Our Home</i>	96
<i>The Close Of Day</i>	97
<i>Pasadena, California</i>	99
<i>The Soul's Conquest</i>	100
<i>The Thunder Storm</i>	102
<i>The Heart's Cry</i>	103
<i>The Nation's Strength</i>	104
<i>Education</i>	105
<i>In Youthful Days</i>	107
<i>The Argonaut's Daughter</i>	109
<i>Decoration Day</i>	110
<i>The Fourth Of July</i>	111
<i>Thanksgiving Day</i>	112
<i>Christmas</i>	113
<i>New Year's Day</i>	114
<i>The Heavenly Guest</i>	115
<i>The World War</i>	121
<i>Beauty</i>	123

<i>The Great Teacher</i>	124
<i>Alone With Nature</i>	125
<i>Money</i>	126
<i>My Religion</i>	127
<i>The Undesirable</i>	128
<i>Activity</i>	129
<i>Soul Analysis</i>	130
<i>I Live To Serve</i>	131
<i>Profiteering</i>	132
<i>Virtues And Faults</i>	133
<i>Creed</i>	134
<i>Race Development</i>	135
<i>Uncle Sam</i>	136
<i>Duty</i>	137
<i>National Love</i>	138
<i>The Worthwhile Life</i>	139
<i>George Washington</i>	140
<i>The Salutation In Heaven</i>	141
<i>The Golden State</i>	142
<i>Bunk</i>	143
<i>The Crutch</i>	145
<i>The Rural Scene</i>	147
<i>Views From An Airplane</i>	148
<i>The Pale Warrior</i>	149
<i>From Redlands To The Sea</i>	150
<i>Canada</i>	152
<i>My Heart</i>	153
<i>Life's Turning Point</i>	154
<i>Environment</i>	155
<i>Daniel Webster</i>	156
<i>The Emancipator</i>	157
<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>	158
<i>Forgotten</i>	159
<i>The United States</i>	160
<i>Riverside, California, On Easter Morn</i>	161
<i>The Acacia Tree</i>	162

<i>Gen. U. S. Grant</i>	163
<i>Boyhood's Day</i>	164
<i>The Loved And Lost</i>	165
<i>The Avenue</i>	166
<i>Gen. Nathanael Greene</i>	167
<i>Master Man</i>	168
<i>Seattle</i>	169
<i>The San Bernardino Girl</i>	170
<i>The New South</i>	171
<i>Flag Of Freedom</i>	172
<i>Destiny</i>	173
<i>She Sang The Sweetness Of Her Heart</i>	174
<i>Here Flowers Ever Bloom And Summer Never Dies</i>	175
<i>I'm Dreaming Of You Fair City</i>	176
<i>Jim</i>	177
<i>The Trees</i>	178
<i>Deserted Home</i>	179
<i>The Soldier's Call</i>	180
<i>The Spirit Of The West</i>	181
<i>The Three Heroes</i>	182
<i>The Pure, Intelligent Home</i>	183
<i>November Day</i>	184
<i>Heaven</i>	185
<i>Dual Living</i>	186
<i>Pomona, California</i>	187
<i>Mount San Antonio, California</i>	188
<i>Redlands, California</i>	189
<i>Euclid Avenue, Ontario, California</i>	190
<i>Euclid Avenue, Ontario, California, In Futurity</i>	191
<i>The World Spoilers</i>	192
<i>The Will To Win</i>	193
<i>Meadow Lark</i>	194
<i>Grass</i>	195
<i>The Shady Spot</i>	196
<i>Fate—Old Version</i>	197
<i>Fate—New Version</i>	198

<i>The Prayer</i>	199
<i>Observation</i>	200
<i>The Rarest Virtues Deck My Queen</i>	201
<i>Love That's True Lives On Forever</i>	202
<i>Sweet Passion Budding Here On Earth</i>	203
<i>Freedom's Blessed Land</i>	204
<i>Friendless And Without A Home</i>	205
<i>Chino Valley, California</i>	206
<i>The Law</i>	207
<i>The Remedy</i>	208
<i>The Thought</i>	209
<i>The Adventure</i>	210
<i>God Give Us Faith To Win For Thee</i>	212
<i>The Speeder</i>	213
<i>Praise</i>	214
<i>The Heir</i>	215
<i>The Red Cross Mother</i>	216
<i>Propaganda</i>	217
<i>A Good Man</i>	218
<i>John Skinner On His Death Bed</i>	219
<i>Heart And Mind</i>	220
<i>The Flapper</i>	221
<i>Mother, I'm Coming</i>	222
<i>The Mississippi River</i>	223
<i>Los Angeles</i>	224
<i>Mockingbird</i>	225
<i>In Dreams</i>	226
<i>Temptation</i>	227
<i>Understanding</i>	228
<i>The Penalty</i>	229
<i>Occupation</i>	230
<i>Loneliness</i>	231
<i>All Kinds Of Verse</i>	232
<i>The Reading Public</i>	233
<i>Nationality</i>	234
<i>Constitutional Government</i>	235

<i>Liberty Bonds</i>	236
<i>The Conqueror</i>	237
<i>The American Home</i>	238
<i>Foreigners In America</i>	239
<i>Sacrifice</i>	240
<i>The League Of Nations</i>	241
<i>The Rulers</i>	242
<i>Workers</i>	243
<i>The Pride Of Color</i>	244
<i>Capital And Labor</i>	245
<i>The Dissatisfied</i>	246
<i>The City</i>	247
<i>The Father's Lament</i>	248
<i>The Contact</i>	249
<i>Her Kind Spirit I Adore</i>	250
<i>American Torchbearers</i>	251
<i>The Burden</i>	276
<i>Eternal Love</i>	277
<i>The Mourner</i>	278
<i>The State Of Washington</i>	279
<i>The Reward</i>	280
<i>The Swift Age</i>	281
<i>Our Folk Songs</i>	282
<i>San Francisco</i>	283
<i>Her Spirit Radiates A Power</i>	284
<i>The Singer</i>	285
<i>The Cross</i>	286
<i>The Mighty Three</i>	287
<i>The Little Boy</i>	288
<i>The Politicians</i>	289
<i>Forsaken</i>	290
<i>God And Country</i>	291
<i>The Goal</i>	292
<i>Airplane</i>	293
<i>Ignorance</i>	294
<i>I'll Do And Dare Until The End</i>	295

<i>The Sons Of Light</i>	296
<i>When Shall Poverty Leave?</i>	297
<i>The Thinker</i>	298
<i>Wastrels</i>	299
<i>Watch Out</i>	300
<i>Lorin Flora</i>	302
<i>Eben Highpower</i>	303
<i>Mike Pugson</i>	304
<i>Tom Crook</i>	305
<i>The Way To Live</i>	307
<i>Who Is A Real Man?</i>	308
<i>The Great Plan</i>	310
<i>John Main</i>	311
<i>The Vagrant</i>	312
<i>Washington</i>	313
<i>The Nation's Father</i>	314
<i>The National Bard</i>	315
<i>The Logging Camp</i>	316
<i>Memories</i>	318
<i>Aim</i>	319
<i>Excelsior</i>	320
<i>The Peak Of Paradise</i>	321
<i>Hops</i>	322
<i>The Price Of Ignorance</i>	323
<i>The Passing</i>	324
<i>The Blessing</i>	325
<i>Meed</i>	326
<i>Give And Receive</i>	327
<i>The Musician's Mind</i>	328
<i>Don't</i>	329
<i>God</i>	330
<i>In Life</i>	331
<i>Peace</i>	332
<i>Drifting</i>	333
<i>Henry Ford</i>	334
<i>After Death</i>	335

<i>The Humanitarian</i>	336
<i>The Soul Behind The Mask</i>	337
<i>Music</i>	338
<i>The Dying Request</i>	339
<i>The Farm</i>	340
<i>The Deer</i>	342
<i>Home</i>	344
<i>Armistice Day</i>	345
<i>My Friends</i>	346
<i>Father</i>	347
<i>My Country</i>	348
<i>Lincoln's Funeral March</i>	349
<i>Fishing</i>	350
<i>Richard Byrd</i>	351
<i>The Forest</i>	352
<i>Virgil Brook</i>	353
<i>June Day</i>	354
<i>The Wedding</i>	355
<i>The Home</i>	356
<i>Virgil Brook, The Husband</i>	357
<i>June Brook, The Wife</i>	358
<i>The Child</i>	359
<i>Virgil Brook, The Father</i>	360
<i>June Brook, The Mother</i>	361
<i>Dale Brook</i>	362
<i>Walter Brook</i>	363
<i>Forest Brook</i>	364
<i>The Bribe Receiver</i>	365
<i>Jim Dodger</i>	367
<i>Judge Slicklow</i>	369
<i>The Selfish Man</i>	370
<i>Pay</i>	371
<i>Goodby</i>	372
<i>Unhappiness</i>	373
<i>The Drunkard</i>	374
<i>The Trapper</i>	375

<i>The Dreaming Youth</i>	376
<i>The Tramp</i>	377
<i>The Hour Of Death</i>	378
<i>The Child Hater</i>	379
<i>The Old Man</i>	380
<i>The Criminal</i>	381
<i>The Rose</i>	383
<i>The Honest Lawyer</i>	384
<i>Gladys Hart</i>	385
<i>Dick Magee</i>	386
<i>Lew Graftis</i>	387
<i>Reverend Stowe</i>	388
<i>The Quack Doctor</i>	389
<i>The Honest Doctor</i>	390
<i>The Shyster Lawyer</i>	391
<i>The Underworld</i>	392
<i>Great Souls</i>	393
<i>Life's Mystery</i>	394
<i>Thomas Alva Edison</i>	395
<i>Henry Norton</i>	396
<i>Jane Norton</i>	397
<i>Caleb Billings</i>	398
<i>The Honest Grocer</i>	399
<i>Charles Blackfield</i>	400
<i>Nathan Lookout</i>	401
<i>The Honest Judge</i>	402
<i>Flossie Mills</i>	403
<i>Minnie Mann</i>	404
<i>Nan</i>	405
<i>Mary Munson</i>	406
<i>Billy Hawker</i>	407
<i>Viewpoint Of Marvin Justus</i>	408
<i>The Indians</i>	409
<i>The Fearless Leader</i>	410
<i>A Wonderful Age</i>	411
<i>Dispensers Of Justice</i>	413

<i>Zach Goldbag</i>	414
<i>Lives</i>	416
<i>She</i>	417
<i>The Curse Of Greed</i>	418
<i>The Political Machine</i>	419
<i>The Road Hog</i>	420
<i>The Tree</i>	421
<i>Beauty's Crusader</i>	422
<i>John Barleycorn</i>	423
<i>Resignation</i>	424
<i>The State Of Mind</i>	425
<i>Dull Lives</i>	426
<i>War And Panic</i>	427
<i>In Touch With Him</i>	428
<i>The Daughters Of Light</i>	429
<i>In The World Of Air</i>	430
<i>The Anarchist</i>	431
<i>The Fisherman</i>	432
<i>The Derelict</i>	433
<i>Thrift</i>	434
<i>Come To California</i>	435
<i>The Parting</i>	436
<i>Lost</i>	437
<i>The Dream World</i>	438
<i>Is Life Worth Living?</i>	439
<i>The Family</i>	440
<i>Growth</i>	441
<i>The Child</i>	442
<i>Deeds Of Kindness</i>	443
<i>The Mountain Peak Of Mind</i>	444
<i>Universal</i>	445

<i>Medley of Life Poems</i>	446
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<i>Medley Of Life</i>	447
<i>The Creation</i>	451
<i>The Early World</i>	453

<i>Growth Of Religion</i>	456
<i>Jamestown</i>	464
<i>Plymouth</i>	468
<i>Early Colonists</i>	472
<i>Washington The Nation Builder</i>	476
<i>The Early Republic</i>	478
<i>The Nation</i>	483
<i>The American</i>	484
<i>The World War Period</i>	486
<i>Miscellany</i>	490
<i>Speed Machines</i>	493
<i>The Poets</i>	495
<i>The New Culture</i>	499
<i>The Thunder Storm</i>	503
<i>The States</i>	504
<i>Foreign Countries</i>	532
<i>Night</i>	535
<i>The City</i>	539
<i>Old Order</i>	541
<i>Supplication</i>	548
<i>The Conclusion</i>	549
<i>The Southern Bird</i>	551

Strangers and Other Poems 552

<i>Strangers</i>	553
<i>Departed Friends</i>	554
<i>Sources Of Song</i>	555
<i>No Greater Praise</i>	556
<i>Spring</i>	557
<i>The United States</i>	558
<i>Court Procedure</i>	560
<i>Western Plain</i>	561
<i>The Radio</i>	562
<i>The Scene</i>	564
<i>The River</i>	565
<i>Intimacy</i>	566

<i>Wife</i>	567
<i>I Hail</i>	569
<i>The Dream</i>	570
<i>The Salute</i>	572
<i>The Hopeless</i>	573
<i>The Inevitable</i>	574
<i>The Dancers</i>	575
<i>An Overpopulated World</i>	577
<i>To Helen</i>	578
<i>The Lone Worker</i>	579
<i>Publicity</i>	580
<i>Nature's Realm</i>	581
<i>Love</i>	582
<i>Temporary Folk</i>	583
<i>The Beautiful</i>	584
<i>Economic Slaves</i>	585
<i>Great Moments</i>	586
<i>Immortality</i>	587
<i>Destiny</i>	588
<i>The Great Reward</i>	589
<i>Spring Season</i>	590
<i>The Mountains</i>	591
<i>The South</i>	592
<i>Northern Winter</i>	593
<i>The Workers</i>	594
<i>Morale</i>	595
<i>The Face</i>	596
<i>Handel's Messiah</i>	597
<i>A Beautiful Woman</i>	598
<i>Inspiration</i>	599
<i>The Fruits Of Love</i>	600
<i>Mystery</i>	601
<i>Religion</i>	602
<i>Orange Tree</i>	603
<i>Farm Life</i>	604
<i>Service</i>	605

<i>Tears</i>	606
<i>Intelligence The Hope</i>	607
<i>The Long Hard Road</i>	608
<i>Love's Power</i>	609
<i>The Mockingbird</i>	610
<i>Manifestation</i>	611
<i>Purpose</i>	612
<i>Songs</i>	613
<i>Question</i>	614
<i>Lonely</i>	615
<i>Finality</i>	616
<i>Nature</i>	617
<i>Orthodoxy</i>	618
<i>Why</i>	619
<i>First Love</i>	620
<i>A Lovely Song</i>	621
<i>Taxation</i>	622
<i>Improved World</i>	623
<i>Democracy</i>	624
<i>The Builder</i>	625
<i>Depression</i>	626
<i>The Multimillionaire</i>	627
<i>Home Of Poverty</i>	628
<i>My Appeal</i>	629
<i>Divorced Energy</i>	630
<i>Happy Land</i>	631
<i>In The Course Of Events</i>	632
<i>Pathos</i>	633
<i>Survival</i>	634
<i>The Races</i>	635
<i>The Simple Life</i>	636
<i>Equal Chance</i>	637
<i>Dual Nature</i>	638
<i>Love Is Passion</i>	639
<i>Friendship</i>	640
<i>Favored Groups</i>	641

<i>The New Life</i>	642
<i>Taxpayers</i>	643
<i>The Purge</i>	644
<i>Aspiration</i>	645
<i>Marriage</i>	646
<i>Great Injustice</i>	647
<i>The Crusader</i>	648
<i>Happiness</i>	649
<i>The Unconquerable Spirit</i>	650
<i>I Lived And Loved</i>	651
<i>Barbaric Nations</i>	652
<i>The Painter</i>	653
<i>Grief And Weal</i>	654
<i>Song Of Songs</i>	655
<i>The Bee</i>	656
<i>Life's End</i>	657
<i>Freedom</i>	658
<i>Paid</i>	659
<i>Chant Of Death</i>	660
<i>Poems</i>	661
<i>Her Spirit</i>	662
<i>Water Lilies</i>	663
<i>Frailties</i>	664
<i>Security</i>	665
<i>Abstract Law</i>	666
<i>Nature's Man</i>	667
<i>The New Era</i>	668
<i>Justice</i>	669
<i>Discouragement</i>	670
<i>Injustice</i>	671
<i>Humane World</i>	672
<i>Democracy</i>	673
<i>State Of Freedom</i>	674
<i>The Drudge</i>	675
<i>Illbred</i>	676
<i>The Bomber</i>	677

<i>Two Powers</i>	678
<i>The Golden Key</i>	679
<i>Free Nations</i>	680
<i>Effort</i>	681
<i>Deathless Passion</i>	682
<i>Machinery</i>	683
<i>Poetry</i>	684
<i>Lived</i>	685
<i>The Helpers</i>	686
<i>The Lyric Singer</i>	687
<i>Death</i>	688
<i>Chaotic Life</i>	689
<i>For Excellence</i>	690
<i>The Vision</i>	691
<i>Come And Go</i>	692
<i>The Nation's Fate</i>	693
<i>Totalitarianism vs. Democracy</i>	694

Rosebuds and Song 695

<i>Rosebuds And Song</i>	696
<i>May I Justify My Birth</i>	697
<i>My Fellow Men</i>	698
<i>The Hero</i>	699
<i>The Immortal</i>	700
<i>We Walked Along Together</i>	702
<i>Lorna Vane</i>	703
<i>Sibyl</i>	704
<i>Celeste</i>	705
<i>Elaine</i>	706
<i>Iris</i>	707
<i>Singer</i>	708
<i>The Lovers</i>	709
<i>Come To My Arms</i>	710
<i>Ines</i>	711
<i>Dulce</i>	712
<i>Gail</i>	713

<i>Letitia</i>	714
<i>Pansy</i>	715
<i>Jeanne</i>	716
<i>Flora</i>	717
<i>Anne</i>	718
<i>Rosaline</i>	719
<i>Aline</i>	720
<i>Love Lives Forever</i>	721
<i>Her Spirit</i>	722
<i>She Sang</i>	723
<i>Sweet Passion Budding Here On Earth</i>	724
<i>Eveline</i>	725
<i>Carmel</i>	726
<i>Goodbye</i>	727
<i>My Requiem</i>	728
<i>Life's Closing Scene</i>	729
<i>Illusion</i>	730
<i>Purported Friends</i>	731
<i>Love's Power</i>	732
<i>Why We Love</i>	733
<i>What Is Love?</i>	734
<i>Music</i>	735
<i>My Mistress</i>	736
<i>Peace Forever</i>	737
<i>The March To Light</i>	738
<i>Life's Beginning And End</i>	739
<i>This Age</i>	740
<i>In Solitude</i>	741
<i>For Love Of Country</i>	742
<i>Wisdom's Crown</i>	743
<i>Tears</i>	744
<i>Inflation And War</i>	745
<i>I've Lived</i>	746
<i>The Majestic</i>	747
<i>Poetry</i>	748
<i>A Cosmopolitan</i>	749

<i>This Era</i>	750
<i>The Citizen</i>	751
<i>California</i>	752
<i>California-Calls Me</i>	753
<i>The Beautiful</i>	754
<i>The Waltz</i>	755
<i>Night's Influence</i>	756
<i>Rhyme And Poetry</i>	757
<i>My Wish</i>	758
<i>Gone Forever</i>	759
<i>Golden Thoughts</i>	760
<i>The Treasure</i>	761
<i>Affinities</i>	762
<i>The Master Nation</i>	763
<i>Here Flowers Ever Bloom</i>	765
<i>Resignation</i>	766
<i>You And I</i>	767
<i>Memories</i>	768
<i>The Calla Lily</i>	769

Lyrics of Lorelee 770

<i>The Lyrics Of Lorelee</i>	771
<i>Lorelee</i>	773
<i>Farewell To Lorelee</i>	775
<i>The Lament</i>	776
<i>In Memory Of Lorelee</i>	777
<i>The Father Of Waters</i>	778
<i>Lorelee The Unselfish</i>	779
<i>Life's Closing Years</i>	780
<i>The Immortal Sweetheart</i>	781
<i>With Lorelee In Paradise</i>	783
<i>The Divine Romance</i>	784
<i>The Lovely Dreamer</i>	785
<i>My Lone Pathway</i>	786
<i>The Dancing Singers</i>	787
<i>The Unforgettable</i>	788

<i>The Long Ago</i>	789
<i>The Old Home Far Away</i>	791
<i>The Soul's Appeal</i>	792
<i>Love</i>	793
<i>What I Live For</i>	794
<i>America The Great</i>	795
<i>Free America</i>	796
<i>The Pathetic Song</i>	797
<i>The Land Of Sunset Glow</i>	798
<i>The United States Of America</i>	799
<i>The Merging Nations</i>	800
<i>Shall Our Civilization Die?</i>	801
<i>The Golden Shaft</i>	802
<i>The Enlightened Soul</i>	803
<i>The Needed Race</i>	804
<i>The Master Dream</i>	805
<i>Unselfish Love</i>	806
<i>Questions For Posterity</i>	807
<i>New Viewpoint</i>	808
<i>Golden Words</i>	809
<i>The Strong</i>	810
<i>Brotherhood</i>	811
<i>The Social Debt</i>	812
<i>Life's Grandee</i>	813
<i>Notes Of Song</i>	814
<i>The Dead Soul</i>	815
<i>Death's Tragedy</i>	816
<i>Nature's Woman</i>	817
<i>The Meeting</i>	818
<i>Rain</i>	819
<i>Sprayed</i>	820
<i>Destiny</i>	821
<i>The Higher Vision</i>	822
<i>Life's Satisfaction</i>	823
<i>The Higher Development</i>	824
<i>The Hero's Experience</i>	825

<i>Constructive Fighter</i>	826
<i>The Teacher</i>	827
<i>Who Is To Rule?</i>	828
<i>The Autumn</i>	829
<i>Lasting Words</i>	830
<i>The Lady Of The Lilies</i>	831
<i>The Passions</i>	832
<i>Laws</i>	833
<i>Race Emotions</i>	834
<i>Passion's Power</i>	835
<i>The Voice</i>	836
<i>Begone</i>	837
<i>Nature's Acts</i>	838
<i>New Charms</i>	839
<i>Song Of The Soul</i>	840
<i>Open</i>	841
<i>The Magic Hand</i>	842
<i>The Echo</i>	843
<i>Man And Beauty</i>	844
<i>The Inevitable Conqueror</i>	845
<i>Strange Roads</i>	846
<i>The World's Hope</i>	847
<i>The Wild Wind</i>	848
<i>Mother's Hands</i>	849
<i>Liberty Bell</i>	850
<i>George Washington</i>	851
<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	853
<i>Nature's Art</i>	855
<i>Who Is A Real Man?</i>	856
<i>Mother Waits</i>	858
<i>The Perfect Note</i>	859
<i>Life's Purpose</i>	860
<i>Finis</i>	861

The Nation's Destiny 862

<i>The Nation's Destiny</i>	863
---------------------------------------	-----

<i>Deathless Love</i>	865
<i>In Tune</i>	866
<i>The Spiritual Flame</i>	867
<i>Soul Music</i>	868
<i>The Mystic Tide</i>	869
<i>Nature's Grandeur</i>	870
<i>Euclid Avenue, California</i>	872
<i>Shelley</i>	873
<i>Beloved</i>	874
<i>The Beautiful</i>	875
<i>Grand Music</i>	876
<i>Love Of Country</i>	877
<i>The Path Of Glory</i>	878
<i>The Transition</i>	879
<i>Win The Prize</i>	880
<i>Man's Understanding</i>	881
<i>Oblivion</i>	882
<i>The Contrast</i>	883
<i>With Jessamine</i>	884
<i>Where Flowers Bloom</i>	885
<i>The Heavenly Twins</i>	886
<i>Which Shall It Be?</i>	887
<i>Worry</i>	888
<i>The Masonic Lodge</i>	889
<i>Three Links Lodge</i>	890
<i>The Home Lodge</i>	891
<i>My Courty Dame</i>	892
<i>Creative Song</i>	894
<i>Success</i>	895
<i>Going West</i>	896
<i>Time</i>	897
<i>Epitaph</i>	898
<i>Worthy Ambition</i>	899
<i>Grand Events</i>	900
<i>My Little Friend</i>	901
<i>My Youthful Friends</i>	902

<i>Judgment</i>	903
<i>Evil Versus Goodness</i>	904
<i>Victory</i>	905
<i>The Traveler</i>	906
<i>Life's Evolution</i>	907
<i>Two Eternities</i>	908
<i>Passion</i>	909
<i>The Wish</i>	910
<i>An Eden</i>	911
<i>Come Children</i>	912
<i>Bankrupt</i>	913
<i>Preparation</i>	914
<i>World Peace</i>	915
<i>Inflation</i>	916
<i>Depression</i>	917
<i>Large Wealth</i>	918
<i>Ideals</i>	919
<i>The Bard</i>	920
<i>The Master Port</i>	921
<i>The Peak</i>	922
<i>The Artist</i>	923
<i>Future Monument</i>	924
<i>The Frontier</i>	925
<i>The Four Bards</i>	926
<i>The New Civilization</i>	927
<i>Learn Peace</i>	928
<i>First Duty</i>	929
<i>The Heights Of Life</i>	930
<i>The Flash</i>	931
<i>The Heroic Warrior</i>	932
<i>New Thought</i>	933
<i>The Vision</i>	934
<i>The Wanderer</i>	935
<i>Freedom</i>	936
<i>Sunshine Or Darkness</i>	937
<i>The Three</i>	938

<i>Conscience</i>	939
<i>The Worthy Wife</i>	940
<i>Imagination And Reason</i>	941
<i>Due Credit</i>	942
<i>The Poet And The Musician</i>	943
<i>The Essentials</i>	944
<i>Aspiration</i>	945
<i>The Precious Thing</i>	946
<i>Calamity</i>	947
<i>Degradation And Elevation</i>	948
<i>Disipation</i>	949
<i>Schools</i>	950
<i>The Passing Era I</i>	951
<i>Courage</i>	952
<i>The Bravest</i>	953
<i>Who Not?</i>	954
<i>Victory Or Defeat</i>	955
<i>The Races</i>	956
<i>True Happiness</i>	957
<i>Killing Time</i>	958
<i>Books</i>	959
<i>Preserve Freedom</i>	960
<i>Perfection</i>	962
<i>The Last Stronghold</i>	963
<i>Eugenic Life</i>	964
<i>Incentive</i>	965
<i>Deeds</i>	966
<i>Thoughts</i>	967
<i>Fear</i>	968
<i>Elimination</i>	969
<i>Achievement</i>	971
<i>Appeasement</i>	972
<i>Reward</i>	973
<i>This World</i>	974
<i>Growing</i>	975
<i>Race Improvement</i>	976

<i>War</i>	977
<i>The Fighter</i>	978
<i>Wasted Life</i>	979
<i>The Masters</i>	980
<i>Character And Love</i>	981
<i>The Dead Man</i>	982
<i>Good Work</i>	983
<i>Friendly Unity</i>	984
<i>Qualities That Win</i>	985
<i>How Long?</i>	986
<i>Grand Waltz Music</i>	987
<i>Generous</i>	988
<i>In The Soul</i>	989
<i>The Power Groups</i>	990
<i>Requital</i>	991
<i>The Average Man</i>	992
<i>A Field Of Flowers</i>	993
<i>The Starry Flag</i>	994
<i>Soul Of Nature</i>	995
<i>Nature's Engineers</i>	996
<i>Nature's Man</i>	997
<i>Honest</i>	998
<i>The New Democracy</i>	999
<i>A Thousand Years Hence</i>	1000
<i>The Unseen</i>	1001
<i>Epic Style</i>	1002
<i>Nature's School</i>	1003

Late Manuscript Books	1004
-----------------------	------

Bibliography	1005
--------------	------

INTRODUCTION

Poet, lawyer, judge, civic organizer, and private publisher

Arthur Orison Dillon treated poetry as a public office. A schoolteacher, lawyer, deputy marshal, municipal judge, newspaper editor, chamber-of-commerce secretary, Ontario councilman, political candidate, genealogist, wartime organizer, and tireless private publisher, he used verse to argue with nearly every institution that shaped his life. His poems memorialize Abraham Lincoln, his mother Belle, a lost beloved renamed Lorelee, California towns and landscapes, music, work, democracy, poverty, war, law, religion, and the author's own literary ambition. Their abundance is part of their meaning: Dillon mailed his books to hundreds of libraries, solicited responses, quoted reviewers, and built a one-man system of circulation outside the literary establishment. That system preserved an unusually dense record of a civic poet's world. It also preserved the era's contradictions. Dillon attacked concentrated wealth and defended equal opportunity, yet endorsed eugenics, racial separation, and coercive ideas of national fitness. His nationalism could oppose dictatorship while imagining America as a providential "master nation." The poems therefore matter as more than forgotten local verse. They document the point at which Progressive reform, white civic culture, Protestant morality, grief, boosterism, and private publishing met in interwar Southern California. This edition resets Dillon's complete recovered book poetry through 1949. The 1931 *Collected Poems* supplies the chosen reading text for material reprinted from the earlier *Ancestors*, *The Master Nation*, and *The River of Music*. Later books receive separate chronological sections. When a later poem differs only in punctuation or small verbal revisions, the later reading is printed once and the earlier witnesses are named in a variorum note; substantially reconceived poems remain as separate texts. Original scans, not the project's earlier PDF, control lineation, stanza structure, italics, and indentation.

Biography

Arthur Orison Dillon was born at eight o'clock on Monday morning, July 7, 1873, in Lexington Township, Le Sueur County, Minnesota. He was the only child of Peter Orison Dillon and Belle Anne Cottingham Dillon. Peter, born near Maple Grove, Michigan, in 1846, had worked as a Chicago bookkeeper before clearing a Minnesota farm. The family moved to Manitou Springs, Colorado, in 1877, and Peter died there in 1879, when Arthur was six. Belle raised her son and later married Thomas Cassady. Dillon remembered her as musical, forceful, proud, energetic, and self-sacrificing; her death in Ontario in 1926 produced one of the most sustained elegiac sequences in his poetry.

Dillon's childhood and youth moved through Minnesota, Colorado, and Washington. He attended state normal schools at St. Cloud and Mankato and taught for several years. His later autobiographical chronologies say that he served as a deputy United States marshal in Washington at twenty-one, taught at twenty-three, and worked in newspapers at twenty-four. The exact federal appointment and school list remain to be found, but the repeated claims fit his early Washington residence. Teaching, law, and journalism all left their mark on his verse, which characteristically addresses readers as citizens to be instructed.

Around 1898 Dillon wrote "Abraham Lincoln," the poem he considered the beginning of his literary career. A pamphlet, *Abraham Lincoln and Other Poems*, appeared in 1900, and the title poem circulated in newspapers, school publications, anthologies, and his later books. Dillon reported that Theodore Roosevelt read it "with pleasure," a courtesy he repeatedly turned into publicity. In 1906 Dillon earned an LL.B. from Valparaiso University in Indiana and began practicing law in Seattle. A late obituary called him a Stanford graduate, but his own detailed accounts name the Minnesota normal schools and Valparaiso; no Stanford degree has been verified.

Dillon wrote that a romance with a nurse named Helen began when he was about twenty-seven. In his books she becomes Lorelee, a lost sweetheart, muse, spiritual companion, and anticipated bride in an afterlife. He stated that Helen shared his surname, died young after a life of service, and that he never married another woman. Her independent identity and exact relationship to him remain unresolved. What is clear is the role the story played in his writing: it explained his bachelorhood, organized decades of love poems, and joined

private grief to his Protestant belief in immortality.

In 1911 Dillon moved to Upland, California, and entered Progressive politics. He led a Roosevelt-Johnson club in 1912, attended the Washington Progressive convention, then returned to California and established a law practice in Chino. By 1916 he was again working within Republican organizations. He served as Chino city judge from 1916 through 1920 and briefly acted as editor of the *Chino Champion* in 1919. During the First World War he chaired Liberty Loan and Victory Loan drives, directed local Red Cross activity, organized Four Minute speakers, and performed other county advisory work.

Dillon also spent seven years as secretary and director of the Chino Chamber of Commerce. In July 1922 he moved to Ontario, where he joined the city's booster and fraternal culture. He was vice-president of the Ontario Boosters Club in 1924 and 1925 and was elected to the Ontario City Council in 1926 for a four-year term. In the same year he sought Republican and Prohibition nominations for the California Assembly. He won the Prohibition primary designation but did not appear on the surviving general-election ballot. He belonged to Masonic, Odd Fellows, Rebekah, hereditary-patriotic, church, and applied-psychology organizations.

Genealogy was central to Dillon's public identity. *The Ancestors of Arthur Orison Dillon and His Poems* (1927) joined a large family history to an autobiographical poetry collection, converting descent into proof of civic and literary authority. His ideal nation was democratic in electoral language but hereditary in imagination. He demanded economic opportunity and condemned plutocracy, yet divided people into the fit and unfit and endorsed eugenic sterilization and racial separatism. Those positions were part of influential California and national movements of the period; their historical prevalence does not make them incidental to his work.

Dillon issued *The Master Nation and Other Poems* in 1928 and *The River of Music and Other Poems* in 1929. His 1931 *Collected Poems* gathered those early books and much additional verse into a volume of more than 275 pages. *Medley of Life Poems* followed in 1935, *Strangers and Other Poems* in 1939, *Rosebuds and Song* in 1947, *Lyrics of Lorelee* in 1948, and *The Nation's Destiny and Other Poems* in 1949. He privately financed and energetically distributed the books, sending them to libraries and reprinting acknowledgments, reviews,

and lists of institutional holdings. By the end of his life he claimed representation in roughly 850 libraries worldwide; the exact number is unaudited, but surviving accession notices confirm a remarkably broad mailing campaign.

Contemporary reception was divided. Friendly librarians and civic readers praised Dillon's sincerity, patriotism, moral purpose, and clarity. A 1931 *Salt Lake Tribune* reviewer found mature thought and humane ideals but "little music." Honolulu reviewers of *Medley of Life Poems* were blunter about its prosaic measure and self-advertisement. The disagreement identifies his true literary position. Dillon was not a concealed modernist; he was a verse editorialist, municipal moralist, and private literary institution whose strongest poems emerge when the pressure of grief, memory, music, or landscape limits his abstractions.

Dillon said he retired from law in 1938 but continued writing. He deposited two bound typescripts at the Huntington Library: *New Civilizations and Other Poems and Abridged Memoirs of the Author* in 1952 and *The Octogenarian Sings and Other Poems* in 1954. These manuscripts remain essential sources for his late work. On January 24, 1958, he was found dead at his Pomona residence. Police placed his death by gunshot late on January 22; the California death index records January 23. No surviving evidence establishes a motive. He was eighty-four and was buried at Bellevue Memorial Park in Ontario after an Odd Fellows graveside service.

SOURCE PREFACES AND CONTEMPORARY RECEPTION

Authorial statements, R. E. Ames's foreword, and notices bound into the 1931 collection

Preface to *The Master Nation and Other Poems* (1928)

At the age of twenty-three, I wrote my first poem for publication, to-wit, 'The Deserted Home,' which was published that year. In my twenties I wrote the following poems: 'Jim'; 'Abraham Lincoln'; 'The Rarest Virtues Deck My Queen'; 'The Thunder Storm'; 'The Pioneer'; 'A November Day'; 'The Snow Storm'; and 'The Starry Flag.' These were published when written. Many of the poems in this volume were written during the years between 1914 and 1921. 'Character Sketches and Confessions' were written in 1919. 'The Heavenly Guest' was written in 1921.

A goodly number of my poems have been published in leading newspapers of the nation, while others have appeared in *The Ancestry of Arthur Orison Dillon and Poems*. Some have not been published heretofore. This volume contains my complete poetical writings to date.

Arthur Orison Dillon · Ontario, California · April 1928

Preface to *The River of Music and Other Poems* (1929)

My former book *The Master Nation and Other Poems* may be found in many of the public libraries and universities in the United States. It has gone into leading universities in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America. The book has been reviewed by newspapers, magazines and literary critics in the United States, Canada, England and Australia. Extracts from some of the reviews may be found in the back of this volume.

One of my literary friends who is not a professional book reviewer writes as follows: 'Your poetry has a human appeal and some of it is intensely American.'

Love, humor, pathos, patriotism, philosophy and mysticism are in your verse. Many of your poems have real literary merit and belong to literature.'

The author appreciates the friendly criticism given his former books, and for the kindly feeling extended to him by persons in all parts of the country.

The River of Music and Other Poems goes forth into the world to meet either adverse or favorable criticism. Should some of the poems appeal to certain readers as expressions of their sentiments and emotions the author shall feel that his work has not been in vain. Quite likely some shall see merit in the poetry while others shall not. In such opinions the book shall fare no better, perhaps no worse, than many other books that have gone out to the public. In any event, figuratively speaking, the work must stand on its own feet.

Arthur Orison Dillon · Ontario, California · May 1929

R. E. Ames's Foreword to *Collected Poems* (1931)

Arthur Orison Dillon is a proven poet and internationally known. His books have gone out into many foreign nations. The critics and book reviewers have acknowledged his ability. He is a man who seeks to grasp the problems of life and to charge his thought with spiritual and purposeful emotion. His work makes a distinct impression and holds steadily to an ideal. Some of his poems are finished products of workmanship, while others are better in conception than in execution. He loves his country, home, family and friends. He is one of the most nationalistic of our poets. He thinks nationally and is an exponent of the spirit of his nation.

His viewpoint is spiritual. He is sincere and intense. The spirit of religion and passionate love for truth run through his verse. His deductions indicate he is an advanced thinker. His political, legal and business experiences have fitted him to interpret character from many angles. He has the power to combine homely and humorous incidents with the pathetic and sublime. Whether real or imaginary, his characters are true to life.

Most of his sonnets are good. Some of them possess both spiritual and patriotic fervor. Few can read 'For Love of Country,' 'You and I,' and 'In Solitude' without feeling an uplift in patriotic devotion and mind betterment. His love of country is also shown in such poems as 'The Master Nation,' 'The Song of Triumph,' 'The National Bard,' 'The Fourth of July,' 'Liberty Bell,'

'Patriotism,' 'I Live to Serve,' 'Be Proud,' and 'American Idyls.' The poem 'Three Destinies' tells the story of three college men. 'The Heavenly Guest' is an interpretation of the spirit-world.

His California poems depict the charm and beauty of the golden state. He has written creditably of New England, Virginia and some of the other states. His appreciation and understanding of nature are seen in 'The Soul's Pathway,' 'The Thunder Storm,' and 'The Rural Scene.' 'The Messenger' is a poem of purpose. Such poems as 'In Youthful Days' and 'The Heart's Cry' express his love of youth and youthful experiences. 'The Politicians' is a good piece of satire. 'Bunk' ridicules sham. 'The Pioneer' describes the early influences that helped to mold the character of the writer. 'Helen Waters,' 'She Sang the Sweetness of Her Heart,' and 'Evaline' are among his best poems of affection.

'The Action Mystic' suggests the philosopher. 'The New Era's Chief' and 'Abraham Lincoln' embody the spirit of democracy. The struggle of the soul is described in 'The Soul's Conquest' and 'Life's Turning Point.' In 'Death' and 'The Crutch' one learns that the poet has lived as well as dreamed. Sketches of the nation's great men are set out in 'American Torchbearers.' 'The River of Music' is a dignified poem, splendid in setting and diction, with spiritual significance.

Some of his lyrics and ballads, if set to appropriate music, might become a valuable part of the American treasury of song. Dillon's style is simple, precise, clear, terse, vigorous and elevated. His lines are usually brilliant and picturesque. He is a practical thinker as well as an idealist. He seldom soars into the abyss of unlimited space, but when he does as in 'Two' his poetry becomes singing sweetness, beauty and color. His mind is flexible. He deals with the eternities and with the common things of life. There is originality in his best efforts. He has written poems that will not be forgotten.

Whatever may be said in criticism of Dillon, he is always an entertaining writer. He may be read with interest again and again. He will grow in popularity and esteem.

R. E. Ames

Excerpts from Critical Opinions

This California poet signally proves his right to be included among the poets of America.

He writes on all subjects, emotional, philosophical, patriotic and humorous, with equal skill and ability.—*Boston Globe*.

Mr. Dillon's poems will doubtless have a wide, popular appeal, since they deal with many subjects of timely national interest.—*The Granite*, Newport, New Hampshire.

Dillon's poems come honestly, straight from the soul of a man in earnest, bravely striving to express thoughts which he feels his people and country ought to hear.—*Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star*.

Love, humor, pathos, patriotism, philosophy and mysticism find expression in Dillon's poems in numerous and varied subjects.—*The Boston Herald*.

I have enjoyed your poems very much for their simplicity, occasional humor, their dignity and their lyrical strength and careful versification.—John P. Odell, assistant librarian, Occidental College.

Mr. Dillon has written a collection of poems which are most delightful in their philosophical way. Centering his attention on the modern train of thoughts, he writes with ease and grace of one capable of doing far bigger things than a collection of short poems.—*The Evening Express*, Portland, Maine.

Dillon is at his best in simple, though lofty themes.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

Mr. Dillon has the gift of making music from words, and weaving about the commonplace a glamorous tinge that colors even drab things. There is literary merit to many of his poems and interest in all of them. His is good middle class poetry of a homey nature.—*State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio.

In Dillon's poems lovers of worthwhile poetry will find much to please them.—*The Daily Argus-Leader*, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

The poetical writings of Arthur Orison Dillon are honest sentiments, honestly expressed in formal lines.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

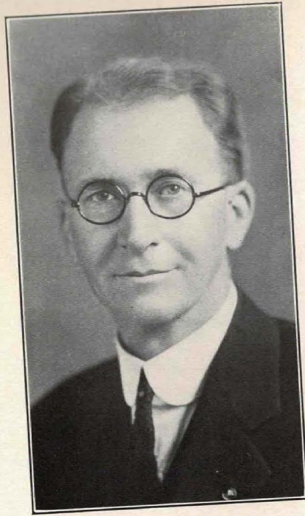
Dillon would have done well at any business, but when he determined on poetry, there could be no question about his pushing his verse through, for he would break into any market. It is highly satisfactory to find that the author is patriotic, sound in morals, not led astray by modern sophistry, or the *nil admirari* attitude so much affected by modern poets. Canadians may welcome him as a sound thinking man.—*The Daily Province*, Vancouver, British Columbia.

There is a distinct originality and force in many of Dillon's poems and some of his lyrics are charming with a good deal of humanity in them.—Charles Wakefield Cadman.

I have read with pleasure your poem on 'Abraham Lincoln.'—Theodore Roosevelt.

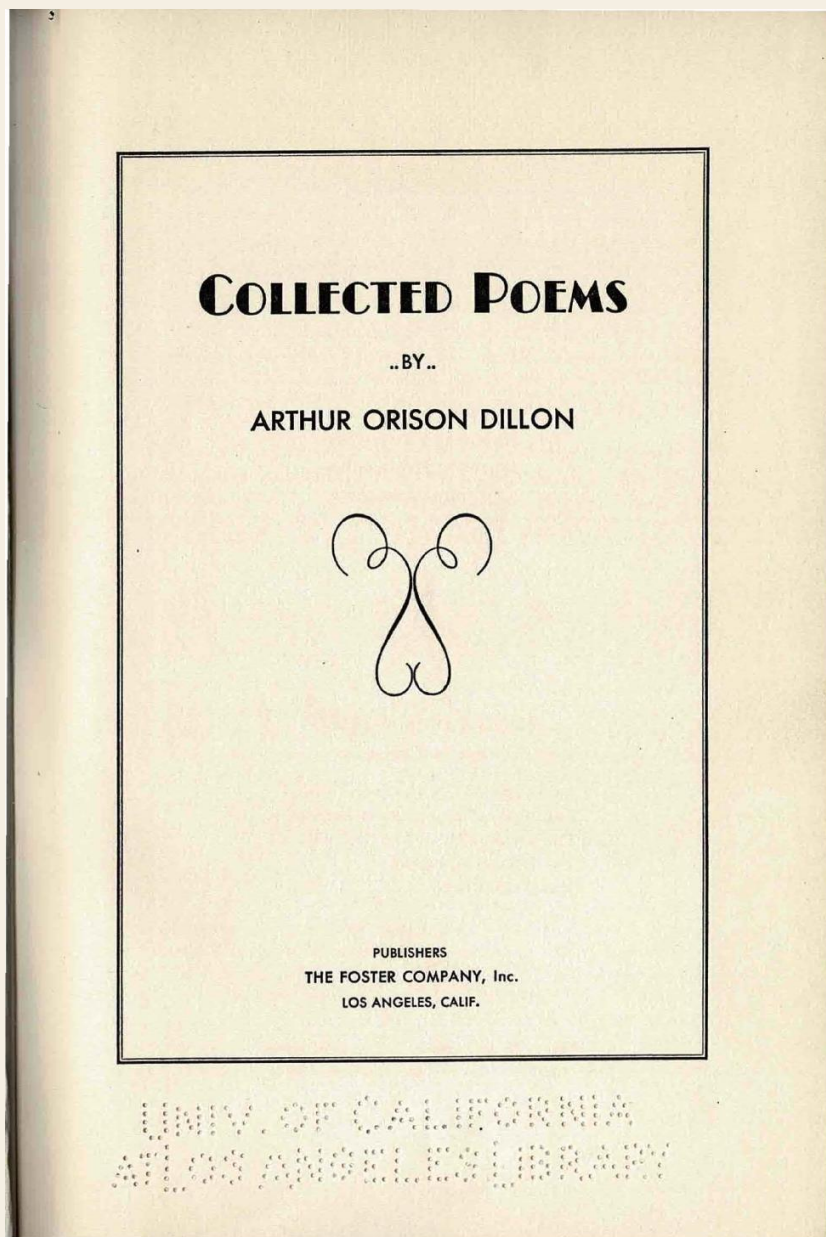
ARCHIVAL IMAGES

The poet and the material history of his books



ARTHUR ORISON DILLON

Arthur Orison Dillon, portrait from Collected Poems (1931).



Title page of Collected Poems (1931).

**THE NATION'S DESTINY
AND OTHER POEMS**

By

Arthur Orison Dillon

**Ontario, California
1949**

*Title page of *The Nation's Destiny and Other Poems* (1949).*

EDITORIAL NOTE AND SOURCES

Corpus, variants, OCR control, and lineation

The edition resets Dillon's complete recovered book poetry through 1949 from the original scans. It does not use the project's earlier reader's PDF as a transcription authority. The source images were re-OCR'd page by page and the resulting lines were checked structurally against their page coordinates.

Every poem begins on a new page. True stanza spaces and repeated relative indents are retained. Accidental hanging wraps produced by the narrow source pages are rejoined; a genuinely long line may wrap with a small hanging continuation in the reading edition. Book and journal titles are italicized. Poem subtitles and prefatory labels are kept distinct from verse.

The 1931 *Collected Poems* is the chosen reading witness for poems previously printed in *The Ancestors of Arthur Orison Dillon and His Poems* (1927), *The Master Nation and Other Poems* (1928), and *The River of Music and Other Poems* (1929). Later books have their own chronological sections. When later reprinting makes only minor verbal or punctuation changes, the latest reading is printed once and the earlier source is identified in a variant note. Substantially different texts with the same title remain separate poems.

Obvious OCR garbage, broken words, false internal spaces, stray scan marks, and damaged quotation marks are silently corrected against the source image. Dillon's own unconventional diction and historically objectionable political language are not modernized or suppressed.

EARLIER BOOKS ABSORBED INTO THE 1931 COLLECTION

1927–1929

Dillon's *The Ancestors of Arthur Orison Dillon and His Poems* (1927), *The Master Nation and Other Poems* (1928), and *The River of Music and Other Poems* (1929) are represented by their later collected readings in the next section. They are not duplicated merely to reproduce repeated punctuation states; their scans remain in the source archive.

COLLECTED POEMS

The 1931 collection

Abraham Lincoln

My mother told me of this man
In early childhood at her knee;
I took him for my hero then,
And still his deeds are dear to me.
His humble birth,
His sterling worth,
And spotless life my breast doth thrill;
His tragic lot
By traitor shot
Doth make me sad and ever will.

He was born in a small log hut
In the woods of a Southern land,
Where mountains rear their lofty heads,
Where rivers gurgle o'er the sand.
This lowly son
Was Nature's chosen one;
She had a work for him to do;
Sublime and great
By the decree of fate;
To God and man his heart beat true.

This homely toiler, tall and gaunt,
Split fence rails in the forest wild,
For he could use the maul and axe,
The things he play'd with when a child.
His hands were tough,
His mien was rude and rough,
But his great soul was clean and just,
And full of love
That came from heaven above—
Love never marred by greed or lust.

There came a change to this rude man
Of giant frame and rugged face;
The nation asked for a true man,
A lover of the human race,
To guide the state
Through storm and war and hate;
To save his country, strong and brave,
Rose Lincoln, then,
The godliest of men,
To do his work and gain a grave.

He saved the nation, freed the slaves,
And spoke kind words to everyone;
He wiped away the tears of grief,
And thus all hearts by him were won.
 This man uncouth
 Embodiment of truth,
Ranks with the foremost of the ages.
 His deeds divine
 Will ever shine
The fairest on our country's pages.

This man whose heart and mind were pure,
 This product of the common poor,
Touches our hearts and him we love,
 His rugged face, sad and demure,
 Tells us a story
 Of tragedy and glory.
He died but left a glorious name,
 The symbol of the right,
 And mounted Honor's height
To live immortal in our country's fame.

He fell a martyr to the cause
 Of freedom and exalting man;
He was the glory of the war,
 A brave and true American.
 Prophetic sight,
 And judgment bright
Of all made him the master soul.
 A patriot grand,
 The calmest in the land,
He led the way and reach'd the goal.

O, rulers of this mighty land!
 O, selfish leaders, great and small!
Let Lincoln teach you how to rule;
 He is the model for us all.
 Our faith in him
 Shall ne'er grow dim;
Within our hearts he is enshrined.
 He lived and died
 The nation's pride;
In both he lifted up mankind.

The River Of Music

The burst of dawn, the golden skies,
 The vernal season and all it yields,
 The trees and flowers, vines and cultur'd fields,
 The murmuring river and the singing birds,
 The echoing music without sweet words

Suggest some vale of Paradise,
 Where grief might find surcease
 In beauty, love and peace;
Where life might feel the touch and thrill
Of God's magnetic mind and will.

The morning dawn bids night adieu,
Upon the grass sit gems of dew,
Upon the river I calmly float
Like some new leaf in placid moat.
My white canoe glides down the stream,
And I indulge the poet's dream.

All beauty has a giver,
And God gave man this murmuring river.
I have a notion
That it sings every emotion
 Which is known to the soul
 As its clear waters roll,
And fret and dance to the ocean.
O, musical river, fit theme of my lay,
 Enchant'd I listen to all the deep wrongs,
 And blessings voiced in thy mystic songs,
Perchance by spirits of a former day,
 Departed souls of ancient tribes that dwelt
 By thee and chant'd the wordless songs they felt.

Beside this river the greenest meadows are
And on its lovely shore
 Blossom the fairest of flowers,
 Among the glossy vines that quiver;
 Most brilliant color'd flowers
 Bloom near these foaming waters that shiver;
 Most gorgeous of all flowers
 Grow on the banks of this singing river.
Surpassing beauty which I saw afar
 The like, perhaps, I'll see no more.
 Bright river that runs through the evergreen vale,

Thy banks are jewel'd with the blossoming trees,
The sweet magnolias in flowers pure and pale,
And droning'mong them are the honey bees,
And one may hear the whiz of the flying quail.
The green wood rings with true, sweet notes
Which burst in beauty from the wild birds' throats.

All tell of splendor of departed worth,
All speak of glory of a newer birth.
This crystal river shall sing on forevermore
To those who listen from canoe or shore,
And it shall tell in the most tuneful breath
The joys of life and the pathos of death.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 12.

You And I

It matters not when you or I may die;
At most our toiling, struggling life is brief,
A little happiness mixed with tears and grief,
And then the hand of death shall choke our cry,
And blind our eyes to land and sea and sky,
And still our dauntless heart which beats for love,
And dark our brain like ebon clouds above;
Death's mighty angel will not pass us by.
"Tis better to die a noble youth like Hale,
Or like heroic Warren in our prime,
And slumber in a battle-scarred vale
Than reach life's highest peak of hoary time
With little done for country, self or peers;
God measures us by deeds and not by years.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 15.

In Solitude

I wandered in a virgin wood, one day,
Alone; the haunt of man I fain forsook;
I traveled onward reading Nature's book,
Far from a beaten path or blazed way;
And here and there the flowers wild and gay
Were dancing in the zephyr, keeping time
To the music of the birds; the sun sublime
Spread glory on the flowers at play.
There in the forest I read His command,
In Nature, to obey the law of right,
To live the thought like blossoms of the vale;
And then I felt my inner life expand
Perchance like Paul's when he beheld the light,
Long years ago, from the lonely Syrian trail.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 16.

The New Era's Chief

The morals of the ages are in his soul;
The strength of hardy farmers and pioneers
Is in his body, sinew, bone and blood;
The light which comes through generations who did
Clear, vigorous thinking, illuminates his brain;
Love, courage, justice motivate his heart,
And he knows rapture and achievement great,
As well as failure, penury and grief.
He dreams, he plans, he works, he hopes, he is
The leader of an era new and grand,
Uplifter of the home and family life.

He is the stalwart that God made and gave
To be the ruler of the major realm;
He scans the world, builds up the earth and feels
The passion known to all humanity.
He honors God who made the Universe;
In all the world from gulf to gulf, from pole
To pole there is no higher type of man,
No better product of the common poor
To voice the glory of them who till the soil,
Who labor in the humble places in life.

No oceans lie between him and his God,
A son of labor who knew weary toil,
But then as now, he kept his eye upon
The star, the star of highest destiny,
And thought and work'd and walk'd the thorny road,
And grew in stature, mind and soul and heart
While keeping in tune with the song of cheer.
He learned to comprehend the gold of morn,
The flower's hue, the grandeur of the sea,
The majesty and the power of the heavens;
He learn'd to do the useful work of life,
To do the common task he found to do
With diligence, efficiency and zeal;
When he was called to the world's great work,
He did the larger work with equal skill,
And won the praise and gratitude of realms.

Born of a humble sire but not a serf,
Ambition and ideals were in his mind,
The elements of success were in his heart,

The spirit of America was his;
And he developed year by year and reach'd
The heights unknown too pamper'd sons of wealth,
The peer of greatness and greater than a king.

America does not press down on labor's brow
The crown of thorns, and does not crucify
Mankind on a golden cross; America
Gives every one his chance to do his best;
If he does not deliver the fault is his.
O parents, schools and churches give us men,
Not fools, or numskulls; give us men who have
The will to grow, to think, to work with zeal,
And skill in every walk or class of life;
Give us men of stability and sense,
Men of great courage, honor, faith and dreams.
Such men shall ever have the poise and strength,
The vision, energy and spiritual light
To put God into action, thought and words,
To lead mankind up to the peaks of life.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 16.

New England

Here once the Anglo-Saxon trod
With none but him to worship God;
A crusader in the world of toil,
He clear'd the land and till'd the soil;
He beat the Indians in the war,
And thus ascended his bright star
In New England.

He led the way to liberty,
Constructed ships and sail'd the sea,
Endowed the college, built the school,
To make a people fit to rule;
He was a man and for his zeal
On him the Maker put His seal
In New England.

To-day I hail this ancient realm
Of maple, pine and oak and elm;
Her quaint old towns still bear a charm
Along with meadow, hill and farm;
The monuments to the deathless brave
A glory speak above the grave
In New England.

New England bears her honor'd name,
But she has chang'd, she's not the same;
The blood that built the ancient state,
The blood that made New England great,
Is giving up his native place,
And now I see an alien race
In New England.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 18.

The Radio

The night is here, the moon beams stream
Down through my window as I dream
Of life that's fair,
Of beauty rare,
And hear the music in the air,
Sweet melodies that ever flow,
Received through my radio.

I need not travel over land and sea
To know and learn,
Nor work and earn
My knowledge any more; it is at my door,
And flows through the radios,
And brings the world to me.

I hear the fiddlers play
As in my youthful day,
Dance music known to me,
And I again join in the whirl.
I schottische and I waltz in glee
With my arm around my girl.

I hear the great, church organ peal
In recitals far away,
And I the solemn cadence feel;
It seems to steal
My soul away.

I hear the vest'd choir somewhere,
Before the minister says his prayer,
Sing the old hymns anew;
I sit and nod,
As they go ringing through
The world of God.

A distant orchestra plays a strain
Which sounds like wind storm of the brain,
New fangled music now the rage,
The message of this new age.
It surely bores and gives one pain.

The diva lifts her voice
In classic songs of yore,
And I with her rejoice,
We have such songs in store.
And then she tenderly sings

Some sweet folk song which cheers,
And to my heart she brings
The memories of past years.
The air is charg'd with words and sound
Which flow on like the purling brooks,
Or wing their way like sable rooks,
And no one knows where they are bound.
At times I hear the golden notes,
Some master's melody;
The music through my radio floats
Like gulls upon the sea.
And then old Handel lives again,
And Beethoven, Mozart and Gluck;
We know that they, in joy or pain,
The soul of music struck.
The radio is a great invention
Is my contention;
Interpreter of the air,
Of sounds everywhere.
It gives the good and bad,
The happy and the sad.
I hear the humble and the great,
Mankind in every social state,
The President of the nation,
And other leaders of high station.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 19.

The Immortal

He fell asleep to-day
Has gone the silent way,
In search of peace and light,
Beyond the pale of night,
Across the mystic sea,
To dwell in eternity.

He had persistently striven
To learn of earth and heaven;
His restless spirit now must know
What lies beyond the sun-set glow.

The laurels crown his brow;
He is immortal now
Among the noble throng
He glorified in song.
 Peace to his soul
 Lethe shall not roll
 Dark waters o'er his fame;
 God's halo wreathes his name.
Amen!

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 21.

Two

For love of two, the good and true,
Who passed from my mortal view,
Long years ago, I'd cleave the sky,
And wander through immensity.
To see and know the deathless two,
And feel their presence, them interview,
I'd sail, for aye, the aerial sea,
The ocean of infinity,
Unto the star which sheds its ray
Remotest in the Milky Way.
I'd search with diligence the skies
Till I found them, my paradise;
Without their love and help to me
There could be no eternity.
I dream'd the dream of dreams to me
Last eve by life's melodious sea;
In dreams I saw the spirit land,
The world of love, in colors grand,
The floral fields and singing creeks,
The glow of health, the flush of cheeks,
The greenery of hills and trees,
The loveliness and stretch of leas,
The golden city and the rural manse,
The glow of God which lives enhance.

And I ascend'd and travel'd on
Beyond the blue, beyond the dawn;
I cross'd the fathomless abyss,
And landed at the city of bliss,
The port of entry for troops,
The spirits who came in large groups
Divested of their mortal clay,
Array'd in garments bright as day,
Novitiates in a new sphere.
They came to learn and to adhere
To higher laws, the moral code,
To live them in their new abode,
And to adjust themselves anew
So they might gain the spiritual view,
And meet the folk developed there,
The noble, wise and great and fair,
To gain their citizenship among

Immortals in the world of song,
And on the road that others have trod
To meet and get in touch with God.

I saw, among the shining throng
Of teachers as I walk'd along,
Her whom I lov'd in mortal life,
Who should have been my mortal wife.
The beauty of her kindly face
Shed luster on her form of grace;
Her glorious hair so richly brown
Adorn'd her head a regal crown;
The flowing locks trail'd at her feet,
In beauty on the golden street;
Her features shone with spiritual light,
Born of a spirit clean and bright;
She mov'd in dignity like strains
Of splendid music, heart refrains.
Unconscious of her thrilling beauty,
She only thought of her great duty,
And how her time she could best give
In teaching others how to live.

We met in rapture deep, supreme,
Consummation of my earthly dream;
I clasp'd my darling to my heart,
Our lips they met and would not part.
I felt the love, the ecstasy,
The passion of eternity.
And in those moments of delight
I reached heaven's greatest height.
It could not last, I had to go,
My home was yet on earth below;
My spirit bride she could not be
Till I am of eternity.

I left the city of the soul,
As yet I had not reach'd my goal;
I travel'd on through floral dells
Unto the home where mother dwells;
The heart of Nature she loves best,
There she receives God's high behest.
I sens'd the fragrance of the flowers,
The songs of birds in viny bowers,
The spirit of great harmony
In the heart of eternity;

I sens'd the worth of master souls,
And love which like the ocean rolls,
Magnetic waves of thought and mind,
Inspiring, elevat'd refined;
Souls with devotion garb'd and shod
Dwell there in true accord with God.

And in a manse beside the river
I saw my mother, my life giver;
Heroic woman, tall is she,
Intense and proud of high degree;
The star of truth was on her brow,
Culmination of her holy vow.
Misunderstood, perhaps, by shallow thinker,
By those who with the soul would tinker;
But truer than the light above
To those she loved, and her love
Was stronger than the bands of steel
Through strife and woe, or peace and weal.

We met as mother and son should meet
In glad reunion, joy replete,
And in the heavens bright and fair
We knelt in the sanctity of prayer.
And then my vision pass'd and I
Return'd to earth from out the sky
To do my best to qualify
For life complete, immortality,
So when the call comes from the skies
I may join them in Paradise.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 22.

The Action Mystic

Lord God make me a force for good,
A message bearer to manhood,
An active man combatting strife,
Resisting temptation in my life!
I only merit highest weal
By crushing evil'neath my heel.

I am no mystic in his cell,
But rather a doer in the dell;
Make me a man among all men,
In open spaces or in the den.
Wherever I may dream or plod,
I need Thy constant help, Oh God!

God let me touch the Holy Grail,
Acquire the virtues of lilies pale.
Oh! let me dream my dreams of Thee,
And bring them back to earth with me,
And to mankind these dreams impart,
To enrich the soul, to bless the heart.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 25.

The American Idyls

I sail my ship of idyls upon the sea
Of love and dreams. It bears a message fraught
With knowledge and purpose for my race and realm.
'Tis filled with experiences derived
In life's great school on freedom's glorious soil.

My songs bear fragrance of the citrus groves,
Of fields of wheat and barley, oats and corn,
And cotton, sugar cane, the leaves of trees,
And lucious berries kissed red as gold
By noon-day sun, and meadow grass and new
Mown hay, and flowers wild that grow out in
The grassy pastures overlooked by kine
That browse and wander o'er the land all day.
They carry bird song melodies, wind rhythm,
The river's dreamy music, wild sea notes,
The ripple of the lake, and beauty born
Of water fall which leaps a thousand feet.
My songs are the bugle call to victories
On earth, the trumpet blast to conquests which reach
Beyond this life; the songs for women and men
Who're strong in deeds, red blooded mortals who
Are for America, first, last and all
The time; who think America, who love
America; who live and work and pray
And do their best and serve the realm; who have
The spiritual viewpoint peculiar to our land.
Such people are my countrymen, my friends,
My heroes, heroines; and patterns are
For those who build American characters.
They are the ones who make the nation great,
Who in the years of peace and days of war
Preserve our homes and the best in life.

I sing the weakness and the strength, the facts
And not the fiction of America.

The characters I portray are types I see
About wherever I may travel in this land;
Their virtues and their frailties show at once
the health and illness of the growing race.

The rushing waters of Niagara
Can not be held by tiny banks of sand;

Neither can a fervid mind inspired
By great emotion and heroic thoughts
Be held in line by jingling verse or rhyme.
In sense our language is not the English tongue;
It differs many ways, so let it bear
Its rightful name, to-wit, "American;"
This is the language of my songs; the words
That bear a poet's message to mankind;
The poet's words are judgment on the thought
Expressed; they speak prophecy and law;
And likewise crystalize the sentiment, faith
And purpose, hope, ambition, love and dream
Of this great nation and the new born race.

I try to know my language and my race
And speak true racial words and thoughts; as I
Succeed I shall be glad for I'll be true
Not only to my race but to myself.
We now are building a new language fit
To live until the human tongue shall need
No language to convey a thought to ears.

Our ideals and civilization have begun,
And shall continue to mould the views of men,
And nations over all this restless world;
What we have dreamed, shall dream, shall do,
All other peoples shall in due time dream,
And do and be according to their light.

My idyls shall be music to the free,
The voice of beauty, progress and growth. They bear
The message, clear and strong to humanize
All kinds of business, systems, laws and plans
That mould or have to do with human life.
They picture men and women as they are,
The good and bad, the ones who make or break
The country's power; national weaknesses, faults,
Strength, virtues are arraigned in these songs.
Together must the strong and weak go up,
Or down together both shall surely go;
This is the law of averages that is writ
Upon old Nature's open statute book.

Farewell To Mortal Life

Farewell! farewell! Oh mortal life!

Farewell to bitterness and strife!
Farewell to country, home and friends!
I greet new life which never ends.
Farewell to joy and struggle and grief!
I fall to earth a wither'd leaf.
My flesh shall mingle soon with dust,
And God shall hold my soul in trust.

I fought to win the priceless goal,
Subdue the flesh, exalt the soul,
Beyond life's pale I sought to find
Undertakings for my heart and mind.
I sought to conquer through the brain
The filth of life, the low and vain.
How well I fought God only knows,
The higher nature slowly grows.

Despair could not corrupt my blood,
In strength and fortitude I've stood;
Thus I shall stand beyond life's doom;
My pathway ends not at the tomb.

My path leads through the blazing sky,
Home of immortals who never die.

And through long years of dreams and work
In realms unknown to grief and murk,
I hope to keep a watchful eye
From my high post up in the sky
Upon my country here on earth,
And hope to see her grow in worth.

And in the centuries distant dim,
I hope to walk and talk with him
Who shall mould the Republic right
To sweetest happiness, highest light.
To him who shall be thrall'd with pain,
Discouraged soul whose life seems vain,
I hope to speak a word of cheer,
Replace with joy his grief and tear.

And my experiences here on earth
Shall help me in my higher birth.
And I shall grow, but not forget

My training here, my worldly debt.
And I shall dream and work and grow
Until the stars shall cease to glow,
So I a worthy soul shall be
And fit to dwell in eternity.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 28.

The Sea

The sea, the sea, the restless sea,
Has passions like humanity;
Oft times he's calm as placid love,
And lovely as a snow white dove;
And then he frowns like weary dad,
Then moans like mother when she's sad;
And then in anger rolls high,
And thunders against the sullen sky.
 I've seen a smile upon his face
 Like sweethearts smile in fond embrace;
 His white capp'd billows move along
 Like dancers to the wild sea song;
 They strike with force the yellow strand
 Like brawny giants in reprimand;
 And thus the sea, the restless sea
 Has changing moods like you and me.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 29.

The Desert

In summer I have trod the desert drear
When even the sage brush appeared sear;
With parched tongue and throat and blister'd feet
I wander'd through the land of torrid heat,
Lost in a land that little mercy shows
Its victim; lost in a land where nothing grows
In summer, where I had to gasp for breath,
Lost, lost where I had to maneuver with death.

In winter I have trod the desert wild
When whirling dust and sand the air defiled,
When the wind fiercely swept across the plain,
Roaring onward like a running train,
Carrying in its hand great hills of sand,
Burying the flora in the desert land.
Blinded I could scarcely get my breath
In that dread place, the rendezvous of death.

And I have trod the desert in the spring,
And saw the flowers and heard the wild birds sing;
And where death was, plant life appear'd supreme,
And beauty was there to inspire the dream.
The waste no longer was the land of gloom
For love and beauty gave the floral bloom;
Then I forgot the desert of cruel days,
The fierce sand storms and the sun's burning rays.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 30.

The Messenger

Epitome of the universe am I:
All that it has I have; all that I have
It has in larger, grander, nobler form.
The beauty and plain things of Nature are
Embodied in my mind, the good and bad
Of human life; all that is weak and strong
I know. I am a portion of the soil
And air and law and custom of this new
Progressive world. The faith, ambition, hope,
Ideal, purpose of the new born race
I have. I am a conqueror then I am
A loser; some times I feel the coward's fear,
And then again I am a fearless man.
Yet I'm no more nor less than many men.
At times I am a sinner then a saint,
And so are they.

I will not be bound by old, worn out creeds
Though hoary with age, if experience
Tells me that error lies within their forms.
I walk and talk with God at home, abroad;
And live religious truths as I see them;
I live according to my vision, not
According to some other person's word.

My songs would scale the heights of noble thought;
The depths of feeling they would sound, and be
Artistic and like music nobly flow
To touch the souls and hearts of all mankind.
My songs are channels through which life flows from
Nature unto men as water runs
From lakes through winding rivers to the sea.

I am a man who stands upon his feet
Without a crutch or cane to lean upon.
I am a man of heart; I speak the heart

To those who read my songs; my heart beats true
To God and man and love. This is enough.

I come to stir all men to high resolve,
To teach them purpose, truth and hope and love
To guide them through the forests dark and damp,
Along the winding, misty trail to light;

To guide and lead the silent host of men
From offices, factories, shops and farms and homes
Upward to the simple life of faith,
Upward to peace and bliss and true manhood.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 31.

My Life

My life is ever before me
Although I older grow;
But experiences are behind me
Shining like heaven's bow.

Although I may grow old and hoary
I'll not a fossil be,
And live and dote on former glory;
Such would not do for me.

I'll not loaf round the livelong day
And watch the world go by
E'en though I may be old and gray,
Nor wait my day to die.
I will be up and doing while
I on this earth abide,
And shall keep going when I file
Across the great Divide.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 32.

Virginia

We'll pass to her a laurel crown
The valiant state of large renown,
Virginia, the old Dominion,
Where men dare think and voice opinion
Which is their own
In freedom sown.

This was the home of Washington,
Our chief of men who nobly won
His battles for the sturdy free,
And built a nation that should be
Of priceless worth,
The hope of earth.

Among her people once did dwell
A Lincoln in her western dell,
The sire of Abraham, the good,
Who wisely thought and nobly stood
For truth and right
With all his might.

This was the dwelling place of men,
In statecraft great and great with pen,
Who wrought as they had wisely planned,
And wielded power for the land,
Our nation dear
That has no peer.

So let her memories ever live,
And from her bosom may she give
A love that's worthy of her son,
Our great, heroic Washington;
And may she ever stand
For God and freedom's land.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 32.

The Song Of Triumph

Should my native land fall in decay
For some reason in a distant day,
Some gifted bard should feel the urge
To sing the nation's dying dirge.
 I'm glad that I live in the hour
 Of my country's growth, and view her power.

Some day my country shall mature,
And then the bard who would endure
Should sing her glorious, finish'd dream,
Her greatness that should stand supreme.
That splendid day I'll never see,
But thoughts of it give bliss to me.

I share my country's early glory,
And breathe her spirit in my story.
I sing the songs of growth and strength,
May they resound her breadth and length.
If I do less it would not do,
My notes to me would not be true.

I sing the songs of conquest here,
Not those that give the nations fear;
Triumphant songs for soul and mind
That dare to think and search and find
The best that Nature has to give,
And progress make and truly live.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 33.

The San Joaquin

A virile and a tireless race
 Came here in days of old,
 Obtained land and kept the pace
 With those who dug for gold.
Aggressive men made up the band,
 Men who did not know ease;
They farm'd broad acres of rich land
 From mountains to the seas.

 They built the magic cities here,
 And villages by the score;
The land that once knew herds of deer
 Shall see such herds no more.
The vineyards deck the valley fair,
 With orchards and great fields of grain;
The airships sail the upper air,
 And rule the azure plain.

The pioneers who built so well,
 The men so true and brave,
Whose deeds no words can ever tell
 Now slumber in the grave.
These sons of progress left their mark
 The sea and hills between;
The waste land now is like a park
 Beside the San Joaquin.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 34.

The Poet

With God I bravely walk the earth,
A little while in joy or gloom,
Amidst grief, laughter, pain and mirth,
And then come silence and the tomb.

In that soil which shall wrap my clay,
Made richer with a poet's heart,
May flowers blossom every day,
And beauty to the world impart.

Sweet flowers of a poet's love,
Inspiration to the heart and mind,
They may suggest the songs of love
Which I would sing to all mankind.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 35.

The Second Battle Of The Marne

The armies of France had met defeat,
The armies of France were in retreat,
The road to Paris was open wide,
And German success was at high tide.
It look'd as if the war was lost,
And freedom to France at what a cost!

When suddenly into the vale
An army came that would prevail;
The marines came marching across the farms
To break the power of German arms,
To change old Europe's destiny,
To write their deeds in history.
The Yankees charg'd the German guard
With fury nothing could retard;
They fought like wild cats in the fray,
Made glorious that eventful day.

Relentless, grim and with few words,
They shot the Germans down like birds;
They us'd the awful bayonet
Until the vale was red and wet;
They clubb'd the Germans with their guns,
And drove back Prussia's valiant sons.

The German veterans had to yield,
Had to give up the bloody field;
They bravely fought and did their best
Against the vigor of the West,
But met a spirit they couldn't beat,
A spirit which spelled their defeat.
There German science lost the war,
There Yankee valor won a star.

The vale that once knew shot and shell
Is now a happy, homelike dell;
The shell-torn trees in leaves are green,
And poppies bloom and life's serene.

Let's hope that war shall cease to be,
That nations to this shall agree;
That love shall end ignoble greed,
And justice shall supplant misdeed.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 35.

The Pioneer

He had a giant frame and handsome face,
A kindly nature and a Christian grace;
A thinker born, of calm, judicial mind,
A leader rather than a manual grind;
Yet fate denied him a great career,
The lure of the wild made him a pioneer.

He purchased land in an unbroken wood
Where trees were thick and large, where soil was good;
He slashed many oak and maple clumps,
And mowed underbrush and grubbed stumps.
He built his house and barn from logs of oak,
Removed the forest and the wild soil broke.
He worked early and late, all the year,
Through snow and sleet and rain his land to clear.

High were his hopes in the bloom of youth,
His dreams were noble as the gems of truth;
He thought of love and happy, married life,
Then wedd'd and brought to his new home a wife;
She was a lady of sense and worth,
A woman fit to give a hero birth.
Joy filled the new home with tender smiles,
And the bride never dreamed of future trials.
'Tis good the future's hidden from our view,
If it were not faith could not bear us through;
If the future were seen life's charm would be lost,
And hope would fade like a flower in the frost.

One day in answer to their heartfelt prayer
A blue-eyed baby came to cheer the pair;
His sunny presence gave the parents delight,
And home was dearer since he was the light.
Through summer days in field of corn and grain,
The father labored in sunshine and rain;
He rose in the morning with the meadow lark;
And toiled through the weary hours till dark;
When his day's work was done with heart of joy
He went home to talk with his wife and boy.

In winter evenings when the howling blast,
In wild rage, shook the house as it flew past,
Or when it moved more gently as a breeze,
And kissed the icy jewels on the trees,

By the roaring fire my father read a rhyme,
Or story aloud, or we sang till bed time;
And then we knelt in prayer upon the floor,
And felt His presence enter through our door.

By our hearth was a feeling of good cheer,
And home to us was a place very dear;
Our home was a bright sanctuary on earth,
Where father and mother proved their true worth,
Which gave a charm that words can never tell,
A charm that is like where the angels dwell.

Now in the after years I'm sadly dreaming
Of that log house where lighted lamps were gleaming,
In evenings long ago, when he was there
Who gave me sympathy and love and care.
My father's life went out like some young sun,
A broken promise with his work just begun,
Leaving his home dismal as night's face
With all the stars dead in the heavenly space.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 37.

Nation Building

Let other bards sing of the flowers,
Or battlefields and lonely bowers,
Or fleecy clouds and noon-day beams,
And other ancient, worn-out themes;
But let me sing with words of grace,
The purpose of the great, new race.
Oh, let me sing the songs of fire
Which thrill our men with race desire.

One language, and one aim we need,
One land, one ideal and one breed;
The several races here must blend,
And make one race that will defend
This land against the foreign host,
From north to south, from coast to coast,
And love this nation like the man
Who is a true American.

We only welcome patriots here;
Let others leave this hemisphere;
Here in this land of liberty,
Our hearts should beat in loyal glee;
Our country's love should be a fact
That's proven by our every act;
We seek to build the noblest State,
And merit well a happy fate.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 38.

The Doer

With growing vision, clear and true,
With steady step and purpose too,
He will not pause or e'en digress
Upon the pathway to success.

He may meet barriers on the road
To hinder him, and likewise goad
Him on to never, never yield
As on he travels far afield.

For slights he will not stop to grieve;
He only thinks, "I will achieve;"
And by that Will he wins the game,
Be it wealth, goodness, peace or fame!

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 39.

Patriotism

Patriotism is love of country, love
Of government, people, language, law above
The love for any other country, race
Or language and a willingness to die
For country when our enemies threaten us.

I bear my country's torch; when I shall fall
As fall I shall, let some true patriot grab
The flaming light and bear it on to death.
This is the spirit that death only can
Defeat; this is Americanism deep as life.

I live a patriot in time of war;
I am a patriot in time of peace;
I try to obey my country's law; I think
That I succeed; I do it not through fear,
But for the reason that I must obey
The law in order that my nation may live.
My country's weal is foremost in my mind
As days and weeks and months and years go by;
As witnesses to the fact I let my deeds
Corroborate my feelings, thoughts and words;
It seems to me a true American
Should prove his patriotism in small detail
As well as in the larger national work.
The nation's hope is centered in this kind
Of man; he is the unit of her strength
And life; with every American in this realm
Possessed with this purpose, foreign arms,
And domestic enemies could never sweep
This nation and her system from the earth.

No child, man, woman, party, church, nor friend
Should stand between a patriot and his realm;
Save God alone there is nothing on this earth
Should come between him and these mighty States.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 39.

Helen Waters

Helen Waters, tall and lithe, once dwelt on earth,
Radiant as the morning of a lovely day;
Nature shap'd her face and form to grace
And beauty, and gave her a skin clear
And white as crystal waters of a lake,
With regular features, calm and thoughtful eyes
In colors blend'd like twilight and the sky;
Gave her a lustrous crown of dark-brown hair
Which trail'd at her heels as she walk'd along;
Endow'd her with a pure and active mind,
Magnetic flesh, and a heart humane and true;
Fitt'd her to win and hold enduring love.

And love ran through our hearts like some clear brook
Through liliated vale. And we as kindred souls
Agreed to wed and live in bliss on earth,
The pure, white life, for two, in flesh and mind;
In all life's changing forms in future worlds,
We were to live together, nobly grow,
Achieve the ideal born of lofty dream.
Our plans were made. the marriage day was set,
And when I press'd her to my heart and kiss'd
Her lips and she kiss'd mine, I only saw
Love in her eyes and not death lurking there.
Alas, the mystic law, the hand unseen,
Destroy'd our plans and chang'd our destinies!
The wedding day found me without a bride.
Death heartless as a cruel fiend had torn
From her the earthly raiment of her soul,
And she in stainless garb had gone to dwell
In the star-strewn garden of eternity.
When I think of her who in life brought me
Superior happiness in trying days
I am unable to restrain the flow
Of grief born tears which fill my eyes.

I journey on sustain'd by golden faith,
And by a love not born to die; a love
That I would not exchange for all the gold
And princely treasure which this world could give.

Be it on the white-capped ocean wave,
Or in the flow'r-blown field, or leafy wood,
Or city great, or elsewhere on this earth

I shall love her. She is a memory
Which links me to experiences of the past
That I could not, that I would not forget.
She is a holy life above my dream
Inspiring me, to reach the heights of life,
To meet her where grim death shall not interfere
Again with lofty purpose, triumphant love,
And there to merge our destinies again.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 41.

In Death

When I am weary of this mortal life,
I shall throw off earth's body and permit
My ethereal body to emerge therefrom
In which I shall dwell on some star-lit world.
Pall bearers of my flesh shall not bear me
To the dull cemetery; that dreary place
Has no attraction for me; kindly words
Which may be spoken at my tomb shall be
For my poor body, not my living soul;
When my dead form is seen, men shall not view
Me, 'twill be my deserted house of clay.

When I am dead let my remains repose
Within a tomb in sunny California,
In the Southland of the golden state, the land
I love so well in active life, the state
That I've selected for my home and grave.
I hope my tomb shall be in some floral vale,
Or on the sunny side of some green hill,
Among the orange orchards, where wild birds
Sing; where the mocking bird's sweet notes are heard;
Rare bird of many songs oft have I heard
Him at the midnight hour from my warm bed
Singing tender strains of music; he
Awakened my heart to bliss and drew
Me nearer to his source of song. I have
Stopped in the field or in the road
And listen'd to his heartfelt songs and wish'd
That I might sing such wonderful melody.

When I die may the word go forth a true
American is dead; one who in life
Loved and serv'd his country, God and home;
One who stood for the best traditions, best
Ideals of his country while he liv'd.
When my bones are interr'd in mother earth
Among the honor'd dead, my country then
May let my memory live within her heart
Instead upon a marble shaft or pile
Of stone, if I am worthy of her love;
This is all that I merit, all I ask.

When death has call'd my body to the grave,

And my soul to the land of spirit dreams,
If some one loves me, as the years go by,
May he or she in kindness lay upon
My tomb the stars and stripes, the flag so dear
To me in life. So long as that bright flag
Shall float the proudest banner in freedom's world,
I hope it may adorn my resting place.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 42.

The Death Of Mother

I saw my mother in young womanhood,
A beautiful woman, firm and brave and good;
I saw her in mid life, mature and grand,
One of the noble mothers of the land;
I saw her in old age, serene, content,
In glory crowned by a life well spent.

I saw her die and heard her gasp for breath;
I saw her struggle in the throes of death;
And in that hour there glowed in her face
A holy life, the saint's consummate grace;
She passed out of life a heroine,
A fit mortal for the world divine.

When I saw mother lying cold and dead
Beneath the snowy shroud upon her bed;
And then again as she in her casket lay
Pallid and queenly, garbed in dress of gray,
I felt the kindest influence I had known
Had gone forever and left me alone;
In her I lost my dearest, truest friend,
The one on whom I ever could depend.

That rainy afternoon, her burial day,
I rode behind the hearse which bore her away
To God's green acre, to her precious tomb,
Where she was buried'neath a bank of bloom.
I, her chief mourner, bade her there adieu
Till we should meet in Heaven, then withdrew
To live as she would have me live on earth
In preparation of my new triumphant birth.
In love profound I to her grave repair
And set thereon, heart's gift, sweet flowers fair;
And kneeling there I pray for grace and power
That I may honor mother every hour.
That in no thoughtless moment may I forget
Her teaching nor do what I shall regret.

When death bears me across the mystic sea
To be a citizen of eternity,
I hope in that new life I shall attain
To meet my sainted mother there again.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 43.

The Snow Storm

The dark clouds robe the winter sky,
And from their bosoms snow flakes fly;
The snow comes falling slantwise down,
And puts on house and hill a crown.

The crystal gems adorn the tree
And bush, the dead grass on the lea,
The garden weed, the fields of black,
And cover path and wagon track.
Snows lightly strike the frozen ground;
To listening ears there's no sound—
And then go whirling o'er the plain,
And pile up in the narrow lane.

The snow storm is a picture bright
To beauty's eye, to minds of light;
Those sparkling jewels, white and cold,
Are fair as diamonds or pure gold.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 45.

American Race

Our fathers' work so well begun
Shall onward lead us to the sun,
If we fulfill the noble plan
Which makes a god of every man.
The signs along life's winding way
Will guide us right if we obey
The higher call of heart and brain;
Dominion o'er the world we'll gain.

Dominion o'er the world we'll hold,
While we are young, when we are old,
If we shall train to highest skill
Our heart and brain and hand, and will
To crush the low, weak traits of mind,
To only give strength to our kind,
To only build with God-like might,
To only live the life of right.

No reason why we should not be
The master race; we all are free
To think and act and to perceive
The things we need and can achieve.
Let us become the iron race,
And take and hold the foremost place,
Among mankind forevermore,
And send the light the broad world o'er.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 45.

The Pacific Ocean

I like to gaze

Through the sunset blaze
At the majestic waters flowing to the shore,
Moon govern'd waters that flow and ebb evermore.
Great waters which hit the floor of the sea
With a roaring smash
Then roll on and strike the beach rock
With a resounding crash,
Then fall back like a white frock
In seething foam
In the evening's gloam.

Thus moves the great Pacific Ocean
That somebody, sometime, got the notion
Was a mild, peaceful waste
Of water and never in any haste;
Somebody who never receiv'd a knockout blow
From the fist of this crushing foe.

The undertow, a grasping flow,
Would bear the bather out to sea,
Who gets in his path, a victim of his wrath,
If the bather has not the skill and the will
To conquer the treacherous sea;
If the bather has not the strength and breath
To sever his arms of death.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 46.

The River Drivers

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! the jolly boys
Are brawny and so full of noise;
In flannels drest of blue and red,
The icy stream they do not dread.

In wangan boat they sleep and eat,
Their daily grub is hard to beat;
For river life they pay the price,
Their blankets oft are full of lice.

They leave their beds in mornings cold,
On river driving they are sold;
They eat their steaming food in haste,
Then work in water up to their waist.

They sack the logs or break a jam,
They swear and chew and drink a dram,
Or flask of whiskey when they can;
Each driver is a husky man.

With peavy in hand or pike pole,
They cuff a log and make it roll;
In open river they float along,
And sing some gay and rollicking song.

It is the custom and they choose
To wear calk'd soles on their high shoes,
And thus on logs they do not slip
As o'er the jam they run and skip.
They work like beavers to break the jam,
And utter many a fierce damn;
And when the jam begins to stir,
They shout, "Let her go Gallagher!"

The drivers from the front to rear,
All join in the lusty cheer;
And when the jam moves down the stream,
"Let her go Gallagher!" they scream.

Their work is hard, they get good pay,
And sixteen hours are their full day,
Yet all the time from dawn till dark
They are as happy as a lark.

Such were the drivers that I knew,
Out in the middle west they grew;
That was some thirty years ago.
What they are like now I do not know.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 47.

Evaline

God let you die in early life,
 But stirred a soul with deep regret,
And as a sweetheart not a wife
 You live, and love shall not forget.
Sweet is your memory, Evaline,
 Sweeter than a fragrant rose;
Dear heart, your love was near divine,
 And constant as a river flows.

How sweet it was to be with you,
 To touch your flesh, to read your mind,
To know a woman good and true,
 To contact with a life refined,
To kiss your lips which greeted mine
 A thousand times in tenderness.
How barren life is, Evaline,
 Without your love and sweet caress!

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 48.

Three Destinies

“As a man thinketh so he is” was proven
Long, long ago; it is admitted truth.
Our thoughts create our ideals and make
Or break our lives; restraint and correct thoughts
Together with the deeds that come from such,
The only methods are by which we may
Hope to attain the summit of manhood,
In man’s great effort for perfected life;
A low, immoral purpose breeds unrestraint,
Destroys the flesh, pollutes the mind,
And makes a man fit to commit a crime.

Three young men, a good many years ago,
Matriculated at a university
The same semester and received their
Degrees therefrom; one majored in law,
And one in science and one in history.
They took their meals at the same boarding house,
And met in classes and on the campus lot.

Their names were Henry Shugg and Franklin Holt,
And Robert Niles; the three represented three
Stages of development in the growth of man;
The first represented flesh and carnal mind;
The second represent’d ambition and small faith;
The third represent’d manhood that would achieve,
And dare to think and leave the beaten track
In order to attain the nobler heights.

Henry Shugg possess’d a short and sturdy frame
Which was inclined to be stout; his neck
And chest were thick; his head was round; his brow
Was wide; his features were irregular;
He had light grey eyes and pale reddish hair.
He was a flashy dresser, spic-and-span,
An easy smiler, gay and debonair, who knew
The art of flattery and practic’d it.
His magnetism was of the fleshy kind,
And he was overly fond of all females,
And certain women seemed to be fond
Of him; he joined in the social whirl,
Attended dances and always had a girl.
He had strong appetites and indulged them

Quite freely at the university,
He majored in science, and barely made
His grades, as he did not devote much time
To studies. After finishing his course
In school, he would succeed his father
Who was the owner of a mill and store.

Frank Holt was taller and better muscled
Than Henry Shugg; his hair was black, his eyes
Were brown and save a Roman nose, he had
Good features; he was active and alert,
An athlete of great skill in many lines,
A gridiron hero, and a preacher's son.
He majored in history and could
Read history from memory by the yard;
And in that subject he was excellent;
In other subjects he did well, receiv'd
Good grades and was a mixer'mong men,
And popular with the students as a whole.
He was an orator of persuasive words
With earnestness of the prayer meeting kind.
He was the politician of his class,
And held the highest offices from the first.
In moral fiber he was good but not
The best and never reach'd the best in life.

Bob Niles was a light heavyweight,
Erect and slim and measur'd six feet two;
With regular features, shapely head and brow,
And dark blue eyes, he was agreeable

To look upon; he was an orphan boy.
His father died when he was very young,
And being poor, he had to work and earn
The money to pay his way through the schools
And college; he had no time to spare or give
To sports or to society; he knew
The value of money and the value of time,
And knew full well he had no money or time
To waste if he were to attain the heights
He plann'd to reach as a develop'd man.
He had no special aptitude for sports,
And small desire to shine in society.
Such thoughts did not conflict with his class work.
Possessing an able mind he shone in all
His studies though he was not fond of some

Subjects that he was requir'd to take.
He cared little for the mathematics
And foreign languages, but assisted by
Good judgment and good memory, he pass'd
The tests and made high grades; in nearly all
The other subjects he had aptitude,
And entered into the thought with zeal,
And love which led him on to higher work.
He majored in law; to know the law of man,
Perhaps, would help him to solve Nature's law,
To learn the better way to live, to get
Life's higher view, to pierce the mystic veil
That blinds the mortal eye to spiritual light.
His nature fiery and impetuous
Together with a strong, aggressive will
And lack of diplomacy were handicaps
To him with folk that worshipped at the shrine
Of flattery; ability and force
Of character had to win issues for him;
The penalty though severe made him a man,
Made him rely upon himself, made him
A power to combat the enemy,
And able to win where weaker men would fail.
The day of graduation was drawing nigh,
The homes of the three men were far apart;
Quite likely after graduation they would
Lose sight of one another, perhaps not meet
Again. Shugg lived in a middle state;
Holt's home was in the South, and Niles resid'd
Out West. One day in colloquial discourse
Between the three, they talk'd of what they hoped
To do at home; discuss'd their ideals,
And plans and something of their future work.
Shugg would go home and marry the village belle,
And help his father manage his mill and store,
Get out of life all he could as he didn't
Believe in any future life; such faith
He thought was foolish, just plain tommyrot.
He said that he was only a machine,
And would keep running till he was worn out,
Then like an old machine worn out, he would
Be junked and decay and pass to dust.
His view of life expressed in his words
Were: "I am merely breath; when I am dead

That ends it all; I'll live to satisfy
The flesh and I expect to go the limit."

Frank Holt was going to his Southern home,
And marry a banker's daughter and become
An official in the bank; with social rank
And wealth, he hoped in course of time to be
Elect'd to congress and in middle life
Become the president of the United States.
While he believ'd in the immortality
Of mind as evidenced in animal life;
He didn't believe the individual mind
Survived as a separate unit in
The mental universe after death; he held
That all mind, animal or human, merged
With God, the one great Mind, when freed by death,
Like the dust of man mixes with the earth,

Or like the river mingles with the sea,
Or like a drop of water evaporates,
And is absorbed by the sunny air.

Bob Niles would practice law out West
And in addition use his pen as he
Had talent as a writer of verse and prose.
He had no money, nor rich friends to help
Him start in life; whatever he should get
Must come through strong, persistent effort on
His part; before him lay no path of roses.
Though never very vigorous in health,
He had a vigorous mind and ample will
Sustain'd by high ideals and ambition.
He'd do the best he could and never yield
A jot or tittle in his purpose though
He should have to abide his time which should
Be years. What of that? Only death could cheat
Him of his laurels here and nothing could
Defeat his growth in light in the soul's heaven.
He grew up in the protestant faith and learn'd
The orthodoxy of the protestant church,
But only was an orthodox in name.
From his youth up his mind was swayed by
Revelation and intuitive reasoning;
Through vision, he obtained evidence
Which prov'd to him the soul's immortality,
Which prov'd to him the end of mortal life

Is the beginning of a greater one;
That death does not destroy personality,
And consciousness; the soul lives on forever.
He yearned for more than life's loaves and fishes,
More than the human flesh or money could give.
His was a lofty ambition, he aspir'd
To reach the heights of body, mind and soul,
To cleave the veil and know the infinite.

Shugg married and became the official head
Of his father's mill; the mill stood on the bank
Of Vernon river at the edge of the town.
One of his duties was to purchase logs,
And in those days the logs were bought up stream.
He travel'd up and down the river, met
The people who had logs to sell and so
Became acquainted with the countryside.
Thus pass'd the years with Henry Shugg; his wife
Had long since grown cold toward him by reason
Of his misconduct with other women; though
She didn't divorce him as divorcing was
Not popular in that day; divorces were look'd
On as disgraceful'mong the better folk.

His was a childless marriage, but those who
Knew his life said he had some progeny
Without the benefit of judge or clergy;
Until a short time prior to his death,
He was a patron of immoral women.
He drank bad whiskey and frequently got drunk.
He did not hesitate to lie and cheat
In business deals when he could gain thereby.
His pleasant mien and generosity
Enabled him,'tis said, to cheat his victims
Without incurring their deep hatred of him.
Though he inherited great strength and health,
Debauchery and loathsome ailments kill'd
Him in his forty-second year; he liv'd
To gratify his flesh and surely prov'd
That lewd thoughts and uncurbed habits will
Destroy the body of the most robust.
In satisfying his animal appetites,
He polluted his mind and soul, debauch'd
His body and perish'd in the prime of life.
He got what he went after and he reap'd
What he had sown according to the law.

Holt married into wealth, became a banker,
Held city and county offices, was elect'd
State senator and serv'd a term or two, and then
Was sent to congress four consecutive terms;
And at the age of fifty-four, he was
Elect'd United States Senator and serv'd
Six years; when he came up for re-election,
He was defeated; broken in both health
And fortune, he returned home to die
In poverty; disappoint'd and bitter, he
Bewail'd his fate and curs'd his enemies.
Thus pass'd the man who would be president,
Who would enrich his sons and leave a name,
The synonym of power through the ages.

In Seattle, Niles began to practice law;
Intense application to his legal work,
In a few years, began to break his health;
He was compell'd to close his office and leave
The city; for two years he traveled
About and camp'd out in the desert land,
Or dwelt upon the mountains in great woods;
Recovering his health to some extent,
He made his home in California,
And serv'd a term as judge and then withdrew
From his profession and political life
To study Nature and phenomena,
And psychic beauty and poetic thought,
And grow in health and mind and soul and earn
The truer vision that leads to understanding
Of spiritual forces in the Universe,
As well as larger knowledge of mankind.
And knowing the law be able to apply
The law unto his life and live the law,
Day by day under trying circumstances.

Of course no one is wise or strong enough
To fully live the dream in this mad world.

Economic conditions and undeveloped folk
Will not permit the active man in life
To reach the heights; these influences pull him back.
But man should battle on and make great strides,
In mortal life, so he may reach the heights
When he asserts himself in eternity.

Denied the pearls of happy married life,

And with no family to love and serve,
The love he would have given to a wife
And children was bestow'd upon his country.
America was made richer through his love.

Niles lived long and well when measur'd by
The rule of real worth; the few wild oats
He sowed, taught him the futility
Of such a life and he resolv'd when young
To keep his body clean, and clean in mind,
As they weren't given him to make a stench.
Perhaps, he did not reach the heights sublime;
Few men have scal'd the mighty peaks of life;
However, he attain'd an honor'd place,
And made a name and character that should
Be emulated by those who would attain
A place of honor in the hearts of men.
He passed out to his reward in peace,
Sustain'd by vision, knowledge, faith and love
To live and grow forever in the heavens.

These men of equal training in the schools,
According to their inner vision lived,
Achiev'd in part what they had plann'd to do,
And reap'd what they had sown.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 49.

Be Proud

Let every American have noble poise
Of mind and stature and the dignity
Of a knightly prince of old and sense and strength.
Let every American feel that no age,
Nor race has ever given to the world
A man who should be prouder of his blood,
Nor reason have to glory in his race
Than the American. The American is
A member of the virile new born race
That built superbly these United States;
The race that shall the heights of intellect reach;
That shall attain the summit of the soul.

Old science says men are descended from God;
If so why shouldn't we emulate our sire,
Why shouldn't the American aspire to live
The Soul's grandee while traveling along
The highway of mortality? The goal
This is; there's nothing nobler in the world;
Beyond this is the prize immortal
In the final home of man.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 56.

The Soul's Pathway

Friends, strangers, countrymen come along with me,
And I will lead you from the cities great,
From farms and villages through gardens sweet
With buds and blossoms, fragrant with the heart
Of God. From thence the pathway winds along
Through fields of wheat and morning glory vines,
And fields of cotton, sugar cane and rice,
Through pastures where the sheep and cattle graze,
Or lie contented chewing cuds of grass.

The path leads onward through the meadows pied
With myriad flowers, blue as cloudless skies,
Or red as russet dawn, or yellow like
The golden nuggets from Alaska's mine.

From thence the narrow path leads onward through
A kingdom of delight, a paradise
Of hues and odors, rich in soils and plants
And fruit, where music sung by sweet-voiced birds,
Shall greet your ears, and elevate your thoughts.
Across the laughing rills our road shall trend
Past crystal springs that mirror trees close by
On which red squirrels run and leap and play
And chatter; where the grouse drums with his wings.

Along the shores of dimpled lakes we'll walk,
And then the trail ascends the sloping hills,
Up, up the mountains' side we'll march in search
Of knowledge, broad and deep, in search of light.
And ever and anon we'll see afar
The ocean billows of eternity.
At last we'll scale the topmost, mountain peak
Of matchless beauty and beauty we shall be.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 57.

Our Home

Our house was like a golden dome
When mother was the light;
It was our sanctuary and home
 Until she said “good night.”
'Tis now a shrine, that home once fair,
 Once rich in faith and grace;
The Lord was there and heard her prayer,
 And blessed our dwelling place.

If God supplants my grief and pain
 With bliss that is divine,
'Twill be when I shall meet again
 That dear, old mother of mine.

When faith shall build a heavenly home
 For us up in the sky;
And we shall dwell in that new home,
 And never say good-bye.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 58.

The Close Of Day

A cloudless evening closed the April day
In colors, lovely as a roundelay;
The setting sun, like some great ball of fire,
Shone like a noble eye in animat'd ire,
And redder grew than scarlet pennant furled,
As it fell o'er the dark edge of the world.

As glowing beauty flooded the Chino Vale,
Immersing orchards, ranches and the trail,
I stepped into my automobile and rode
Out through the farms; I saw a horned toad
Run across the road, and a jack rabbit bound
Off through the pasture, swifter than a hound.
Out of the field came the song of a lark
In happy contrast with an Airedale's bark.

My auto rolled on past green-leaved trees,
Where often in mid-day swarmed honey bees,
But at that hour the noisy linnets were there,
Quarreling and fighting and giving the dare.
And on and on I rode, past field after field,
Where everything grows with a heavy yield,
A stretch of green, of beets, of grain and vine,
A drove of hogs, a herd of dairy kine,
A poultry yard where the industrious hens
Were scratching dirt for food inside their pens.
Good orchards, rich in bloom, and walnut groves
Confront'd my eye, The cooing of the doves,
Quaint notes, and children screaming at their play
Were like encores to a perfect day.

Off in the distance beyond the avenue,
Within the range of vision met my view
The great frame derricks on the shrubby hills,
Where crews of men were using rotary drills,
And sinking holes down deep through earth's hard soil
In search of arteries of crude black oil.

Within the vale the proof of thrift was seen
In bungalows, orchards and the fields of green;
The spirit of good will seemed to pervade
The hearts of father, mother, youth and maid,
And neighbors met neighbors on the square,
And peace and harmony commingled there.

The don't care purpose which is all the rage,
Which wrecks the soul and home in this new age,
May be at work to unwoman and unman
Those who now live up to the moral plan;
But still among these tillers of the ground,
True homes and real living may be found,
Some of the virtues that made life sublime
In happy periods of a former time.
When night drew her veil o'er the sun's last ray
And hid the rosy face of April's day,
From out of shadowy dusk above my car
Low down in heaven came the evening star.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 59.

Pasadena, California

Behold the city in the floral bower,
 The splendid mansions and the lovely cots
 Among the bloom of roses and forget-me-nots,
Below the mountain peaks that skyward tower;
'Tis a fit place for culture to bud and flower,
 To lift the soul above the mire of shame,
 To mould a people to a worthy fame,
The goal beyond the lure of worldly power.
Oh, city, we love thee and thy mountain rills,
 Which headlong rush to join the sun-lit sea
 Through fields of golden poppies that nod with glee
Upon the slope of the eternal hills;
 Thou art the cynosure of every eye
 That seeks for beauty 'neath the Southland sky.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 61.

The Soul's Conquest

Permit me to tell in allegory
The struggle of the soul in shaping flesh
To the high purpose that man should attain
Upon this earth, the making of a man
Who's fit to live and gain dominion o'er
Himself and carry out the spiritual law.
It is the greatest battle man must fight;
The battle that's most difficult to win;
This battle can be won by faith and will,
And has been won and shall be won by men
Until mankind shall perish from the earth.

In past years as I walk'd the road of life
My footsteps dimly lighted by the flame
That vision sends, I often miss'd my step,
And often fell, but I would rise again,
And grit my teeth and make a new resolve,
And then walk on led by some thought that seem'd

To take me nearer to the Source of Light;
Even then in those dark, struggling days
I saw beyond me in the lane of life
A candle dimly burning, beckoning me
To come along up to its light. I felt
Some hidden things were on beyond me that
I must perceive, acquire and learn; to know
Was power, wisdom, glory and results.

I trod the path of darkness in those years
Obscured by fiery passions, useless thought;
Through grass and brush, o'er stumps and logs and rocks
With here and there a wood anemone.

I wander'd ever meeting face to face
The evil host of thought.' The evil touch
Is hard to overcome. It numbs the will
And blinds the eye to dawning light; it breeds
Malignant sin within the human heart;
It wrecks the body, saps the strength, and kills
The spirit's plan. The battle seem'd in vain;
Old chaos ran riot in my youthful brain,
And held me firmly bound till I was made
Anew by thoughts divine. The evil host
Around me threw a veil to dim my eyes;
I wobbled far in thought but not in deeds.

I often fell but in the lane of life
I always saw that little candle light
Flickering in the night, a beacon flame
For me. When I beheld that light I felt
That in this life was something better than
I knew; again I would resolve to know.
I struggl'd on to find that better life.
And lo! that light is growing larger day
By day as onward to the goal I walk.

I seldom fall and seldom slip these days;
The night has given way to day; I see
My duty and my pathway to the end.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 61.

The Thunder Storm

One evening I stood beside the sea
Upon the green slope of a lofty mount
Whose head was diademed with crystal snow;
The icy gems adorn'd that noble peak,
As jewels deck a tall and queenly bride.
The silvery candles of the azure sky
Were hid behind the drifting clouds which frown'd
On heaven like bleak hills on a blooming vale.

The sable clouds pour'd out a lucid stream,
Flooding the vale along that grand sea shore;
Red flames leapt from the bosom of the clouds,
Like kings from chariots, making day of night.
Vast sea waves storm'd the tall, white cliffs and sang
With cannon-like voices, mingling their hoarse tunes
With deep majestic tones made by the wind,
As it swept o'er the rocks and through the trees.
The thunder roar'd like a Niagara
Beneath the dome of the evening sky; the earth
And humid heaven trembl'd. My heart beat time
To Nature's music, music wild and mad
Which flow'd from ocean's organ, played by
The Master's hand. The splendor of that storm
Awoke my sense of Nature's majesty,
Making me love the weird and wild and grand.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 63.

The Heart's Cry

O, Time, give me my boyhood days again,
Just for one season give them back to me;
Those freest and sweetest days that I have known!
That I may scamper through the meadows and fields,
My feet bare as the limbs of September Morn;
That I may climb the sapling in the woods,
And bend it crashing to the ground, that I
 May walk on stilts and with the long pole jump;
 That hide-and-seek I may play round the house,
 And burrow in the straw stack by the barn;
 That I may play three old cat, or pump, pull
 Away, or pussy wants a corner, or drop
 The handkerchief or make snow men, or throw
 Snow balls, or hang May baskets on the doors,
 Or dance a square dance, or Virginia reel,
 Or go to spelling school or husking bee,
 Or fly a kite, or swim in the cool pond.
 Oh, how these memories bless my heart as I
 Recall them, pleasures of my wild, lost youth.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 63.

The Nation's Strength

Americans the vision and the dream

Preserve that gave America birth, that
Made her emerge a nation great; that will
Give her in due time the world's honored place.

The nation can not hope to rise above
The aim and character of ordinary folk,
Of average citizens; much depends upon
The common man. The great man can not build
Alone a mighty realm to turn the tide
Of thought, the destiny of nations mould;
'Tis true he is the blossom of his race,
And shows the beauty of the stock and stem
And roots which he adorns; the virtues, strength
And weakness of his people he reflects;
He perishes like a flower on the plant,
And leaves his memory to guide his race
In ideals which the race had ere his birth,
And during his sojourn on earth.

He merely shapes the ideals into words
And art, or action thought, or law; the great
Man can not rise above the fountain head
Of character, ambition, power and thought
Of his own race and his ancestral strain;
He is the glass in which we see ourselves.
Representative of his race he stands with it
And not alone.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 64.

Education

Why should not ignorance be made a crime,
A crime against our social laws? Why should
We have free schools galore and ignorance breed?
Why should indifferent people be permitted
To handicap a nation's mental growth?
In the garden of these States illiteracy
Is a vile weed which kills the nation's growth;
True education, like a field of roses, inspires
The nation's heart and lifts her soul to light.
The one is loss, the other's gain; we can
Not measure how far reaching knowledge is.

The nation's hope and saving grace lie in
Education which really educates
The mind and heart and hand to useful work.

The opinion now prevails among the masses
That law should hold in check the fortunes vast
From going into the coffers of the few.
Vast riches held by a few families menace peace,
Unbalance equilibrium in social life,
Beget dark envy, hatred, all the ills
Attending class distinction; law will help
But true development is the only cure.

The criminal, derelict and tramp should go
From out our social life! What right have they
To halt the progress of a growing race?
Society makes them and shall end them.
Why not enforce the law of birth and chance?
All children have a right to be well born,
Born with good morals, sense and health and strength;
And should have equal chance in life's hard game,
To thorough training in the schools in thought
To which they are adapted that they may
Become proficient in their lines to serve
Society, and then should have the chance
To labor that they may support themselves;
That they may wed and raise good families;
Maintain their families and own their homes,
Where music, pictures, literature would be.

Efficiency will level social rank;
Will level wealth and power; if our men

And women who have normal minds possess'd
This strength, the millionaires and paupers would
Pass from our country soon, along with drones
And others who are useless to the race.
Old ignorance in some form brings nearly all
The ills and evils that our country knows.
More knowledge, better characters we need.

Deliver us forever from the rule
Of narrow, ignorant, selfish men; they feel
But can not see the way for all mankind;
'Tis better far for all of us to let
Developed men of character rule the land
Although their plan is not entirely right;
For vision they possess to some extent,
And they will not stoop to perform the things
Undeveloped men will do. Unprincip'l'd men
And weak ones should be eliminated, at once,
From office, from political trust and life.
The method of selection now in vogue
Cannot endure for many years, 'twill go;
A better, wiser race shall make the change.

The change shall come as fast as common folk
Develop and see their needs and pressure bring
Upon the power men to change the law
And plan whereby the strong prevent the weak
From gaining full development; normal men
Entitled are to reach the happy heights
Attained by unfoldment of the brain
And heart and body, 'tis the goal of bliss.
Unrest, sin, poverty follow in the wake
Of any method which prevents a race
From going to its own; development is
The plan whereby men shall get things which they
Have blindly struggled for since men were born.
With bodies strong, with lighted brains, and hearts
Of love, they shall go to their daily tasks
Not as work mules to get a meal to eat,
A place to sleep and scanty clothes to wear,
But satisfied, knowing well they are where they
Belong in Nature's scheme and plan for men.

In Youthful Days

In boyhood days I spent some of my time
Out in the woods, or wandering o'er the field,
Or pasture, or meadow, or up and down the hills.
In spring I saw the leaflets bud and burst
Upon deciduous trees, the oak and ash;
Upon the trees a deeper green came forth
In May to greet my youthful eye.

I have seen grass grow up within a day,
Where meadow land was kiss'd by warm sun rays;
Have seen the primrose burst in bloom upon
The hill fast by the spring from whence the rill
Ran winding onward down the slope to join
The river which ran like a starry way
Through mead and wood o'er sandy, pebbled bed;
Upon the river I have poled a boat,
And saw the pickerel, sucker, bass and pike,
Swim in its moving waters clear as glass;
And in the sluggish bayou of the stream,
I pluck'd the water lilies floating there.

In summer days I've sought the templed wood
To cool my fevered brow and watch the leaves
Dance in the gentle breeze and to inhale
The woody fragrance borne upon the air;
And watch the squirrels run about upon
The spreading limbs of maple, linden and elm,
And leap from tree to tree. I watched with glee
The chipmonk in his striped coat of fur
Run chattering o'er the logs and stumps and brush.

In those bright days when roaming through the woods,
And fields and meadows decked with wild flowers,
I breathed in the sweet perfume and gazed
With rapture on the wondrous beauty spread
Out in profusion there before my eyes.
I marvel'd at the things I saw; I plucked
The flowers, and with eager hands dug up
Their stalks and scrutinized their leaves and roots
And stalks. Why they were lovely I knew not;
The warm, moist land in which they grew to me
Gave evidence of no beauty like their hues;
No fragrance like the sweetness from their cups.

I often asked this question of myself,
“What makes the flowers lovely, tender, sweet?”
Their source of beauty since those days I’ve learned;
I know all beauty’s governed by a law
Conceiv’d in love, in Nature’s glowing heart.

Those were hilarious days, those days of old;
I picked honeysuckles by the road;
I gather’d strawberries in the open fields;
I picked gooseberries in the pasture land;
In those good, old days how I loved to go
To lowlands and marches and pick wild grapes and plums,
And thornapples and cranberries, both the low
And high bush kind; how delicious to my taste
They were. At times I seem to be a boy
Again and perched up in a cherry tree
Partaking of the luscious cherries ripe.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 67.

The Argonaut's Daughter

She was the daughter of an Argonaut, a vain
And wilful girl, who dar'd to cross the mount and plain
In search of gold; and in the Sacramento dale,
She grew up lithe of limb and comely, blithe and hale;
 And mirror'd in her eyes were dreams
 Of mountains, valleys, woods and streams.

Beside the Sacramento she dwelt long ago,
And there she learn'd to swim and there she learn'd to row;
She was fleet of foot and her cheeks were like the rose,
And to this happy maiden flocked many beaux,
 But none among the local swain
 The maiden's heart and hand could gain.

When flowers were in bloom and clover was in hay,
A strange Lothario came to see the maid one day;
He whisper'd words of love and won her heart to him
Beside the river in the twilight gray and dim,
 And then he spurn'd the maiden's hand,
 And left her in the golden land.

The daughter of the Argonaut, the valley's pride,
Spent her life in gold fields and never was a bride;
She died a broken-hearted woman in full bloom,
And somewhere near the Sacramento is her tomb,
 Unmark'd by wooden cross or stone,
 Neglect'd, forgotten and alone.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 69.

Decoration Day

This is the day our memories sad but sweet
Revive our love for those we cannot greet;
And with bow'd heads we decorate the graves
Of dear departed friends or fallen braves.
Their memories have come down to us through years,
And them we honor with flowers, love and tears.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 70.

The Fourth Of July

This day is sacred to the American,
And he exults that he is freedom's man;
That he was born and bred on freedom's soil,
The land which honors thrift and manly toil.

This day we should review the nation's story,
And feel the thrill of national strength and glory;
This day we should attain the soul's high station,
And fully live the greatness of the nation.

This day means more than noise and lusty shout,
Means more than eloquence or triumphant bout;
It marks an era on the world's great scroll
Of freedom to the body, mind and soul.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 70.

Thanksgiving Day

Its purpose is not merely feasting,
It should not be a day of beastings,
It should not be a day to glut
The appetite in mansion or hut,
Nor in the drunken orgies roll;
It is the day to build the soul.

This day should be a thankful day,
A day to think, a day to pray,
A day to thank the God of Light,
To praise the founders who build right,
To live the life as it should be,
And show the progress of the free.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 70.

Christmas

This is the birthday of the man
Who formulat'd life's perfect plan;
He truly solv'd the moral law,
And liv'd the law without flaw.
In every word, in every deed,
He rose above His clan and breed;
He was consistent all the time,
Embodied God and was sublime.

Methinks I see the King of Kings
Whose high achievement the world sings;
Methinks I see Him in new birth
To meet conditions now on earth.
The oriental garb and whiskerd face
His form and features do not grace;
In lieu thereof the saintly man
Has features like an American;
The belted gown and flowing hair,
The risen Jesus does not wear.

Most practical and sane and wise,
His knowledge spans the earth and skies,
He lives the vision of the soul,
And is the Master of the whole.
He walks among the high and low,
And teaches people how to grow.
If I let Him guide my feet right
So I may be a soul of light,
And gain the prize, the heavenly boon,
I with my God must keep in tune.

This is His method and His plan
To help and save the erring man;
So let our heart and deed and lay
Exult this blessed Christmas day.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 71.

New Year's Day

New Year's day has come again,
"Tis better than the last;
A year in which we should abstain
From errors of the past.

This is the day that we should solve
The better way to live;
This is the year of high resolve,
Our enemies to forgive.

This is the year that we should plan
A higher moral code
To help us reach the heights of man,
And nearer draw to God.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 72.

The Heavenly Guest

For years I sought by every means I knew
To learn if human life lives on beyond
The grave, to learn if mortal mind retains
Its faculties after the human brain is dead.
I tried to learn what lies beyond our mortal ken,
And what I am, from whence I came, and wither
I'm bound, and what becomes of human life
When it deserts the house of clay through death.
I tried to end the guess work that one does,
And do away with terrors of blind faith.
I hoped the voice of some departed one,
Some voice beyond the grave would speak to me,
And tell in some small way these mysteries.
To penetrate the far flung veil which hangs
Across the world unseen, I tried in vain.

But he who seeks and never yields shall find
And if prepar'd shall know the truth when light
Shall come and from the knowledge learn the way.

One morn in June while seated in the garden,
Looking at the flowers in bud and bloom,
A spirit guest descended through the air
Without ostentatious show or dazzling gleam,
And stood before me in that quiet spot.
The flaming brow, intellectual, noble face,
Majestic form, proclaim'd him to have
Been in mortality a mighty man.
Among the flowers he and I convers'd,
Perhaps ten minutes, not by words of mouth,
But through the medium of telepathy.

He said, "Eternal spirit now in flesh
What knowledge do you seek of future life,
What would you learn?" My answer was, "Is there
Such a thing as spirit life? Does man
Live on beyond the grave? If so what is
He like?" and he replied, "Yes, man lives on;
In me you see one who was once a man."
I said: "Tell me of self and spirit life."
"You seek the wisdom of the hidden world,
Your quest is laudable," the guest replied.
"I, too, once sought cold facts beyond blind faith
While working as a man upon this earth;

I dream'd my dreams here in America;
I gave my fruits of study to the world,
And I perceive the national work I did
Has not yet perished from the minds of men.
At times I travel through the earthly realm
To teach the lesson of the Master Soul
To those who are developed in the life
And ready to receive the truths I teach."

I said, "You came to me borne not on wings;
What power brought you through the airy space?"
He then replied, "I journey through the air
As easily as you walk about on land;
At times unfavorable elements hinder me;
Sometimes my route is through whirlwinds hard
To travel in. I am sustain'd and borne
Along by infinite mind and faith and will.
I am electric substance, I am mind;
My body as you see is rarefied
And lighter than the elements of air."

"How do experiences in the earthly life
Effect the soul in futurity?" I ask'd.
"The soul of man on earth is colored by
His thoughts and deeds; they make or wreck the man;
As there are several stages of growth in man's
Evolution from degradation to the heights
Of blameless living, so in spirit world
The souls are graded according to their deeds,
And purposes and the kind of lives they've lived."

I ask'd my teacher where departed souls
Dwell. He replied: "They choose their own abode
As men on earth select their homes. When death
Cuts down the mortal man, he hovers round
His home on earth until he gets his bearing,
And learns to travel to the other worlds;
Then he may stay on earth if he prefers
The earth more than the shining realms above;
Some spirits dwell upon the planets you
Behold in heaven's dome on cloudless nights,
While others frequent the stars and worlds unseen.
The mortals ushered into spirit life
Possesses qualities they had in flesh;
If they were evil here they're evil there;
Transformation to better living only comes

Through righteous thinking and doing righteous deeds.
The spirits grow in character if they try
In spirit world as well as here.
We have advantages that you haven't; the thought
And motive of the speaker we can see
Before the words die from his lips; besides
An evil thought and purpose in the mind
Spread through the body causing it to turn
To shades of brown or black till evil thoughts
Give way to thoughts and purposes pure and good.
Through sympathy come faith and hope and love,
Love for the good and beautiful in life,
And faith in better things, and hope for great
Attainment; these are potent, spiritual forces
That men and spirits must forever use
In order to advance in spiritual life.
The spirits in their astral bodies attract
To one another similar spirits same
As man attracts to self those whom he likes."

"Tell me if there are births and growth and deaths
In spirit world." He answered in these words:
"There are no births or deaths in spirit world,
But growth in stature as well as heart
And mind takes place; the idiot children's growths
Are finished and normal spirits they
Become as they should have been had they reach'd
Development fully here upon this earth;
And so children of all ages and sizes
Attain full growth in body, mind and heart."

"Do spirits having left the human form
Return again to dwell in mortal flesh?"
He said, "Departed spirits do not return
To earth to put on flesh again; one trip
Through mortal life is ample for the soul.
The spirit often does return to haunts
He loves and often helps poor, struggling men."

"I see that you the form of man still wear
Although a spirit of the spirit world."

"Yes," he replied, "We who dwell in spirit life
Retain the human form and shape without
Infirmities which marred us in the flesh.
We wear the spiritual bodies that were ours
On earth although encased in human flesh."

“Can mediums call the spirits to their aid,”
I asked, “to gain information for their friends?”
He answered thus: “No medium can attract
A spirit back to earth at will; the soul
In heaven like a busy man on earth
Doesn’t leave his work at every beck and call
Of persons in the flesh; he seldom heeds,
Or hearkens to the call from any one.
The medium may in contact come with thoughts
Thrown off and floating from the soul and thus
May think the chosen spirit serves her wish.
She thus deceives her clients and herself.
The air is ever charged with human thought,
And many of the so-called mediums
Obtain their thought impressions from this source.”

These questions then my teacher I did ask:
“Is God constructed like a man? Has He
A man like form? Is He a personal God?”

He replied thus: “God the Master Soul is not
A man; He doesn’t assume the human form;
He is unlimit’d Heart and Soul and Mind,
Far greater than the Universe He made.
Nature’s laws exemplify His thought and will;
They give the Universe its life and shape.

God is a loving Mind and does endow
All mortals, whose earth parents live the law,
With reason, judgment, sense to serve and save
Themselves; if they refuse to do the work
That He assigns them to perform they pay
The penalty of violated law which kills
The flesh, dethrones the mind and dwarfs the soul.
No breaker of the Master’s law escapes.
The human mind that seeks the Master’s Mind
With true sincerity and with deep love
Receives the strength and wisdom he can use,
And thus the Master is a personal God.
The pure and wise and healthful man represents
In miniature, to some degree, the Mind
That made the Universe and life therein.”

These questions were propound’d and answer’d thus:
“Does Satan exist? Is he a king who rules
The evil spirits in the spirit world?
Does he damn men in life and make them bad?”

And he replied, "No! there's no ruling mind
Of evil as there is of love. When men
Refuse to think and live the life of truth,
They break the law of healthful mind and thus
Become sick men or fester'd sores of life;
They break the laws because they are diseas'd
In soul, due to some physical malady,
Or ignorance, or tendencies base and vile,
And thus become the evil things of earth,
The devils that corrupt the weaker souls,
The devils that infest the spirit world."

"What message would you give mankind
Give to your former countrymen?" I asked.
He said, "Man is born of the Master Mind,
An offshoot of this Mind. His conscious life
Doesn't end upon this earth with death but it
Goes on as endless as eternity.
Develop, develop the body, mind and soul
In harmony with eternal, spiritual truth!
Peruse the life of Him, the Prince of Peace,
Absorb His teaching and apply His code
In all the various walks of life in which
Men live. Think, study, pray and work, live clean,
And conquer evil passions in the heart,
And greatly serve and let the wise instruct
The ignorant, the strong improve the weak;
The people then shall come prepar'd to grow
In spirit life and win their great reward."

He then bade me adieu and vanished in
The air. Call this experience fancy, dream,
Illusion, or whatever one may wish,
The fact remains that henceforth I couldn't be
A materialist; I couldn't believe that life
Is merely breath, that death shall end it all.
I couldn't believe that death shall merge my mind
With His, the great creative Mind, and I
Thereby lose my identity; I must
Believe that soul or mind lives on beyond
The grave in conscious life and there enjoys
Individual existence, growth and love.

I live according to my vision now,
And think and do in order to improve
Myself not only in this mortal life,

But for the further reason that I may
Go on developed for the larger work
Demanded in realms of eternity.
My trail is sign'd and leads to definite goal;
I walk my path and see the narrow track,
And on beyond I glimpse a world of light,
And shining figures, kin and kith and friends.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 72.

The World War

War is an equalizer; the rich and poor,
The wise and ignorant, the good and bad
Together mingle in the army corps;
The idlers go to work; rich ladies who
Live useless lives become war workers in
The hospitals, in Red Cross work and places
Where women can perform unselfish work;
All class distinction temporarily's forgot;
War is the mustard plaster that draws out
The virtue and the evil from men's souls.

We lost two hundred thousand men who died
In the bud and blossom of young manhood; who
Gave up their right to marriage, love and home
And babes that those who live may have these joys.

It seems that war can't be prevented till
The races, woman for woman, man for man,
Have developed far beyond the heights,
The spiritual heights on which they all now stand.

So long as red blooded men shall live upon
The present plane of spiritual life there shall
Be war; perhaps this should be, for peace
Eternal would a selfish world upbuild,
And drive the races with riotous living mad.
Great wars ennoble men in spiritual life,
Develop and move the world ahead for years.

Great good the world war has this nation done;
It showed up lewd living in our midst,
And vile diseases which sap the lives of men;
It showed the ignorance in our midst and taught
Us to combat that ignorance, to improve
The people's minds all over this fair land;
It showed the traitors in our midst and caus'd
New laws to be enacted to send rogues
Back to old Europe or to prison cells.
The sleeping giant needed such a war
To waken her to dangers in our midst;
To dangers that were trying to o'erthrow
This nation favor'd in the Heart of God.
When peace comes to the earth, eternal peace,
The peoples may be worthless, old, worn out,

And death shall take them to a happier world.
Old Nature knows no peace and never shall;
'Tis ever changing form and shape; all life
Upon the globe is ever changing form;
Progress knows no peace; it is the child
Of great unrest; a weary man should rest
Until he feels refresh'd, then struggle on;
So should the nation battle on and live.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 78.

Beauty

We met in Nature, face to face,
Beauty of inspiring grace;
Be it in star or tree or shrine,
We feel that beauty is divine.

Beauty waltzes through the dawn,
And paints the green on velvet lawn;
It runs in ocean's organ note,
And floats in song from linnet's throat.

We breathe it from the orange bloom;
It is the soul of that perfume;
We see it in the pansy's hues;
It sparkles in the diamond dew.

Like some sweet sprite in modest dress.
It speaks the honied words that bless;
And we behold in beauty's scheme
The glory of the Master's dream.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 80.

The Great Teacher

Great Teacher by Thy word and deed
Mankind should know and see
 Thine was the life of lives, indeed,
 As proven in Galilee.
Oh, Heart of Hearts, God's favor'd Man,
 To Thee we humbly kneel;
Thou gavest mankind salvation's plan,
 So vital to our weal.

How glad I am that I know Thee,
 I hail Thy humble birth;
Thy growth reveals what men should be
 While living here on earth.

Thou teachest the sanest plan of life,
 The best the soul can give,
The method that is free from strife,
The way that all should live.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 80.

Alone With Nature

I like to hike through trackless woods,
 I like to scale the mountains high;
I like to dive in the ocean's wave,
 I like to fly in the cloudless sky.
I like old Nature's solitude
Where noisy crowds do not intrude.

And in the lonely forest wild,
 Or on the heights or by the sea,
Undisturbed I contact with my God,
 And feel and know that I am free.
The majesty of the universe
I share and all it may disburse.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 81.

Money

Money is the root of evils,
And makes the weak or vicious devils;
Money makes one man a tool,
 Another becomes a knave or fool;
Money buys a senate seat
When bids are high and hard to meet.

The social farce which looks so funny
Is due to vanity and money;
Money makes a farce of laws,
Puts in the joker and the flaws,
Upsets the courts and juries sworn,
Fills truth with shame, makes justice mourn.

If money only was used right
'Twould be a blessing and delight;
It would cause many ills to heal
Make worthy homes, bring public weal;
Money's made for noble use,
Its curse lies in corrupt abuse.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 81.

My Religion

My religion never does restrain
Development nor the freedom of man;
It fills with light and hope the brain,
Breaks down Superstition's awful ban.

It whets one's will to free the mind
From slavery of cowardly fear,
Which stifles growth among mankind,
Which fills the soul with terrors drear.

Mine is the faith to stand the tests,
The tests of reason, light and time;
The kind which grows and never rests,
The faith that's always in its prime.

My faith's not built on form or creed,
Dogmatic rules are not my guide;
The Oversoul reveals my need,
In Him I must, I do confide.

Mine is the faith which gives and takes,
In grace and tolerance is rife;
The faith which justice ne'er forsakes,
The kind which helps a virile life.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 82.

The Undesirable

Those who insist that they are hyphens I
Suggest return at once to their old sod;
Our land cannot endure two loves in man;
Two loves are worse than no love; in that
Event the lover knows not which he should
Serve in a crisis'twixt the two, and would
Be faithless to both.

Idleness is a crime against the laws
Of Nature; barnacles of society
Are traitors to a living world; the lives
Of nations thus are jut in jeopardy.
Civilization betters its condition slowly,
Due in part to the idling parasite.

The man or woman who does not respect
And love America should not be here
In these United States; the woman or man
Who does not learn the language that we speak
We do not need; the woman or man who will
Not or can not adjust himself to law,
Who'll not in spirit, mind and heart become
American should not be permitt'd to live
In this fair land; no serpent do we want
In our bosom, nor a snake within our house.

The Reds and other criminals, the breed
Conceived in old Europe's slimy pools,
Transported to the western world they roam
Around our country saturating with hate
The foreign horde who labor here with us.
These criminals seek to overthrow our laws
And form of government; sabotage is
Their scheme; they burn our forests, mills and grain;
They dynamite our shipping, buildings, bridges;
They lie in wait and murder innocent men;
They bluff and lie and steal and bribe the weak;
This ilk no place should have within our land;
They, carbuncles of corruption, fester here
And drain their filth into our national blood.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 83.

Activity

We, Americans, should lead in every line
Of human activity; this only can
Be done by study, thought and work; we must
In order to succeed press on our minds
The thought of work and sticking to the job.

Shall we turn back or march to destiny?
If we shall heed the call we shall become
A conquering, constructive race; we shall
First try to conquer our passions and our vices,
And build intelligent, noble characters
On diamond wills, unyielding in the right;
Then we shall be fit to survive and rule
Ourselves and models be to other lands.

If we have gone ahead of other realms
It is because our common folk are more
Intelligent and better thinkers than
The rank and file who dwell in other lands.
Acquiring knowledge, real mental light,
In building high, eternal character,
There is no easy path to travel on,
No royal highway, only thought and work.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 84.

Soul Analysis

Although my journey through mortality
Has cover'd only a few years, I feel
Somehow at times as though I'd live through
An eternity of years. Thought blossoms bloom
In memory, strange, indeed, to me as though
The seed was sown in some misty time beyond
Mortality; experiences I believe
Of life back of the life that I now know.
And this would lead me to believe I came
Into the flesh ripe with experiences gain'd
In other worlds where I once liv'd and thought;
Perhaps I may have been a tiny part
Of the Great Mind that made the Universe;
Perhaps they are the deathless memories
Derived from race feelings, thoughts and deeds,
And borne down to me through flesh and blood.

As reasons I have to believe that I
Was life before my mortal birth so I
Have reasons to believe that I shall live
Beyond the grave; sweet glimpses I have had,
At times of spirit forms and spirit faces,
And once when dews were on the fields and morn,
On golden wings, was soaring in the sky,
I, in the presence of a spirit, stood
That spoke with great authority; these facts
And yearnings of the soul for endless growth
And life convince me of immortality.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 85.

I Live To Serve

I live for these United States; may I
If possible stand for the best in life.
I've grown and hope to grow till end of time
That I may better serve my country; I
Do not want to stand still and wait, but I
Do want to move with Nature and march on
Step by step with my people in development;
I want to be one with them in the right,
In all the good they think and do; should I
Do less I'll fail wherein I should succeed.

I want to see my country stand for right
While I dwell in her lovely vale and when
My spirit moves and has its being in
A star strewn world flung out in azure skies;
But all the while, be it now or then,
I want my country to possess the might
To carry out her principles and plans
Without first asking foreign councils if
She may. I want my country to be the judge
Of what she should do or shouldn't do and then
Do it without some foreign nation's consent.
Too long our nation has been free, too long
Her national policy has proven sound
To turn the nation over to foreign hands.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 85.

Profiteering

These restless times all men are money mad;
Profiteering's the popular crime; all try
To play the game; some meet with great success;
Each day beholds new millionaires come forth;
The newspapers, congress, Federal lawyers, judges
Are telling us in babble of loud voices
The game shall end while higher rise the prices;
And every one is frantic, crying "thief,"
While gloomy prisons itch to claim the sharks.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 86.

Virtues And Faults

We're swift to draw conclusions, very slow
To let them go; we're reckless of our fate,
And measure fate of others by this rule.
We're prone to be intolerant and proud,
O'er confident and arrogant; we take
For granted the best is none too good for us;
But we are generous to a fault, more kind,
More humorous, chivalrous, gentle, gallant, strong
Than were the knights when knighthood was in flower.
Our virtues are as numerous as the stars,
Our faults are many like the blades of grass.

Americans are a humorous race; they like
To jest and joke wherever they may be;
Be they at home, abroad, or in the places
Of dignity; e'en death does not deter
Them from the joking mood; on battle fields
And bomb strewn seas of death, on sinking ships,
They have been known to pass the joke along.
This is a race sustaining trait.

Americans with all their headlong rush
For material things and for what money buys,
Potentially, are a spiritual race who love
The light reveal'd through working of the soul;
While they may scoff at rituals, dogmas, creeds,
They scoff not at the living God of truth.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 86.

Creed

This is the creed of the American:
He lives and thinks and does the best he can
And honors peace when it can honorably
Be done; too proud to be a cowardly cur;
Never too proud to fight when necessary,
Always able to defend himself;
Seldom turns his back unto a foe.
Is not afraid to die in time of war,
Nor in the sunny days of peace.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 87.

Race Development

We have so much to learn, so much to do,
Ere we lay down an accurate law on which
To build a dominant race; America
Is full of ignorance; children are born who
Should not be born. Those to whom I refer
Have sickly bodies, weak mentalities,
Due to parental vice or ignorance;
Then there are normal children who grow up
Like weeds without a moral chance in life;
"Tis time the nation started right to build
The race and we should start with growing youth.
Why should not teachers do the best they know
To lead the student along the road
To health, morality and light? seed thoughts
Thus sown shall finally make all parents fit
To bring forth families of children who
Shall pass the mental, moral, physical test.
When parents are thus qualified we may
Then say farewell to human derelicts,
And greet with joyous hearts the vital race.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 88.

Uncle Sam

Who gave the idea that our Uncle Sam
Should be represented by an ancient man
With whiskers long and gray? the guilty one
In using such a character could not see
The fitness of a proper symbol for
A young and growing nation, else he would
Have pictured our national character as
A growing giant, youthful, strong and brave.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 88.

Duty

Till we, Americans, each and all, feel that
Our country, race and government depend
Upon each one of us, we shall not reach
The goal our fathers bade us to attain.
Though we may walk the humble paths of life,
We are expected as Americans
To daily live the national life, to think.
Her great and noble thoughts, to reach the heights
Of character and power in ourselves
Which shall reflect in no small way the life
And larger greatness of America.

Let every American so live that when
He dies his death shall be a national loss;
And for his country let him always be
Delighted to lay down his useful life.
This is the kind of man the nation needs.
He helps to build the nation in the way
Which must be pleasing to Almighty God.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 88.

National Love

I dearly love my city, county and state,
But I love my nation more than them; and should
Treason stalk about the land and I
A choice must make, I'll turn my back
Upon my city, county and state and will
Fight them to save my own United States.
I have the choice of many cities and states
In which to dwell, but only one
Country.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 89.

The Worthwhile Life

The life that counts the most is healthful life
With brain and heart and soul develop'd to full
Capacity; no other life can hope
To satisfy the soul; no other life
Can conquer inward passions nor lead the world
From darkness to light and change man's destiny
Forever as the countless centuries run.

Man's progress and the progress of the race
Lie in true teaching; neither men nor race
Will better do than they are taught to do;
The useless waste of life and energy,
Due to unbridled thought and ignorance,
Appalls the seers who measure all the waste.
When light, eternal light, has torn the veil
Of darkness from the eyes of normal men,
They can not, they will not destroy themselves
By riotous thoughts and deeds nor waste their lives.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 89.

George Washington

Washington was a nationalist intense;
Otherwise he could not have led his army
To victory and made our country free;
Otherwise he could not have constructed
The infant nation's character and laws
To stand the test of time and build a nation
The greatest known to man. How great he was!
The matchless general of battle fields;
The guiding mind in legislative hall; great man
He builded better than he knew or dreamed
In shaping into life this mighty realm.

Let true Americans know and revere,
And follow Washington whose country's love
Shall never be surpass'd by any man
Now living nor who shall be born to life.
All men are measured by their words and deeds,
By the lasting good they render to mankind.
And by this rule we measure Washington,
And measuring his success by what he did,
All history proclaims no greater man.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 90.

The Salutation In Heaven

I hail the glory of the heaven
 With humble heart and bowed head;
And I accept the blessings given
 By them we classify as dead.
Such beauty mortals never saw,
 Such music mortals never heard,
And love is duty, and the law,
 And harmony's the living word.

I hail the noble whom I meet
 With reverence due to real worth;
Great souls that rose above defeat
 In mortal life upon the earth.
Great minds, great souls, great hearts I see,
 Embodiment of our earthly dream,
In full development, truly free,
 Achieving in the life supreme.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 90.

The Golden State

This is the land of song and story,
The home of beauty and of glory,
Where striving men may dwell and grow,
Where western breezes blow,
And mighty rivers wind and flow,
 Out in the distant west,
 The land by nature blest.

Great Shasta and Mount Whitney stand
Like sentinels to guard the land
Against the foe who would despoil
The forests and the golden soil,
The beauteous work of nature's toil,
 Out in the distant west,
 The land by nature blest.

Large cities lift their temples here,
The depot and the shipping pier,
Proclaim the fact of commerce great,
Proclaim the fact this is the state
That does not stand and watch and wait
 Out in the distant west,
 The land by nature blest.

This is the state of fruit and wine,
The realm of flowers and sunshine;
Beside this land the sea waves roll,
Above the stars in heaven bowl;
This is the Eden of the soul,
 Out in the golden west,
 The land by nature blest.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 91.

Bunk

The political speaker makes harangues,
Lifts high his voice, the table bangs;
He chins in shifty, shallow talks,
Never runs down, never balks.
And from the airy space is flung
The word from some sarcastic tongue,
“Bunk”!

The priest reproves the worldly sinner,
Condemns him as a bad beginner;
He rambles on in zealous ire,
Preaching brimstone and hell fire.
A tear stands in the sinner’s eye,
But still he whispers with a sigh,
“Bunk”!

The lawyer quibbles in the Court;
Hot air or precedent is his forte;
He talks and gestures, struts and stares,
Distorts his face and rips and rairs.
And from the cobwebs hanging there,
A voice yells through the heated air,
“Bunk”!

Your stomach aches, the doctor comes,
Looks at your tongue, your pulse he thumbs;
He gravely says, “You’ve many ills,
You need my service and my pills.”
A tom-cat’s voice out by the gate
Seems to yowl the word of fate,
“Bunk”!

The merchant puts on a large sale,
Great bargains at his store prevail
So advertisements in the papers say
In startling headlines day by day.
The voice of some old guy is heard
Repeating again that dreadful word,
“Bunk”!

A rumor flies about the street,
’Tis whispered to all we meet;
The newspaper gets the idle tale,
And prints a story which makes one pale.
A dog goes yelping to his own,

And seems to say in solemn moan,
“Bunk”!

And so we find in life’s bright day
Deceit and sham along the way;
A waste of energy to be sure
That only efficiency can cure.
Quite likely down the years shall go
The word which nearly all men know,
“Bunk”!

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 92.

The Crutch

When I was a young boy
I lost much of life's joy
When dad grew sick and died,
And leisure was denied.

I had to work for bread,
Or join the countless dead.
Hard duties early came
To chase joy from my brain;
I had to stand alone,
There was no use to moan;
Then self reliance began
To shape the future man.

I used to lean on others,
I thought they were my brothers.
Alas! I found the prop
Gave way and let me drop.
Blind faith once led me on,
But never to the dawn,
Experiences like these
Did not suit me or please;
Still I believed in man,
And in God and His plan.
I learned to change my view
To get the light that's true;
And so I ceased to lean
On others, the good and mean,
To follow a blind faith,
Ephemeral as a wraith.

I prayed for inner light
To guide my feet aright,
To learn the spiritual law
From which my life must draw
If I would reach the heights
To which my God invites.
I've learn'd the path my feet
Shall tread until I greet
The birth of a brighter day
Beyond the Milky Way.

I lean upon no cane,
I walk by the light of brain.
And so I shall rely
On law and light till I die.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 93.

The Rural Scene

I walk along and sing a song
On the narrow trail, past floral throng.
The leafy trees are standing near,
And wild birds sing their songs of cheer;
Rock-ribbed mountains throw their shade
On stream and forest, grassy glade;
The air is balmy and the bloom
Is fraught with beauty and perfume.

The nymphs, in the meadow green,
And dryads, in the woods unseen,
Trip lightly through the bright retreat,
Unheard is the fall of their fairy feet.

The sun swings through the sky and gleams
Upon the woods and crystal streams;
I vision what the heart should be
In glorious life in Arcady,
Enchanted by the stream's refrain,
The hum of bee, the sweet bird's strain.

If I should dwell in Arcady
I should be happy, blithe and free;
No more should I desire to roam
For I should love, too well, my home.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 95.

Views From An Airplane

A roll and rush, a roar and rise
On metal wings up in the skies,
Away we fly through sunny space,
And beat the birds in every race.

Above the vales and mountain peaks,
Above the rivers, lakes and creeks,
Above the orange groves we soar
As California we explore.

We skim above the Colorado,
And o'er the desert in El Dorado;
And o'er Death Valley in the waste,
We speed along in greatest haste.

We view the forests petrified,
The trees that, long ago, had died;
And Yosemite, the vale of wonders,
Where leaps the mighty fall and thunders.

We see the redwood trees in crowds
Lift their green limbs and sweep the clouds;
We see towns, cities, orchards, farms,
And many of California's charms.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 95.

The Pale Warrior

Pale warrior, cold and white as snow,
No mercies on a mortal show;
He cleaves my flesh and soul in twain,
And drives the light out of my brain.

He bears my flesh unto the grave,
My soul heroic, firm and brave,
He cannot reach, he cannot kill,
My soul shall not bow to his will.

He takes my house, but not my life,
I conquer in the silent strife;
I rise supreme above his breath,
I master even grim old death.

Soon I shall walk the shining road,
And death shall know not my abode,
Among immortals in the sky,
Where I shall live and never die.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 96.

From Redlands To The Sea

The stretch of land from Redlands to the sea
Embraces a large and fertile vale surround'd
By mountains on the North and East and South.
San Bernardino, Grayback and San Antonio
Loom in the background, bold, scenic peaks.

Back in the early days the Spanish dons
Inhabit'd this semi-desert vale; their herds
Of cattle roam'd about the open plain
In search of grass from mountains to the sea.

Conditions changed four score years ago;
The old civilization perish'd from the earth;
Few of its landmarks stand to tell the story
Of the happy, lazy people who were here.

The dons now slumber in the dust; their lands
Have pass'd to other hands; the countless herds
No longer roam the vale in search of food.
A sturdier race came to succeed the dons,
A race of empire builders, men who dared
To conquer deserts, to perform the work
That Nature fail'd to do; the mountain creeks
Were tapp'd, and wells were sunk down in the earth,
And waters gush'd therefrom which were convey'd
To barren lands; and now the arid vale,
Transform'd, is fruitful, farming land; a new
And better social state rose on the old.

This is the orange vale of California,
The land of walnut groves and fields of hay,
A paradise of gardens, flowers and homes,
Unsurpass'd in climate, beauty, progress and health;
Here cities prosper and social life advances;
Here stands the City of the Angeles, great
Metropolis of the West in splendor grown
And ornaments the Southland; like a queen
She views the majesty of the western sea,
And brings the world's great commerce to her port.

This vale is said to be the choicest part
Of California; however, the golden state
Is marvels land wherever one may go.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 97.

Canada

We doff our hat to Canada,
The land of law and order;
We know that life and property's safe
Across the northern border.

They do not pamper criminals there,
The courts hold thugs in check;
The law proclaims the words "beware
Of jail or broken neck."

The Anglo-Saxon laws prevail,
The Anglo-Saxons rule,
Before their courts the criminals quail,
And justice wins o'er pule.

An honest man must praise
The land of the maple leaf,
Where crooks and thugs must mend their ways,
Or speedily come to grief.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 98.

My Heart

At times my heart is like the landscape
With stretches of green-leaved trees,
Where squirrels run and leap and play,
Where merrily sings the vernal breeze.
At times my heart is like the landscape,
All jeweled with wild flowers fair,
Where honey bees sip sweetest juices,
Where humming-birds flit and flare.

At times my heart is like the landscape
With its clear brook and viny ravine,
Its fields of grain and winding roads,
Its hills and vales and meadows green.
At times my heart is like waste land,

A torrid desert, bleak and drear,
Without a flower or sign of life
To bear the message of good cheer.

At times my heart is like vast water,
An ocean rolling in majesty,
Dotted by scores of great steam ships,
And bearing the wild birds of the sea.
My heart is like a cemetery,
Where mortals lie whose souls have fled,
When pangs of sorrow grip my heart,
When joys are gone and hopes are dead.

At times my heart is like the landscape,
Where mountains pierce the boundless sky,
Where rain clouds burst in torrents wild,
And lightnings flash and thunder on high.
My heart would be like Paradise,
The seat of bliss and peace and love,
Intonated by the song of God,
And fragrant as a floral grove.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 98.

Life's Turning Point

One day, 'twas in my early youth, I had
Been brooding deeply on what was to be
My fate; a country lad, poor and obscure
With health as fragile as a growing plant,
I wondered if I should live a life
Here on earth stolid as an ox, then die
And be a worm or clod in some dark grave,
If that were all there is to life. That night
Which closed the day was restless time for me;
Sweet sleep refused to close my eyes until
Peace came, the herald of a vision good
To me, to lull my weary heart to rest;
It was a vision worth the while, and since
That golden hour has shaped my destiny,
Sustaining me in sorrow, pain, despair.

It has been one bright star to light my soul
When hope was well nigh dead. In vision I
Beheld the beauty of a manly life
Well lived here on earth; the upward step
In life's long journey through eternity.

A voice, not human, spoke and said, "My boy
Your path is rough and lonely, the mount is high
And steep, the way's exacting and severe,
But falter not and never rest, your dream
Reveals what you should know, 'tis prophecy;
Develop if you would live the life of lives
On earth and later in the heavens."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 99.

Environment

My hope, my aim, my life in youth's bright morn
Were out of joint with my environment.
The social manners of those I beheld
Did not accord with my young view of life.
In fields and camps I spent some of my years,
And did such work as I was told to do.
I found myself among a set of men
Who lived upon life's physical plane and gave
But little thought to mind and spirit growth.
I dream'd of things far better than I knew;
Sweet dreams that reach'd beyond the palest star;
I had no money, influence, help or friends
To build me up as I would go; but I
Resolv'd then that I would achieve; that booze,
That temptation in all forms, the imps of hell,
And all their cohorts, poor health, nothing on earth
Should keep me from success; that I would scale
The peak which only strong, unyielding men
Ascend; that I my nation would serve well
With all my brawn and brain and heart and soul.
That deep resolve long since became a part
And portion of my life; it colors all I think
And do and say.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 100.

Daniel Webster

This man of beetling brow and mighty brain,
Who looked wiser than a man could be,
Read destiny with eye prophetic; he
Beheld his country's greatness in the ages
Unborn and by this standard visioned self
As orator, lawyer and statesman; he thus rose
To noble heights of fame, the glorious son
And leader of the new born race.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 101.

The Emancipator

As Washington was the father of the nation
So Lincoln was the saviour; he took
The nation's helm, unknown, untried and proved
Himself to be the best man for the place.
His sympathies broad and deep as human life,
His heart as tender as a mother's love,
His conscience lucid as a cloudless morn,
All humanized his feelings, thoughts and deeds,
And made him paragon of truth and right.
 He put character into all he said
 And did; the people saw he was great
 As well as good and honored him with love
 Seldom given to a mortal man.
 When he had saved freedom to the land,
 And changed an erring nation's destiny,
 His work was done, and then a martyr's crown,
 Adorned with jewels of eternal love,
 Was given him to wear through endless life.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 101.

Theodore Roosevelt

This strenuous man knew life full well in all
Its phases; he knew the city dude and snob,
The high brow and the rough man of the plains;
He knew and understood them all; because he knew
The people better than they knew themselves,
He was their leader through the many years.
They follow'd him in confidence and trust
In every political battle that he fought.
He usually led them on to victory,
But whether he a winner was or lost,
He always was a patriot to the core.

And now he's gone from life, our greatest man
In forty years, gone from the land he loved
So well; gone from the land he did so much
To help, most typical American!
In every corner of the earth he's known;
His fame is like a star set in the sky
To shed a luster on his native land.
Gone, gone but not forgotten! he lives on
Forever in a grateful nation's heart!

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 102.

Forgotten

The grassy mound that covers him
Has hid all that we know of him;
No monument marks his lonely grave,
Though he may have been good and brave
His name's forgotten.

Once he was young and happy and gay,
And liv'd the pleasures of his day;
No doubt he lov'd and was lov'd by one
Who like himself her race has run—
Like him forgotten.

No doubt he made achievements here,
And honors won in his sphere.
Whatever good he may have sown
Like his good name is now unknown—
Forgotten.

His fate, which merits a deep sigh,
May be my fate when I shall die;
My name and work, my death and birth,
Like his may be entomb'd in earth—
Forgotten.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 102.

The United States

Dear land, you gave me birth and made me free,
And taught me carefully through golden years
The lessons that I need to know. Through fears
And doubt and hate to love you guided me,
Through mental darkness to the spiritual morn,
When light and deathless beauty met my sight,
When I first felt the rapture of delight,
The bliss that's given to the heart reborn.
If I have failed where I should have won,
The fault is mine, not yours; I had the chance;
I'll try and try again, past errors shun,
Redeem myself, once more, perhaps in France;
If it need be, I'll give my life for you
In battle'neath the red and white and blue.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 103.

Riverside, California, On Easter Morn

As I behold thee from Rubidoux's retreat,
Methinks thou wert born 'mid beauty's florid bloom
For some high purpose, and will not meet the doom
Of Sodom which once, knew the tread of feet.
This rosy morning, thee, my heart doth greet
With joy; thou wilt live on when I am gone,
And others will behold thee in the dawn
Of day, and in the dawn of bliss replete.
Thou wilt have more than Father Serra's cross
To beckon men to thee on Easter morn
If thou art true to Him who was lowly born
In Bethlehem; thou wilt be like a cross
Aflame with glory from the orbs above
If thou dost ever build with thoughts of love.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 104.

The Acacia Tree

The acacia stands in my front yard,
A graceful tree of lordly mien;
It stands there like a friend on guard
In uniform of velvet green.
My acacia tree is tall and fair,
And wears a crown of grayish flowers;
It lifts its arms to God in prayer
Like Druids in the woody bowers.

The acacia tree to me is dear,
For it was mother's favorite tree;
It brings to me a sigh and tear
For her my sweetest memory.

And when the stars in heaven gleam,
And o'er the world their splendor fling,
I sit beside my tree and dream,
And hear the whirl of an angel's wing.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 104.

Gen. U. S. Grant

Grant was a scion of the pioneers,
That nation building group who have few peers,
Who laid the foundation of the American State,
Who built the government which made us great.
And they who built the best known to mankind
Gave in the making body, soul and mind.

His years of training for immortal work
Were hard, obscure; in them there seem'd to lurk
Despair and failure; grief was in his heart.
But, oh, those humble years, his trying start,
Gave vision, purpose, strength to do the things
The nation needed done; and he on wings
Of achievement like an eagle in its flight,
Serenely rose to fame's eternal height.

He fought to win and conquer'd every foe,
But mercy gave to heal the crushing blow;
Grant was the soldier who preserved the realm,
He in the field and Lincoln at the helm.

In seven years this man, poor and unknown,
Had grown in stature, had come to his own,
Our leading general and the nation's chief;
A wondrous growth for him in time so brief;
For him who changed the course of history,
And made more sacred human liberty.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 105.

Boyhood's Day

I'm glad to see you again old friend,
Before life's fleeting days are done,
And those sweet memories to recall
That dawn'd neath boyhood's summer sun,
When we ran o'er the grassy lea,
And pluck'd the gay, sweet-scented flowers,
Or when we threw stones at the birds
That sang amid the woody bowers.

Sad feelings come to me old friend,
When I think of that happy time,
Those boyhood days gone, gone for aye,
When our joys were indeed sublime.
The years have wrought a change in us,
And marked our lives with deeds humane,
But we have lost the joys of youth,
And never shall know them again.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 106.

The Loved And Lost

She loved the out of doors,
The gold of day,
The orchard, field and lawn,
The mountains gray.

She walked among the flowers,
The larkspurs blue,
Caressed the lilies and loved
The roses too.

Oft she sat on our porch
In her rocking chair,
And in her brown eyes shone
A heavenly prayer.

One day they carried her out
Broken like an urn,
And bore her to God's acre
To never return.

I think in some new world
She surely waits
My homeward coming at
The sunset gates.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 107.

The Avenue

Along the shady avenue, paved and brown,
I walked alone at close of summer's day;
The avenue led me onward from the town,
Past cross-roads, farms and orchards ran the way.

The workers in the beehives were at ease;
The mocking birds sang in the orchard bowers;
I saw red peaches in clusters on the trees,
Geraniums in bloom and wild sunflowers.
I saw the stars come through the twilight gate,
And line up on the azure field like tots
Who scamper through the schoolroom door, elate,
To play a game out on the vacant lots.

I saw lights gleaming through the open doors
Of cozy homes which nestled near the street;
The men were whistling while they did their chores;
In barns I heard the horses stamp their feet.

There Nature's heart, with peace and bliss, was rife;
The mad world I forgot; there came to me
A truer vision of the worth while life
On that straight road which led to destiny.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 107.

Gen. Nathanael Greene

Great hero of many a battle field,
 Neath Northern sky and Southern pine,
His mighty arm did glory wield
 At Eutaw, Trenton, Brandywine.
His strategy when in sole command,
 His campaigns, maneuvers and retreat,
All show how ably they were planned,
 The reason why the foe was beat.

And there amid the battle's storm,
 I see him like a cavalier,
Erect and tall, a kindly form,
 Enveloped with a noble air.
Best type of man the colonies grew,
 Best soldier of his time save one,
No patriot ever was more true,
 He lives the peer of Washington.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 108.

Master Man

Revere and cherish the master man,
The blessed son of a chosen clan,
Conceived in strength and born to health,
Embodiment of Nature's wealth.
As some keen watcher of the skies
With rapture views a new star rise,
So should we gaze upon the face
Of him who comes to serve the race.

He only comes at Nature's call
To do a special work for all;
The heart of hearts, the supermind,
He loves, he helps, he saves mankind.
He pens the word, the whole world needs
To broaden thought, ennoble deeds,
Or frames the laws, humane and great,
For science, liberty, better state.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 109.

Seattle

Seattle sits on many hills,
Her glory is unfurled;
At her feet is Puget Sound where moves
The commerce of the world.
Her bosom's gemm'd with pearly lakes;
The mountains tower near;
The fir tree forests skirt her bound,
The beauty of earth is here.
We doff our hat to this fair city,
The youngest in the West,
The gateway to the Orient,
Which grandeur has caressed.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 109.

The San Bernardino Girl

She came here from the foothill town,
Down from San Bernardino;
She was a new girl in this part,
Here in the vale of Chino.
I saw her at a rancher's house,
She was eating bread and butter;
She gaily smiled and winked at me,
My heart was all a-flutter.

I gave her a knowing grin,
But not a word did utter,
While she was busy as a bear
Eating bread and butter.
When she was through she spoke to me;
Oh, my, how she did sputter!
My heart it nearly ceased to beat,
And no word could I utter.

At last I dared this question ask:
"T's your home in Berdoo?"
She grew red, stuttered and she said:
"N-no, no, it ain't, d-darn you!
N-no such a p-place is on the map;
W-won't you f-folks here in Chino
Learn to p-pronounce the n-name right?
Sir,'tis San B-Bernardino,"

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 110.

The New South

The new South is the land of chivalry
Where honor and courage live and courtesy.
There the original stock unmix'd has grown,
The old blood strain developed holds its own;
And there the great, new race dominates
In government, in all the towns and states.
Work on! work on! and help achieve the dream,
The making of our nation sublime, supreme.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 110.

Flag Of Freedom

O'er the home of the free, our banner waves,
The emblem and pride of our beautiful land;
The battles rage and the mad Kaiser raves,
But victory gleams from our flag on the wand.

The flag of our grandeur it floats in the sky,
The fairest one that was ever unfurled;
The hand of liberty holds it on high,
And proudly flaunts it the hope of the world.

O, star-spangled banner, child of the free,
The offspring of war, but pure as the dews,
The liberty loving people over the sea,
Gaze with joy on thy sky color'd hues.

The patriot this flag does truly revere,
It stirs the heart throbs down deep in his breast,
He gives up his work, or the life he holds dear
To serve the proud flag, the one he loves best.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page III.

Destiny

Destiny is the goal of thought
Which in the depth of soul is wrought,
And driven on with iron will
Until the purpose we fulfill.

Thoughts take possession of the man,
And make or break his constant plan;
’Tis through our thoughts we reach the light,
Or fall in chaos black as night.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page III.

She Sang The Sweetness Of Her Heart

The moon hung o'er the old church bright—
Within I saw my heart's delight;
She gave to me a blush and sigh,
 A thought too pure and good to die.
 A noble record, kind and fair,
 Of lofty thinking, sacred prayer,
 Like dawning beauty in the skies
 Was writ within her lustrous eyes.

She led the choir in holy song,
Her voice delighted all the throng;
She sang the sweetness of her heart,
A something more than human art.
Our spirits ran together there
In harmony, in love and prayer;
A glimpse of heaven pass'd my sight,
A flash of glory, spiritual light.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page III.

Here Flowers Ever Bloom And Summer Never Dies

The dearest place on earth to me
 Is home, sweet home in California;
The fruitful land beside the sea,
 Where mocking birds sing night and day.
I love the orange flowered vale
 Beside the mountains tall and grand;
There mother dear so cold and pale
 Sleeps peacefully in the sunny land.

Red is the setting sun in California,
 Brightly shine the moon and starry throng,
Upon this land of color and romance,
 As the ocean rolls on in its deathless song.
Here flowers ever bloom and summer never dies,
 And life is love and beauty'neath the cloudless skies.

I loved a maiden long ago,
 And she was fair as California;
Her love was warm as the sunset glow,
 And life with her was bright and gay.
But she has gone with all I plann'd,
 And many friends whom I held dear;
Their dust enriches this golden land,
 And all my joys now hold a tear.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 112.

I'm Dreaming Of You Fair City

I wander far from you, depress'd and lonely,
Far from the home where I used to dwell;
Among strange cities, I know I love you only,
Love you more than my words can tell.
Through the long years your memory I cherish,
And the friends who were dear to me;
You shall live in my heart till life shall perish
Because you are the dearest to me.

Fondly I am dreaming of you fair city
Where my loved ones sleep in the tomb;
I'm dreaming of friends as I sing this ditty,
And the gardens where sweet flowers bloom.

Fondly I am dreaming, ever dreaming of you,
Sweet is your memory, sweetly it cheers;
You bring me thoughts of the good and true
In happy days back through the years.
I give my love to you fair city,
As a devoted son should do;
And all through my life it shall ever be
The golden link which binds me to you.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 113.

Jim

We've had our sports and our joys, Jim,
We've lived and grown old in years;
We've floated down time's stream, Jim,
And have now no cause for tears.
Though our heads are white as wool, Jim,
Though we're not straight as a pine,
Although our faces are wrinkled, Jim,
Our hearts cling to things divine.

Still we love the fragrant flowers, Jim,
That bloom in the woods on the hill;
Still we love the feather'd warblers, Jim,
And the purling of brook and rill.

We like to talk with the boys, Jim,
And join them in yarn or song,
And listen to their laughter, Jim,
For we won't be with them long.

Soon we'll lie down and die, Jim,
But the future we do not fear,
For we have lived good lives, Jim,
And been kind to our neighbors here.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 113.

The Trees

The shady trees

Our hearts do please
As we gaze on their glory,
Or seek their shade
To there evade
The sunlight hot and hoary.

The cattle browse
Beneath the boughs,
Or chewing cuds lie there,
The squirrels run
And have their fun
Upon the branches fair.

Our friends the trees
Bow in the breeze
Like courtiers to a king.
They are the retreat
Where sparrows meet
To love and mate and sing.

Like dunes of sand
Would be the land
Without a shady tree.
And so we love
The tree and grove
Which grow through God's decree.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 114.

Deserted Home

'Tis years, Dan, since I saw the dear, old place,
But I know it well as I do your face,
Although the house has fallen to the ground,
And I see gloomy changes in all around.
Where is the barn? It, too, is gone. Yet I
Know this was my home in the years passed by;
The landmarks are here that I used to behold
When I was a child in the days of old.

There stands the pine on yon hill's sandy crown,
Where I used to sit and dream of renown;
There flows the winding stream where I and you
Have seen the red man in his bark canoe.
Here's the well, now dry, I dug long ago,
And there's the field in which I used to hoe;
In yonder meadow green I once made hay
From early morning till the twilight gray.

This home was bright with a good mother's cheer;
Here, in these woods, I ran free as a deer;
Amid these pines I've heard the robin's tune,
And picked blueberries in sunny June.
Here gaily played I like the breezes free;
Here, I was happy in sweet boyish glee;
 But my wild heart where perfect bliss did dwell
 Has known a sad change that no words can tell.

Not far from this spot on a hillside steep
In the bosom of the earth my kindred sleep.
Home of my childhood, humble, but the best,
You bring tears to my eyes, sighs to my breast;
The flowers my mother set by the cabin door
Have passed like the home, and will bloom no more;
Old home, so sad, that was once bright and gay,
All your past joys live in my heart today.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 115.

The Soldier's Call

My country calls me to the war; the white
 Winged dove of peace has left this world
 Until the flag of freedom is unfurled
Forever o'er all nations; till the right
Of liberty dispels old tyranny's night,
 Until Democracy beholds the hour
 When it has broken Autocracy's grim power,
Until the leaders rule the world aright.
I leave my country for a foreign land
 To fight the ruthless Hun; in sunny France
 I may give back my life to God, perchance,
My love, my labor, all that I have planned.
 Yet I would die to make the nations free,
 To give mankind the fruits of liberty.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 116.

The Spirit Of The West

What was the spirit of the west?
'Twas honor the pioneers attest.
The spirit was, in days of old,
Unwritten law in the land of gold.
That spirit stood for honest toil
For those who work'd the mines and soil;
It often was a little rough;
On crooks it was exceedingly tough.

That spirit bred valor in the breast,
Made life and wealth safe in the west;
Made men take a decisive stand
For law and order in the land.

That spirit helped fearless men
Who'd beard a lion in his den;
It bred a kind and generous thought
In strong men who could not be bought.

That spirit won a victory,
Impress'd itself upon the free,
Renew'd idealism on earth,
And gave the west a spiritual birth.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 116.

The Three Heroes

No straps were on their shoulders,
No medals had they won;
They were only private soldiers whose
Trench work had just begun.

Unknown till duty called them,
To check the Hun's advance,
To strike a blow for freedom on
The battlefield of France.

The first to fight, the first to fall,
Young Enright, Gresham, Hay,
Have made the sacrifice supreme
On French soil far away.
In them America gave her sons,
Her blood and flesh and bone
To show the old world that the new
Lives not for self alone.

They died but through their death shall come
A deeper sense of right,
A truer brotherhood of men,
More faith, more love, more light.

Weep not because they died in youth,
Nor breathe a mournful sigh!
For death has brought them love and fame,
For these who would not die!

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 117.

The Pure, Intelligent Home

How happy God am I
Whenever to my eye
Is shown a blessed home,
A pure, intelligent home,
Home is where all lives start;
It is the pulse that shows
How manhood dies or grows,
How ill or strong the heart,
The nation's great, red heart.

How my soul thrills with glee
When a pure home I see; —
I know that such a home
The base is and the dome,
The bulwark and the strength
Throughout the breadth and length
Of the nation which I love;
In the garden or the grove
The happy home may stand
Where life is sweet and grand;
Where love and faith lead on
The faithful to the dawn.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 118.

November Day

'Twas a chill day in November—
 A humid day I well remember;
 Some snow had fallen in the night
 And was melting in the morning light.
 A fog hung o'er the vault of blue
And hid the sun from mortal view;
The eaves were dripping on the sod,
 The breezes were making the trees nod;
 The grass was sere, the leaves were dead
 And rotting in their earthy bed.

 The day was dark and wet and dreary,
 My heart was dull and sad and weary
 Till I went forth beneath the sky,
 And with the spirit's hidden eye
 Beheld what Nature had to show,
 And then my soul was all aglow.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 119.

Heaven

Where heaven is I do not know,
I wish I knew;
It may be here where lilies blow,
Or in the vaulted blue.

Some say it is in human hearts,
But deathless love
Forever points to other parts,
To realms above.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 119.

Dual Living

I live two plans; one is sweet dreams
 That my hands would not soil;
The other is distasteful, hard,
 And known as honest toil.
Through one I earn my daily bread,
 And bodily hunger meet,
The other feeds my soul, and thus
 Both make my life complete.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 119.

Pomona, California

Pomona's kissed by the gentle gale
Which bird-like wings along from the western sea
Surcharg'd with music of the lark and bee,
And bearing sweetness of the floral dale;
She is adorn'd with orange blossoms pale,
And deck'd with sunshine like a happy bride;
She dwells in beauty by the mountain's side,
The virgin city of a fruitful vale.
Amid the fields and groves by Nature blest,
Where golden mornings spread their rosy glow
O'er hill and park and home and streamlet's flow,
Pomona shines like a star in the west;
There church and college banish moral night;
There heart and brain are molded to the right.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 120.

Mount San Antonio, California

At thy front gate they stand, the sentinels two;
The Upland City with its orange farms,
And Ontario, the dreamy town that charms,
Arrayed in blossoms of red, white and blue.
Upon thy breast the primrose doth renew
Its bloom each spring, as seasons come and go;
Thy silvery waters flow on from the snow
And kiss the petals of the larkspur blue,
Which fringe thy garment where the deep chasms yawn;
Above thy head the white clouds sail along,
Below, the birds sing liquid notes of song,
The mocking bird at night, the lark at dawn;
Among thy crags which loom above the clod,
The reverent mind will turn to thoughts of God.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 120.

Redlands, California

Perhaps you've toured around the world and seen
The beauty spots of earth—the Alpine peaks,
The art and ruins of the ancient Greeks,
The castles old, and Ireland's stretch of green,
The German parks and cities, neat and clean,
The terraced farms and mountain streams in Wales,
The lilies blooming in the Frankish vales,
And splendid Rome, the River Tiber's queen.
Yet these are not more fair than Smiley Height,
And Redlands, where the earth with flowers teem,
The gardens, where the thinkers muse and dream,
And where mankind is thrilled with delight—
An Eden, where the rays of heaven shine
Upon a world of beauty near divine.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 121.

Euclid Avenue, Ontario, California

They who made this avenue long and wide
Construct'd with vision and with city pride.
We praise the street, its symmetry and plan,
And appreciate the artistry of man;
We love its flowers, trees and grassy sod,
The decorations made by the hand of God.

If we seek loveliness of earth and sky,
Here on this avenue it shall greet our eye;
A paradise of beauty is here in bloom,
Exhaling to mankind a sweet perfume,
A riot of orange blossoms with sweetness riven,
Inspiration to the soul, a dream of heaven.

Here the stars hang low on the breast of dark,
And on the mountains rest the rainbow's arc.
And here the mocking birds sing happy lays
Through moonlight nights, bright mornings, golden days.
Here trips upon the sward the oriole;
Here flits the humming bird in caracole.
The spreading trees extend their cooling shade,
And cheer and bless the traveling cavalcade.

They who dwell by this avenue broad and fair
Experience life unknown to those elsewhere;
Here we find what the heart forever treasures,
Enchanting beauty, friends and home and pleasures.
Though we may go abroad, in all our quest,
We'll find no place like this for peace and rest;
A glory is here, some charm from above,
Which touches the heart with the sanctity of love.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 121.

Euclid Avenue, Ontario, California, In Futurity

This scenic avenue stretching miles on miles,
Basks in the sunshine and with beauty smiles.
It runs from the river to the mountain's side,
Array'd superbly like a stately bride.
Its parkways covered with a velvet green
Are set with flowers and the rose is queen;
Trees standing like colonades in a temple grand
Are comely features in this lovely land;
The fountains throw their lucid waters high
Which gleam in colors like rainbows in the sky;
Birds answer birds with songs of love and mirth,
Reminding man that Eden was on earth.

Here statues tower to the wise and great,
Memorials to those who served the state;
And they who see the likeness of the true
Shall catch the spirit of the avenue too.
The world shall come to view the splendid scheme,
Achievement born of high and happy dream;
Its flowers, fountains, statuary, trees and grass
Shall gain the lasting love of those who pass.
This avenue shall be seen by wonderful men,
The masters of music, sculpture, painting and pen;
And they shall dream by the side of the street,
And tell their stories with affection replete.

And travelers shall behold in Euclid Way
The finished work of those of a future day;
Shall see a glory we shall never see,
And beauty that we all wish could now be.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 122.

The World Spoilers

Such times as these distract mankind,
The kings are made with conquest vain;
Each plans to build an empire great,
And rule the earth and boundless main.
The sea of blood is flooding wide,
And billows o'er the hill and glen;
The roar of cannons echo far,
And drown the shrieks of dying men.

The horrors of the battlefields
Reflect malignant sin and pain;
Despair benights the mother earth,
As host kills host for selfish gain.
The lust of gold, its many ills,
The pomp of pride which empire breeds,
Too long have cursed the reign of kings,
Too long have clouded noble deeds.

The kings may break the human heart,
May break man's law though old and gray,
May trample nations weak in dust,
May shout with triumph in their day.
The judgment day will surely come
To those who kill for land and trade;
The Judge beholds the awful wrong,
The brutal deeds that men degrade.

Before Him pale the earthly kings,
His throne is stars and planets bright;
He measures deeds and whirl of suns,
He reads the human heart aright,
Oh, spoilers in that last sad hour,
When death shall smite you with his rod,
How will you answer to your crimes,
How will you meet Almighty God?

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 123.

The Will To Win

I live in a God ruled universe,
And am an atom of the whole;
I came to earth no better nor no worse
Than many children of the Soul.
These days, I'm not a blinded heart adrift
Upon the ocean waves of time;
I float not like some cloud through azure rift,
Nor crawl on like some worm through slime.

If I have gone the straight and honest way,
I owe it to a spiritual view,
Which made my inner life bright as noon day,
Which points the path I should pursue.
I built the mind that seeks the living goal,
From choice I grew the deep desire
That breeds the thought which vitalizes the soul,
And makes my life a blazing fire.

No longer am I fill'd with evil dread,
The port of life now looms in sight;
The goal I hope to win is near ahead,
Upon the shore I see the light.
My spiritual nature, active and awake,
Is pilot'd down life's rocky stream
By Him, and it will never sink nor break
As I materialize the dream.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 124.

Meadow Lark

Sing, meadow lark, sing,
And make the green fields ring;
The meadows love your tender lay,
Its sweetness thrills the air of day.

Sing, meadow lark, sing,
Sing of the flowers of spring,
The violets and the hyacinth white,
The apple blossoms our delight.

Sing, meadow lark, sing,
To your sweet notes we cling,
Sing of the dawn and sunset hues,
Sing of the landscape set with dew.

Sing, meadow lark, sing,
From post or on the wing,
Till you make your nest in the mead,
Your tiny home of grass and weed.

Sing, meadow lark, sing,
Joy to the world you bring;
You cheer the hearts of children and men
When they hear your voice in the glen.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 125.

Grass

Old mother earth
 Would be drear
 All the year
Without its birth.
 I love the grass,
 Green and sweet,
 Neath my feet
 O'er which I pass.

Against the pine
 On the lawn
 In the dawn
I oft recline.

And there I dream
 Of bowers
 And flowers,
Of hills and streams.

There on the sod,
 Fresh and green,
 Smooth and clean,
I talk with God.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 125.

The Shady Spot

When sultry days have come,
I seek the balmy forest shade,
And lie on some
Grassy couch by Nature made.
Although I'm not a drone,
Yet when the days are hot,
I like a throne
Of verdure in some shady spot.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 126.

Fate—Old Version

The way of fate is queer
Alike to fool and seer;
It often makes us great,
The ruler of a state,
A man of precious worth,
The hero of the earth;
And then with darkest frown
"Twill hurl us headlong down
From off our lofty seat
A beggar in the street.

The king upon his throne,
The worker and the drone,
The wealthy and the poor,
The mighty and the obscure
Like slaves must humbly wait
The siren call of fate.

Should you interfere with fate
At any time or date,
Today or on the morrow,
It will be to your sorrow.

And such is fate
Among the great,
Among the poor,
The rich, the obscure,
Since old time had birth,
Since man was born to earth.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 126.

Fate—New Version

I'm master of my fate,
I do not have to wait,
Nor dread some fearful hour,
For I am light and power.

I can gain bliss and health,
And all I want of wealth;
I can build an honor'd name,
I can win love and fame.

I'll bend fate to my will
From this new day until
I pass away from earth
To gain a spiritual birth.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 127.

The Prayer

O, Spirit of Eternity, to whom
I consecrate my life, whose statutes loom
Supreme, let me not live for flesh alone,
Nor on a level with the brute or drone.
I come with humble heart to Thee who hast
Led me straight on the road through toiling years;
Do not now in this vicious season cast
Me out among the swine; dispel my fears,
If any I possess, that I may give
The best I have to men, that I may live
An honest man; I know it never pays
To junk the soul, and such is not my goal;
May I exemplify the nation's heart
As once it was in better, saner days;
And may I ever do my living part
To keep the nation's conscience, honor, faith,
Not in a weakly manner like some wraith,
But with firmness and the strength of steel
Together with patience, wisdom, courage, zeal.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 128.

Observation

I stroll'd about in the vernal air
Among the trees and flowers fair,
In meadow green, in field of grain,
By singing brook, on ferny plain.

I saw in Nature things which charm,
In pasture land, in grain sown farm,
And in the passion of delight
I saw night catch the ball of light
By morning thrown across the sky,
Curving like a butterfly,
And hide the orb in her dusky hand
As daylight faded from the land.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 128.

The Rarest Virtues Deck My Queen

She's beautiful as the shining night
Which follows after gloomy storm;
And all that's pure and fair and bright
Is moulded in her face and form.

The glistening dew upon the lawn,
The golden sun and cloudless skies,
The silvery moon and rosy dawn
Pale in view of her dark-blue eyes.

Grace and refinement can be seen
In all her movements, in her smile;
The rarest virtues deck my queen,
Whose soul of beauty knows no guile.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 129.

Love That's True Lives On Forever

I loved her in the long ago,
In youth's bright morn, when life was gay,
And now in absence, in the after glow,
It seems as only yesterday.
My sweetheart I can not forget,
For she was honest, kind and clever;
And now my eyes with tears are wet,
For love that's true lives on forever.

And in my dreams we often meet,
Sweet moments these my soul beguile;
Our lips, then, seem to touch and greet,
And love again makes life worth while.
And then my eyes grow moist and wet,
For she was honest, kind and clever;
The thoughts of her like pansies set
Shall blossom in my heart forever.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 129.

Sweet Passion Budding Here On Earth

Sweet Evelyn, you're my bosom's pride,
In dreams your image holds full sway;
In dreams you're ever by my side,
The glory of life's fleeting day.
My love for you with passing time
Shall grow in beauty like its theme;
With you my joys are all sublime,
And life is like an angel's dream.

The happy moment I saw you
Love's votary I became,
And every word I speak of you
I bless you in love's name.
Sweet passion budding here on earth,
Transported shall bloom in heaven,
And you who gave it sacred birth
Will share that love in heaven.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 130.

Freedom's Blessed Land

I love my country, freedom's blessed land,
And all her cities, vales and mountains grand.
This is the realm where I may hope to be
All that God intended me to be;
If I shall try I may be fit to face
All men and merit my nation's richest grace;
Though born in a cabin I may hope to rise
And take my place among the brave and wise.

Dear land for which my fathers fought and died,
My rich inheritance, my love and pride.
This is the only place on earth for me,
And life without my country would not be
What I prize more than I do life.
Dear father-mother land with virtues rife
For you I live, for you I'd gladly die,
If it need be, without a tear or sigh.

Whoever fights my country must fight me,
And all the mighty spirit of the free;
Such strike my home, my heart and all I love,
A holy love inspir'd through Him above.
No enemy shall trample on my right
For I am not too proud to fight;
On sea, in air, on every battle field
I fight to win and never yield;
And I shall strike the deadliest blows
Until I conquer my country's foes.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 130.

Friendless And Without A Home

The brightest spot on earth is home,
The heart's sweet goal,
Where heavenly angels secretly come,
And bless the soul.
I had a home in happier days,
And parents true and tried,
And love was there and song and praise
Till they grew ill and died.
Since then alone I sadly roam,
Friendless and without a home.
I see strange faces where'er I go,
Friends I never see;
No one on me kind words bestow,
Nor cares for me.
I have no place to lay my head
That is my own;
My friends are gone, my loved ones dead,
And I'm alone,
And hope is gone and so I roam
With aching heart without a home.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 131.

Chino Valley, California

This is the vale where all things grow,
And artesian wells forever flow;
The walnuts thrive upon this plain,
And apples, melons, corn and grain;
Here grow the strawberries luscious, red;
Here blooded steeds and kine are bred;
The sunny day and starry night
Proclaim the climate, here, is right.

This is the vale of alfalfa hay,
The annual crops are large and pay;
Here thrive the apricot and peach,
And sugar beets will yearly reach
Four times ten thousand tons or more,
So rich is Nature's golden store
Of climate, soil and water clear;
For these this valley has no peer.

If you seek beauty it is here,
Domestic flowers bloom all the year,
The skies are cloudless and serene,
The neighboring hills are always green,
The spreading trees extend their shades,
And smile upon the grassy blades,
And blossoms wild of varied hues,
Which daintily sip the pearly dew.

Come here and plow the fertile sod,
And make it bloom with wealth and God;
The valley land you can reclaim,
And grow crops that will bring you fame.
This valley is the home of man,
Of every creed and tribe and clan;
Come here and use your hand and brain,
And peace and joy and health attain.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 132.

The Law

Respect the law, my friends,
Obey the law each hour;
Or else this nation ends,
And freedom, hope and power.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 133.

The Remedy

I feel the pulse throb of the nation,
The symptoms suggest a minor ill;
She is fed on too rich a ration
Which clogs digestion, weakens will.
The cure is thrift and frugality,
Clean living and real sanity.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 133.

The Thought

I come inspir'd out of the brain
Like a young birdling from its shell;
And greater strength my wings do gain
After leaving the closed-in cell.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 133.

The Adventure

I went to a big city not long ago,
I had some filthy lucre I want'd to blow;
I fell in with a real estate shark,
And went out with him for a little lark,
But I soon learn'd, and I heav'd a sigh,
I was his goat as he began to cry
About good buys, in land, he had for sale;
I got disgust'd and wished he was in jail.

He showed me houses and lots, kept blowing air,
As though he thought I were some millionaire;
And he kept right on peddling bunk and chin,
Until I felt like cussing but had to grin.
At last I had to tell this chirping guy
To beat it quickly that I would not buy.

And when I got back to a down town street
I met young Johnny Brown and had to treat.
He said, "Come with me to a cockeyed ball
Over on Fourth Street in the dancing hall."
What could I say? he took he by the arm
And led me to the hall where lassies charm.
It was an awful scene that met my sight
In that big dancing hall on Friday night.
I thought all the cockeyes in town were there
With muts and flappers, gosh, how they did stare.
They all insisted that I should learn to dance;
"We'll teach you how, this is your one big chance."
I was introduced to a Jane and Jimmy
Who tried to teach me how to dance the shimmy;
I pranced around the hall till half past nine,
And learn'd that dancing was not in my line.

I went to my room and got into bed,
And soon was sleeping like one of the dead.
I dreamed I was dancing the bunny hug,
On wakening found I had caught a bed bug.
For two or three weeks when I clos'd my eyes,
I dream'd of cockeyes, realtors and good buys;

I had night mares and dream'd of Jane and Jimmy,
Thought I was dancing the bunny hug and shimmy.
Since then when I go on a lark to town
I shun the realtor and Johnny Brown.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 134.

God Give Us Faith To Win For Thee

Before the bar of God we stand,
 Before the Infinite Judge on high;
His laws are just, His rulings grand,
 He judges all in the earth and sky.
He weighs the motives of our acts
 With true discretion, without reserve;
He knows the law and all the facts,
 And gives the sentence we deserve.

All those who break the laws of soul
 Must pay the penalty of the deed;
There's no probation or parole
 For sinners or the evil breed.
There is no pardon for the sinners
 Until good work and deeds begin;
Redemption only comes to sinners
 When they quit their lives of sin.

God give us faith to win for Thee,
 Faith in Thy Code, in every clause;
And the Will to serve mankind and Thee,
 To live our lives within the laws.
God give us strength to live the right,
 And cheerful hearts to meet the gloom.
Oh may we walk the roads of light
 Which reach beyond death and the tomb.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 135.

The Speeder

I speed away in my auto grand,
 I step on the gas and give it power;
I whiz past objects on the land
 At sixty miles or more an hour.
No tipsy man upon the street
 Gets half the kick I get from speed;
I burn the miles, as roads I heat,
 So fast that none my numbers read.

I roll along, I roll along
 In my high powered machine;
I dreamily sing a jolly song
 Until the speed cops intervene.
I'm taken to the fat, old judge
 Who tells me my excuse is stale;
He blinks his eyes and says, "Oh fudge,
 I'll give you thirty days in jail!"

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 136.

Praise

It is my duty
 To praise
 All my days
Immortal beauty.
 This I shall do
 With feeling deep and true.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 136.

The Heir

Blood of my blood, and they whose flesh
I am, did their part in past years
To found the colonies, make them free;
They clear'd the forest, till'd the land,
And cities built, help'd make the laws,
And fought the wars and shed their blood
That the United States might be
The world's light, home of the free.
They did their part, I must do mine,
No matter what the call may be,
Must do it with a purpose firm,
And with a heart that knows not fear.
I must be worthy of my sires,
And worthy of my country too;
If I do less I should not be
What God and realm expect of me.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 136.

The Red Cross Mother

Mother of America, to me
How good these words, how deep the meaning, they
Inspire true love emotions which repay
Us for all we do for humanity.
Mother of America, humane,
And kind, you help the suffering night and day,
j Relieving ills and pains without praise or pay,
In gloomy huts and on the battle plain.
True hearted mother, your work is never done,
The cry of need falls on your ear and then
You find your toil is just begun for men;
Devot'd and faithful, duty you never shun,
No matter what may be the cost or price,
No matter what may be the sacrifice.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 137.

Propaganda

Propaganda is the road to fame,
For most of them who win the game,
Be they writers, actors, business men,
Or statesmen, or patent medicine men.
Even this method makes the wit,
And nearly all who claim to be “It.”
This is the formula that they need
To win publicity and need.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 137.

A Good Man

The world can't keep a good man down,
Although adversities on him frown,
If he knows what he can do,
And is a doer firm and true;
For such a man must win his fight,
And gain the prize for he is right.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 138.

John Skinner On His Death Bed

“My life is drawing to its end;
I leave, on earth, no real friend;
I’ve liv’d to gratify my lust,
And now comes silence and the dust!
My wealth gave me enormous power,
But it’s worth little in this hour.

Before my vision moves my life
With all its sin and filth and strife.
But ah! I see what makes me glad,
’Tis a good deed, I’m not all bad.
My life’s a failure, yes, indeed!
I’ve lived for flesh pots and greed.
Rich character only can endure,
In this I am exceedingly poor.

The clouds are breaking in the West,
And I must go at death’s behest.
Methinks I see the light, the light,
Now, as my soul goes out in night!
Oh God! have mercy on my soul,
Oblivion comes and a dark hole.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 138.

Heart And Mind

Unto the god of mind and heart I kneel;

 This is my source of light, my source of weal;

This is the loyal guide that leads me on

From vales of darkness to the mount of dawn.

This is the power which teaches me to live,

To hope, to love, have faith and service give.

Oh masterful mind! Oh love! Oh noble heart!

I wish that I might be your counterpart.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 138.

The Flapper

She's here! she's here! the youthful flapper,
Methinks she's something like a trapper;
She sets her trap with nerry plan,
And waits and watches to catch a man.

The bobb'd hair lass with painted face
The latest is of feminine grace;
With painted lips and pencil'd brow,
She is the reigning beauty now.

Her peekaboo waist and knee high skirt
Make her a dangerous, saucy flirt;
Such scenery makes some men grieve,
While others fall for this new Eve.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 139.

Mother, I'm Coming

I'm coming, mother, never fear,
To meet you in the shining sphere;
It may be years, perhaps a day,
But it won't be long anyway.
When my work on earth is done,
I'm coming a devoted son,
Dear mother, to dwell with you up there
Where asphodels are sweet and fair.

The silvery heaven I shall trace
Until I find your dwelling place,
Until I see your face afar
 Shining like an evening star;
 Then you shall guide my feet aright
 Into the fields of bliss and light;
 And in the heavens you shall be
 My pal throughout eternity.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 139.

The Mississippi River

Here's to the Father of Waters, dearest of all,
The lovely river that flows mid the pines;
He mirrors exquisitely the forest tall,
Reflects the beauty of the climbing vines.
His crystal waters grow dark with the night,
And change to gold in the morn's ruddy light.

How comely his banks where wild flowers blow,
Perfuming the air in the sunny vale;
How fair his bosom when the bright stars glow;
How pleasant he sings in the summer gale.
Enchanting music comes from that stream
To cheer my heart like a beautiful dream.

The sand hills overshadow the river between,
Through lovely scenes he runs gently along,
Past blueberry vines and meadows fresh and green.
That mighty river the theme of my song
I learned to love in the long ago:
As I eagerly watched his waters flow.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 140.

Los Angeles

She sits the queen on beauty's western throne,
Decorat'd by garden, orchards, parks and bowers,
In the shadow of the mountains, land of flowers,
And sends her work to every realm and zone.
The City of the Angeles makes advance
In many industries, in art and trade;
Her moving pictures for the world are made,
Service and utility blend with romance.
She's in her infancy now but growing fast,
Her harbor is the port of argosies great;
Productive ranches and oil and mines forecast
For her vast wealth that none can estimate;
But in her greatness she must not forget
God; otherwise all is failure and regret.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 140.

Mockingbird

My heart with love is always stirr'd
When I hear songs from this fine bird.

He sings his tender notes of praise
In starry nights and sunny days.

All bird-songs live within his brain,
Love's wild, sweet music, Nature's strain.

His music lulls me into dreams
Of beauty, flowers, woods and streams,

And then my spirit floats along
On airy waves of happy song.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 141.

In Dreams

Today beneath the golden skies,
In romance land where beauty lies,
I rise upon sweet fancy's wing,
And scale the aether-world and sing,
And pour out love in tuneful art,
To touch some other human heart,
And strengthen faith so one may cope
With pain and death and live in hope
That happiness one day shall come
To bless us in our future home.
 Sustain'd by deep and noble dreams,
 I rise above the vale and streams,
 Above the mountain's lofty height
 Unto the realm of pure delight.
 I soar above the rolling sea,
 Unrestrain'd and spiritual and free,
 And view new beauty in the skies,
 This side the bourn of Paradise.
 A quiet realm I enter in
 Beyond this old world's grief and din.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 141.

Temptation

If you would walk life's honor'd path,
And shun the evil deed,
Eschew temptation in all forms
From hate to lust and greed.
It matters not how good you are,
How firm, upright and clean,
Suggestive evils may corrupt
Your morals, make you mean.

It matters not how strong you are
Temptation makes you weak
Each time it tempts some low desire
To do a deed or speak;
So dally not with evil things
Lest you shall sink each time
To lower levels in life's scale
Down nearer shame and grime.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 142.

Understanding

If I would others know then I must first
 Myself understand; if I would see and know
 The eternal fitness of all things then I
 Must be eternally fit to be here.
If I would sympathize with others I
Must sympathize first with myself; if I
Would seem to others wise then I must be
Not only potentially, but actually wise.
In everything I must be wiser than
I seem in order to convince mankind.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 142.

The Penalty

My songs are wrought from my heart's blood; I've paid
The penalty; the songs are my reward.
Therefore I have not liv'd in vain; my life
Shall count beyond the years I dwell in the flesh;
To suffer is to live, to win the dream.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 143.

Occupation

I have perform'd at divers work and tried
To do each kind of work the best I could
Though I wasn't fond of all the labor I
Have been compell'd to do. I wasn't in love
With making ties out in the piny woods,
Nor sawing logs in lumber camps; I didn't
Enthuse as river driver, or farm hand.
As newsboy, teacher, reporter, lawyer, judge,
Or secretary of the Board of Trade I found
The labor more congenial to my taste.
While those hard days delay'd me on life's road,
They did not kill the dream that would not down;
And I understand the viewpoint of the men
With whom I labored in those walks of life.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 143.

Loneliness

I've walk'd the streets of cities, large and strange,
The loneliest man on earth; a thousand faces
Met my eye every minute but I knew
Not one! not one of them could I call friend;
 In such a place the multitude no cheer
 Give strangers in their midst; a thousand times
 I'd rather be out in the pristine wood
 A hundred miles from habitation; at least
 I could then talk with squirrels, hares and birds,
 Drink in the beauty of the mossy trees,
 Inhale the air perfumed by the flowers,
 And in my heart at ease with Nature be.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 143.

All Kinds Of Verse

We have all kinds of poetry to suit
All kinds of taste and those who have no taste,
All kinds of stuff, hack verse, barbaric yawp,
Verse libre phrases, distilled rhymes, and songs
Of melody. Art is a game; the stage
Is set for few, but many run upon
The stage to gain the plaudits of the world
With divers words without a worth while thought.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 144.

The Reading Public

My poetry shall be classified some day
By a reading public who may treat me right.
Perchance if I understand the human heart,
The yearning of the soul and spiritual growth,
If I observe what Nature has to show,
If I comprehend the beauties which I see,
If I understand the law which governs life,
If vision flows on clear as morning dawn,
And if my thoughts convey the noble truth,
Depicted in the poet's burning words,
They may convey the strains of prophecy,
And win for me, in course of time, a place
Among the poets who have help'd mankind.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 144.

Nationality

From water, air and soil of America
My flesh is made; I am an American
With an American mind; America
Shaped my soul and I am her soul.
And I try to be worthy of my realm
By positive living, aiming for the best,
Guided by her ideals and history.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 145.

Constitutional Government

I sing the song of the Republic built
On the American constitution; let
Americans understand that democracy
Is not my theme; that term is a misnomer.
We want no democracy until our race
Becomes a real Yankee race; until
It is a highly educated race; until
The farmer and the manual laborer vie
With college president in what is known
As general education; till common folk
Can lead in thought as well as be led; then
I'll be for democracy, but not till then;
Until that day our present charter as
It is should stand supreme.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 145.

Liberty Bonds

'Twas during the world war we sent out squads
Of salesmen to sell liberty bonds, to raise
The funds to carry on the war; we found
All kinds of people; all kinds of excuses
Were given to evade purchasing bonds;
We found pro-Germans by the score and tight
Wads by the hundreds. How they loved their money!
Though the investments were the best and they
Were sure to get their interest when twas due.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 145.

The Conqueror

The Romans conquer'd all the world they knew,
And ruled superbly while they lived clean;
When they grew old and rich, became corrupt,
They weakened like a dying man; they lost
Their power, ideal, valor in the filth
Immoral through which no realm can survive.

Let these United States the warning heed
And learn from dead and dying nations; let
No error like a poison gas destroy
Our life, but let each year see us advance
In morals, knowledge, art, invention, trade,
In farming, government, order, wisdom, law.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 146.

The American Home

The Bible's in nearly all American homes,
But few are students of the ancient word;
A casual reading of its contents now
And then appears to satisfy their thirst
For Bible lore; in all these homes are found
The daily newspapers, magazines and books,
Which are read with attention as a rule.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 146.

Foreigners In America

I've been in foreign colonies in these States,
Where not a Yankee dwelt, and all I heard
Were foreign tongues, and foreign faces were all
I saw; in every way I seemed to be
Within a foreign land. I wonder'd if
The Yankees would Americanize these folk,
Or if the Yankee would be foreignized.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 146.

Sacrifice

The man is but an atom of mankind
Put here on earth to do a useful work,
And bless and help his nation and his race;
Him God endows with reason, power, love
To radiate lustre, beauty, strength upon
Those favor'd less than he in Nature's plan;
His life is nothing in comparison with
His race's life of which he is a part; for him
'Twere better, for the race 'twere better that
He should at thirty die with much accomplished
For his nation and his race than to have lived
A hundred years with little done.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 147.

The League Of Nations

The League of Nations seems a dream without
More substance than the morning fog which hangs
Like gauze a little while on vale and hill
Then melts away before the golden sun;
As fog disappears before the ardent rays
Of Phoebus' eye, so yields this dreamy league
Before keen reason's searching gaze; a scrap
Of paper it would be in pressing need
When powers laugh at written words and phrases.

The league in theory is beautiful;
But like impractical laws'twas made to read
And not obey; so long as nations love
Great power; so long as hatred, prejudice
And rivalry exist; so long as greed
Predominates, dream treaties can't survive.

Today some nation is our friend but on
The morrow she's our enemy; this has
Been true since nations were, and will be true
Till nations are no more; the nations will
Be friendly to us so long as it pays
Them from a business angle and no longer.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 147.

The Rulers

We should be ruled by strong, intelligent men,
Who are great patriots and above the bribe!
We should be governed by unselfish men
Who love their country more than life or wealth;
We should be ruled by wise and skilful leaders,
Men of high character and kindly hearts;
Men of ideals and practical minds who have
The glorious vision of our destiny.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 148.

Workers

Each year the foreign horde, a million strong,
Flock to America to money make
And homes secure; this is the melting pot
For foreigners and the ignorance of the world.
This nation's like a daisy blooming out
In the world's garden spot; 'tis sweet and fair
To conscience, eye and soul, but daisy like
This nation needs true workers who understand
The genius of our basic laws, who have
True sympathy with our ideals and code,
To merge the mixtures to a single race,
To glorify the nation's strength, to fill
The new born race with patriotism and love
For the nation of equality and God.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 148.

The Pride Of Color

Let all the members of the color'd races
Forever be too proud, in marriage, to join
With persons not of their stock and race. Let
The several colors blend only with their kind

No white man worthy of his race should mix
His blood with color'd people's; masterful men
Will ever spurn such marriages and the fruits
Thereof. The curse of Nature lies within
The hearts of them who violate this law;
Upon the brow of all their offspring is
The brand of shame. If the Creator had
Desired a mixture of the colors, He
Without a doubt, in the beginning, would
Have blended all the colors and made such
A breed.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 148.

Capital And Labor

The fog of hate that hangs over plains
And mountains, cities, valleys in these States,
Beclouds the issues of the several groups,
And tends to quench the fire of patriotism.
The cause is love of self and greed for gold.
Greed, greed would destroy both heaven and earth
For gold and things which satisfy the flesh!
The spiritual era of America,
The morning dawn, should now be ushered in
To light the nation on the road of time,
To make the work of men safe for these States,
To make the groups herein American,
And patriots worthy of the honor'd name.

Domestic issues should be settled now,
Both capital and labor should adjust
Their quarrels to meet the public view, and strikes
Should end forever soon; our factories, fields.
Cities and homes have felt this blighting curse
Too long; it seems the only remedy
To cure this illness is co-operation, twixt
Capital and labor; labor now
Demands rights under manhood's growing claim;
If labor's square and duties fully meet
Then labor should share profits in concerns
That labor helps to make and profits pay.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 149.

The Dissatisfied

The office man gets tired of his job,
And longs to be a farmer, free as air;
The farmer weary grows of farming life,
And wishes he had office work in some
Large town. No matter what our work may be,
We're never satisfied; we're prone to think
The other man has pleasures we don't know;
The trouble lies within our minds four times
Out of five, so let's take an inventory
Of all our thoughts and banish those that's dark
Then we'll be satisfied go where we may,
And with the work our hands may find to do.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 150.

The City

The city is the home of rich and poor;
The richest and the poorest men live there;
The smallest and the largest business is
Conducted there; and in professional lines
There dwell the ablest and the weakest in
Their lines; the hustle of commercial life
Is endless and intense; and everything
Is sold except the air and it is stale.

There social and intellectual life attain
A height not usually found in country places;
There certain women sell their souls each day
For money to buy jewelry and fine dresses;
There social diseases and vigorous health
Together stalk around by day and night;
And there the great and humble walk and pass
Each other in the crowded store and street.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 150.

The Father's Lament

My son and only child is dead,
All that is dear to me has fled,
And life to me is not worth while,
Just grief and tears without a smile.
No one to love, my brain is aching,
And hope is dead, my heart is breaking.
He'll not return. I weep and moan
For I must live my life alone;
And down the lonely, future years
My only solace shall be tears;
But faith that we shall meet again
Must bear me through the tears and pain

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 151.

The Contact

I tuned in with the minds on high,
The singing souls deep in the sky,
Freed from the flesh and low desire,
Great minds pure as flames of fire;
And then I heard a spiritual song
Coming from that noble throng;
And lo! I felt supreme delight
In contact with those minds of light.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 151.

Her Kind Spirit I Adore

Her skin is like the lily fair,
And wavy is her flaxen hair;
Her lips are of a ruddy hue—
Her teeth are like the pearls of dew.
Her dimpled cheeks and dark-blue eyes
Suggest bright waters, starry skies;
Her regular features, shapely brow
Are comely as a lover's vow.

Her graceful figure, modest mien,
Her nature sunny, fresh and clean,
Her charming smile and mental poise,
All these make my heart rejoice.
I love her form and thoughtful face,
Her noble ideals, faultless grace,
Her talents rare, all these and more,
But her kind spirit I adore.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 151.

American Torchbearers

Man was the last life form on earth that tried
To be free and he has not yet arrived.
Mankind has been in servile bondage since
Man's first beginning; even the most advanced
Are slaves of passion or some appetite.
Freedom is harmony and harmony
Is freedom; this applies to soul and flesh.
Trees grow and bud and leaf, wild flowers bloom
In woody places and shed their sweet perfume,
And radiate beauty unrestrain'd by Nature's law.
Wild animals roam o'er the plains and hills,
And live the lives that Nature would have them live.
All these are fully developed so far as
They can develop into completed lives.
Man is the only form of life that does
Not live up to his great possibilities.

In past ages and even in recent times,
Few governments survived, very long,
The turmoil and upheaval of the classes
In their mad scramble, 'twixt each other, to rule
Or ruin. Few cared for human rights or law.
The brutal instincts dominat'd their brains,
And ignorance benight'd their souls and minds.
The rulers fear'd the multitude; the rich
Suspect'd the poor; the poor begrudged the rich
Their wealth and power; the law abiding feared
The criminals, and the criminals fear'd the rope.
Freedom made small headway through the ages
Until the British settl'd the new world.
Down through the ages wise men dream'd of free realms,
Where true democracy should ever rule,
But were unable to complete the dream,
Although at times, in various lands, attempts
Were truly made to build free governments
With only small success. In Greece and Rome,
And in other realms, republics fail'd to live
Due to the ignorance of common folk,
Due to the inability to think,
To lack of vision to comprehend, or do
The things on which depend a nation's life.
Realm liberty had fail'd in the old world.

The human mind had not been ripe enough
To build a realm on freedom's rock and pass
The civilization to posterity.
In vain did freedom try to project herself
Into the purpose of the growing races,
But freedom tried again in the new world.
She used the freest of a sturdy race,
Who sens'd the light and growth of liberty,
A group or groups of thinkers, clear and strong,
Men of ideals, energy and high aims,
Constructive men, who were prepar'd to build
A nation and rule it wisely for their age.

Through freedom men got their chance to develop
Their bodies, minds and souls and made progress.
With knowledge and experience came light,
And the desire to love and serve the state.
Through light and knowledge faith came to mankind,
And leaders learn'd to love their fellow men,
And learn'd to build a government fit to live.
For centuries freedom had tried to construct
Her shrine in Europe, and erect a state,
Where folk might worship God according to
The dictates of their conscience and be free
To think and work out their high destiny.
But freedom failed, utterly fail'd each time.
The English mind was best prepar'd to build
The state, but English clergy and the king
Suppressed or tried to suppress the growth
Of liberty among the English folk.
Like other tyrants they hated freedom's light,
And feared theirs would be the tyrants' fate.
They knew that freedom bred enlighten'd minds,
And led the way to knowledge and group strength.
With knowledge men would clearly think and would
Assert themselves and demand their human rights.

And English minds had learn'd to think and know
Their rights; and English hearts were brave and true.
Through English veins the blood of conquerors flow'd,
And they would never yield to tyrants' yoke,
Would never yield to anything but their God.
No one should marvel why this race of men
Should dominate the earth and bear the torch
Of freedom, knowledge and light to all manhood.

Embodiment of the stuff that makes manhood,
They weren't a servile breed, but freedom's sons.

I shall name now the leading torchbearers
Who in some way have help'd America.

Columbus was the first to cross the sea,
And find a new world in the distant West.
His great discovery had much to do
Indirectly with our country's destiny.
He surely was a bearer of the torch.

Christopher Columbus most renown'd of all
Discoverers was born in Italy.
Son of a humble father, he receiv'd
An education liberal for his day.
He went to sea at fourteen, and had sail'd
Before his famous voyage to all the world
Then known to men. He thought the world was round,
That Asia could be reach'd by sailing westward
Across the stormy Sea of Darkness.
The nations had little faith in him;
His offer to make the discovery
Was turned down, for years, by kings and realms.
Columbus was persistent; no rebuff
From rulers or the great could kill his dream.
For eighteen years he sought, in vain, for help
To outfit and equip ships for his voyage.
He resolved to quit Spain and go to France.
Isabella, Queen of Spain, then sent him word
That money would be gotten though she had
To sell her jewels. Glory crown'd the Queen.
Columbus sail'd from Spain in summer time,
In August, fourteen hundred ninety-two.
He sailed on and on and on and on.
His sailors were in terror as they saw
Their vessels sailing farther from the world
Known to them. He kept up their courage best
He could through dark and gloomy days and nights.
At last one night he saw a light, a light,
And at the dawn of day green land was seen.
Upon the ships cannons boom'd; wild joy
Among the seamen reign'd as they beheld
A world unknown to white men of that day,
A land we know as the Bahama Isles.
He took some trophies and some Indians

With him on his return as evidence
Of his discovery. On his return
They hail'd him as a great discoverer.
Among torchbearers to America,
The men who led the way across the sea,
Were Cabot, Raleigh, Hudson, Drake and Smith,
Explorers; and such colonizers as Penn,
And Winthrop, Williams, Vane and Baltimore,
Dale, Oglethorpe and others of less fame.
Among great English statesmen who lit
The torch in old Virginia, in those days,
Were the Earl of Southampton and Edwin Sandys.
These freedom-loving statesmen began
To make good laws to govern Virginia,
Began to make the colony a place
Of refuge for oppress'd and struggling folk
From the beginning of Virginia.
Through them Virginia received her
Great Charter under which the people made
Their laws, the first free government set up
In the new world. They had a governor,
Assembly and a council of estate.
Some of the other colonies us'd this plan,
This threefold government. This charter left
Its mark upon our country's constitution
Together with the Mayflower Compact.

The Indians were the sole inhabitants
Of the new world before the white men came;
Their clothing was made from deer skins and hides
Of other animals, or from silk grass.
Their shoes, or footwear were made from buckskin,
And sometimes were embroidered with beads.
They paint'd their faces and bodies with the stain
Obtained from the juices of flow'rs and plants.
From sea shells, they made wampum; squaws and bucks
Both decorated themselves with bracelets and belts.
And wampum was the money us'd in trade.
The Indians' houses, called wigwams, were
Mere tents of bark, or skins support'd by poles.
In the center of the wigwam, they built fires.
Their bedding was made of skins, grass and mats.
They used vessels, rough and crude, made from
Hard wooden blocks, or pots of earthenware
Made from soapstone, in which they cook'd their food.

They liv'd on corn and berries, flesh and fish.
The tools were rude they us'd to clear the woods,
And till the soil. Their hoes and axes were made
Of horn or bone or stone. They made their fires
By rubbing two hard sticks together.

From sixteen hundred seven on for more
Than one hundred years, religious persecution
Prevailed. Romanists persecuted those
Who were opposed to their religious creed;
And Protestants persecuted Romanists,
And other sects which they did not approve.
The Pilgrims were hound'd by the English church,
And so were Quakers and the Puritans.
The Puritans dislik'd the other sects,
And broke away from the English church and in
New England made a creed more liberal
Without the hated forms and liturgy.

The Mayflower sail'd from old England's coast
Through ocean's storm and winter's freezing blast,
Bound for New England's cold and rocky shore,
Carrying one hundred persons, more
Or less; they were a sturdy, thrifty group
And worthy founders of a nation, great
In strength as they were great in character.

In sixteen hundred twenty-eight, the stern
Aggressive Puritans began to come
To the new world; their leaders, Turner, Vane,
Endicott and Winthrop, held aloft
The torch of liberty, so they might see
 The way to freedom of the soul, the way
 To political freedom and to independence.
They were apt students and embrac'd the plan
And soon became the rock of liberty
In colonies that were destin'd to be free.
John Winthrop, founder of Massachusetts, was
A wise, excellent man, a leader true
And admirable; a governor who was
In sympathy with Democracy and ruled
The commonwealth with skill and sacrificed
Personal power to advance the state.
John Davenport and Thomas Hooker were
Illustrious divines and leaders in
The church and state; the parish of the first

Was settled by rich folk from London town;
He was less liberal in his views of state
Than Hooker who was a true Democrat.
But both were builders of the state, and each
Deserves to live in the nation's memory.

Sir Henry Vane, the younger, came
To Boston; cultur'd, handsome man, he was
One of the leading Puritans of the day.
He was a man of courage, action, thought,
Progressive, tolerant and energetic;
At twenty-four, he was appointed chief
Of the new commonwealth and rul'd the state
With wisdom; later in life he was
A mighty statesman in his native land,
A worthy successor to Sir Edwin Sandys.
He dar'd to be independent in his thought
And action, dar'd to be a man and face
The powers that were, and defy them, but paid
The penalty in death upon the block.

The Puritan of the Puritans was he,
John Endicott of bearded face and firm eyes;
Stern energy in his soul made him in mind
And body resolute and strong as steel;
He was the rock of progress in a new world.
'Twas noon in autumn, in old Salem town,
The trainband was out drilling on the green;
John Endicott, their leader, was in charge.
Roger Williams had just return'd
From Boston with Winthrop's note to Endicott.
It was an edict from the hated king.
As Endicott read the letter a wrathful change
Came over his stern countenance. "Black news
This is!" he said, and Williams said, "Yea, yea!"
"Attention, soldiers, wheel into a square,
And listen to the news for all of you."
He read the note to them, then made his speech.
"My friends and fellow soldiers," he began,
"We left old England to be free; we left
The cottages and old halls where we were born
And bred, the England that our fathers knew.
We, Puritans, endeavored to reform
The mother church in England in past years,
As well as here in this new world; we tried

To do away with forms and liturgy,
But all our efforts have been made in vain.
Its liturgy so like the Roman church
We all detest, and we were persecut'd
Because we made our contacts with our God,
Directly in spirit and in truth, and not
Through clergy, prelate or church dignitary.
The government denied us freedom though
No group were more entitled to be free.
What care we for the mother church? What care
We for King Charles? We are the pioneers!
We came, we suffered and sacrificed
For liberty! Came here to be free!
We've clear'd the forests, built the towns, erect'd
The churches and schools; the savage and the beast
Subdued, and made the wilds bloom like the rose.
We came to worship God as we see fit,
To rule this land according to our light,
To make a new world for ourselves, to seek
The road which leads to heav'n. Shall we be bound
Hand and foot to King Charles, or Laud, or Rome?
By the eternals, we shall not be bound!
We stand upon our own dear soil which we
Have won with sword and axe, which we have till'd
With honest hands and sanctified with prayers.
The King, or Rome shall not enslave us here!
For mitred prelate, or a crowned king,
Or England, little do we care; they were
And are our enemies. Lower the flag!" said he,
And Endicott thrust through the cloth his sword,
And rent the Cross out of the flag. With flag
Thus tattered, he said, "Before my God
And men I will admit the act and defend
The deed. Now beat the drums and shout, and hail
New England's first flag. Neither Pope nor King
Shall claim it now!" And Endicott by word
And deed for liberty, the first blow struck
In the new world. He paid the penalty
For his act, and was not permitt'd to vote
Or hold an office for one year.

When Roger Williams came to Salem town,
From England, as the pastor of the church,
He preach'd with all the ardor of his youth
The most advanc'd thought of his day and age.

Apostle of religious toleration,
And political freedom, he was not understood.
The leaders branded him a heretic,
And order'd him deported back to England.
This was in winter, snow lay on the ground.
He had no friends who dared shelter him,
So he fled through the forest and sought refuge
With Indians on Narragansett Bay.
They welcom'd him and gave him food and shelter,
And sold him land for a fair price and there
He found'd a state where all men should be free,
And worship God according to their views.
He tolerat'd the Indians and they
Tolerated his people; through these means
They dwelt together in peace and harmony.
Williams was a man of progress, in
Him dwelt the spirit of the future. He
Not only fought his fight but ours as well.
In stating truths and stating them without
Regard to consequences to himself, no one
Has e'er surpassed Roger Williams. Let
His memory be cherished by those who
Love liberty and would develop the soul.

We must remember Nathan Bacon, young
Cavalier, torchbearer in Virginia,
Who stood against corruption and oppression
In high places, in a day, when such a stand
Meant death to the leader who did not succeed.
He was a brave, determined man and struck,
Perhaps, the first strong blow for liberty
In the new province of Virginia.
He beat the Indians in the wilds and drove
The tyrant William Berkeley from his post
As governor of Virginia, but in
The arms of victory, grew ill and died.
In his death freedom lost her ablest man
In the new colony.

Among torchbearers in Virginia
Of minor strength, in early colonial years,
Were Francis Nicholson and James Blair.
George Calvert who became a Catholic,
Secured from King Charles the First a grant
Of land north of the Potomac, and the king

Gave it the name of Maryland. A group
Of gentlemen, laborers and Roman priests
Were the first settlers. They set up a cross
Soon after landing. Calvert who had been
A Protestant, then a Catholic, resolv'd
That no one should be persecut'd on account
Of his religion. Maryland slowly grew,
But after a long term of years, grew rich
In the production of tobacco.

James Oglethorpe, the soldier-statesman,
Secur'd the right to settle Georgia.
He wanted to provide a home for poor,
Oppressed people and to Christianize
The slaves who were then in the colonies.
In seventeen hundred thirty-two, he came
To Georgia with his first company,
And built Savannah; English, Irish, Scotch,
Hebrews and Germans flock'd to Georgia.

Among the lesser colonizers who bore
The torch, in what is now the United States,
Were Dutchmen in New York and Swedish folk
In Delaware; and in Penn's forest dwelt
The Germans and Irish in large colonies.
The Huguenots, most persecuted of all,
Found refuge in South Carolina. Welsh
Were scatter'd throughout the colonies.
Penn was a cultur'd man and vers'd in law,
And rich and famous by inheritance,
With many friends at court. If he'd conform
High rank and social standing would be his,
But he would not conform to things he thought
Were wrong. He had a vision and he was
True to his inner light. He heard the scoffs
Of friends and was expell'd from Oxford school,
And beaten by his father and sent to jail,
But he refus'd to yield his Quaker faith.
In England he knew a Quaker had small chance
To worship God according to his light,
So he requested of his king a tract
Of land in the new world where he might plant
A colony where all could worship God
As they saw fit. Penn's Wood was given him
In payment of a debt due his estate.

He coloniz'd the wilderness and founded
The City of Brotherly Love. His people liv'd
In peace with all the Indians till the war
For independence had been waged several years.

Jonathan Edwards was the outstanding man
Of letters in our early history.
A graduate of Yale College, he devot'd
His literary career to philosophy
And religion and became a noted preacher,
And president of Princeton College. He
Was a logician and a thinker unsurpass'd
By no one of his day. His ablest book
Entitled "Freedom of the Will" is still
Abreast of modern thought. He was the first
American to gain international
Fame as a writer and theologian.

Let us turn to Ben Franklin of Penn's Wood.
Great was Ben Franklin and most versatile!
Representative man of his age though he was,
Today we know him to be modern as
Ourselves and mark him a man of the ages.
His character was complex, his vision true.
Embodiment of progress and success,
In him the leaders and the people had faith,
In him they trust'd their own lives in that day
When fate decreed the hour had come to strike
For freedom, country, home and God. He sens'd
 The greatness of their cause and led the way
 In wisdom's council for he knew what to do,
 And did it only as a wise man could.
 With all his knowledge and experience,
 His life was simple and free from vanity.
 He was devoted to diplomacy,
 Science, politics and writing. He
 Also invent'd the lightning rod and stove.
 He serv'd his country as only a few men
 Have served her and left behind a name
 The synonym of virtue, thrift and worth.
 Sam Adams was the cousin of John Adams.
 He was a Harvard graduate and man
 Of note in all the things that brought about
 The Revolution. He was the first man
 Of fame in the colonies to advocate

The independence of the several states.
He was much like the ancient Puritan
In character and in his mental views
Of life. He hated tyranny as much
As the earliest settlers did and was as stern,
Religious and inflexible as they.
He loved liberty and democracy,
And more than any one else was the true
Representative of New England and of that
Great spirit of the people with which they
Engaged in the Revolution. He
Was poor but with his pen and tongue he made.
The King of England tremble on his throne.

James Otis, Boston lawyer, stood against
The tyranny of George the Third and all
The king's unjust laws. "Our rights do not rest
On a charter but are inherent in our hearts,"
He said. He sounded in his way the trumpet
Of freedom's war and suffer'd martyrdom
By reason of a clubbing, he receiv'd
From a British official, which caused him
To go insane just prior to the war.

We should remember Richard Henry Lee,
A patriot of Virginia, who rose
In congress, June the seventh, in seventy-six,
In obedience to the mandate of his state,
And mov'd "That the United Colonies
Ought to be free and independent states."
And after much debate the measure pass'd.
His motion led the way to independence.

The signers of the Declaration of
Independence ever should have rank among
Our great immortals. Leaders of their day,
We honor Samuel Adams, Hancock, Lee,
John Adams, Carroll, Hopkins, Wilson, Paine,
Sam Huntington, Harrison and Jefferson,
And all the other signers of that paper.

Among our heroes was young Nathan Hale,
A college man who pass'd the British lines,
A spy, and was detected, caught and hang'd.
His letters to his mother and sister were
Destroyed. No courtesy was extended him,
But he died like a hero on the tree,

And said, "I only regret that I have but
One life to give for my country."

I now approach him of superb manhood
Whose high achievements glorify the earth.
The deathless splendor of his name shines like
The sun. His noble figure and handsome face
Portray'd the majesty of his great soul.
He was a fit and proper man in looks
And deeds to be the father of this nation.
What other realm can boast of such a father?
Washington liv'd with Nature, saw and sens'd
Her majesty and bigness as only one
Who drew inspiration from her wondrous breast
Could learn. He saw the ocean's billows roll,
And saw and felt the spirit of the storm,
The thunder and the lightning, the glow of stars,
The dawn of morn, the sunset hues and saw,
Each day, the gesture of the forest wild.
And in that school of grandeur, he felt
The stir of power in his soul that would
Through him, as Nature's son, give royal birth
To deeds of greatness in some noble form.
And in the ecstasy of youthful years,
He highly resolv'd to build the virtues, strength
And character worthy of the future man
Who should, perhaps, achieve the mightiest work
Performed by man, in his particular line.
And he develop'd a lofty character,
And all the virtues, strength and majesty
That Nature could suggest and give to man
That he the chosen lord of freedom's host
Might wrest from sordid king the liberty
Devis'd, bequeath'd by Nature to mankind,
And lovingly give it to the rightful heirs.
He helped to construct the charter that
Embodies freedom and the rights of men.
And then he was elected President,
The first great ruler of the realm he made.
He set in operation the government,
And shap'd the nation's wondrous destiny.
America in many ways reflects
The character of Washington.

Washington was forty-three when made

Commander of the American army,
And was, perhaps, the richest man in all
The colonies. He own'd vast tracts of land,
Two hundred slaves or more and other wealth.
He was the soul of as well as the chief
Of the American Revolution.
He was six feet two inches in height and slim,
Had keen blue eyes and hair of medium brown,
Possess'd a figure of grace and dignity,
Sustain'd by easy manners and self control,
Sound judgment, patriotism and fortitude,
And was the bravest of the brave. He had
The strength of steel, but naturally was mild
And gentle as a mother. His balanc'd mind
And moral character, his nature sincere
And kind, made him one of the greatest men
Of earth, the warrior, statesman, leader and friend.
Of all our warriors and rulers only he
Gave to his country public service in
The field and cabinet without one cent
Of pay. For sixteen years he freely gave
His time and thought to his beloved country.
Besides in the dark days at Valley Forge,
He offered to pledge his private fortune
In order that his country might buy food
And clothing for the soldiers who were in need.
His reverence for and faith in the Master Mind,
Who rules the Universe, at Valley Forge,
Was shown; there in the depths of winter snow,
Alone, the great commander knelt and pray'd
To God to help his needy countrymen,
To guide him as their leader in the right.
The world has only known one Washington.
He lives not only in his country's heart,
But in the memory of all mankind.
In every capital, in every land,
His picture hangs and like a beacon light
Reflects the soul of liberty.

Perhaps Nathaniel Greene was the greatest man
Rhode Island has given to America.
Among Rhode Island's first settlers were the Greens,
And they were always prominent in that state,
And many of them were of Quaker faith.
His father was a Quaker preacher,

And wealthy, owning real estate and mills
And forges, besides a general store, but he
Did not believe in higher education,
And the great son was hamper'd by the father
In getting an education to meet the needs
Of him who was to be a leader of men,
Who was to take his place among the great
Of history; the peer of Washington,
Perhaps, in tactics, maneuvers and war strategy.
At twenty-seven years of age Greene took
Charge of his forge and mill in which there were
Employ'd one hundred men or more. He was
Elect'd to the assembly of the state
That year and was re-elected three terms thereafter.
At thirty-two he married a young girl.
The union was a happy one and blessed
With sons and daughters worthy of their sire.
When Green was thirty-three the Revolution
Began. He was elected Brigadier
General and placed in command
Of Rhode Island's troops. He quickly won
The confidence of Washington and fought
Under Washington till he was made
Commander of the Southern army in
Seventeen-eighty. In the South he prov'd
His great ability as the commander
Of an independent army, driving out
The British army from the Southern states.
He was a grave and thoughtful gentleman,
Of personal charm, a loyal friend, above
The mean and petty things of life. He was
Respected and beloved by his troops,
And he was devoted to his wife and children.
He was the second general of the war,
And had he liv'd, perhaps, he would have been
An outstanding statesman, or President.
He died in seventeen-eighty-six, still young,
Being only forty-three years old.
Benedict Arnold turned traitor to
His country, but he was not always one.
He was a patriot and great hero till
Seventeen-eighty and was worthy to be such.
His ancestors were always prominent in
Rhode Island since the English settled there.

In early life he was a business man,
And dealt in merchandise and sail'd the seas
In his own ship and grew rich in the trade.
When the Revolution broke out Arnold was
Just thirty-five years old and he enlist'd
And head'd a company for the Boston siege.
He became a major general within
Four years and had won laurels as a hero.
His nature lack'd the moral strength requir'd
Of loyal men who ne'er betray a trust.
He was a handsome, able, dashing man,
Impulsive, vain, romantic and revengeful,
And courageous on the battle field. He was
Abused and insulted by politicians
In congress and in several states, so were
Washington and Greene and Morgan, but they
Did not betray their country, home and friends.

At the siege of Quebec, he was shot down,
But liv'd to be the hero of Bemis Heights
And Saratoga. At Saratoga Arnold dash'd
Into the battle'gainst the order of Gates,
And headed charge on charge until he drove
The British back and won the battle with
The aid of gallant Morgan and his men.
The victory turn'd the tide of war against
The British in favor of America.
In the great hour of victory, he fell
Badly wounded with a bullet in
His leg. If fate had been kind to him then
And caus'd that deadly ball to pierce his heart,
He would have died a glorious death and liv'd
The sweetest memory of freedom's war.
Too bad, too bad this gallant hero had
To die a traitor and be hated by
His country for which he bravely fought and bled.
With all his frailties and misdeeds he lives
The third among the generals of the war.

The gallant Morgan of Virginia,
No doubt was fourth among the generals
Who serv'd his country under Washington.
He was a man of large stature and strength,
Of great endurance and resourceful in war,
A fighter of tenacity, faithful and brave.

He prov'd himself a hero at Quebec,
At Bemis Heights and Saratoga; and in
Carolina under Greene, he prov'd himself
A strategist who merited great praise.
At Cowpens he destroyed Tarleton's army,
And critics say in point of tactics it
Was the most brilliant battle of the war.

The people called him Mad Anthony Wayne
Because he was impetuous in war,
And took large chances in winning victories.
There was a method in his madness all
The time in battle, and the dashing soldier
Won laurels on the battle field. He had
A quick eye and cool head and led the first
Major bayonet charge made in the war
For freedom. This charge was made at Stony Point.
At Monmouth and in Indian fights he proved
Himself a soldier worthy of his country.

Lafayette, a wealthy nobleman of France,
Was nineteen years old when he join'd the staff
Of Washington in the Revolutionary War.
He brought with him from France at his expense
A vessel loaded with war merchandise
For use in the American army. He
Came to fight for our cause against the wishes
Of the French king. He bravely fought for us
As though he were a native son and won
The confidence of Washington by skill
And courage on the bloody battle fields.
His name and deeds, America holds dear.

John Stark, eccentric but as true as steel,
Was cool and courageous as a man need be.
He held the fence at Bunker Hill and gave
Protection to the Americans in their
Retreat until his bullets were all fired.
At Bennington, he won the victory
With troops that had no bayonets and whose
Artillery shot stones for balls; before
The battle, Stark said, "There they are, my boys,
The British redcoats, and by night they're ours,
Or Molly Stark's a widow." His raw troops,
Inspir'd by faith in their brave general,
Rush'd on and swept the Hessians from the field

Like tumble weeds are driven before the wind.
Like Washington he offered to pledge
His fortune to secure the credit needed
In buying war supplies for America.

Though not a soldier Robert Morris gave
His services and his fortune to his country
In the Revolutionary War and surely proved
His love of country during the years
America fought to gain our independence.

Bold Sumter and Marion, the foxes of the swamp,
With small troops of men, sallied forth by night
And day and bravely battled the British host,
And took some British outpost, or cut off
Some lone detachment and with their prisoners
And booty would retreat before pursuit
Could readily be made. In their small way
They render'd valuable service to the state.

"Tis well to praise the pamphlet of Thomas Paine,
Entitled "Common Sense," conceived and written,
And published in early seventy-six,
And circulated throughout the colonies.
Its lurid style and strong appeal gave it
A mighty hold upon the common folk.
It voic'd in clear and glowing terms the deep
Conviction, stronger than most men had dared
To utter even to themselves or friends.
Paine merit'd all the praise that he received
For his great efforts to stir the souls of men
To fight for freedom and their human rights.

Baron Steuben, German soldier, gave
His service to our country in seventy-seven,
And as drill master of the army improv'd
The discipline of the raw American troops.
Thereafter the American army was
A martial force, efficient in the war.

We'll not forget the work of Ethan Allen,
At Crown Point and Ticonderoga, nor
The gallant Prescott, leader at Bunker Hill,
Nor Putnam for such service as he gave,
Nor Montgomery who bravely died at Quebec,
Nor Warren who died for his native land,
Nor Pulaski, nor DeKalb who died for us,

Nor Mercer, nor Wooster, nor Jasper nor Herkimer,
Nor Laurens, who perished on the battle fields,
Nor Schuyler, nor Sullivan, nor Sterling;
And we ne'er shall forget the noble deeds
Of private soldiers who fought, bled and died
To make this nation free and independent.
Young Eli Whitney of creative mind,
Ranks as one of our great inventors. He
Invent'd the cotton gin in the early dawn
Of the nineteenth century and this invention
Made profitable the growth of cotton in
The Southern States. Of all the great inventions
Made by Americans, till now, this one
Produced the very greatest consequences.
It brought immense wealth to the Southern States,
And covered New England with cotton mills.
By making slavery profitable it was
Responsible for fastening slavery
On the United States for seventy years,
And finally brought on the Civil War,
One of the bloodiest wars in history.

To Jefferson of Virginia belongs
The honor of conceiving our great writ,
And writing out the scheme in noble words,
Known as the Declaration of Independence.
When that great document was written, he
Was only thirty-three years old, but was
In history learn'd and vers'd in literature.
He was chosen to draft the new instrument
Because of his ability to write.
He was a cultur'd man of excellent taste,
Refin'd and versatile, a genius perhaps.
He had a cool, deliberate mind, urbane
In manners, in disposition just and mild,
Persistent, free from sham and dignified.
The make-up of this man would indicate
He was not made to be a soldier; his
Abilities were those of a writer, statesman
And diplomat. He was progressive in
His views and very tolerant; though born
An aristocrat, his sympathy went out
To lowly people who he felt were in
Need of a champion and he would be
Their leader, wielding power in their cause.

Perhaps once only did his nature show
Itself in public service to be mean
And small and that was in the Revolution
When he permitt'd himself to lie about
Washington and scheme against the best
And greatest man of an illustrious age.
Whatever faults that Jefferson possess'd
Could not detract from the greatness of the man,
And he should live one of our ablest men,
One of the useful men of history.

Hamilton possess'd creative genius,
A penetrating, comprehensive intellect,
And even nature and a balanc'd mind.
His ability as a soldier was
Not large, but as a statesman he takes rank
As one of the greatest in our history.
The banking system and our tariff laws
Were policies that he put into operation
While Secretary of the Treasury. He and Jay
And Madison caused the adoption of
The Constitution of the United States.
And in the fullness of his mental powers,
Hamilton was kill'd by Aaron Burr.
It was a tragedy in history.

James Madison was a great American,
And was the father of our Constitution,
And through his Federal papers helped make
It the supreme law of the United States.
Though cold in nature and in stature small,
Though not a strong executive, nor great
As a leader of mankind, he was a thinker
And a statesman of high rank.

The signers of our Constitution were
Among the torchbearers of America.
Ben Franklin of the age of eighty-one
Was the convention's oldest delegate,
And Gillman aged twenty-five the youngest.
Among the outstanding members I would name
George Washington, King, Franklin, Hamilton,
Sherman, Randolph, Rutledge, Madison,
Robert Morris, Gerry, Pinckney and Strong;
But all who sign'd the noble document
Should live forever in our country's fame.

John Marshall was a soldier in freedom's war,
And after the Revolution, became a lawyer
And statesman and the greatest of our judges.
He was chief justice of the United States
For thirty-four years. In that office he
Became illustrious, a peerless judge.
Of all the lawyers of the age he best
Understood the spirit of our Constitution,
And was best able to interpret it.
By reason of his wise interpretation,
It was made flexible and fit to be
The Magna Charta of Americans.
John Marshall and the Constitution are
Inseparable.

MacDonough and Perry were both young in years
When they fought battles in the Second War
With England. MacDonough fought on Lake Champlain,
And Perry on Lake Erie; their victories
Had much to do in beating British arms,
And winning the war for America.
Perry's written words to Harrison,
After licking Barclay on Lake Erie,
Are famous words in naval history.
MacDonough and Perry both died young; one died
At sea, the other died on Trinidad Isle.

Andrew Jackson was the last Revolutionary
Soldier to be elected President,
And the first President elected from
The rank of the common people. He
Was very popular with the common folk,
And lov'd his friends and hat'd his enemies.
He fought to win and never quit till he
Did win. No man could trample on his honor,
Nor slander his good wife's name and escape.
The penalty was swift and violent,
And he and his received due respect.
Jackson was a fiery, gallant lover,
A chevalier to his rustic wife.
He was a soldier brave and true who won
His battles'gainst his country's foes. He was
A statesman worthy of the honor'd name.
He was a ruler, able to rule well,
He was a patriotic, aggressive man,
Strong will'd and of a furious temper.

He was a leader on the battle field,
He was a leader in the civil world.
Whatever he will'd to do he did. By will
And force of character, he reach'd the heights
Of eminence attained by few men.
Andrew Jackson was an honest man,
A go-getter and a conqueror and I
Admire the qualities of the man.

The leading heroes of the Mexican war
Were Scott and Taylor. On every battle field
They won great victories for their native land.
Through them California and other states
Became a part of these United States.
Americans should not forget these men.

Our eminent portrait painters have a place
Among the torch bearers of America.
Gilbert Charles Stuart and others paint'd
Portraits of distinguish'd public men
And brought them nearer to the common folk.
Our eminent educators like Horace Mann
Have done much to make our people fit to rule;

And last but not least our great common folk
Have kept the faith and made our nation great.
Webster was the strong man of his age,
A giant in physique, of massive mind,
And massive nature; and he had the voice
Of thunder and of eloquence; 'tis said
He had a kingly face and luminous eyes,
A melancholy air and kindly smile.
His love of country was deep as the sea,
And boundless as the airy firmament.
He liv'd one thought and lived it as only
A great soul could; that mighty thought was large
Enough for him; 'twas spoken in glowing words
As follows: "Liberty and Union, now
And forever, one and inseparable."
And he was consistent to this thought throughout
His life though oft maligned and misunderstood.

Quite likely Emerson attain'd the heights
Of literature and is our greatest writer
And philosopher. He wrote both prose and verse,
And is our greatest spiritual thinker.

His fame sheds luster on his country.

John Ericsson, inventor of the boat
Known as the monitor, or cheese box on
A raft, revolutioniz'd the navies of
The world, made obsolete the wooden ships
Of war. The monitors help'd to win the war
Between the North and South.

Among historians and writers who
Were bearers of the torch in America,
I would list Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Poe,
Parkman, Motley, Bancroft, Dana, Stowe,
James, Channing, Beecher, Parker, Hawthorne, Thoreau,
Melville, Mitchell, Howells, Stockton, Hale,
Helen Jackson, Wallace, Harris, Harte,
Fisk, Eggleston, Cable, Burroughs and Mark Twain.

The merits of the poets may be found
In the poems they have written; through their verse
We measure their worth to the human mind,
Their influence on the nation's thought and life.
Among the bards who have impress'd their thoughts
Upon the nation and live in memory
Are Hopkinson, Payne, Bryant, Whittier, Poe,
Key, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Lanier and Drake,
Walt Whitman, Miller, Riley, Hayne and Field.

We should remember with deep gratitude
The nation's orators who impress'd themselves
Upon their age and made new history.
Among those who live in their country's fame
Are Patrick Henry, Otis, Quincy, Ames,
John Adams, Phillips, Henry Clay, Calhoun,
John Quincy Adams, Charles Sumner, Choate,
Webster, Everett, Seward, Bryan and Blaine.

Our statesmen who are number'd'mong the great
By reason of their services to their country,
And who were outstanding men in former years,
Are Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Lee,
Jay, Rutledge, Franklin, Adams and his son,
Madison, Gerry, Pinckney, Jackson, Monroe,
Clay, Webster, Douglas, Lincoln, Seward, Calhoun,
Blaine, Sumner, Wilson, Cleveland and Roosevelt.

Among our noted warriors and frontiersmen

Whose deeds shine in our country's history,
Whose names shall last as long as men shall read
Are Laurens, Fremont, Lewis, Huston, Pike,
Boone, Moultrie, Sumter, Marion, Pickens, Clark,
Paul Jones, Greene, Washington, Morgan, Prescott, Lee,
Montgomery, Sullivan, Allen, Wayne and Stark,
MacDonough, Perry, Jackson, Taylor, Scott,
DeKalb, Pulaski, Schuyler, Putnam, Knox,
Grant, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan, Hooker, Meade,
Harrison, Farragut, Dewey, Hancock and Foote.

Let us meet face to face in reverence
The greatest of Americans save one.
In true nobility of character,
He is surpass'd by only one, the meek
And humble Nazarene who blaz'd the trail.
Lincoln lived close to Nature, in his youth,
And studied flowers, forests, lakes and brooks,
The rhythmic flow of mighty rivers,
And delved into the spiritual life of man.
He always felt that he was dedicat'd
To some large work beyond his wildest dream.
He seem'd to see that it would be his fate
To travel far and high ere he should die.
He sens'd the greatness and the tragedy
That would come to him in his triumphant hour.
Perhaps he was more poetic than Washington,
Perhaps he had a deeper spiritual view
Of life and Nature and eternity
Than Washington, less his sense of majesty
And massive strength and lofty dignity.
His noble heart, experiences and views,
Prepar'd him to unite an erring race,
Prepared him to be the nation's saviour,
Prepared him to win the world's great love.
He work'd in harmony with Nature's law,
To bind the nation's wounds and do the deeds
That only a sweetly spiritual man could do.
Lincoln, saviour of his country, did
His special work, perhaps, far better than
Any other man could have done it.
His vision was broad as his boundless prairie,
And as a statesman he ranks with the best.

Lincoln lov'd a woman as few men

Have loved women; 'twas not surface love,
But it was a love deep as life and based
On Nature's law, and fragrant as a rose.
Ann Rutledge, doubtless, had a lovely mind,
And the magnetic stream of her pure life
Commingled with the current of his soul,
In constant waves, in sweetest harmony.
Embodying, as she did, a mind in tune
With Nature, she appeal'd to his great soul.
Receptive to his better nature, she
Respond'd to him in spirit and in truth.
Her sweet and gentle mind react'd on his
Like tender music on a sensitive heart.
Her death inspired him to mount the heights,
And glorify his work for love of her.

His life pure as a life could well be liv'd,
His sympathy and love for his fellow men,
His kindly words to those in deep distress,
His great achievement in a noble cause,
His sad and lonely life and martyrdom,
Made him a character for love and tears.
No wonder his is the sweetest memory
Of all the great men of our history.

Grant was a modest youth and modest man,
But had the bull dog grit and brain to lead
A million soldiers on to victory.
He rose to martial greatness not by pull,
But through ability to win his battles.

From a small officer, he worked up
And finally became head of the army
After all the generals who had influence
Were found incompetent by actual test.
He won his battles and never knew defeat,
And as a general who did big things,
And measur'd by results, he is no doubt
The greatest general in our history.

Roosevelt was the great man of his day,
And the most strenuous man of action who
Has rul'd this land, save Andrew Jackson, perhaps.
He certainly impress'd his heart and mind
Upon this nation's thought and character.
He deeply stirr'd the life of families,
Put honor into politics and gave

Big business a tremendous jolt and told
The crooked ones the proper way to act.
He was an epoch-maker and moral force;
His work illuminates our history.
This ends my song of great Americans
Who gave their services that this realm might be,
Or that this nation might endure.
Pure were their motives, heroic were their acts,
Their sacrifices exalt the nation's life.
Blest is the country which produces such men.
They stir the noble impulses in our hearts,
And urge us on to lofty deeds and lives.
And in this galaxy are some who shall live
Forever among the greatest of the great.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 152.

The Burden

The sky is pushing down upon my shoulders,
The universe is on my back,
The burden is immense,
But I'll not wobble in my track
As I go hence.
I am betwixt the earth and sky,
Apparently, like a worm between two boulders,
But I'll not yield, I shall not die.
I dominate my fate,
I'll cleave the mighty weight.
Why should I fear grim death?
I am life not mere breath.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 181.

Eternal Love

Eternal love you guide me on
The paths which never end;
Beyond this world, beyond the dawn,
My tireless feet shall wend.

With such a spirit as my guide,
I view Eternity;
I gaze with awe on Heaven wide
Beside the star strewn sea.

I have no fear for God is near,
The Father of all love;
His light shines in the golden sphere
Through perfect life above.

When all else fails in sky and earth,
His spirit shall sustain
My heart and soul in my new birth
As I with God remain.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 182.

The Mourner

I hear the mother weeping,
 I see the tears roll down her cheek;
 She loved dearly and was lov'd
 By one whose sweet lips do not speak.
 She's weeping over her dead child,
 The little girl she lov'd so well;
God only knows of her deep grief,
 Heart breaking in the last farewell.

I weep with her in sympathy,
 But none shall hear my heart-felt cry;
Mine is the sadder fate; no child
 To love me or to love have I;
 None dead to live in memory.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 182.

The State Of Washington

Western Washington's the land of trees,
Of Puget Sound and other inland seas,
Calm waters dott'd with vessels and white sails,
And murky rivers flowing through green vales.

This is the land of logging camps and mills,
And salmon which frequent the lakes and rills;
This is the land of mountains, of Rainier,
And mighty forests, gloomy and austere.

This is the land of berries, mines of coal,
And lies, 'twixt mountain and the seal, a bowl
In which the ranchers reap and gardens grow,
A moist, cool realm where orchards thrive and blow.

Eastern Washington's the land of grains,
Of sheep and cattle, farms and barren plains;
Through her waste land the Columbia flows along,
Majestic river of the old bard's song.

Land of dry summers and of winter snow,
Land of irrigation where Chinook winds blow,
The inland empire of the distant west
Transform'd by men, in fruit and flowers drest.

In flora and fauna and in soil and clime,
These sections offer to men in their prime
A choice, according to their points of view,
Where they may help to build a state still new.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 183.

The Reward

I'll live my life according to my light,
I'll do what I believe is just and right,
 Unbiased by the creeds of old,
 Uninfluenc'd by power or gold,
Without the praise of men with whom I dwell,
Without a thought of heaven or the fear of hell.
 And my reward I hope shall be,
 A conscience clear, a soul that's free.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 184.

The Swift Age

We guys of this age,
All have the flying rage.
This is the day of awful speed;
We fly for pastime and to read;
We are an aerial minded bunch,
Up in the sky we get our hunch.

We fly to Key West for a smoke;
And to Seattle to swap a joke;
Then to old Boston town we whirl,
To see our little Yankee girl,
Then back in haste we come
To our California home,
To work six hours a day,
Our many bills to pay.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 184.

Our Folk Songs

Our folk songs should ever be,
Of those who conquer'd for the free,
Of those who blaz'd the way for men
O'er mountain, plain, in woody glen.

Our folk songs should be of them
Who wore the conquerors' diadem,
Of those who drove the Indians back,
And who withstood the Indians' attack,
Of men who clear'd the forest land,
And who subdued the desert sand.

Our folk songs should praise the folk,
Who fought and threw off the English yoke,
Who built the nation great, supreme,
The symbol of their noble dream,
Who gave the best of brain and heart
In writing out the nation's chart.

Our folk songs should tell the tale
Of those who were born to prevail,
Of those who dared to do and give,
In order that this realm might live.
Our folk songs should laud our peers,
The nation-builders, brave pioneers.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 184.

San Francisco

This city is shut in by bay and sea,
 But ever is the Golden Gate ajar
 For ships to enter from ports near and far
To unload their goods in this vast empery;
Construct'd by men of high and low degree,
 The miner and merchant, rich and poor,
 A hodge-podge crowd entic'd by golden lure,
And permeat'd by the spirit of the free.

They builded well, the Argonauts of old;
 Their city now is populous and great,
And is worth more than all the mines of gold
 That ever were discover'd in the state;
And she shall stand beside the peaceful bay,
A monument to the pioneers for aye.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 185.

Her Spirit Radiates A Power

Her spirit radiates a power
Like summer loveliness in June,
Suggests the garden's fairest flower,
The sweetest poem set to tune.
Her sparkling eyes which seldom frown
Are brighter than the silvery streams,
And in their depths, so darkly brown,
I see a soul that loves and dreams.

Her heart is like the fragrance sweet
Of orange blossoms in the dell;
Her mind is like the hues that meet
In rainbow, pansy, or bluebell.
Her dreams are not of earth alone,
She dreams of beauty from above;
And she has sense and moral tone,
And her I love, forever love.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 186.

The Singer

Not born to serve a day,
But born to serve all time;
Interpreter through his lay
Of laws by which men climb
The mountain's topmost height,
In search of God, in search of light.

A lover of his country,
A poet of his race,
That is and is to be,
Shall gain his rightful place
Among those who serve and give,
Among those who are to live
As makers of her history.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 186.

The Cross

I proudly stand,
 In Christian land,
 Mute evidence,
 Supreme, intense,
 To greet man's sight,
 The Cross of Light.
I am the symbol of the Prince of Peace,
The Christ of love and faith who came to release
Enthralled millions in this mortal life
From sorrow, filth and greed and lust and strife.
 He died on me
 The world to free
 From low desires,
 Consuming fires
 That kill the flesh,
 And souls enmesh.
 He offers hope
 To those that grope
 In darkness here,
 In lives that are drear.
 And I suggest
 Through Him the best
 That life can give,
 The way to live.
 And I shall stand
 In every land,
 Light to the blind,
 Hope to mankind.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 187.

The Mighty Three

Washington was the nation builder of mankind,
And Shakespeare was the thinker for every race;
Jesus was the teacher of mankind,
And made this old world rich in human grace.
These three were epoch makers on the earth,
The source of light for better social birth;
Forever the pilots of humanity
In knowledge, progress, growth and liberty.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 187.

The Little Boy

He is a little boy,
And has the sweetest smile;
He uses baby talk,
And mumbles all the while.

His eyes are black as night,
And shiny like the skies;
When he looks at mamma
Love sparkles in his eyes.

He is a pretty child
With features round and fair,
With dimples in his cheeks,
And a head of curly hair.

He is the dearest boy,
And only three years old;
Mamma would not sell him
For twice his weight in gold.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 188.

The Politicians

The funniest fellows I ever meet
Are politicians; they fawn and greet,
And grab one's hand and slap one's back,
And open wide the fissure or crack,
Which lies betwixt the nose and chin,
And lo! one sees an awful grin;
Then they reel off a great big hunk
Of empty words and threadbare bunk.
So serious are these groups of folk
They never think of being a joke;
And so they live and breed and die.
I wonder what they'll do in the sky?

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 188.

Forsaken

Unfortunate in love and wronged,
Her confidence misplaced,
Subject'd to misery and tears,
Humiliat'd, shamed and disgraced;
Betray'd and ruined by a man,
No help for slander's breath,
Despondent, she took deadly poison,
And died a tragic death.

Vivacious, brilliant, young and fair,
She bore an honor'd name,
Descended from a family
Known to achievement and fame.
Trust, weakness, faith and love
Influenced her behavior;
The world would not forgive her sin,
She needed the Saviour.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 189.

God And Country

God was the supreme intelligence
In past ages and He is still;
In the finals He makes or breaks the human will.
 Though His intelligence is writ in air,
 Though he is everywhere,
 The bigot of the hour
 Who seeks the power,
That organiz'd, selfish means may give,
May bring forth a creed that for a time may live.
 The creation of the nation
 Quite likely was in harmony with His plan;
He is around, above and in the nation;
And He is over the most powerful man;
Thus He in the patriot's heart
Should play the most important part,
Should come first, the nation next,
Should be the patriot's guide and text.

The patriot should not defame
God by assuming He's the God of creeds
That thrive on error and misdeeds
Done in His name.
God is above
Such things. He is love.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 189.

The Goal

Look upward, onward to the goal,
To glories of the growing soul;
Let every one be his own priest,
And on the spiritual beauties feast;
And make a sanctuary of his home,
And let the heavenly blessings come,
Where life is light and hearts are pure,
Where God shall reign and loves endure.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 190.

Airplane

I fly through air on stable wings,
 No feathers cause this bird to veer;
It soars and sails but never sings,
 A roaring noise is all I hear.

It upward soars where meteors glow,
 Upon the field of moving stars,
Bespangled by the rain's bright bow,
 Heroic as a bird of Mars.
This bird annihilates time and space
 As it speeds on above the clouds;
And in the cold and boundless place,
 I only see the starry crowds.

And in this lofty, searching quest
 The stretching space is never drear;
Methinks I am an earthly guest
 Reviewing life in a new sphere.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 190.

Ignorance

He was as ignorant as a horse,
He never read a book in his life;
All he knew was to eat and work,
And save his money and buy farms,
Grow crops, sell crops and buy more land.

He seldom talk'd because he had
Few words and only a few thoughts,
Such as "How do," "Nice day," "Keep well?"
Yet in spite of small intelligence
This fellow died a wealthy man.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 191.

I'll Do And Dare Until The End

Many battling years may creep o'er me,
My body may be pierced with pain
And lacerated and torn and bruised
By things external, but I'll not
Grow old in spirit, never quit
The dream; desires born of the flesh
May not possess the heat of yore,
But I shall never stand and wait.

Long years in flesh shall never quench
Eternal fires within my heart,
Nor lessen ardor for life supreme
 Which I have known since early youth.
 The years may come and years may go;
They may tame but shall not subdue
 My spirit, brain and heart and limbs.
 New messages, each day shall bring;
And beauty in Nature I shall see;
 In ecstasy I shall view the stars,
And never lose my nerve on earth,
And never sink to zero point
As I move on to cross the bourn,
To live aggressive in the heavens.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 191.

The Sons Of Light

The sons of light shall come some day
In countless throngs to rule the earth;
And come they must for light seeks light,
And men must grow and women too;
They must develop to life's high plane,
A stable race both wise and pure,
And bear the torch of heavenly flame,
Not through the pangs of grief and pain,
But through the medium of bliss;
And show the world that spiritual love
Shall make them happy, useful, true,
The acme of consummate life.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 192.

When Shall Poverty Leave?

When shall old poverty leave us,
 When shall folks lose the fetter?
 When they become more temperate,
 When people manage better.

 When people work and earn and save
 When they begin
 To use their heads and hearts and hands
 Persistently to win.
When machinery lessens labor
 From the grinding wheel of toil,
When people have more time to think,
 Do think and till the soil.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 192.

The Thinker

The thinker must think for himself
And others without much hope of wealth;
Must toil for bread while third class minds
Get millions by schemes and stealth.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 193.

Wastrels

Down with the cappers,
 Fleecers of easy marks,
Down with the fixers,
 Down with the sharks.

These wastrels of earth,
 The misfits of breeds,
Are makers of evil,
 Are like vile weeds.

These shady parasites
 Of criminal groups
Should be put out of business
 With crooks and snoops.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 193.

Watch Out

Watch out, watch out and be on guard
Against those to this nation unsuited,
Ere our traditions are corrupted,
Before our ideals are polluted.

Watch out, watch out and be on guard
For foes that secretly employ
Every means to gain their ends
E'en though the nation they destroy.
If

If you eternally think and brood
On matters small and commonplace,
You shall be like your constant thought,
Be very small and commonplace.

If you make people miserable,
By whining or disgusting talk,
They'll shun you like a rotten egg,
Call you an ass and you are it.

If you will read the sky at night,
And study Nature through the day;
Let beauty roll like ocean's wave
Through heart and mind and cleanse the soul,
You shall emerge a wiser man
With ample vision to understand
Life's law and shall want to live it.

If you would measure up to God
The best a mortal can; you must
Desert your prison of dark thought,
Restrain and stifle lust and greed.

Endeavor, purpose and thought will build
The mind and body as we will.
According to our ideals we
Seek either filth or noble heights;
We seek the level of the hog,
Or the glory of the perfect man.

God gave us sense to be applied
In growth to make us fit to live.
Shall we reach our high destiny,
Or live a tadpole in the mire?

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 193.

Lorin Flora

If I had been consult'd I should not
Be here; not being consult'd I was born.
Small happiness I have had in this life,
But I have tried to make the most of life.
I find that failure stands near to success,
That happiness hovers on the brink of despair;
That smiles are only the forerunner of tears;
That pain and illness threaten good health,
And death removes the persons whom we love.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 195.

Eben Highpower

I'm the refined man in politics,
The educated gentleman of the cloth,
The politician of a mighty business group;
I have immense wealth, nation wide in fact,
Organizations which exert tremendous power;
I am a manipulator of politics
As well as business; I don't care to hold
A public office, to be in the lime light;
My interests are the better served, if
I stand behind the political screen and pull
Political wires and watch my henchmen jump.
The political influence I represent extends
Through many states and the nation; I
Am able to control legislation in
Some instances; if I'm interested I use
My power to mold the laws unto my will;
Thus I am able to dominate and rule
The business world and freely carry out
My purpose like a monarch absolute.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 195.

Mike Pugson

I had a trade, but gave it up when young
For politics; I was a gangster and pug.
I licked every bully in my ward,
And I became a boss of the cave man
Variety; I had a grain more sense
And shrewdness than the common pug so I
Became the dominant leader of the gang.
I was ambitious, greedy and aggressive,
And soon became the leader of my ward.
Through manipulations I slowly got
Control of my city; now the politicians
Pay tribute to me; these guys must bow to me.
I make those who obey, and break those who
Disobey my commands; no one can advance
Far in political life against my will.
I graft from office-holders and politicians,
And I graft from contractors, business men,
And others who desire protection or
Some special favor from me or my ring.
It pays me well in lucre to be boss,
The grafting boss of my beloved city.
I us'd to be poor as a chapel mouse,
But now old Croesus might well envy me.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 195.

Tom Crook

I was a scrub lawyer when I got a job
As deputy in the county attorney's office;
I had a family, was very poor;
Those in my social circle like myself
Were poor; I lived in a humble home,
And prosecut'd criminals for years. I must
Confess that in my nature was a streak
Of yellow, crooked as a serpentine road.
So long as temptation avoided me,
So long as I had small chance to steal,
I was as honest as the common fellow.

After ten to twenty years' experience
As prosecutor, rehashing criminal law,
And criminal evidence, some of my friends
Said I was a good prosecutor, some said
I was an able lawyer; well I tried
Hard to be competent in the early days
Of my career. I wished to advance,
I want'd to be the county attorney.
At last I got my chance; I was elect'd
County attorney; then I began
To plan to make a killing, get the coin,
To build and own a big, swell house, to equip
It with the costliest furniture, and buy
Big automobiles and let my family
Go out and mingle in swell society.

I soon betrayed my trust, immunity
Was sold to every one who had the price.
I was a grafter worthy of the ilk,
And tens of thousands flowed to my purse.
I squander'd money on the ladies, and drank
Much booze and gambled freely in card games,
And lost large sums of money. I seldom won.
I cut a swath in swelldom for awhile,
And lost my job, and then they got me. I hired

High-priced criminal lawyers to defend
Me, but I was convict'd and sent to prison
For a long term of years, and here I am
A crook among the crooks I prosecuted.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 196.

The Way To Live

Meet people with a smile,
Give it a trial,
And people will return a smile.
Become a member of the human family
In thoughts and words and deeds,
 And happy visions you will see,
 And you'll adjust yourself to human needs.

Forget yourself and think of others,
Remembers they're your brothers,
 Serve mankind
 And you will find
Bright jewels for your soul,
And reach your earthly goal.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 197.

Who Is A Real Man?

Who is a real man?
Is he an ox in size,
A vigorous animal,
A bonehead?

No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Is he a little runt,
A pin head in mind
Who struts and stares?

No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Is he a boasting cur,
A cheat, a boob, or knave,
Or low and mean in life?

No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Is he an ass or bore,
A rubber stamp or tool,
A snob or fool?

No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Is he a jade or cute,
A pretty fellow,
Or an ugly brute?

No!

These do not make a real man.

Who is a real man?
Do money and good clothes,
And a fine home make him one?

No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Does he scoff at the code,
And wilfully break his country's laws?

No!

These do not make a man.
Is a clean and honest man
With courage and good sense
Who does his duty, obeys the law
A real man?
Yes!
These qualities make a man.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 198.

The Great Plan

In God believing,
In truth conceiving,
In Usefulness achieving,
 Befit a man
 In God's great plan.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 199.

John Main

I am a humble citizen of the state;
I don't know much about the rich or great;
I do my work with diligence and good cheer;
I'm temperate and the Lord I revere;
I love my fellow men and wrong no one;
I help the poor and those the world disown.

My little house oft shelters the old and weak,
The poor and maim'd, the halt and blind and sick;
I turn no wanderer from my humble home
Who seeks my help in need though many come.
This is the way I learn'd to serve the Lord,
This is the message I get from His Word.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 200.

The Vagrant

I am a worthless tramp,
I wander near and far;
My bedroom is the ground
My lamp's the moon or star.

I like the open road
And so does little Gip;
He walks along with me,
My friend on every trip.

My only friend is Gip,
My little dog and pal;
He loves me even though
I'm a poor prodigal.

I beg along the road,
And get some food to eat
As we go to see
New places and new folk meet.
I'd be a lonely tramp
If little Gip should die,
He's all I have to love,
And I should grieve and cry.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 200.

Washington

Dear father of my native land
Before thy earthly tomb I kneel,
Beside the winding river grand,
My heart and spirit to reveal.

I hail with joy the upright clan,
The kind this blessed nation breeds,
Who could produce for us a man
Whose life embodied noble deeds.

Great leader of the brave and free,
I glory in thy mighty fame,
I praise thy sense and dignity,
And honor thy immortal name.

The world was dark when thou wert born,
Thy scheme of freedom was despised;
But now the doubters and the lorn
Know thy plan's being realized.

And through the nation thou art pleading
The cause of freedom, truth and right;
And through thy nation thou art leading
All other nations on to light.

Dear father thou shalt never die,
Thy native land shall not forget;
No cause have we to weep or sigh,
In thee we've nothing to regret.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 201.

The Nation's Father

I hail the thinker, doer Washington,
And greet him as a statesman, as a man,
I salute him as a general with a plan,
And honor him for his mighty service done.
I thank him, for the cause he nobly won;
He serv'd his realm for years by night and day,
Through the long war without one cent of pay,
And prov'd himself her most unselfish son.

He glorified his country in noble deed,
And was the soul of freedom in dark years,
When hearts were faint and eyes were dim with tears,
When tyranny was rife and graft and greed;
In those drear days he lead the dauntless free,
Gave us a nation, gave us liberty.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 202.

The National Bard

He lives a constant patriot in his day,
And strives to save his nation from decay;
The red blood of the founders flows in his veins,
Race memories and ideals are in his brains.
His heart is true to the genius of his land,
He would attain the height the fathers plann'd.
Race tendencies shape his thought and songs and deeds,
And the fruits of his life come from those seeds.
He stands for the best traditions of his race,
For progress, virtue, beauty, strength and grace.
To him the starry flag is the sign of light,
And the constitution guides his footsteps right;
With the law and the sign he would not part,
He holds them in his hands and in his heart.

With trained ears he hears what the nation hears,
The good and bad, triumphant words and sneers;
With trained eyes he sees what the states see,
The strength and weakness of the mongrel free;
Within his heart he feels the woe and weal,
All the emotions that the people feel.
He visualizes his country's history,
Her homes and what her people deify.
In dreams he lives the lives of the nation's great,
Of all men in their relation to the State.
Interpreter of her life, what she has wrought,
He sings the songs born of the nation's thought.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 202.

The Logging Camp

'Twas thirty years or more ago
In Washington where tall firs grow;
Great forests flourish'd everywhere,
And logging camps were common there;
Near every city, hamlet, or town
Were virgin forests fully grown.

'Twas in a camp upon a hill,
A mile or two from a saw mill,
The bunk house and cook shanty stood,
Surrounded by the densest wood.
And in those days out in the West,
Camp cooking was the very best;
At every meal on the table were set
The choicest foods, a big banquet.

There were departments in the work,
And no one was permitt'd to shirk;
Each member of the logging crew
Had some particular work to do.

The fallers fell'd the mighty trees
From swing boards held against the trees
By notch and brace up from the ground;
 The sawyers from these boards would bound
 When the great tree began to fall,
 And crash against the forest's wall.
 The fallen tree the buckler sawed
 Into great logs and swore and jawed;
 If the big tree did not lay right,
 The buckler want'd to pick a fight.

The barkers bark'd the belly side
Of the great logs so they would slide
Along on the skids in the road,
And lessen the oxen's heavy load.
The oxen by means of a chain
Drew the great logs in fear and pain;
The chain tender drove the hooks or dogs
Into the sides of the barked logs.

The roads were clear'd by swamper-men,
Who did the heavy work and then
The skids along the road were laid

Without much thought of level or grade;
Across these skids the logs were haul'd
By yokes of oxen, goaded and mauled
By a bull puncher at their side;
From fear of him they often shied;
Out to the rollway the logs would go,
And there they would lie row on row.

The rollway tender roll'd the logs
On the tram car and drove the dogs,
Which held the chain that bound the load,
Into the logs; along the road
On wooden rails, the car would scoot,
Restrain'd in speed by some galoot
At the brake, down the sloping hill
Until it reached the saw mill.
The system's changed, the ox team
No longer fits into the scheme;
The bull puncher's day has come and gone,
The donkey has taken the place of brawn.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 203.

Memories

Old memories, never, never die,
Engraven on my heart they lie.
The impress of my deed and thought,
Which in my mind and heart had wrought
A marked change in former years,
May bring me smiles, or frowns, or tears.

Memories, bitter, sad and sweet,
Tell me of a life so incomplete,
Revive the glories of the boy,
His youthful dreams, his bubbling joy;
Present me with life's broken plan,
The grief and failures of the man.

Memories publish life's true story,
Without embellishment or glory,
Present the deeds for censure or praise,
And haunt a mortal all his days.
They picture folly, pain and gloom,
Love, triumph, peace, death and the tomb.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 205.

Aim

I think straight and I shall write straight;
 I aim to hit the mark each time;
In muddled phrases I shall not prate,
 Nor in conundrums in verse and rhyme.
Life's based on law and not a guess;
 What I see I'll let others see;
The worded art that makes a mess
 I shall not use, 'tis not for me.
 I aim to be a virile thinker,
 Have something to say and say it;
 I aim to hit the heart of the thinker,
 And exercise some mother wit.
If I have mind to penetrate
 Life's depths and gain some truth from it,
Or catch a glimpse of the spirit's fate,
 Thanks be to Nature that gave it.

My thoughts, in lucid words, shall ride,
 So people who read may understand;
Ambiguity is not my guide,
 And blind suggestion's not my brand.
With words I have no time to tinker,
 Nor marshal phrases that have no sense;
I speak to the doer and the thinker,
 Who onward move to life immense.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 205.

Excelsior

If I am pure and do my part,
 And think and act with Nature's law,
And live in harmony with the heart,
 I'll be a note without a flaw
In life's perfected melody,
In creation's splendid symphony.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 206.

The Peak Of Paradise

If ignorance were not on earth,
 If scoundrels were not given birth,
 If social sham and farce and bunk
 Didn't make so many people punk,
 What a fine place this world would be,
 A heaven on the land and sea.

If no one would betray a trust,
If all were wise and true and just,
If home life was both pure and great,
Such homes would form a noble state;
No one would need to search for light
Beyond the earth in heaven bright.

If every mortal lived right
This earth would be the soul's delight;
If hate and greed gave way to love,
No one would care to go above,
And this old world beneath the skies
Would be the peak of paradise.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 206.

Hops

“Hop pole, hop pole, pull me a pole!”
These words I us’d to shout and yell,
When I picked hops some years ago,
Near Tacoma, in a fertile dell.
The hop vines curl’d around tall poles,
And climb’d from pole to pole on twine;
The plants grew in the field in rows,
And hops in clusters gemm’d the vine.

“Hop pole, hop pole, pull me a pole!”
The pickers yelled all day long,
In autumn when the hops were ripe;
They were, indeed, a busy throng.
Pole pullers with keen, curved knives
Inserted in rods, long and round,
Would come and cut the vines and pull
The hop poles up out of the ground.

The poles were lean’d against a crutch
So the hops could be picked in haste;
The picker dropp’d the hops on quilts
Or blankets to diminish waste.
When sixteen bushels had been pick’d
And put in a wooden box near by,
And heaped up above the rim,
The picker would begin to cry

“Hop ticket, hop ticket, if you please!”
The yell would bring the ticket boss,
Who’d give a dollar ticket if
The box of hops was free from dross.
The vale no longer harvests hops
To make strong ale and lager beer;
The fruits and berries grow there now,
And have for many a year.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 207.

The Price Of Ignorance

The world is not so dark,
It is the soul that's dark;
Ignorance is the bane of life,
The source of all our strife;
And since the dawn of time,
It is the cause of crime.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 208.

The Passing

My labor here on earth is done,
 The end is near, I gasp for breath;
 But life's great victory I've won;
 I'll live beyond the toll of death.
I see the dawn of a better day
 Beyond the earthly bourn and cliff,
 Beyond the sunset's flaming ray,
 Where peace subdues the grief of life.
I've tried to live a useful plan,
 To dream sweet dreams, to do and dare,
And now I pass out like a man
 Sustain'd by faith and love and prayer.
And I shall enter the new sphere,
 Illuminat'd by spiritual light,
And greet my friends and kindred dear,
 And love them where life's lived right.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 208.

The Blessing

If I obey the laws of health,
 The laws of Nature and of man,
I shall have nothing to fear
 On my short trek across life's span.

I'll have no penalties to pay,
 The deadliest penalties are fears;
I'll serve without life's dreadful waste,
 And peace shall surely bless my years.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 209.

Meed

My people have a conscious life,
The basis of our national life;
If I should enter into this life
With love and thought and word and deed,
What more should I offer, what more need
I do to earn and win my meed?

If I should live the great ideal,
I should add to the nation's weal,
And give humanity a square deal,
If I should do my living part
In thought and word and deed and art,
I must be one with the nation's heart.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 209.

Give And Receive

If I give Nature all I should
In office, or court, in home or wood,
I shall receive an ample pay,
A mint of wealth shall come each day.

If I obey Divinity,
The Master Mind shall yield to me;
His mind's not like a static wall,
But, like pure air, is free to all.

The finest thought that man can know,
The greatest deed that he can grow,
Is to rise from life's sewer pit,
And live with Him the Infinite.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 210.

The Musician's Mind

The great musician has a mind
That flows in music like a stream.
His glowing mind is like an organ
With golden keys attun'd and touch'd
By mystic fingers of angel's hand,
To give mankind the blissful strains,
Born of the spirit, born of love;
Harmonious melodies of peace,
Free from the world's discordant notes,
The high expression of a soul.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 210.

Don't

Don't be a pessimist, don't get blue;
 Don't give the world a bitter word;
 Just be an optimist through and through;
 Don't add to tragedy with the sword;
Don't give mankind a Judas kiss
 As onward through this life you hurry,
But give the world a little bliss
 To chase away depressing worry.
Stand on your feet, don't be a lean to,
 Have some nerve and have some spunk;
Don't be a sissy, nor a shrew;
 Don't peddle bunk and don't get drunk.
Avoid these errors as you may,
And joy shall bless you day by day.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 210.

God

The God I know is thinking energy,
An active Life, a conscious Mind that's free;
He is in everything and everywhere,
A working force developing the good and fair
Forever and forever. He helps them who seek
His help, the good, the bad, the strong, the weak.

He's personal to me when I am fit
To be receptive and His spirit admit;
He helps my conscious life when I
In spirit and in truth on Him rely.
And when I ope the door of conscious mind
To God a mighty impulse and force I find
Possesses me, far greater than I know,
A flood of strength and mental light which glow.

Eternal forces may bring to me good or ill,
Depending on my insight, purpose, will,
Eternal forces are working day and night
Through me and whether they bring death or light
To me, depend on how well I perform
My part, how well I to the law conform.
I'm a free moral agent and I must
Direct these forces right and I must adjust
Them to my needs if I would live and grow
In mind and heart and in pure beauty glow.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 211.

In Life

We enter life a little while,
And grope about in night,
And stumble down the path of life
In search of bliss and light.

Of life's great mystery we have
No knowledge at our birth,
And learn but little of this life
While dwelling here on earth.

What life is and where it shall end
Remains a mystery,
Unsolv'd by science or the seer;
None know its history.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 212.

Peace

Give me the peace by conscience sent,
The subtle, inward harmony,
The peace of pure environment,
The thrill of highest ecstasy,
That I may walk with eyes of light
The endless path of life supreme,
And scale, at last, the dizzy height,
The glory of the finish'd dream.

If I live right, when I am gone,
I may inspire some noble soul,
To love the beauty of the dawn,
To live above the written scroll,
And thrill him with a lofty thought,
The parent of a loftier deed,
And in his character thus wrought
The world may learn as it shall read.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 212.

Drifting

Today I quit my weary work,
And left the world of care
To drift away on the sunny sea
Beneath the heavens fair.
I'm drifting, drifting, drifting
With the ocean's silvery tide,
Drifting, drifting, drifting
In the boat on which I ride.
Drifting, drifting, drifting
Away from grind and toil
Into the land of dreams,
Far from the realm of moil.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 213.

Henry Ford

He is not merely a money making machine,
Although of money makers he is the dean;
His deeds proclaim he is not money mad
For he does things to make the whole world glad;
Constructive thought and work, the better deed,
Indicate that he lives not for sordid greed.
Heroic qualities shine out in his soul
Which seem to say wealth is not his goal.
A colorful character in the money age,
A great achiever on the industrial stage;
Quite likely, some day, he will take his place
And be known as a benefactor of his race.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 213.

After Death

Death, silence and mystery,
The heights and purest love,
Eternity and soul beauty,
The luster lights above.

Great issues everywhere,
New services, a high order,
Experiences broad and fair
Across the starry border.

The larger vision, the nobler dream
Come true in deed and word;
Unfolded life supreme,
Unity with the Lord.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 214.

The Humanitarian

My dream is not an empty dream,
 A waste of life, a useless plan;
It is the father of a scheme,
 Kind words and real service to man.
And while I dream of human duty,
 How I can serve my fellow men,
I strive for higher spiritual beauty,
 And meet my God in street and glen.

I search out the poor in the byways of life,
 The needy, sick and those in sorrow,
The hopeless in this mad world of strife
 Today; I wait not for the morrow.
I seek them who come not my way,
 Those that the thoughtless leave to die;
My services are given without pay,
 My gold, my time, my love give I.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 214.

The Soul Behind The Mask

I'm sure 'twas not your comely face,
Nor shapely form with all its grace
 That won my heart, my dear,
 That won my heart, my dear.
What was it then you may well ask
 That won my truest love?
 'Twas spirit from above.
It was your soul behind the mask,
My dear, your soul behind the mask.

E'en though you had a homely face,
E'en though you had less charm and grace
 To please the eye, my dear,
 To please the eye, my dear.
For me'twould be an easy task
 To love you just as well,
 More than my words can tell.
I'd love the soul behind the mask,
My dear, your soul behind the mask.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 215.

Music

To thrilling martial music, I must yield;
It fills me with the spirit of the brave,
And urges me on to the gory battle field
To win heroic honor or a grave.
Sweet love notes soothe me like the rose's perfume
Subdue my fiery soul and warlike heart,
And all the virtues in my nature bloom
As I feel noble emotions swiftly start.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 215.

The Dying Request

The famous man, rever'd by all,
 Who rank'd above a titled peer
In the big things of life, lay dying
 At the end of his great career.
Dying with an active mind,
 In his large mansion on the hill;
One of the first men of his day,
 Made so by intellect and will.

The son of a poor farmer, he
 Had reach'd the heights, through real worth,
Of glory, power, wealth and fame,
 And shed a luster o'er the earth.
One of the few men bless'd by fate,
 He early reach'd the highest station
Within the people's gift to man,
 The presidency of his great nation.

A statesman, he achieved greatly
 In public service for the State,
And won his place in history
 Among immortals, wise and great.
His lifework had removed him
 Far from his boyhood home and hearth;
In death he would return and rest
 Forever in the town of his birth.

His last words were, "'Take me back home,
 To the old home, dear to my heart,
Where dwelt my kin and early friends;
 From whence I'll never again depart.
Bury me in the old cemetery
 Beside my parents, true and brave,
Who lov'd their country, home and God,
 Bury me there in a humble grave."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 216.

The Farm

Turn back the pages of history,
And let me live the past again
In the farm home that us'd to be,
And I will sing its glad refrain.
The home of father and mother too,
The tidy home of peace and joy,
Where sweet parental love I knew,
When I dwelt there a growing boy.

The work was hard, but honest toil
Kept mind and heart serene and pure;
I lov'd the plant life of the soil,
And wild dissipation had no lure.
In the spring I sow'd the flax and wheat,
And planted corn and other seeds,
And when this work was all complete,
I had to plow up growing weeds.

When summer ripen'd wheat and flax,
The ripen'd grains were cut and bound,
And put in shocks and then in stacks,
Leaving only the stubbled ground.
The corn was cut and put in shocks,
Or shuck'd by huskers in the rows.
The grass was mown and put in cocks,
Then stacked or put in hay mows.
When all the crops were harvested,
And grains were thresh'd and in the bin,
And manure on the field was spread,
Then autumn plowing would begin.
Inhaling autumn's balmy air,
I plow'd the fertile, stubbled field,
Adorn'd with morning glories fair,
Where grains had given heavy yield.

When snow had come and leaves were dead,
And ice congeal'd the brook and pool,
I us'd my skates and little sled,
And studied at the country school.

'Tis good to tell the old, old story,
Of the sweet joy of boyhood's day,
When life was like a dream of glory,
In the old home gone to decay.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 217.

The Deer

'Twas cold and calm, a winter day,
The snow lay on the frozen ground;
The deer were racing through the woods.
The hunter with his rifle and hound
Went to the woods to hunt for game.
The hunter saw deer tracks in the snow,
And follow'd them o'er hill and dale,
Searching for a buck or doe.

In a burn off amid the pines,
The hunter saw two full grown deer,
And they saw him and bounded off
On the trail, trembling with great fear,
Across the open tract and up
The hill to escape their dreaded foe.
The hunter aim'd and fired shot
On shot at the fleeting buck and doe.
Until his gun was empty and hot;
The last shot fired hit the buck,
And broke his hind leg below the knee;
Down fell the deer when he was struck,
But he got up and on three legs
Ran through the forest down the hill.
The hunter and his dog gave chase
O'er hill and dale and marsh and rill.

'Twas easy to trail the wounded buck
From blood stains on the feathery snow;
They caught up with the wounded buck,
Forsaken then by the scared doe.
The buck stood by a great pine log,
And held the hunter and dog at bay;
The hunter had no bullets left,
And with a club renew'd the fray.

The buck was game and desperate;
He tried to gore the man and dog
In the fierce fight which lasted long,
And made blood-red the snow and log.

Weak from the loss of blood, the deer
Grew faint and groggy in the fight;
The dog caught the buck by the throat,
And killed him with savage delight.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 218.

Home

You ask me what means most to me
That this world has to give?
I answer home, a happy home,
Where I might peacefully live,
Where I might dwell with parents good,
Or wife and children too,
And feel secure in what I need
With friends who're kind and true.
With such a home and such a lot,
I'd meet life like a man,
And do my duty every day,
And live an honest plan.
To get these things one needs to think,
And work and build the scheme,
And shape his purpose to fulfill
This sweetest, noblest dream.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 219.

Armistice Day

The flag of freedom passes by,
 Borne by a soldier-band;
It proudly floats above their heads,
 The symbol of our land.
And they who bore that flag in war,
 Now bear it here unfurled,
And the sweet message that it gives
 Is peace to all the world.

We honor them, the fallen brave,
 Who died beyond the sea,
Who died to make a better world,
 Who died to make men free.
Oh, Spirit of the deathless brave!
 May we our laurels gain
In fields of peace and prove that they
 Gave not their lives in vain.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 220.

My Friends

The autumn stars are shining bright,
I in my cabin sit alone;
 And listen to the night bird's song,
 And muse on friends that I have known.
 The flowers bloom out in the yard,
 The night bird's song is sweet and clear,
And all is calm, but I am sad,
 For my dear friends are not here.

Some of my friends lie in their graves,
 And some are gone, I know not where,
But I recall them, each and all,
 In dreams as gentle as a prayer.
Their kindly words and deeds and smiles
 Still cheer my heart, I'll not forget;
I shall remember my dear friends
 Until my sun of life shall set.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 220.

Father

I walk the road my father trod,
 I think the thoughts he too had thought;
I kneel in prayer to his God,
 I seek the heights he too has sought.
I read the books my father read,
 I scan the letters that he wrote;
I feel his presence, he's not dead,
 His dwelling place is not remote.

I know he gives me thought and care
 Although his voice I do not hear,
Nor his brave footsteps on the air,
 Yet oft I feel him drawing near.
And I am sure when life is done,
 And I the spirit world shall trace,
And find my place within the sun,
 I'll meet my father face to face.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 221.

My Country

My country, Oh my country!
I'll defend you as a man;
My country, Oh my country!
I'll live the patriot's plan.
My country, Oh my country!
If you should be in wrong,
I'll do my best to make you right
As well as great and strong.

My country, Oh my country!
You're just a great big home;
Protector of my life and peace,
To me your blessings come.
My country, Oh my country!
Right or wrong shall be
The first, the dearest and the best
The only country for me.

My country, Oh my country!
In progress lead the van,
Lead in the work of heart and mind,
Perfect the growing man!
My country! don't forget the law
And faith and moral code
The founders us'd to make you great
Before mankind and God.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 222.

Lincoln's Funeral March

His soul is with the King of Kings,
His body moves in state;
His tragic death deep sorrow brings,
We weep at such a fate.
Dead is the noble heart that bled,
His nation is in gloom,
The hearse moves on and bears the dead
With music to the tomb.
We hear the tread of many feet,
The rumble of the wheels,
As they move onward down the street,
As the church bell sadly peals.
We hear the music of the band,
And roar of cannons near;
We hear the chant, pathetic, grand,
Of singers at his bier.

His funeral is the grandest, mortals
Ever saw on earth,
And angels at the heavenly portals
Sing paeans of his worth.
The people mourn for love of him,
Their hearts are deep in grief,
But faith and hope do not grow dim,
They weep and find relief.

He gave through death what he had wrought,
The treasure of the great,
The treasure that his blood had bought,
Salvation to the State.
His spirit marches with the brave
Along the roads of time;
It moves above his silent grave,
Deathless and sublime.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 222.

Fishing

Come with me, come with me,
 To the swift flowing creek,
And catch the speckled trout
 Beneath the snowy peak.
Come as a fishing sport
 With pole and line and hook,
And angle for-the fish
 That swim in the pearly brook.
Come with me, come with me,
 And your hook and line take;
We'll fish for bass and pike
 Out in the silvery lake.
We'll row our bark canoe
 Out where the fishes school,
Out where they jump and bite
 In the morning fresh and cool.

Come with me, come with me,
 And in the deep sea troll,
And from the moving barge
 Hook the deep water sole.
How pleasant it is to fish,
 And drive away dull care,
And view the waters bright,
 And breathe the vapory air.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 223.

Richard Byrd

He easily puts all other birds to flight;
Among the flying birds, he is the king;
Down through the ages, no other bird on wing
Ever basked in Antarctic light.
No other bird in all its zealous plight
Has ever seen the poles, has ever unfurl'd
Its wings in the heavens over a dead world
Of mountains, ice and snow and months of night.
An aviator of skill and tact, he leads
And others follow; leader of a crew
In an adventure filled with brave deeds,
And rich discoveries in worlds that are new;
His great achievement like a romance reads
And proves to us what a brave man can do.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 224.

The Forest

The forest is my summer camp
Where I, in peace, with life commune;
By night the moon's my lighted lamp,
The flowers are my bed in June.

The forest is my favorite book,
The starry heaven is my teacher;
My organ is the flowing brook,
And Nature is my chosen preacher.

My painted window's the sunset sky,
The wild birds are my singing choir;
My kindly friends and pals are trees,
Some soughing branch is my weird lyre.

There is no picture quite so good
Among the many works of art;
The only one above the wood
Is love's sweet picture in the heart.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 225.

Virgil Brook

"I love June Day and hope to marry her;
I think she is a lady fit to be
My companion and helpmate; her presence brings
Delight and spiritual fervor to my heart;
I feel she has a constant nature, strong
And pure. I know that we have similar tastes;
That she is interest'd in my daily work,
And that she sympathizes with me in all
My efforts to succeed; she has good health,
Good sense, a radiant smile and pleasant face,
A form that's fair and manners kind and good;
And purpose, beauty, love and faith shine through
Her brilliant eyes which are brown as dusk.

She is a farmer's daughter and I am
A farmer's son; we both understand the farm,
And like the farm and country life, and there
We both expect to live and work and die.
Instinctively I do confide in her,
And I know she reposes full trust in me."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 225.

June Day

“I am a woman and a woman’s heart
I have; without true love I could not live;
A worthy husband I should have to love,
To help and minister to his daily wants.
I have been fortunate in my early love;
My lover Virgil Brook’s an honest man;
The soul of honor looks through his blue eyes,
And strength reposes in his manly form.
We’ve known each other nearly all our lives,
And I have deep respect for him and feel
That he is worthy of my love; with him
I feel my happiness, virtue, health are safe;
I feel that he’s a proper man to be
My husband.

My children’s father he should be; they would
Be born of love and wanted by us both;
The children born to us would have a chance
To grow up right, to love their parents, home
And country, and faithfully serve them.
Our marriage day is fast approaching; I
Think of my lover nearly every hour
With feelings of pure ecstasy. I know
Our marriage shall the gateway be to me
Of heartfelt bliss beyond these words of mine.
I want to be a worthy wife to him
I love so well; that he may always feel
And know that I’m a true and useful mate.
God help me so my thoughts may bear good deeds.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 226.

The Wedding

June Day and Virgil Brook were married in
The little, country church upon the hill
Near to and overlooking silvery Eden Lake.
'Twas in the spring and violets were in bloom
In pasture land and in the leafy wood;
The forest and the flowers exhaled perfume
Sweet as the sacred love of that young pair.
The church was crowded with the farmer friends
Of groom and bride; the marriage ceremony
The local preacher read and when the rite
Was finished, their friends congratulated
The newly weds and presents were bestowed.

A banquet followed after which the couple
Proceeded to their home and farm to start
Their new careers most favorably. Their friends
All wished them long, happy, prosperous lives.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 227.

The Home

The Brooks possess'd a large frame house for they
Were farmers of some wealth; the house was built
On rolling land amid a maple grove
With here and there an oak and ash and elm.
The house was furnished as farmers of means
Out in the middle west equipp'd their homes;
And there was happy atmosphere within
The house and all around the fertile farm.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 227.

Virgil Brook, The Husband

"I'm married to the woman of my choice;
My wife possesses qualities I want
In woman; if she were to order made
 I would have her as she is for I could
 Not offer any thought to better her.
I give my wife devoted love each day;
She knows I really love her; she loves me;
Our interests are mutual and we think
And act in harmony in every plan
That's vital to success and happiness;
We both are thrifty and frugal all the time,
And prosper in our efforts to succeed;
I'm very happy with my lot in life."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 227.

June Brook, The Wife

“My heart is full of holy love for him,
My husband who’s the only man in all
The world for me. I am so glad the Lord
Has blessed me in husband, home and work.
To me my home is like some paradise
Of which I read in story books when I
Was a little girl. My husband plants a kiss
Upon my lips before he goes to work,
And does the same again when he returns
Home from the field; those kisses morning, noon,
And night bestowed by a noble man
Whom I love dearly thrills me through and through;
He brings out all the latent good in me,
And helps me build a character good enough
To satisfy my better nature.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 228.

The Child

Unto the Brooks a babe was born in time,
And even in the hour of birth, he seemed
A child of destiny; and Nature smiled
Through him that day in joy for such a boy;
For he in moral thought and life was made,
With character tendencies balanc'd pure and sane;
For he was born to health and hope and strength;
For he was born to intelligence, light and faith,
A promising child, heir of opportunity.

And in that country home with brothers two,
He and they grew to manhood and went forth
To serve the nation in the ways of right;
And thus they blessed their parents, home and race.
To parents of this kind the nation owes
A debt of gratitude she can not pay.
The nation's greatness rests on such as these.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 228.

Virgil Brook, The Father

The high-minded father loved his children three;
From infancy up he shower'd love on them;
He early gained their confidence and held
That trust till death; all through his life he was
Their chum. He prospered as he loved and worked,
And gave his children education complete,
And lived to share the glory of their deeds.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 229.

June Brook, The Mother

“To my three sons I’ve given the best I have;
Oh how I love these comely boys of mine!
By thought and example I have ever tried
To train my boys to manhood’s noble plan;
Lives of heroic characters whose great deeds
And names shine on our history’s pages
Were given them to read in childhood days.

I told my boys to follow in their steps
So far as possible, to learn from them
The qualities of success, the virtues that
Ennoble and enrich the human heart,
To be Americans in the best sense
That term implies, to live unselfish lives,
To render service to their country till
Death’s angels should bear them to other worlds

Sweet boys they follow’d my advice and now
I feel my life through them shall bless mankind.
I am so proud of them, and I thank God
He made me mother of such manly men.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 229.

Dale Brook

An honest lawyer the eldest son became;
He was elected to Congress and became
A leading statesman and framed national bills,
And caused their enactment into laws;
For thirty years he was a dominant power
For freedom, justice, truth at Washington;
He bent the nation to his will, but thanks
To his great nature he gave us just laws,
Which helped to build a nation fit to live.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 230.

Walter Brook

The second son a brilliant man became,
A college teacher and in due time he
Was called to the college presidency,
Where his strong influence for years inspired
With high resolve the minds of bright young men
Who were to be the nation's leaders in
The future years; a vein of patriotism
And honor for America ran through
His talks and teachings every day; each class
From him the true American spirit caught
And left the college firm in country's love.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 230.

Forest Brook

The youngest son, tall, slender man possessed
A spiritual face in which intelligence shone;
Years of deep thinking on his parents' part
Together with maternal prayers before
His birth had shaped him for special work
In building up the nation's better life.

With vision deep as man could have, with thoughts
As broad and sound as reason gives to man;
With complex knowledge learn'd in greatest schools,
And humanized by travel o'er the earth;
With wisdom glowing in his inner soul,
He was the power preacher of the age;
And in the greatest churches of the land,
He preached the word that changed the lives of men,
And religion as he preached it took life
And spread like prairie fire the nation through.
Because he lived and preached the noblest truths,
He blessed and helped to elevate mankind.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 231.

The Bribe Receiver

He was a farmer in the middle west,
 And own'd one hundred sixty acres of land;
 It was cheap land some twenty years ago,
 And cash was scarce and hard to get. This farm
 Was mortgaged for three thousand dollars which sum
 With interest would be due within a year.
 How could he raise the cash to pay the note
 And mortgage? this thought preyed on his mind.
 He knew the Shylock of the loan would start
 Proceedings to close out the lien as soon
 As it became due. The old Shylock had
 Told many people he would take the farm
 Within a year and kick the mortgagor off.
 The farmer thought by day and night how he
 Could save his farm. At last a novel scheme
 Came into his head; he would try and get
 His party to name him for the legislature
 Which was equivalent to election.
 He got the pledges of several delegates,
 Who worked hard for him. On convention day
 He got the nomination, and was elected
 In November of that year. He took his seat
 In the legislature in January and went
 Back home in March. The following May his note
 And Mortgage would be due, and Shylock chuckled
 For he had visions of another farm
 Obtained at half price. The date arrived,
 The statesman bright and early on that morn
 Drove over to Shylock's home and counted out
 The mortgage money and demanded a release.
 Old Shylock was amaz'd but gave the release.
 The farmer statesman after this purchased
 A grocery stock and opened up a store;
 'Tis said he is a wealthy man these days.
 How did he get the cash to pay the note
 And mortgage and open up a grocery store?
 Direct evidence isn't available.
 We only can surmise from what he did;
 Before the legislature, in which he served,
 A certain railroad had a joker bill
 It want'd enacted into law; the first

Vote was a tie; the farmer statesman voted
Against the railroad; when the second vote
Was taken the bill passed by one vote;
The farmer voted for the bill that time.
He got five thousand dollars for his vote
'Tis said; he never ran for office again.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 231.

Jim Dodger

"I came west when a young man to get a start,
I had a limited education; I got
A job in a logging camp and went to work;
I did the hardest work at the smallest pay;
The work was too hard for me so I quit,
And went to town, the metropolis of the state,
And got a job as flunkey in a saloon.
The owner seemed to like me and soon he
Made me bartender; together with
The wages which I saved and the money I
Stole from him, I was able in a year
To buy an interest in his saloon.
We branched out and started other saloons
And bawdy houses and I soon grew rich.

I had in the meantime become a power
In local politics. My wife began
To think of social conquests so I had
To sell my bawdy houses and saloons to give
My wife a chance in social life. The thought
Struck me that I should climb the political ladder
Myself, so I opened up a broker's office,
And in spare hours read law; a year or two
Thereafter I was admitted to the bar,
But I soon learned that law was too slow
A game for me to monkey with; I had
In the city election just held, managed
The campaign of the winning candidate for mayor.
As my part of the spoils I asked for
And was appointed chief of police; this
Delighted all my friends of the underworld;
They knew I would permit an open town.

After serving a term as police chief,
I got the nomination for county sheriff,
And the sporty element elected me.
While I was sheriff I appointed, perhaps,
Three thousand deputies in the county; these men
Together with the underworld made me
A mighty power in the county and gave
Me influence throughout the state; and I
Made up my mind to seek the nomination
For governor in the dominant party; I won

The nomination and was elected though
Some of the decent element in the state
Attacked my unsavory reputation.
The groups that elected me to office were
My advisers and helped me rule the state.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 233.

Judge Slicklow

"I am a politician. I know the tricks
That win an office, the wire pulling kind;
I am Superior Judge in a county that
Has various money'd interests, greedy and strong;
The larger interests and their political ring
Put me in office, though I sometimes yield
To other organiz'd groups to hold in line
Their votes. When making my decisions in
A case I carefully consider which side
Can furnish me most votes on election day.
If neither litigant represents the Ring
That made me judge, the benefit of doubt
I give to him who can help me the most.
In issues that are close or fairly close,
I always decide for him who has most votes.

I hear some people say no mouthy Red
Who speaks upon the street compares with me
As a menace to the nation's life.

Through shrewdness I my office hold; I know
I cast disgrace upon the bench and bar,
But what of that I get that which I want,
Both office, power, money, social rank."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 234.

The Selfish Man

He sold insurance, farms, town lots and houses,
And had accumulated in ten years or so
A fair amount of wealth as viewed by
Small village folk; it was the common talk
That he was money mad and only thought
And talk'd about his sales when sales he made.
When sales were big and profitable, 'tis said,
He would jump high and scream with keen delight.
He even ran around the town and showed
His commission checks to people to impress
Upon their minds his money making power,
To prove he was the only man in town
Who merited business in his line of trade.

He had no use for those he could not work,
And get their money; 'tis said he wouldn't speak
To people who refused to deal with him.
He took no interest in church or lodge,
Or town save when he saw a chance to make
Some money; real friends he never had,
And could not have for such was not his aim;
Except his family and himself he cared
For no one; dollars were his daily dream.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 235.

Pay

If I know how to live,
 I should do real living;
If I have wealth to give,
 I should help men by giving.
"Tis deeds that count the most;
 The strong must pay the price
For strength whate'er may be the cost,
 Or worldly sacrifice.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 235.

Goodby

Goodby is the parting word of love,
Spoken by friends when they sever;
Goodby is often a sad, sweet word,
And lingers in the heart forever.

Few words stir our deep sympathy
More than the parting word goodby;
It touches the heart of a lonely soul,
And often brings a tear and sigh.

Goodby is a word of emotion,
Born in a bosom that is aching,
The final word of deep regret,
Pathetic to a heart that is breaking.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 236.

Unhappiness

Dead, dead, my dearest friends are dead!

The triumph of life comes dear,
And wisdom's, virtue's and honor's reward,
When I left happiness at their bier.

Alone! and triumph does not steal,
Nor banish anguish, grief and pain
Which came to me to never heal,
To rack, through life, my heart and brain.

Life and eternal pain and grief,
Then death, the grave and mystery.
Shall these experiences bring relief,
The balm of happiness to me?

Perhaps they may. Who can surmise
What lies beyond this life of ours,
What issues and vast enterprise,
What growth and love, what spiritual powers?

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 236.

The Drunkard

“I am a drunkard. I drink because I like
The taste of whiskey and its effect upon
My brain; when drunk I often feel I am
A millionaire and talk and pose as such;
Sometimes I feel ugly as a bull,
Then I curse my wife and beat up my kids.
Once I shot up the town and got six months
In jail. I will not pay my grocery bills
If I can help it for I need the money
To buy poor whiskey or some other booze.
Since these United States have gone bone dry
I do not know how I shall get along.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 237.

The Trapper

The trapper was a short, thickset, old man,
With hair and whiskers long, and white like frost;
His nose was shaped like an eagle's beak;
He lived in a cabin by the lake.
He'd been a backwoods trapper all his life.
In autumn, winter and spring he trapped round
The lake, along the creek and in the marshes
For muskrats, otters, beavers and mink; he caught
In traps set out in the forest, wolves and foxes.
One trip a year he made to town to sell
His pelts and buy ammunition, clothing and food;
In summer time his principal food was fish
And berries, coffee, flapjacks, syrup and beans;
In winter time he substituted meat for fish.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 237.

The Dreaming Youth

"I am a young boy; life is all before
Me; all I hope to be is yet to be;
Im a bright student in the public school;
 To high position in the world they say
 I may hope to rise; certainly I have
 Great dreams; I often see myself among
 The great of earth; a statesman, or president,
 Or general in the army, or man of wealth
 And power. I wonder what I shall be? shall
 I rise to fame or shall I die unknown?
 I'm marked this day for failure or success;
 It lies with me they say what I shall be;
 The future shall place me where I belong."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 237.

The Tramp

"I am a bum; I tramp the world around,
And see the sights without one cent of cost;
I have no family, occupation, friends,
Or home; I live where I take off my hat;
No one a rap would give for me, and I
Don't care for anybody; even for myself
I've very small regard. I will not work,
For work and I were never friends; it hurts
My feelings, tires my body to work for bread;
I won't do it; I'll borrow, beg or steal
Before I'll work. A free and easy life
I live; I sleep in sheds, box cars and barns
And beg my meals at kitchen doors or steal
Raw food and cook the food in an old can
I pick up on the rubbish pile; I put
The old can over a camp fire which I
Make in some quiet nook or shady spot
Where officers won't come to drive me away.

I seldom walk for walking is hard work,
And any kind of work I will not do;
A brake beam or box car ride I steal,
Or beg an auto ride from town to town;
The world owes me a living and a good
Time every day; I nothing owe the world."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 238.

The Hour Of Death

It may be I shall die alone,
And no one shall see me depart
This life on the adventure unknown—
Not one sympathetic, tender heart.

It may be I shall die amid
Strangers who are cold and austere,
And lack of love shall them forbid
To give me e'en a kindly tear.

I may die'mong those whom I love,
And I shall feel love's soothing power,
And like kind angels from above
They'll cheer me in that solemn hour.
But when I go, where e'er it may be,
I'll face the issue, make the trip,
With courage and give Deity
The record of my stewardship.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 239.

The Child Hater

“I’m married, but I won’t be a mother;
I am too busy with my social life
To bother with a child; besides I have
No wish to suffer or endure that I
Might bear a child; I’m sure I wouldn’t love it;
It’s possible that I would hate it.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 239.

The Old Man

"I'm an old man; life's sun is in the glow
Of setting and soon will drop out of sight.
I am an average man and had to learn
Through rough experience how to think and live.
In many ways I learned well the game;
I had my faults and virtues in my youth
As well as now, but when I saw my faults,
I always tried to cure them and remove
The cause; in this I met with good success.

I've had my ups and downs, but I have saved
More than enough to keep me till I die.
By light of experience I would say
To young men if they would seek my advice
These words: "Live honest, moral, thrifty lives,
And in old age you'll have but few regrets."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 239.

The Criminal

The vicious tendencies in my mind outgrew
The virtues and I became a criminal;
My father was a thief before me; I
Was much inclined to a life of crime.
I'm a porch climber, burglar, thug and thief,
Gold brick manipulator, robber and footpad;
I kill'd one man because he would not hold
Up his hands when I tried to get his purse,
But the sob sisters wept so copiously
That the stupid jury let me go.

I've been arrested many times and tried,
But usually have escaped conviction which
Was due to lack of evidence by the state,
Or to bribery or perjury on my part.
I always hired crooked, criminal lawyers
Who would do anything to win for ample fees;
They would fix witnesses who would swear me free,
Or hang a jury by giving one a bribe.

I find that many courts are only a farce,
With sobbing sisters, easy judges and dull,
Sympathetic jurymen; I beat the law
By many methods; sometimes I pretend
To be insane; an alienist for gold
Will gravely take the stand and swear I am.
The court may sentence me to the mad house,
But pull and power soon get me discharged.

I was convicted twice but due to lax laws,
And a friendly judge, the first time I got off;
They called it probation; the second time
I was sent to prison to serve a long term,
But powerful influences in the underworld
Had me parol'd at the end of the first year.
I often indulge in hearty laughter at
Probation and the system of parole,

And all the other rules which breed more crooks.
I laugh to think that any one is fool
Enough to believe a crooked nature can
Be helped or reformed by such means.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 240.

The Rose

Which is the fairest flow'r that blows?
I say the rose, the fragrant rose!
And from the moment of her birth,
She is a jewel of the earth.

And in her heart. and on her cheeks
The sweetest love divinely speaks.
Upon her lips God plants a kiss,
And she turns red in deepest bliss.

This flow'r suggests what I have sought—
A happy life, a noble thought.
Her color'd petals speak to me
Of Deity and love and beauty.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 241.

The Honest Lawyer

An honest, capable lawyer's an asset
To every village, city, state and realm;
He stamps his character on community life,
On state and national legislation; he leads
The way in righteous, civic work; his strength
Is felt at party meetings, lodge or church;
He gives more thought and time and service free
To public work than other business men;
He stands for law and order every day
Before the mob and traitors of our land;
Unmov'd he stands like some firm rock around
Which raves the ocean billows and sea winds;
He is a worthy leader, safe and sane,
Whose efforts bring his people good results.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 242.

Gladys Hart

“My parents were poor renters on a farm
With a large family; as a little girl
I was ambitious to become a nurse.
I saw no chance at home for me to be
More than a household drudge; I asked my parents
To let me go to town and work my way
Through high school; after much persuasion they
Finally let me go to town. To earn
My board I worked for a family
While I attended school; in vacation time
I earned money to purchase my clothes.

In four years’ time, I graduated from the school,
Then went in training in a hospital,
For three years, when my ambition was achieved,
And I became a trained nurse. I tried
Hard to succeed and in five years I was
The best known and best liked nurse in all
The city where I worked. They made me
The matron of the hospital and I
Try harder now than ever to succeed.
My early dreams are rapidly coming true.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 242.

Dick Magee

“A mint of money I inherit’d; my dad
Accumulated large wealth in crooked ways;
He was well hated but he got the coin,
And I am spending it in riotous life;
I have a wife and kids and mistresses;
I gamble, cheat and lie and drink champagne.
I spend my money freely on my friends,
And women say I am a nifty sport.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 243.

Lew Graftis

“I go to prayer meeting every week,
And deliver long and noisy prayers; I
Rise up and testify about the Lord.
I think my prayers do not go above
The ceiling; I confess the Lord and I
Are not on friendly terms; I’ve never met
The Lord and do not know His pious ways.
I’m mayor of my town and own a store;
For political and business reasons I
Have join’d the church; ’tis quite respectable
Now days to be a member of some church.
I find it pays to wear a righteous garb
To fool the voters, patrons and other folk;
I am a hypocrite among the saints;
I am a wolf among the bleating sheep;
But I am shrewd enough to fool the bunch,
And get their trade and now and then some graft
As mayor of my pious little town.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 243.

Reverend Stowe

“I am a minister because I love
The work; there is so much good to be done
Along the shepherd’s line; I love to help
The growing youths, to comfort invalids, to cheer
The old, to soothe the dying in that hour
When their souls hover on the brink between
Almighty God and man. It gives me joy
To see’ the light of hope dawn on the brow
Of him as he casts off mortality
To take on the mantle of immortality.
I can not hope for riches; wealth doesn’t come
To him who follows in the Master’s work;
But there are better things in life than wealth,
And I through many years have sought such things.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 244.

The Quack Doctor

The quack doctor harasses every city
As fleas infest the dog; he holds himself
Out to the public as a miracle man; this bunk
Is published far and wide and those who have
Some ailment real or imaginary
Like sheep run headlong to the brazen quack
To get relief; he tells them what they came
To hear; relieves them of their coin, but leaves
Them with their ills, and with a mad desire
To patronize again some medical quack.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 244.

The Honest Doctor

The honest doctor is a useful man
In the community; for reasonable fees,
With kindly heart he helps to cure men's ills.
His patients he does not try to keep sick
In order to run up a doctor's bill;
He uses a fair degree of sense and tells
His patients so far as he can see
The trouble which afflicts the flesh and mind;
He is a friend and brother of other men;
Without his service we couldn't get along.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 244.

The Shyster Lawyer

He offices in the city' mid the crowd;
Sometimes he has splendid office rooms,
Equipped to appeal to wealthy folk
Who like to dally with the bunco man;
And other times he has a dinky room,
Where poor and ignorant victims come to grief.
In either instance his chief stock in trade
Is a fluent, lying tongue of empty words.
He gets his clients through some shady means;
A dozen different plans may lead them in;
He prints suggestive lines in the press,
On marriage relations and the like,
Which nearly violate the penal code.

To reach the gullible on the street, he sends
Out runners, on the commission plan, to tell
Them he's the leading lawyer of the town.
He always gives the client bad advice
And makes the client think a petty case
In civil court will cost the client hearth
And home unless this lawyer takes the case.
If it's a petty criminal case, he warns
The client that it is a grave offense,
But with his knowledge of the law and his
Ability to make state witnesses lose
Their heads, to fool the jury and the judge,
He can easily win the case without a doubt.
He urges suits, collects excessive fees,
And makes big charges for worthless law advice;
He fleeces every victim that he can.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 245.

The Underworld

Two kinds of human folk dwell in this world,
And only two in fact, when measured by
The moral law. And who are they you ask?
They're either members of the underworld,
Or they are members of the overworld.

Who are the members of the overworld?
They are the folk who live the moral law,
Who stand for social ethics and obey
The penal code and justify the truth.
They are the builders of a better world.

Who are the members of the underworld?
They are the lawless folk who keep the world
Immoral by wilfully breaking moral Jaws
And penal codes. What is their status, where do
They live? They may be poor and live in huts
And only move in humble social life,
Or they may live in mansions and be rich,
And have high social standing. They may have
Small influence or large influence'mong mankind.
They may reside on Red Light Alley or
May dwell on Broadway, or Main Street, or live
On Ocean Highway, or on Thistle Lane.
They may be found in every walk of life,
And often times pass for what they are not
When screened by deceit and wealth and power.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 246.

Great Souls

Embrace the purpose of great souls,
The dreamers of the lofty dreams,
The doer of the noble deeds,
The builders of a better manhood.
In them behold a man's beauty and strength,
The mind of God, the peak of life.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 246.

Life's Mystery

Life is a baffling mystery!
Achievement, love and hate
Are makers of man's destiny,
And prophesy his fate.
But what is coming few can see,
Or the prophecy translate.

Life is a solemn mystery!
What shall the morrow bring?
Shall it bring grief and tears or glee,
Broken hearts or those which sing?
Shall we live life's shining beauty,
Or shall we feel death's sting?

Life is the deepest mystery,
The wise concede and deem.
Birth, growth, death and eternity,
Figure in the scheme.
Life is a subtle witchery,
Provoking as a dream.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 247.

Thomas Alva Edison

God said, "Let there be light" and there was light,
And then the ages waited for the birth
Of him who should invent the lamp the earth
To light when day should fade into night.
And after the long centuries' tireless flight,
Nature gave us Edison, the wizard man,
Who has improv'd the lights, in Nature's plan,
Whose brightness, in the darkness, blinds our sight.
Inventions by the hundreds were in his mind
And he gave form and shape to many schemes
To further progress and to help mankind.
His high achievement like the sunlight gleams
And in the world of science we'll not find
A dreamer who possess'd more useful dreams.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 247.

Henry Norton

“I’ve been a common laborer all my life;
I am now sixty-five; I raised six sons,
And daughters two; it has been endless toil
For me since I was very young; my nose
Has ever been at labor’s wheel so I
Might earn a living for my family.

I’ve worn old clothing all my life and eaten
Poor food; I’ve been a good work horse and lived
Without hope like an ox. My pleasure is
My pipe; my old black pipe has been my friend,
My constant friend for many years; I want
My old pipe buried by my side that it
May moulder into dust along with me.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 248.

Jane Norton

"I was a penurious farmer's daughter. I
Grew up with little education; all I
Received was obtained at the white
School house which stood beside the country road.
I married in my'teens a young farm hand;
We started out in life exceedingly poor;
We always have been poor though now we're old.
I've always lived in a humble home,
Poorly furnished; I've been ill clad,
And lived all my life on poor, coarse food.
I've worked like a slave from girlhood up,
And bore eight children in my married life,
And worried over them all through the years.

I never traveled any, never saw
The things of which I dreamed and wanted to see;
I don't dream any more; all dreams have died
From out my heart; I only think of how
I can get food to eat and clothes to wear,
And some poor place to live. I hope the grave
Shall bring me peace and heaven will let me
See pretty things like I once saw in dreams.
I feel my mind and soul are stunted in growth;
I feel I never had an equal chance
With those gay, smiling ladies, wise and rich;
But any way I keep my faith in Him
Who loves the worthy poor the Bible says."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 248.

Caleb Billings

“I was born rich and given a good chance
To make a big success in life. I was
Sent to the best schools in America,
Where I spent my time in dissipation. I
Got my diplomas in due time but did
Not get much knowledge in my head. I came
Out of the university without a trade
Or profession; I possessed what cads would call
A gentleman’s education. I was to live
For society. I got my father’s wealth,
And married money; in a few short years
I squandered my fortune and my wife’s;
My wife divorced me; my friends quit me;
I dropped rapidly down the social scale;
I had to work or starve; I could not hold
A good position so I got a street
Car job.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 249.

The Honest Grocer

He uses honor in his business, care
And courtesy in his words and acts; his guide
In daily living is the golden rule;
He is an honest grocer who sells goods
For modest profits and always gives good weight;
The quality of his groceries is the best.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 249.

Charles Blackfield

"I am a preacher of the Holy Writ
Because it is an easy way to make
My living. I can wear good clothes and have
A lovely time with ladies. I go in
The highest society in my church and get
Good meals galore without one cent of cost
To me; each year my vacation runs a month
With full pay. I go to the beach and flirt
With every woman that I can; you bet
I have a good time while my wife stays home.
I do not care a rap for Christianity;
I am a hypocrite, but what's the odds?
I've got to eat and wear good clothes; I need
The money and I will not do hard work.
I find the ministry an easy game
To play and quite remunerative these days;
I preach such bunk as the wealthy Pharisees,
The big contributors to my salary
Desire to hear; if I did not I couldn't
Remain their pastor for an hour; believe
Me they control their pastor's thoughts and words.
I stay as pastor of my church until
The members measure me and then I leave
For fairer fields to turn the trick again.
I often fool my flock for quite a while,
And on the job stay longer than I would;
I soon grow weary of the same old sheep.
My smiling face, the rogue's deceptive mask,
My oily words and prayers hot as fire
Attract the gullible to me; I am
To them a crystal spring with waters pure."

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 250.

Nathan Lookout

“I own a general merchandise store and make
Big profits in the business; on new goods
I mark the prices up, and when the goods
Get ancient, I put on a clearance sale,
And advertise great bargains at my store.
I usually sell my old goods at these sales
At the same prices as new goods. I mark on
The selling card a higher price than I
Sold new goods for, and then beneath this price
I put the bargain figures. I fool folk,
The bargain hunters who flock to my store;
I cheat the buyers but they don’t get wise.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 250.

The Honest Judge

He beat the Interests and all the Rings;
The people made him their Superior Judge,
And never was a truer man elect'd
To sit upon the bench; he was a wise
And fearless judge who seldom made mistakes,
And these were of the head, not of the heart;
The little attorneys in his court received
Due courtesy and attention from the judge,
The same as prominent lawyers of the bar.

The poor and rich, the politicians, the Ring,
All looked alike to him so far as fear
Or favors were concerned. He decided
On the merits of the cases that he heard
In favor of right and justice every time.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 251.

Flossie Mills

“My parents were poor as a desert mouse;
I did not care to go to school and ma
Let me stay home; I’ve little in my head.
I’m lazy and I did not want to work;
I claimed to be sick, but I could run
To dances and theaters every day and night;
Pa thought I should help ma around the house;
I pretended to be ill so ma would do
The work; I did not learn to do house work,
And cook; ma said I should not soil my hands;
That I should be a lady and not a drudge;
That I was pretty and some wealthy man
Would marry me. I looked in vain for him
The wealthy man; at last a clerk I wedded,
A clerk who earned fifteen dollars a week.
I had to learn to cook and do house work
So that I could get him a meal to eat;
I hate the work; I want to gad about;
I would divorce my clerk but I might starve
For father died last year. What could I do?”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 251.

Minnie Mann

“My husband is a wealthy business man
Who gives his life to get the gold; he tends
To business and forgets he has a wife.
When he’s at home we have a riotous time;
We drink and gamble with our friends and dance
The bonny hug and all the racy dances;
And when my husband is away from home,
I get the company of some other man,
And never fail to have a royal time.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 252.

Nan

“My body once was chaste and pure and clean;
I always had abundance of red blood,
And had strong animal passions and desires.
Vigorous health and lack of self-restraint,
Fill’d my mind full of evil thoughts.
I went to dances with every Tom and Dick,
And hugg’d and kiss’d those boys; at last I fell.
Disgrace then drove me from my home; I left
My country town and to the city went;
I had no friends, and’twas hard to get work;
I took the easiest way to earn a living,
And I became a woman of the street.
I learned to drink; I get drunk and have
Become a dope fiend and degenerate,
And now by body, mind and soul are vile.
Let other girls beware of evil thoughts,
Bad habits, lustful men, if they would hope
To be pure and escape my dreadful fate.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 252.

Mary Munson

“I pad my body and wear a satin dress;
I curl my hair and paint my lips and face;
I ornament my fingers with cheap rings,
And I look swell; I am too nice to work.
My husband has to hire a servant girl,
And own an auto though we hardly can
Afford to spend our money in these ways.
We always are in debt for groceries.
We must entertain those in our social set;
At our tea parties I indulge in lies,
And gossip about our neighbors. I go
To church to see what other ladies wear,
And to show my finery to the congregation.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 253.

Billy Hawker

“I had no money, trade, nor profession; I was
Incompetent and it was hard for me
To keep a job; I was unable to make
A decent living for myself and those
Dependent on me, so I conclud’d to try
My luck in politics; I got myself
Elect’d to a small office and came in touch
With city and county bosses and let them know
That I would be a putty man and serve
Them best I could; they took a chance on me,
And now I am their servile tool; I am
Their rubber stamp, their ‘yes’ man all the time.
Sometimes I am crooked, but I have
To be in serving crooked, business men
Who force my services on the people. I am
A moral coward; I dread the wrath of them
Who make me and who would break me if I
Should falter in obedience to them.
I hearken to the orders of my bosses,
And you bet I obey them like a good dog
So I may keep myself in office; I
Would starve if they should ever turn me down.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 253.

Viewpoint Of Marvin Justus

“I’m loath to worship at the shrine of man,
But if I do I must pick my kind of man,
And he must be of real merit and worth,
A rare exceptional man; a pillar of gold
Elicits no reverence from me. If I
Must be a hero worshiper I shall
Bow only to a superior mind sustained
By pure and noblest, human character.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 254.

The Indians

I've seen the Indians in their birch canoes
Glide down the river, over rapids long,
Past meadows green, and winding woods of pine
From their reservations at the river's source;
Have seen them skim the river's lucid waters,
As they paddled up the rapid stream;
Have seen them make tepees from long poles,
Covering them with tent cloth in the summer,
And in winter with wild animals' skins;
Have seen them glide across the frozen snow
On skis in search of game, the deer and moose;
Have seen them picking berries in summer time.

These primitive people, buck and squaw, adorn
Their persons with cheap jewelry, gaudy garb,
And go on dress parade along the street.
Have seen the men arrayed in buckskin suits
And beaded moccasins laced on their feet.
The buck's a drone, the squaw is good to work;
The woman is the beast of burden; she
Bears on her head and back the family load,
In all foot traveling from place to place.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 254.

The Fearless Leader

The man in office who enforces the law
Efficiently and honestly without
Fear or favor for the benefit of all,
And weeds out grafters and incompetents
From office needs more courage than the brave
Who die in battle; they go forth in groups,
Imbibe group bravery and inspiration, while he
Alone must fight for right, must rise or fall
Alone, must face frame ups, and all the schemes
That selfish, crooked business men and all
Their crooked political henchmen can conceive.

In his high duty, if he would succeed,
He must possess a purpose, vision clear,
Intelligence, leadership, unyielding will,
As well as courage and integrity.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 255.

A Wonderful Age

Most folk live for themselves today,
And laugh at our best tradition;
They do not care for morals, they say,
And they scorn the thought of perdition.
The past is lost in this day;
Machines do most of the work;
'Tis the age of amusement and play,
And every one wants to shirk.
This is a wonderful age they say!

The gay life celebrates the night,
Drinking, dancing, or at the show,
Or playing golf or seeing a fight;
For levity none shall forego.
This is the age of nerve and brass,
But all such traits are now call'd "guts";
This is the age of the bandit class,
Of cocaine fiends and other nuts.
These wonders, no age could surpass!

This is the age of mighty speeding,
Of motor boats, Fords and airplane,
Of bunk and bull and light reading,
And passion for material gain.
Religionists have demand'd new preachers,
The old high brows are out of date;
The light weights have succeed'd the Beechers,
And in the churches they gaily prate.
This is a wondrous age up to date!

Clay, Webster and Lee have lost out;
Their statesmanship few will commend;
The crabbing statesmen they now tout,
And all their foolishness defend.
Ben Franklin no longer holds his place
As a wise man in this new age;
He has lost out in his long race;
Some language monger is now the sage.
This wondrous age is on a rampage!

The people fall for every frill,
And dote on flattery and praise;
They're always looking for a thrill,
But they call it "kick" in these days.

The old families are giving way
To the new rich with a groan;
They have to courtesy in this day
To such aristocrats as Wapone.
This is a wonderful age they say!

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 256.

Dispensers Of Justice

Inferior courts are often most inferior,
Or jokes, or tragical farces; over them preside
Men who are ignorant of law and evidence,
Yet they have to interpret law and pass
Upon the evidence before their courts;
They pass upon the liberties of men,
Upon the property rights of litigants.
With such inefficiency where light should be
Don't sit and wonder why dear Justice shrieks,
Or why some men curse and others joke and laugh
At such dispensers of justice and the law.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 257.

Zach Goldbag

“In youth I had to suffer poverty,
And all the disagreeable features that it has.
I didn’t like it; I swore I would get rich.
I sized up myself and found I had
No talents, only a common, mediocre mind,
Developed somewhat by an education.
I had no trade or profession, but had some
Knack as a trader and was bless’d with luck.
I lived in a small community
Where folk were poor and money was scarce; I
Engag’d myself in a small business; I
Endeavored to use all the brains I had.
I think, I did, but was unable to get
Ahead much in a financial way. I had
Good health, ambition and large energy,
So I kept plugging away to get the coin.
I worked, hustled and schem’d for several years,
And made some headway, but was poorly paid
For the tremendous energy I used.
I often ask’d myself what’s wrong with me?
At last I saw what I believ’d was wrong
In my viewpoint; I us’d my energy
And time manipulating small money deals.
It seemed my perspective was not right
If I were to acquire large wealth, so I
Permitt’d a larger money thought to take
Possession of my mind; I found it just
As easy to think in dollars as in cents;
It did not take a grain more of my brains.
And I began to put through larger deals,
And larger streams of money flow’d to me.
Then I mov’d to a city where large deals
Could be easily made and I put them across.
Now I am worth five million dollars; they
Call me rich; anyway’tis a sizable stake
For one to get with only a common mind.
I’ve gone ahead of many superior men

Because I used all the brains I had,
While they only used a fraction of their brains.
I willed to do with mighty energy;
Through push and zeal I beat the brainy men.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 257.

Lives

The common men are like the brook
Which wanders'neath the sun and star;
Their words and deeds do not go far;
Their world is only a small nook.
Yet they hold down most of the jobs
The nation has and keep things going,
Going like the brook aflowing,
Amid earth's joys and heart sobs.

Then there are the selected few
Whose deathless words and mighty deeds
Make them immortal'mong all breeds,
And nations whether Gentile or Jew.
Such men are like the wondrous sea,
Their great achievements thunder on;
They're like the glory of the dawn,
A light for all eternity.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 259.

She

Once life was beautiful and sweet
To me; but my achievements weren't
The cause of my great happiness;
'Twas love as I knew it with her.
She was the true interpreter
Of love to me, and oh such love!
She touch'd the chords of poetry
And music in me and I felt
The thrill of ecstasy, the peace
And glory of the heavens and earth;
The great illusions of the soul
I knew, and the bliss of lofty dreams.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 259.

The Curse Of Greed

Too many people live for self,
And all they think about is pelf,
Or swelldom, pomp, or show or fashion,
Or to gratify their animal passion.

Oh! how they scheme and skin for greed
Without one thought of noble deed;
With no desire to help mankind,
With no desire for a spiritual mind.

No wonder this old world is bad,
No wonder saints and seers are sad;
While lust and greed shall rule the brain,
Hard sin and brutal crime shall reign.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 260.

The Political Machine

The political machine in the County Hick,
To win, 'tis said, will do any dirty trick.
The machine is made up of a motley crew—
Of county officers, parasites and the few
Who reap big profits through the ring's hard rule
Which the tax payers pay and whine and pule.
Some of its members are dry so they say,
And some are wet as the fish in the bay,
But all take orders and bow to their king,
And the inner council of the county ring.
Whoever for office the machine may choose
Obeys whether he is dry or gulps down booze.
The dry-booze issue with the ring is bunk;
Its members may live sober or get drunk,
Providing they take orders and obey;
If they do not they're fir'd without delay.

'Tis said the machine in the County Hick
Is bossed by fellows who act like Old Nick;
In order to win the machine uses guile,
And lots of gold when the machine's on trial.
'Tis said the machine is furious in its wrath,
And tries to crush all who obstruct its path;
It closes the press to antis who dare speak
Against the old machine or office seek.
The voters only get the chance to hear
The ring's point of view on election year.
By fooling the voters the machine wins out,
And puts in office every kind of a lout;
But the ring peddles bunk and ever tries
To make folk think the officers are wise guys.
Such is the old machine in the County Hick
Which is led by men who act like Old Nick.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 260.

The Road Hog

Of all the drivers on the road,
The road hog is the worst;
He's the most hated of his tribe,
The one most fiercely curst.

He thinks his time's so valuable,
But often he's a loafer,
And oh! so small, a ten cent man,
With the brain of a gopher.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 261.

The Tree

A graceful, shady tree,
With poise and symmetry,
Suggests a lovely prayer,
And is a picture fair.

Ere Nature gave man birth,
The trees were lords of earth.
With happy eyes I see
A friend in every tree.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 261.

Beauty's Crusader

I am a crusader for beauty!
No warrior in the Holy Land,
No conqueror of the Alps,
Ever pushed on with more zeal
To gain his goal than I.
Among the sweet and lovely flowers
Which blossom in the charming gardens,
I walk absorbing their perfume,
And beauty till I feel that I
Am one of them, at least, in mind.

I wander through the forest thatch'd
With velvet leaves and carpeted
With flowers, moss and fresh young grass;
I contact with the blossoms and leaves
And grass until my flesh partakes
Of all the odors of the wood.

I go back to the crowded city,
But the pictures in my mental world
Do not leave me; still I behold
The trees and flow'rs and country sky.
I feel the gentle touch of beauty;
The music of nature stirs my heart;
I live in perfect harmony
With the rhythm of the universe.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 262.

John Barleycorn

The biggest funeral seen on earth was held
On January sixteenth, nineteen hundred twenty;
The king of kings had gone the silent way
Of other wicked rulers who had reigned;
He had more friends than any other king,
Though he had sent to misery, death and hell
More men than all the other kings combined;
A nation saw the funeral passing by;
The boozers of America were in line,
Arrayed in crepe on that sad day; with tear
Wet eyes they followed John Barleycorn
To his ignoble tomb where he will lie
A harmless wretch as centuries come and go.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 262.

Resignation

Resign'd to Him, I go my way,
And let my heart be merry,
While thinking of a better day,
What is the use to worry?

Defeat, success and joy and grief
I've known throughout my years;
Some brought me pain and some relief,
I liv'd with smiles and tears.

Perhaps, I've reap'd what I had sown
On life's eternal road;
Perhaps, I have the better grown
By carrying life's great load.

I am resign'd to death and life,
To Nature's high decree;
For naught shall cheat me in the strife,
Nor mar my destiny.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 263.

The State Of Mind

All we are is a state of mind,
As we think so we are;
We choose the good or bad and thus
Our lives we make or mar.
We live according to our thought
In sorrow or in weal;
And we achieve in life's true work
According to our zeal.

All that we are has birth in thought,
Both scorn and smiles and tears;
Our thoughts bring us the light and shadows
Which make or mar our years.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 263.

Dull Lives

Dull lives can't stand monotony,
Life's hum-drum, day by day,
So they do something for a thrill,
Een though it does not pay.

They may indulge in illicit love,
Or get drunk for a change,
Or do some other foolish thing
Within their mental range.

What is the remedy for those
Whose lives are irk and dull?
More happy work, perhaps, would help,
And thinking that is useful.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 264.

War And Panic

War will be popular with some folk
 Until the death of man;
And some will try their best to bring
 On a panic when they can.

War and panic break some folk,
 And make others in the strife;
They shift the human checkers on
 The checkerboard of life.

Upheavals come in war and panic,
 They bring new names to light,
In politics, society and finance,
 Survivors in the fight.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 264.

In Touch With Him

I leave the hum-drum of the world
For a week of harmony,
Departing from restricted life,
For the desert to be free.

I leave the crowd and world behind,
And all the sham and frills,
Fully to live the inner vision
Out on the rocky hills.

As I walk o'er the lonely desert
Of mystery and dunes,
I forget the world is money mad,
I lose the thought in runes.

When I behold the vast, brown plain,
And hear the wind's great horn,
I feel the touch of Him who made
The stars and rosy morn.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 265.

The Daughters Of Light

Beautiful as the lily or rose,
Or all that's fair in lofty dreams,
And chaste and bright as morning's dawn,
Shall be the lovely daughters of light,
The mothers of a noble race.

They shall not be the victims of lust,
Nor thwarted nature, nor blight'd mind,

But love and light and duty and hope
Shall mould them to the perfect life,
Fulfilling God's eternal law.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 265.

In The World Of Air

The world of air is thrill'd and stirred
By sweetest music and noble word;
The world of air is full of ghosts,
The spirits are our silent hosts.
'Tis with the inner eye we see
The spirits. We hear melody
And words through radio's golden voice,
Both make the thoughtful heart rejoice.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 266.

The Anarchist

“I am a foreign anarchist. I live
In these United States; I don’t know much
About their history, ideals, freedom, laws,
And what’s more I care less. I’ve got the gift
Of gab; I use it to make easy money;
I orate to the foreigners in their tongue,
And tell them how they are abused and how
To get relief, to kill the plutocrats,
And overthrow the government; poor fools
They think I speak the gospel truth, and give
Me cheers and office, money, prestige and power.”

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 266.

The Fisherman

He was a jolly fisherman, lazy and fat,
In middle life; he had a wife and four
Or five children; they dwelt in a log hut back
In the woods from the lake. He had row boats,
And nets and hooks and lines and spears; he used
Them on the lake to catch fish; when the lake
Was free from ice, he sunk his nets by weights
Out in the water and fish ran their heads through
Holes in the nets and could not get away;
He also caught fish from his boat with hooks
And lines. In winter when the freezing hand
Of air, laid down an icy floor upon
The lake, this fisherman would cut a hole through
The ice, and set a fish house over it
And wait for fish to swim into the hole
For air; the shadows there prevent'd the fish
From seeing him; and when they came in sight
He speared them.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 266.

The Derelict

He was poor, friendless and old,
Went hungry, ragged and cold,
Sold pins to earn his bread,
And lived in a shed.

What was his history?
His life was mystery.
No one knew his name,
Nor from whence he came.

He was a derelict,
Emaciated and sick;
A straw pile was his bed,
And there they found him dead.

Poor, old, forsaken soul,
They dump'd him in a hole
As though he were a knave,
And let weeds cover his grave.

God pity the forsaken!
Let kindly hearts awaken,
And give them charity,
And human sympathy.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 267.

Thrift

If you would lift
Yourself from want,
And poverty's haunt,
Go practice thrift,
It richly pays,
All of your days.

The squalid hut,
Life's filth and smut,
And misery
Shall never be
Your hapless state,
Your endless fate
If you don't drift
Away from thrift.

The potter's lot
Shall know you not
When life has fled
And dust seeks dust
And you in trust
Lie with the dead,
If you don't drift
Away from thrift.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 268.

Come To California

If you love cloudless skies of blue,
Majestic trees and shady woods,
Great orchards and the desert too,
The fairest land of all the gods,
And want to share them in your fate,
Why hesitate and grieve and wait?
Come to California!

If you care for the matchless brine,
For flowers, beauty, lakes and streams?
If you care for the golden sunshine,
A pleasant clime and land of dreams?
Then come as resident or guest,
And live the spirit of the west
In California!

Do you love all the mountains grand,
The richest valleys that men till,
The loveliest region Nature planned,
The singing birds and vine-clad hill?
If you say “yes,” come, pilgrim, come
And somewhere make your happy home
In California!

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 268.

The Parting

We met and wooed, we quarrel'd and part'd,
One night and never met again;
We both pretend'd indifference,
We both suppressed mental pain.

Quite likely I did not understand her,
Perhaps she did not fathom me;
No doubt we felt but little passion,
I think it was illusive fancy.

She sure was fair in face and form,
Ambitious, independent and proud,
Secretive as a closed flower,
And sensitive as a floating cloud.
She was intelligent, thrifty and clean,
And if she were my wedded mate,
Perhaps I should be fairly happy,
Fairly satisfied with my fate.

We part'd in anger that starry night,
We said adieu without a sigh;
I never saw her since that hour,
It prov'd to be a lasting goodbye.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 269.

Lost

Lost! is any soul on earth
Lost to the Father's love?
Is His affection dearth?
Is His heart only above?
God loves you, never fear,
And He is always near.

Forgotten! does God forget?
No child, do not despair!
Do not bewail and fret,
The Father hears your prayer!
Forgotten, nay! lost, nay!
He's with you every day.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 270.

The Dream World

A colorless life of little hope,
Without the strength to act,
May place himself in dreams where he
Can never go in fact.

The most uneventful, colorless life
May share true ecstasy,
If that drab life builds a dream world
Majestic as the sea.
And in that world paints mental pictures,
A perfect home and land,
Inhabited with ideal folk,
And love divine and grand.

And in that mental picture attains,
And lives a perfect life,
In harmony with ideal thoughts,
Without discord or strife.
Wealth, power, wisdom may be his,
And health and fame supreme,
In mental pictures of delight,
In the moments of his dream.

The drab life may be happier
Than his who wins the game;
The dream is more enchanting than
Achievement and the name.

The drab lives pay no penalties,
These tributes they forego;
Theirs is the empty, fruitless dream
Without despair and woe.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 270.

Is Life Worth Living?

Is life worth living, just to serve,
Without the hope of pay
In earthly wealth, or heavenly life
Beyond the world of day?

Supposing you aren't wealthy,
E'en so life is worth while;
Money can't buy happiness,
So live your life and smile.
Supposing there is no hereafter,
Just death void of light;
Even so life is worth living,
If it is lived right.

Without wealth or hope of heaven,
Without kith, kin or clan,
Life is truly worth the living,
If it is lived for man.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 271.

The Family

They dwell in a modest bungalow,
 The little family,
And only common comforts know,
 But live most happily.
The flowers bloom in their front yard,
 The shady trees grow near;
Their crops and hay and fruit mature,
 And ripen through the year.

Their home is one of true affection,
 Each lives to help the other;
The bonds of love hold them, the father,
 Mother, sister and brother.
They gather after their day's work
 Beside the fireside glow,
Discuss their problems and the news,
 Or listen to the radio.

Their home is one of harmony;
 The Power from above
Must favor such a family,
Such a dear circle of love.
Their home is one of sympathy,
 Where thoughtful hearts grow bright,
Where kindly words and helpful deeds
 Make home a sweet delight.

They dream their dreams and live their lives,
 And when the world annoys,
They leave the turmoil and the strife
 For home and quiet joys.
For happiness and devoted kin,
 His all who would not give,
And prize above all else the home,
 A happy home in which to live.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 272.

Growth

From soul, mind and heart,
Experiences do not depart;
In memory they dwell,
And pathetic stories tell.
Oh, the heart aches and breaks
Due to errors and mistakes!
The loneliness of years,
The sorrows and the tears,
The smiles and golden bow
That many hearts must know.
The gleams of spiritual light,
Stars shining through the night,
Law, prophets and the code,
Knowledge, faith and God.
 Eternity!
 Immortality!

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 273.

The Child

Act sensibly with the little man,
His childish notions do not ban.
Let him enjoy his fancies wild,
The golden dreams of the bright child.
Don't chill his world of make believe,
For life, too soon, will make him grieve.
 Let Santa Claus be real to him,
 Until his world of fancies dim.
 Let him believe in generous giving,
 Let him share in the happy living,
 Let him live in sweet fairyland,
 And talk and play with the fairy band.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 273.

Deeds Of Kindness

Plant trees by the side of the road,
And set benches so the weary may rest;
Let cool springs flow and flowers grow,
So men and their work may be blest.

The homeless are forever here,
As the generations come and go.
Yes! and the broken and forsaken
Who need the seeds of love we sow.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 274.

The Mountain Peak Of Mind

Let me ascend the mountain peak of mind,
And revel in the wonders I may find,
In mystery, life, beauty and destiny,
In God, love, majesty, immortality.
This pays the mind's expense,
This is my recompense,
As I travel down the years
Through the world of night and tears.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 274.

Universal

I have to do with birth,
With passion and with life;
I deal with human souls,
With law and growth and light.

I stand between two worlds;
I am akin to both.
I deal with flesh and mind,
The finite and infinite,
With death and eternity.

Publication. *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 275.

MEDLEY OF LIFE POEMS

The 1935 collection

Medley Of Life

Prelude

Fed on the beauty of the stars and flowers,
And melody of rivers, lakes and sea,
And the soul music of forgotten worlds,
I glow with images, colors, fragrance and sound.

With a song in my heart and on my lips,
I go singing to mankind through vales
And farms, in cities, hamlets, over mountains,
Plains, oceans to the shinning goal of life.
I go singing with Democracy

Whose spirit is the hero of my song.
Democracy! Democracy! our hope,
Our love, our faith and strength are all with you.
I sing the hope and dream of forgotten folk,
The songs of courage, power, love and life;
Forgotten music born in broken hearts.

I travel through valleys, rich with crops,
And over flower-strewn hills, cliffs and rocks,
And through the green-robed forests, cool and shady,
And over barren waste of drifting sand.
I scale the lofty mountain peak and see
The beauty of the world beneath my feet.
I travel through large cities and small towns;
I dive beneath the sea in a submarine,
And sail the stormy sea in a steel ship.
I fly an airplane through the deep, blue sky;
I contact with great Nature and mankind;
I travel through the world of soul and sound;
I learn my lessons from the world that's seen,
And from a mental world that is unseen.
When I see a tree or flower, I see
A dream of God embodied in true form;
I hear the voice of God in gurgling brook,
And in the mighty roar of falling waters,
And in tumultuous music of the sea.

My home is on the mountain top, the dawn
Of morn is my red light, the sky's my roof;
The grass and flowers are the carpet on
Which my feet walk as I chant Nature's tune.
I'm the great lover in the human realm,
The lover of the landscape and mankind,

The lover of the life as it shall be
When ignorance has run its course and men
Are men and governments are fit to live.
I travel through a world of mystery,
Exploring wildwoods of the universe,
Blazing new trails for the daring mind
Across the plains and up the mountain peaks,
Forever peering through the mists of life,
Watching for the golden dawn to guide
Me to that happy dream world of the soul.
I'll bridge the vast and boundless space between
The earth and stars and link the soul with God,
And with the great creations of His mind.
Sing! Sing! Oh, noble muse a heavenly song!
Sing of the making of the Universe,
The making of earth and stars and man,
The making of homes, religion and nations,
The growth and character of men and races,
The glory of man's final destiny.
Sing the wild music of the Universe,
The old, sweet music which has flowed through space
Since old Creation made the suns and stars.
Oh! sing eternal triumph, hope and faith,
And noble passion of the growing man,
Sustained by love in this Dillonian song.
I've kept my balance as a human should.
If I am not too virtuous, nor too bad,
If I have charity like the warm rain,
If I have sympathy like the sweet flowers,
If I have gifts to do the poet's work,
I am content to serve and serving live.
I am descended from English stock with small
Trace of the Welsh, out of the Cavalier
And Puritan, of Southern border states,
New England and the West, out of the founders
And builders of America, out of
The planters, farmers, preachers, statesmen, judges
And warriors of America, a son
Of the new world, old wine in a new cup.
I was born in the middle west and grew
Up in the distant west; my home has been
On the frontier and in lumber camps,
And on the farm and in the town and city.
Muse! sing America in this new song!

Sing visions of progressive life an growth,
Oh, sing a heartfelt song for all mankind!
Oh, sing of wasted lives and energy,
Of economic slaves and grinding toil,
Of money madness and inhuman greed,
Of arrogant wealth and shameful poverty!
Oh, sing of better men and governments!
Oh, sing of men and nations God would bless.

The knowledge of the past is mine; in dreams
I see the finished race of men that is
To be. What splendid bodies, faces and limbs,
What mighty intellects, what noble hearts,
What wisdom, vision, love and poise they have!
They live their lives of harmony and peace
And beauty like the poppies of the vale.

Man in his glory's like a rose; he buds
And blossoms and exhales his manly life
For a short period, then droops and dies
Like petaled blossoms, leaving a vacant place
Among his friends, among the world of men,
And living only in fond memory.
All things which blossom, bud before they bloom;
The lilies bud before they show their blossoms;
The apple blossoms bud before they flower;
The currents bud and bloom before they berry;
In childhood youth is like some growing bud;
In manhood he is like a flower in bloom.
These words were budded in my mind before
They blossomed in these thoughts. Sweet buds and blossoms
And beauty shall be garlands of my song.

I trace creation and the dawn of light,
The birth of stars and suns and worlds and moons,
The birth of plants and animals and men.
I trace the birth of personal liberty,
Collective freedom and Democracy,
Show their eclipse in civilizations,
And the great effort to recover them;
Portray the way to social Democracy,
The civilization of the wiser race,
Forerunner of love's kingdom, progress, peace.

I dwell in the center of the Universe,
And see its splendor in my deeper dreams;
I view its movements, flow of light and laws,

All things most necessary for growth and life.
Let statesmen rule and soldiers fight, but let
Me chant the songs that stir the souls of men,
And, like the sun, contribute light and love.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 6.

The Creation

Methinks Mind is electric and creative,
And is the father-mother of all things;
Perhaps Mind made the star dust elements;
And sent them on a whirlwind into space;
Made atmosphere and sky and built a star,
A heated ball, out of the grains of dust,
And sent it whirling through the boundless air.
The great star body, roaring louder than
The noise of a hundred million thunder storms,
Revolving, burst into a billion pieces,
And from the flood of leaping, whirling fire,
Fell, flaming down the precipice of heaven,
In countless meteors, worlds and stars and suns.
Tempestuous music came from falling stars,
And mighty waves of sound swept through the sky
Like billows rush across the roaring sea.
No man or angel saw the awful scene,
The whirling Universe of fire and flames,
Nor heard the dreadful, bursting sound and crash,
As the great flaming star was torn asunder.
Only God Almighty saw and heard.
Perhaps the sun was thrown off in the smash
And break up of the parent star of old;
The sun threw off the earth and earth threw off
The moon. The heated earth kept up the whirl
Through space, condensing moisture till the earth
Was cooled and the great sea was made; more growth
And mass and land began to rise above
The waters, continents and mountains rose;
Seas, oceans, harbors, gulfs and bays were formed;
Great deserts, prairies, plains and vales developed,
And Mind was in the sea and land; and Mind
Created and caused to grow all kinds of life
On earth, plants, minerals and animals,
And countless kinds of fish grew in the sea,
And then came man, creation's crowning work;
Out of eternity emerged a soul,
Mind, body, force and fire, a God created
Thing, a man to rule the land and sea.
Man serves the earth and dies and goes to dust;

His flesh adds substance to the land; it gives
Back what it has consumed from mother earth.
Perhaps his mind goes back to father mind
And thus completes the circuit of the mind.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 9.

The Early World

All elements known to man are in the earth
And air; all beauty, music, love and life.
And man, earth's angel child, conceived within
Her womb, God's image wears upon his form
And face; God's spirit lives within his heart.

Perhaps the first man found a world prepared
For him, a world of beauty, food and drink.

Quite likely he was ugly as an ape,
And dull and ignorant as an ox; perhaps
His head and features were like a baboon's;
His figure squatty and he made known his

Desires by grunts instead of words, yet he
Was the world's lord; he worshipped God as he
Saw fit and lived his life as Nature would.
In him Democracy and freedom were
Supreme. Perhaps he died alone beside
A tree with all the world in leaf and bloom,
Upon a grassy plot. Perhaps in that
Cathedral of the woods, his life passed out
Upon the wings of bird-note melody.
Perhaps the early man dwelt in the woods,
Or 'neath the shelter of large rocks. From him
Descended a higher type of man who lived
In a hut with his wild family;
Perhaps he was afraid of deadly foes;
His sole protection was his wit and strength;
Perhaps he felt the need of greater help,
And made himself believe a higher Power
Lived somewhere, either in the earth or sky.
Therefore he chanted, prayed and screamed for help.
Perhaps he worshipped his imagined God,
And started the religions of the world.
Before community or tribal life
Began the family was the ruling power;
The father was protector, king and priest.
Perhaps the cave and hut men were free men
Before they entered into tribal life;
Perhaps crude Democrats; in them we see
The origin of freedom and Democracy;
Man's instinct for Democracy and freedom
Came from experiences of those early men.
Through tribal and community growth men

Slowly lost their right to larger freedom;
Democracy fell before despotic rule.
The right to worship God as one saw fit
Was not permitted by the priests and church.
Democracy like some sweet, lovely flower
 Budded, bloomed and faded in life's sweet morn.
 Perhaps all the intelligence of the past,
 That found an outlet through the mortal brain,
Is now an active force in earth and air.
Perhaps all thoughts and words that ever came
From man, all music, chants and sounds since man
Was born are in the air and have been since
They were made and could be heard by us through
 Machines attuned and sensitive to those sounds.
It was an Eden in a sequestered vale,
A nameless tropic land of sunshine and rain;
Great stretches of green grass covered all the ground.
The land was dotted with blooming trees. Oh what
A galaxy of lovely trees were there!
I see the parents of all modern trees.
I see the sweet magnolias in bloom,
And apple trees with crowns of color'd blossoms,
And shapely green-leaved orange trees arrayed
In blossoms white as winter's new made snow,
And peach and cherry trees; and growing there
Beneath the trees were thousands of great plants
Of many varieties in banks of bloom.
Methinks among the fragrant flowers were
Blue violets and hyacinths and roses,
Narcissus, dogwood, marigold and pinks
In buds and blossoms, beautiful and sweet.
But all were nameless as the nameless world
In which they grew and budded, bloomed and died.
The gaudy colored butterflies were there,
And honey bees and insects, worms and bugs;
And myriads of bright-plumed birds lived there
Along with singing birds, the nightingale
And thrush and lark and other sweet-voiced birds,
But like the trees and flowers had no names.
The wild man came and saw the floral beauty,
And smelled the sweetness of the buds and blossoms,
And heard the melody of the wild birds.
Perhaps he sensed the charm and glorious beauty
Of music, colors, odors and artistry,

And felt the thrill of ecstasy; delight
Shone through his eyes and his heart beat with love.
The thoughts and images passed into his brain;
And those experiences developed in his
Descendants, instinct for the nobler beauty.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 10.

Growth Of Religion

I see the social spirit start and grow
Among the kin and several families;
I see the first town or community,
A shanty town erected in the woods
From limbs or bark and brush; or on the plain
From dirt and sod and grass and weeds and rocks;
I see the leader of the community,
The strongest, wisest man, the judge and priest,
Who rules the village with an iron hand.
I see the serpent gods, sun gods, crude gods;
I see the temples, altars and the priests;
I see the bloody rites upon the altars;
I hear the chants and prayers and invocations.
I see the first, the priestly governments;
I see those rulers rule for centuries;
I see the priestly rulers go and see
The warrior kings arise; I see the fight
Between the palace and the wealthy church.
I see priests dominate the kings and then
I see them lose their power for the throne.
I see religious creeds and organized churches
Usurp the liberties of all mankind.
I see those institutions teach by rote
And rule the creed and dogma of the church,
I hear the words of hate instead of love.
I see the kings and prophets writing poems,
And history and sermons and axioms—
Thought substance to be used in future Bibles.
I see the man made Bibles rule the tribes;
I hear the prophets teach the need of Saviours
To show men how to live a life humane;
That thought imbues the minds of many races.
I see the man made Saviours come in lands
Where peoples were expecting saviour men.
I see Gotama of the Aryan tribe,
In India, living the life of a saint.
He is a man of vision, wisdom, truth,
A spiritual thinker, balanced and profound.
I see him live a philosophy on which
His followers built the Buddha faith and creed;
His was a religion of pure conduct, not
A religion of observance, show and form.

He built no temples and ordained no priests,
And gave the world no creed nor theology.
His followers like disciples of the Christ
Believed in pageant, show and ceremony
In order to make a grand appeal to all
The ignorant; then came the order of priests;
Churches were established and temples built.
I see corrupted Buddhist teaching spread
O'er Asia and become the faith of half
The Mongolian race; I see the Aryan faith
Exerting influence on religious creeds.

I see Confucious, Mani and Mahomet
Create religious faiths without the aid
Of priests or temples or forms or ceremony.
I see their simple faiths corrupted by
Their followers who were destitute of vision;
I see the priesthood organize and build
The temples and make gaudy ceremonies;
I see religious wars, the bloody wars;
I see the dead and dying soldiers on
The battle fields; I hear the wail of orphans;
I see the widows weeping o'er their dead.

I see the Persian and Egyptian religions
Exerting influence on the Jewish faith;
I see barbarian Jews in old Judea;
I see their enemies take them prisoners;
I see them carried off to Babylon,
The wicked and the learned city.
Their offspring after a generation or two
Returned much wiser to Jerusalem;
They brought with them some of the writings used
In the old Bible; they believed in one
Great God of the whole world and they believed
Themselves the chosen people by reason of
The fact they had selected such a God

To be their God; the Bible was their book
Of books, their literature and history,
Their law and medical book and guide to heaven.
I see the Hebrew prophets dancing while
They utter oracles of the spiritual life;
Their utterances became books of the Bible;
Their moral ideas brought the hope and promise
Of peace and happiness in future life.
I see the majority of the white race

Embrace the Jewish faith and use the Bible;
I see the Jew religion sweep across
Europe and America and flower
In Democracy in North America.
The Jewish nation was a small weak nation,
Was often conquered by the larger nations.
And Jewish folk were scattered like wheat chaff
Before the winds of heaven and were made
Serfs or slaves by conquerors; thus they
Became tenacious of their language and faith,
Became intense in racial patriotism.
Since they had made themselves believe they were
The chosen people of Almighty God
They always were expecting a Jewish Saviour,
A Messiah who was to redeem mankind,
And restore the Hebrews to material power,
And make the whole world servile to their rule.
Out of this civilization came a teacher,
Who was to free men from the slavery
Of ignorance and tyranny, the first
Great Democrat of all the ages; he was
Illuminated in body, mind and soul.
He reached the heights of man; his life and code
Were easy to follow if men's minds were not
Distorted by unnatural thoughts and deeds.
He was a young and zealous man, refined,
Magnetic, human, earnest and intense.
He drew to him a following and cured
Their ills by faith and mind; he taught them love,
Hope, virtue, service and unselfishness.

He preached a plain and simple doctrine of
The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood
Of man and Heaven's Kingdom on earth; all
His thoughts save those of Heaven's happy Kingdom
Were old as the original man; but seemed
New to the vicious age in which he lived.
He traveled o'er the country doing good
And made no claim of being the Messiah,
Nor part of any Godhead and demanded
No sacrifice from any one he met.
He asked his followers to worship naught
Except the Heavenly Father of all men.
He spoke the words that changed the thought and faith
And institutions of mankind; he was

A rebel in his day for truth and right.
Jesus taught there were no chosen people,
No favorites in Heaven's glorious Kingdom;
That all were treated alike and served alike.
He made no creed, taught no theology,
And built no temples in which to worship God.
With universal outlook on all things,
And with love for the human family,
He spoke against the Jewish patriotism,
And hide bound family ties and private wealth.
He urged the brotherhood of all mankind,
And claimed all men belonged to God's great Kingdom,
And all their service and all they possessed.
He did not build a business kingdom, nor
A political state; his realm was in the hearts
Of men and his great throne was love and light.

Oh! man of dreams whose dreams were blossoms of
The soul; whose life was like the lily of
The valley, giving beauty to the soul.
Oh! star-like man in the human firmament,
How brightly shine your noble words and deeds.
Oh! epic poem written in the flesh,
Inspired in heaven and produced on earth!
In you we see the world's great finished man!

What matters it to fearless thinkers who
His parents were? It is the man we love.
He built a human character that lives
Supreme, the model for his fellow men.
He said he was the son of man and I
Believe him; being born in the same way
That I was born, he helps me live my life.
Believing fiction necessary to stamp
His qualities upon the human mind,
New Testament writers wove the mystic birth
And life and resurrection into His life;
His teachings were developed into creeds
By Paul and other followers; they made
The religion known as Christianity.
Christ's followers spread the faith through Southern
Europe;
Small churches were organiz'd in Greece and Rome,
And other places and after many years
Of persecution the Christian church became
A power first in spiritual affairs,

And then in politics and business; in
The early centuries, the church for reasons
Politically divided; the eastern branch
Was the Greek Catholic Church, the western branch:
Became the Roman Catholic Church with Rome
As capital of the western Christian church.
The early popes became great spiritual powers
And seemed to favor schools and liberty.
When a line of selfish popes succeeded
Great popes, the church suppressed Democracy.
The church, that was once persecuted, became
The persecutor, became intolerant.
The popes resented knowledge not their own,
Distrusted any thought they couldn't control;
The men of independent minds who would
Not yield to church authority, the church
Suppressed; the Inquisition was created,
And operated under church authority,
And fire and torment were given heretics.
When the church grew strong, the princes and kings,
In order to advance their interests, made
Alliances with the church; when the Greek church
And Roman church grew strong, they lost their zeal
For the great spiritual work of human life,
The task of bringing in the Kingdom of Heaven.
The church had made a better civilization,
But did not keep pace with the great advance
Made by that civilization; a new force
Had come into the world; the common man
Who had been taught to read, who had begun
To reason out life's problems for himself.
The Bible taught the thoughtful man and woman
How good men worshipped, thought and lived their lives.
The Holy Writ inspired the readers with
A similar purpose and with the resolve
To worship God according to their light.
The princes rebelled against the Roman church
By reason of the fact that it usurped
Their power; wealthy men rebelled because
The church was taking too much wealth from them;
The poor and common folk rebelled against
The church by reason of the fact that it
Prevented them from worshipping God as
Their consciences dictated; popes had become

Men of great wealth and earthly potentates,
And in their mad desire for wealth and power
Had ceased to be true spiritual leaders.

Some of the great popes were in sympathy
With Democracy and higher education
For common people; they established schools,
And colleges in the more progressive lands.
Then came a line of dissolute popes who
Corrupted the church and caused the nobility
And commoners to revolt against the church.
Huss, Luther and Calvin challenged church and pope
On moral issues and the rules of faith.

Through the Bible shines Democracy.
The older testament embraces folk lore
And history and prophecy and verse.

The newer testament embraces the teachings
Of Jesus and interpretations given
His teachings by his earlier followers.
The thirteenth century saw printing presses
In use and popular education begin;
Saw Democracy take a new grip on man;
Saw the beginning of a state of knowledge,
And will replacing a community
Of ignorance, faith and obedience.

The two great statesmen-educators of France
And England; Alfred the Great and Charlemagne,
The mighty monarchs of the middle age,
Did much to educate and help their people,
And indirectly helped Democracy.

John Wycliff, English priest and learned man,
Condemned corruption of the Roman clergy,
And spread his criticism throughout old England,
And turned his country toward Democracy.
His was the first translation of the Bible
Into the English language; and he sent
Out many priests to teach the Holy Writ
Throughout the realm; the Bible was the first
Literature the common people had
To read; it made a deep impression on
Their minds and it became their light and guide

The Roman church in England lost its power
As soon as English people learned to read
The Bible and understand the written law.
The English folk began to read the Bible

Soon as they got the chance and they began
To think and reason and accept the Bible
As their law in lieu of theology.
The English church succeeded the Roman church
In England after the church reformation.
The non-progressive faction in the church
Prescribed a code of rules for every one
To follow in the worship of God; the folk
Who did not follow rules made by the church
Were branded heretics and sent to jail.
Due to such persecutions there grew up
In English churches the Puritan element
Who made an effort to reform church rules,
Those liberty loving Englishmen who were
Inspired by the spirit of Democracy
And with the will to worship God as they
Saw fit, came to America and started
The work that led to higher education,
Religious freedom, progress, Democracy.
At their town meetings and debating clubs,
At home and at church meetings they discussed
All issues of the day; the New World gave
The settlers opportunities to think,
And 'take the initiative in government,
And business and in all kinds of achievement.
The colonists became constructive thinkers
And doers in all lines of activity,
And they arrived at their conclusions in
Advance of common men in other lands,
And they asserted themselves according to
Their opinions as no other people had.
They read and thought and planned a government,
And church in harmony with Democracy;
They were progressives and Democrats
In theory from the first and they became
True Democrats in fact and fought and won
This land for conscience and Democracy.
Democracy developed party thinking,
Group action and unity and strength.

The centuries following the reformation
Were ages of grab by every greedy person
With no sense of responsibility
To any one, not even to the state.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 13.

Jamestown

'Twas springtime North of the equator,
In sixteen hundred seven, on the sea;
The great swells of the North Atlantic ocean
Were churned white by terrific winds and storms
Peculiar to that ocean; three small ships
With English gentlemen from England
Were off Virginia's broken coast; they were
To land on Roanoke Island, but a storm
Drove them into a river which they named
James River; 'twas in April when they came
And Nature was arrayed in rarest beauty
With pleasant days; red dawns smiled on the sea,
And splendid sunsets painted the mountain tops;
The moonlight gleamed through the great piny forests,
And danced on the birch trees along the river.
A wilderness of flowers greeted their sight,
A world of gaudy colors and sweet odors,
White dog wood flowers and sweet honeysuckles,
Anemones, geraniums and pinks,
Marigolds and columbines and roses,
Bluets, cowslips, lupines and violets.

A world of song was in the air that spring;
Mixed choirs of wild birds sang their happy songs
Along the river from the mountains to
The sea; plain birds and gaudy colored birds,
The cuckoos, kinglets, mockingbirds, brown thrashers,
Wrens, warblers, tanagers and cardinals.
The honey bees were busy 'mong the flowers,
And gaudy colored butterflies were there,
And fish were in the streams and deer and bears
Were in the forest; snakes were in the grass,
And frogs were in the river or near it.
The colonists indulged in reckless dreams,
Dreams of gold fields, gold nuggets, power, wealth,
The ownership of castles, lives of ease.

They founded Jamestown and lived in poor huts,
Exposed themselves, drank river water, then
Came sickness, misery and death to many.
Those who recovered built themselves good cabins,
And thatched the roofs with straw; among those men
Was Captain Smith, in stature small but tough
As a pine knot, a soldier of fortune, shrewd,

Intelligent, with executive ability,
Historian, explorer; he impressed
Himself upon Virginia and named
New England and won a name in history.
The colonists fished and hunted under Smith,
Purchased corn of the Indians, fared well.
Smith sailed his boat upon the streams and bays,
Explored the country, met the Indians,
Made friends with Powhatan and traded with him.
When Captain Smith returned to England,
The settlers quarreled with the Indians
Who often killed the settlers in the woods.
When their store of food was gone, they ate rats
And mice and snakes and toads and frogs and roots,
A few dead Indians and dogs and skins.

Other settlers came to that new land
With Gates and Dale and Delaware. Dale was
A stern, aggressive man, a tyrant in
His rule. He flogged the lazy, made them work,
And murdered those who tried to run away.
He stole the Indian princess Pocahontas,
And kept her in captivity, a pawn,
To keep the Indians at peace with him.
Dame rumor says that Indian girl was fair
As any flower which grew beside the James,
And graceful as a lucid mountain brook,
And good and gracious as a sunny morn.
She reigned a belle and queen in social life,
And Jamestown only knew her to love her.
She fell in love with Rolfe and married him.
That marriage brought about a lasting peace
Between the English settlers and Powhatan.

Virginia was governed in those years
By the Virginia London Company;
That company came under the control
Of English statesmen, liberal and wise.
They gave Virginia a charter which
Permitted the people a voice in making their
Own laws. This was the first free government
In the New World, a three fold government,
A governor, a council and assembly.
The people were happy under their free charter;
More settlers came with servants and families;
Young women were brought to Virginia,

And wedded planters; with wives and houses and land
The men felt at home in the virgin realm.
The King didn't like the Virginia Company.
After it had passed into the hands
Of liberty loving statesmen, he dissolved
The company and Virginia was made
A royal province and oppression began.

Virginia held to the English church,
The Roman Catholics ruled in Maryland,
The Carolinas loved the Calvin faith,
And Puritans were scattered here and there.
The early settlers in North Carolina
Were little farmers from Virginia.
South Carolina had large and small planters,
And Georgia was settled by small farmers.

In colonial days a great tobacco plantation
In tidewater Virginia lay by
Or near some river not far from the sea;
Many thousand acres were in tobacco plants,
And hundreds of negro slaves were in the field.
The mansion of wood or brick with cypress shingles,
Glass windows, wooden shutters, outside chimneys,
Was like a manor house; it had fire places,
A kitchen, library, living rooms, great halls,
Bed rooms, a cellar, attic and other rooms.
Within the house were hard wood furniture,
Rugs, tapestry, pewter dishes and silverware.
Out from the family mansion stood the barns
For tobacco, granaries for corn, the stable,
The dairy, cattle pens, hen coops, dove cots,
Malt house, brick ovens for curing hams and bacon.
The cabins for the slaves were grouped together
In hamlet fashion and were built of logs.
The planters were of rural gentry class.
Love for the family and home, a sense
Of honor, chivalry, integrity
Were features of the society which gave
America and the world George Washington.

In the many settlements in the New World,
The Cavalier society was reproduced,
Only on the shores of Chesapeake Bay,
In Maryland and Virginia; it was
Built on the feudal system; in the land

Of freedom, it could not survive; it fell
Beneath the avalanche of Democracy.
Slavery made a landed aristocracy,
And through the years developed a leisure class.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 20.

Plymouth

The ocean was singing his dreary monotone,
The rivers were frozen over; snow was on
The ground; dead oak leaves fluttered and fell;
Cold winds were blowing and New England felt
The chill of winter that December day,
When the thrifty Pilgrims landed on
Her shore, and on the cold and snowy ground,
They humbly knelt in prayer and thanked God
Who guided them safely to New England's shore;
Thanked Him for all His goodness and His mercy;
Thanked Him for all the blessings daily given.
They fervently prayed and fervently sang the songs
Of the Redeemer there in that drear land.
There in the wilderness a nation was
Conceived and dedicated to the living God.
It was a fearless group of men and women;
The old and young and middle aged were there;
Some of the women were pale and weak and some
Were strong as billows of the stormy sea.
Among the men were bearded faces, and faces
Smooth as the glassy ice on lake or pond.
All felt the spirit of the noble free,
And all were loyal to the God they knew.
They were home builders, husband, wife and children;
They built log houses and cleared the woody land,
Erected a church and built a fort; they would
Not go back to the mother country; they
Had come to stay; the master civilization
Was started there in that cold wilderness.
Exposure and poor food brought sickness and death
To many of the Pilgrim-band, but they
Did not lose faith in God, nor in themselves;
They came to worship God and live free lives
According to their viewpoint; they were poor,
But they were virtuous, industrious,
And thrifty, strong of will and stout of heart,
Intelligent, progressive, thinking folk,
Forerunners of the Puritan civilization.
The Puritan civilization is and was
The civilization of the middle class;
It is and was the civilization of
Industry, of thrift, of temperance,

Of law and progress and Democracy.
It gave each man a chance to do his best
In every way; to train his mind, to build
His body, to develop his character;
It taught him to repress his low desires,
To let the spirit dominate the flesh,
To practice self denial and love God.
Perhaps the Pilgrims, in the cloudless nights,
Gazed at the constellations in the sky,
From their log huts and fortress on the hill
At Plymouth, with keen eyes like shepherds in
The olden days in dreary Palestine.
In those huts dwelt the spirit of the free,
True virtue, greatness, thrift, intelligence;
The traits which they impressed upon mankind.
Perhaps all the wild music that they heard
Through the cold winter was the squirrels' chatter,
And the notes of the little chickadees
Together with whisperings of the wind
Through long dead grass and lispings in the woods,
Or music of the roaring ocean in
The lashing and the tumbling white-capped waves,
That shrieked in agony like dying men.

In the spring the sun came North and thawed the ice
In lakes and rivers; in the open waters
The fish swam free and leaped and darted and played
In harmony with ripple or flow of streams.
The spring sun shed its soft rays on the land
And brought forth beauty on the trees and shrubs
And vines, caused grass to grow and flowers bloom,
And mellowed life and Nature in the wild.

In spring the Pilgrims first saw Indians,
Saw tepees, wigwams, Indian villages, bows
And arrows, Indian tools, rude pottery,
Canoes and how the Indians lived their lives.
The Indians taught the settlers how to plant
And grow field corn, told them where berries grew,
Where wild game was the most abundant; deer,
Bears, rabbits, squirrels, partridges, woodchucks, moose;
Where fishing was the best. The Pilgrims saw,
In bleak December, hemlocks and cypress robed
In needled coats of green, embellished with
Great clusters of brown cones, and in the spring
They saw the oak and ash and elm come out

In bud and leaf; great was their joy that spring.
In the spring they saw flowers blossoming in
The meads; they plucked the lovely violets,
Anemones and columbines and pinks;
They heard the wild birds singing by the sea;
They saw the flash of feathered colors on wings:
The robins, cuckoos, thrashers, meadowlarks,
Blackbirds, sparrows, swallows, crows and wrens.

The piny forest in the spring became
A floral temple in which Pilgrims could
Walk in the beauty of the Lord and chant
Their sacred hymns or kneel and worship Him
In silent thought or with the words of praise.
Perhaps Priscilla, as a lonely maid,
Walked forth and gathered the wild vernal flowers
That grew beside the silvery brook or in
The grassy mead; perhaps she gathered in
Her arms bouquets of wild sweet violets,
And spreading ferns to deck her humble home.

Among the dwellers in that colony
Were Captain Standish, Alden, Bradford, Brewster,
Priscilla and others known to history.
The courtship of Priscilla and John Alden
Occurred at Plymouth by the sea. We may
Presume it was a very prosy romance;
But one of their descendants, a great poet,
Made famous their romance in lovely song.
Perhaps Priscilla Mullens was a blonde
With eyes as blue as azure sky, with hair
The color of wheat straw; perhaps her cheeks
Were like red roses marooned in purest cream.
She may have been both tall and slender like
A pine tree of her forest, or she may
Have been short and as sturdy as an oak.
In her brief courtship with Miles Sandish, she
Was put between the devil and the sea.
It looked as though she'd have to marry Miles
Or jump into the sea when Alden pleaded
For his friend; but her wit and nerve saved her,
Saved her from Standish or the roaring sea.
With modest mien and zealous eyes, she asked
John Alden, then and there, to marry her,

And he a coward ran away from her,
And did not say “yes”. After passing through
The shadow of heart ache and misery,
He mustered up the courage to marry her.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 24.

Early Colonists

The Puritans did not like King Charles the First,
And during his reign they came to New England
In colonies, founding Salem, Boston, Cambridge,
And many other cities, hamlets and towns.
What did the Puritans seek in the New World?
They came to find a place to worship God
As they saw fit, unhampered by King or church.
They organiz'd the Congregational church,
And free assemblies and colleges in New England.
Religious freedom and political freedom
Came hand in hand to make America.
They fought the Indians and cleared the land,
And tilled the soil and sowed and gathered crops.
The Puritans were Democratic; they were
Conquerors of the Devil and themselves;
Builders of the civilization we know,
A civilization of the past; 'twas founded
On highest moral ideals, cleanest living,
True manhood and womanhood, intelligence,
Religion, real home life, thrift, restraint,
Sobriety and reverence for God.
It was a civilization that produced
Respect for law and love of liberty,
Good home providers and good citizens,
A law abiding people who stood for
The right, a brave and rugged people who
Knew their rights and who could and would defend
Their rights whate'er the cost to them might be.
And from this group of sturdy English folk
Came mighty thinkers, captains of industry,
Poets, orators, statesmen, pioneers.
Those who succeeded in every kind of work.
From them descended Franklin, Edwards, Adams,
Grant, Hancock, Webster, Beecher, Emerson,
And many others known to great renown.
Strong English settlers with the will to do
And dare, stout hearts, and not afraid of work,
Came and they slashed the forest, plowed their fields,
Built cabins and erected school houses and churches,
And made a nation in the wilderness,
A government of the people for the people;
Built cities and raised crops, indulged in trade,

And commerce, started a new civilization.
Rude cabins in the Puritan colony
Were soon abandoned; better houses were built
For dwelling purposes and the rich erected
Fine mansions with large rooms, halls and fire places.

Transparent paper was used instead of glass
For windows by the poor, and wooden plates
Instead of pewter dishes or silverware.

America possessed the elements
Of former kingdoms, realms, democracies,
And civilizations; phoenix like she rose
On the ashes of the past into new life,
A better civilization than those known
Of old to show the progress of mankind,
To justify Democracy to men.

New England's industries in early days
Were fishing, lumbering, farming, building ships,
And commerce, Indian and colonial trade.
The industries of New York and New Jersey,
And Pennsylvania were farming and commerce.
Tobacco was the main crop in Maryland,
Virginia and Delaware; and grain
And tar and cattle in North Carolina,
And rice and indigo in South Carolina
And similar crops were grown in Georgia.

Pioneers in colonial days knew hardships, joys
And tears; their work was hard, their pay was small,
But each might hope to own a farm some day.
Lands were cheap and land grants were often made
To settlers who would live in the wilderness;
They cleared and tilled their lands, grew crops, made roads,

Built schools and churches and towns and cities, learned
The art and science of good government.
Colonial days were good old days they say,
When village life and farming life were slow;
The people traveled in canoes and boats,
In wagons, carts, stage coaches and on horse back.
The ladies dressed in warm and modest garments,
And wore their hair long and in lofty towers.
In colonial days the stylish men wore short
Breeches and long stockings buckled at their knees,
And powdered their long and flowing hair.

Great droves of deer and foxes and timber wolves
And turkeys, quails and bears were in the forest;

The hunters used flint-locked rifles in those days;
They speared the fish from horseback, boat or raft
At night, by torchlight, in the lakes and streams.

Amusements common in colonial days
And in the early days of the Republic
Were dancing, coasting, skating, hunting,
Tea sipping, fairs, horse racing and card games.
Wine, brandy, rum and cider were the drinks.

There were large planters and small planters in
The cotton belt or Southern group of states;
There were large farmers and small farmers in
The free states of the North; and there were huts
And 'there were mansions in the country places.
In early days they used the tallow candles;
Fire places were in use and wood was the fuel;
They used the spinning wheels and home made clothes,
And home made implements were used on farms.

The colonists lived in the golden age
Of piracy; when pirates operated
On a grand scale; a pirate by the name
Of Morgan was the big chief of them all,
And one of the most cruel of all times.
With the elimination of big chiefs,
The pirates operated on a smaller scale
Off the coast of North and South Carolina.
One Drummond called the Blackbeard and one Kidd
Became the pirates used by nurses and mothers
To frighten children who were ungovernable.

When England taxed the colonists without
Allowing them a voice in legislation,
Denied their protests and appeals in law,
Abused their rights as English citizens,
And regulated trade between the colonies
And other realms and forced the colonies
To send to England all their goods for sale,
The colonists rose in a great revolt.
Writs of Assistance, Navigation Laws,
The Stamp Act, tyranny, bad governors
 Brought on the Revolution, freedom's war,
 And made a country for Democracy,
 For conscience, faith and hope and liberty.
Sweet freedom may be crucified by men
And governments, but, Phoenix like shall rise
Again in glory like the son of God;

A galaxy of great men carried on
That war; men of the highest integrity,
The purest, most unselfish patriots.
The winning of the war gave Americans
Their chance to make a constitution,
And put the charter into operation.
The new republic was conceived through work
That tried the patience and the souls of men.
But statesmen who were loyal, wise and great,
Directed the nation's destiny through years
Of war and darkness and despair to hope
And strength, to be a power in the world.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 27.

Washington The Nation Builder

The tyrants ruled; the world was dark with gloom,
But brave souls kept the faith and fought the fight;
American freemen prayed to God to send
Them a great leader, worthy of the cause,
A Moses in the realm of liberty,
Who should be able to build freedom's State.
The Father heard and gave heed to their cry.
When the great race, grown strong in Justice, truth
And right, in conscience and in moral worth,
Was ready to receive a Washington,
A family of the great race gave us
The man equipped in body, mind and heart.
The Spirit made him from the best the race
Could give and trained him in the school of life,
In hardship in the wilderness, in wars
With Indians and in the legislature.

In mind he was majestic as the sea,
As constant as the flow and ebb of tide,
As loyal to duty as sun is to earth.

Although the passion of volcanic fire
Was in his brain, he usually was calm
As placid lake or lovely day in June.
He had the patience and restraint of stars,
The honor of a martyr at the stake,
The courage of a Socrates or Tell,
And the stability of a mountain range.
He was Apollo's man in face and form;
In dignity of thought and moral worth,
He stood among men like a Grecian god.
He may have been like Fabius in war,
But he won a new world for liberty;
And he helped make a charter and a realm
That were the envy of the princes and kings.
He was a master builder on this earth,
And changed the destiny of the human race;
As Nature serves mankind without reward,
So Washington, without pay, served the State.
He made the world a better world, gave men
The joy of hope and faith in government.
When he had finished his great work, his life
Went out like flaming sun at close of day.

As the setting sun paints red the skies
With all the splendor of a world of gold,
So Washington, dying in his earthly glory,
Sheds splendor on his nation and mankind.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 31.

The Early Republic

The period from eighteen hundred one
To eighteen hundred sixty-one beheld
Development of the west, road building, state
And national banks, perfection of the steamboat,
The Doctrine of Monroe, the Erie Canal,
The railroads, axe and chisel factories,
Paper, threshing, sewing, reaping machines,
The laying of the great Atlantic cable.
Expansion of the young republic through
Acquisition of large territories took place;
The valley of the Mississippi

Was settled, then the western prairies, then
The Pacific Coast and dreary desert lands.
The sickle, scythe and cradle were in use
On farms in the republic in early days.
Two minor wars and many Indian wars
Were fought, more soldiers won a hero's praise,
More military politicians won high offices.
And several statesmen rose to eminence.
Jackson wrecked the national bank and caused
State banks to grow and they were wild as cats,
And speculation was wild as the wind,
And several major panics ruined folk,
But California's gold redeemed the nation.

Deer, buffaloes and antelopes fed on
The Western plains before the settlers came;
The grizzly bears were in the mountain ranges,
And mountain goats ran o'er the lofty peaks.
The Indians roamed over the wild lands
With breechclouts round their thighs and blankets on
Their backs, and armed with bows and arrows shot
Wild game or cruelly killed their enemies.
White hunters on the plains and in the woods,
And trappers who lived by the lakes and streams,
And frontiersmen in the wild lands of the West,
Oft, dressed in buckskin suits and moccasins,
And wore upon their heads the coon-skin caps.
Those men were rough and vigorous as the plains.
They were trail blazers to the frontier lands;
Their wives were the Madonnas of the trail.
The frontiersmen erected log huts in the woods,
And built sod shanties on the prairie lands.

Those pioneers subdued the plains and vales
And made the West safe for Democracy.
Those were stage coach days and roads were rough;
The prairie schooner drawn by oxen or horses
Were used by settlers in their quest for homes;
The good and bad flocked to the western states,
The farmers, miners, cowboys, business men,
Professional men, adventurers and gamblers;
Bad men and killers were in every town,
And lawless acts and generous deeds were common.

America fought a war with Mexico,
A war for wealth and territory and won.
And Texas and California became
Part of the Union; public opinion rose
Against immigration and black slavery.
The slavery question stirred the nation's heart,
And bitter feelings like a storm swept o'er
The land; the Civil War was fought and won
By union forces, the Federal government
Survived; America was born again.

The years that cluster round the Civil War
Saw transition of America
From an agricultural and grazing realm
To an industrial nation with large cities.
The Civil War and reconstruction ran
Through ten years of strenuous history.
That war made an immortal president,
Great generals, some minor statesmen and freed
Black slaves and saved the Union for all time.
Great principles were involved and though it was
A bloody war, Democracy advanced.

Most of the people in America,
Till eighteen forty, were of English descent.
That decade saw the first great alien host;
The Irish wave came first, then Germans in
Large numbers and then Scandinavians,
Then millions came from Southern Europe.
Industrial captains in their greed for wealth
And cheaper labor caused this large influx,
And overturned the social order in
America; all kinds of people from
All nations of the earth were thrown together;
All languages were heard; all religions came;
All kinds of civilizations were dumped here.

Cheap labor made the Knights of Labor; made
The labor conflicts in America,
Produced commercial strikes and misery,
And bitterness 'twixt labor and capital.

Back in the seventies the scythes were used
On smaller farms to cut the grass for hay;
The cradles were used to cut ripened grain,
And reapers and the mowers were used on
Large farms; that decade saw improved machines;
Inventions, speculations and improvements
And panics alternated through the years;
Few homesteads were left at the century's close,
And tenant farming had grown by leaps and bounds.
The great machine age started and harvesters,
Corn huskers, binders, threshers, riding plows,
Hay loaders, potato diggers, telephones,
Moving pictures, linotypes and airplanes,
Refrigerator cars, electric railways,
Were made and universities were founded;
The exclusive plan of education
In vogue in colleges was eliminated,
And the elective system introduced.
Great music composers, writers, scientists,
And multimillionaires were made those days;
And tainted money and unlimited coinage
Of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1
Were common talk in homes and public places;
The yellow newspapers were influential
In cities and anarchists were busy then
As now; the Haymarket riot, fires and murders
Kept the peace officers and courts at work.
The wild west shows were first known in the eighties;
Men of large wealth began to show their hands
And boss the politicians and every phase
Of life; and high finance since then has ruled.
This was the period of bank extensions,
And many corporations of large size
Were organized; big business in all lines
Began to grow in power in the land.

The foreign people poured into this realm
By millions like raindrops from the humid clouds.
And they were not the farming element;
They went to work in mines and factories,
On railroads or at various city jobs.

And some became policemen and ward heelers.
The brewers and distillers and saloonists
Became political powers in the land;
Corruption and strong drink went hand in hand.
If war is hell, greed is much worse than hell;
Greed is the cause of war, of nearly all
The misery that human beings know,
Of nearly all the trouble nations have.
War murders love and genders hate in men.
Love murdered on the battle field shall rise
In greater strength to live in other hearts.
Economic battles, cuts in wages and strikes
And boycotts all arise through greed and hate.
In Chicago's labor troubles, years ago,
Were fights, strikes, lockouts, fierce disturbances, hate,
Wild anger, oratory, curse words, a crowd
On Haymarket Street, a flash, a bomb exploded,
Peace officers and others killed or wounded.
The principals and accessories were tried
And hanged or sent to jail for years or life.
And there were other strikes as bad or worse;
The Homestead strike and Pullman strike took place;
There were wage cuts and walkouts and there were
Detectives, strikers, arson, anarchy,
Disorder, murder, soldiers, end of strikes.

The high wheeled bicycles, passenger elevators
And phonographs and Farmers' Alliance were
Forerunners of the early nineties;
The nineties like a golden morning came
Into time bringing gayety to the people;
The nineties saw the modern bicycle
And graphophone, kinoscope and automobile;
Perfected typewriter, cash register,
Improved photography and vestibule trains;
The Peoples Party and its political freaks;
The silver craze and Bryan with his cross
Of gold; Alaskan gold discoveries;
A money panic that ruined many people;
The war with Spain, new territory, new men
For all political offices, tariff bill,
Australian ballot system and airplanes.

The Spanish-American war and Indian wars
Were fought; lands were acquired and tribes subdued;
New reputations were made in the wars

And used to get political offices in
Peace time; the wars made politicians by
The thousands who scored only on that point.
Why shouldn't the nation put an end to war,
War heroes and war politicians? These
Fine luxuries are too costly for our purses.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 32.

The Nation

America, the last best work of God,
Should rise in splendor like the morning sun,
And mould all nations, every race and tribe,
To truth, to liberty and to the scheme
That all men equal are before the law.
Oh land, keep faith with Him, but ever watch
The trend of coming things, the warning sign
And prophecy, which augurs peace or war.
The time not yet is ripe for peace; too much
Old error sways the rulers, lords and kings;
Too little they regard what's just and right.
The throne shall not much longer rule the world;
The reign of monarch, prince and king shall end;
Old empires shall decay and fall; and on
Their tombs republics will rise. Ere that time
And then, wilt thou insure, if strength permits,
Eternal peace and bliss to every realm?
O wilt thou onward bear His Cross of love?
O wilt thou prove thyself the master land?

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 37.

The American

The morals of the ages are in his soul;
The strength of hardy farmers and pioneers
Is in his body, sinew, bone and blood;
The light which comes through generations who did
Clear, vigorous thinking, illuminates his brain;
Love, courage, justice motivate his heart,
And he knows rapture and achievement great,
As well as failure, penury and grief.
He dreams, he plans, he works, he hopes, he is
The leader of an era new and grand,
Uplifter of the home and family life.

He is the stalwart that God made and gave
To be the ruler of the major realm;
He scans the world, builds up the earth and feels
The passion known to all humanity.
He honors God who made the Universe;
In all the world from gulf to gulf, from pole
To pole there is no higher type of man,
No better product of the common poor
To voice the glory of them who till the soil,
Who labor in the humble places in life.

No oceans lie between him and his God,
A son of labor who knows weary toil,
But then as now, he kept his eye upon
The brightest star of highest destiny,
And thought and worked and walked the thorny road,
And grew in stature, mind and soul and heart
While keeping in tune with the song of cheer.
He learned to comprehend the gold of morn,
The flower's hue, the grandeur of the sea,
The majesty and the power of the heavens;
He learned to do the useful work of life,
To do the common task he found to do
With diligence, efficiency and zeal.

Born of a humble sire but not a serf,
Ambition and ideals were in his mind,

The elements of success were in his heart,
The spirit of America was his;
And he developed year by year and reached
The heights unknown to pampered sons of wealth.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 37.

The World War Period

The world war period paid big wages; all
Were prosperous and many dressed in silks
And broadcloth and lived in good houses and owned
Automobiles and had large bank accounts.
The common laborer lived better than
An ancient prince; mechanics fared much better
Than petty kings who reigned in olden times.
The world war made white-collared farmers,
The automobile age and short work days.
The panic period following the war
Fell on the midwest farmers like a storm.
The farming class began to feel the pinch
Of poverty; bank failures, fall in prices
Of crops have caused them to lose farms and homes.

Since the world war, loan associations, banks
And life insurance, stock and bond investments
Have grown by leaps and bounds in America.
They organize stock companies, sell stock,
Pay dividends awhile and bolster up
The price and cause wild speculations in stock;
Small fortunes and large ones are won and lost
Each day; financial panics come, stock prices
Go down to nothing, dividends cease, work stops;
A people are in want and poverty,
And suicides and crime become excessive.
World wars, corruption, panics, endless crime,
No work for those who need work and would work;
Bankruptcy, starvation and poverty
Bring grief and misery to the human race.
War, earthquakes, yellow peril stir the world,
And Japan is the source of much distrust;
’Tis said the Japanese are most ambitious,
Imperialistic and desire to rule
Mankind according to their views and plans.

Great was the growth of the United States
From eighteen hundred sixty-five and on
Till nineteen hundred thirty-two; there was
Much evidence of mass prosperity
And wealth and great extravagance among
All people and then came the money crash,
And threatened bankruptcy, a starving world.
Doles, business failures, suicides and tramps

Prove the failure of the profit system.
The socialistic form of government
Now threatens to succeed the profit rule,
And money kings are trembling in their shoes.
The tyrant facists rule the land of Dante,
And proletarians rule the Russian realm.
Transition in all forms of government
In all the nations is now going on.

From nineteen hundred on great trusts began
To organize and dominate the country;
The law and courts began to break; the thugs
And crooks began to have their way; most folk
Began to feel they were above the law.
Immortality and crime began to grow
And human life, is now, the cheapest thing
On earth; the dollar measures everything.
The dollar is the power in the land,
And genius looks like thirty cents before
The golden god. The rule of crime and graft,
A League of Nations, Panama Canal,
Amendments to the Constitution were
Events outstanding in our history.

We hear much of big business men. Are there
Any such men in the world today?
Methinks such gentry do not live. We have
Some opportunists who grew rich by chance.
They own the wealth, control resources and run
The state and government for private gain.
We have good reasons to fear their propaganda,
And dread the penalties of their laws that would
Send men to jail who speak against their rule,
Or ruin policy in government.

In the World War the money drives were started
And every year since then they stage a drive;
All kinds of fads are linked with charity,
And propaganda is the human bane;
All things in life are guided by some rule,
And plans are made to standardize mankind.

Too many drunks, too much incompetence
In liquor drinking labor caused big business
To put across the Eighteenth Amendment to
The Constitution; more efficiency
Was needed in money making work and schemes.

Before the law men should be equal, but

They're not; the beggars fare the worst of all;
Poor people who have little money fare
Worse than rich men. No matter what may be
His crime, law never hangs a wealthy man.
This is the rich man's day to make big money;
He spends some thousands for pleasure and world trips,
And piles up millions for his family.
It is a hit, miss system under which
We live. The people form a staggering line
Of units bound for somewhere; most of them
Get no where, measured by the dollar stamp.
The poor are always in a depression here
On earth. The profit system keeps them down.

Let's go and see the athletes do their work,
The pugilists in the fighting ring; let's see
Them punch and dodge; let's watch the wrestlers on
The mat; let's watch the hurdlers hurdle,
The vaulters vault; let's watch the swimmers swim,
The rowers row and the foot ball players play,
And see the base ball players clout the ball.

America, Democracy and truth
And conscience, where are people leading you?
The prize fight is a bloody act, but it
Appeals to the brute nature in mankind.
Around the prize ring one will find all kinds
Of people; women of high social standing,
Who are precise and priggish in home towns,
Indulge in sporty talk with strange bold men,
And borrow cigarettes from young cow boys.
The painted whores slap statesmen on the back,
And yell and chant a reckless, smutty song;
And thieves and bankers chat together by
The ring, and racketeers and killers flirt
And hold high jinks with motion picture stars;
And judges and district attorneys chum with crooks.
The big prize fight brings out a motley crowd.

There is much that is dissolute and mean
In many lives today; much that is bad
In schools and churches and cities, states and nations;
Much that is crooked in business and politics.
With such a background in our civil life,
We can see why life's moral standard of
Sublime and noble conduct has fallen low.
Destruction's easy, but construction's hard;

'Tis easy to destroy the body and mind;
But it is hard to build up body and mind;
'Tis easy to destroy the moral life,
But it is hard to build up moral life;
'Tis easy to destroy the good and great,
But it is hard to build eternal things.

This is the age of clubs, of women's clubs,
Of service clubs, Lord save us from the clubs!
There is some danger we'll be clubbed to death.
They claim to render service that is great,
But the millenium is far afield,
And like a timid deer it runs away
As they approach with talk and dollar deeds.
All kinds of service clubs are found in cities,
And service is now standardized, e'en talk
And pranks and fun and fellowship.

The radio and automobile and shows
And golf and service clubs and work have changed
The habits of mankind; the people are
No longer neighbors, in fact, any more.
Each one lives for himself and to himself.

We hear much of electrons and X-Ray,
Television, the long range photography,
Star viewing, telescopes, observatories,
Astronomers and their new theories,
And Nobel prizes for those who try to think,
Olympic games, world athletes and big prizes,
Yacht races on the high seas, boat rowing races,
And foot ball champions, chess and tennis games,
Bridge contests, golf and Rockefeller's dimes.
Earth, solid substance, soil and rock and water,
Surrounded by air and trophosphere; beyond
Trophosphere lies stratosphere; beyond
Stratosphere lies the airless ocean where
Objects may stand still, where navigators
Will have to carry breathing air in cans
In order to navigate the airless world.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 38.

Miscellany

The cheapest thing on earth is human life;
If one should kill a dog, he will be fined;
If one should steal an auto, he'll be jailed;
If one should murder a man in cold blood,
And be defended by a dishonest lawyer,
And pick a moron or crooked jury to
Decide the case, he will be freed most likely.
Dog, auto, man—the least of these is man.

This is the period of easy divorces,
Of stock promotions, hooley, flubdub, blah,
High pressure salesmanship and propaganda,
Talking pictures boosting the underworld.
Demagogic politicians, treasury raids,
Bootleggers, hijackers and racketeers.

Most crimes are popular in this age; bad laws
And lax enforcement of them produce a horde
Of criminals; incompetent prosecutors,
Peace officers and juries aid and abet
Bad laws; half of the violent criminals
Are never caught and only a small per cent
Convicted and only a few of them are sent
To jail; probation lets most of them go,
And the parole board soon releases those who
Are sent to prison for life or shorter terms.

The gangsters rule the larger cities
By bribing the police and politicians,
And ply their trade with free and easy hands;
Indulge in wholesale murders on the streets,
And terrify the honest citizenry.

Loot, plunder, graft and murder is their game.
They dicker with courts for immunity,
Probation and short prison terms, before
They enter pleas of guilty to their crimes.

Most of the great American cities are
Now alien cities, coward cities; graft
Exaction and injustice are killing them;
They're ruled by racketeers and blackmailers,
And every one pays-tribute to the gang.
They're bankrupt cities in both soul and purse;
Decency, virtue, manhood in their midst
Have died. Americanism has fled from them.

The air is full of mind, man mind, God mind;

We may use as much of it as we can;
If we use it right, it should give us health;
If not used right it should destroy our flesh.
The air is charged with criminal thoughts; such thoughts
May lodge in the subconscious minds of men;
The air and all subconscious minds are thus
Assaulted and insulted all the time.

Why should taxpayers be assessed large sums
Of money to convict a vicious crook,
Then on probation turn him loose, or let
Him serve a short term in some prison,
And then parole him? Such proceedings are
A farce, an insult to the sense of justice,
And to taxpayers and society.

What shall become of married life and home?
Shall couples mate for a season like the birds,
And have a child then quit, or what is coming?
What shall the future civilization be like?
How held together? Are we drifting like
A log in the flowing waters of a stream,
Or are we traveling to a certain goal
Like a swift train upon the railway tracks,
And bringing to the world a happier race?

This is a Nero age; bank robbers rob
The banks when full of people in work hours,
In cities, large and small; the robbers get
Away unmolested; debauchery and crime
Take place day and night everywhere; police
Take bribes and prisoners dictate what they shall
Eat and how their food shall be cooked, the kind
Of amusements that they want and the work they
Will do; if their wishes are not granted they
Burn down the prison and kill prison guards.
Some movie pictures are made to corrupt
Mass morals, to reduce all people to
The level of the underworld. They would
Kill all the virtues of the heart for money.

Gold diggers do not always mine the earth;
Some get their gold through the decrees of court.
Trashy women marry men of means,
Or goodly incomes, live with them a month
Or two, then sue for a divorce and half
The husband's wealth and alimony and costs.

Home has become a lodging house with dad

Away at work and ma out to her club
Playing bridge, or at the show or lodge.
Little cooking's done at home these days.
The delicatessen food is used in homes.

We hear much of the open door in China,
Of moratoriums, peace pacts and world courts,
Disarmament and proletariat,
Small navies, Pan-American Congress,
The Soviet Republics and regime,
The capitalistic system, panics and doles,
A starving world and money greedy world,
More world wars and extinction of the races.

The wets and dries harangue these days; both try
To run the country; when a bootlegger
Is killed the yellow press sets up a howl
Much louder than a pack of hungry wolves,
But never say a word when bootleggers
Kill a dry officer in his line of duty.

The voters have made this great nation wet;
The president and congress and legislatures,
And governors sanction the use of liquor.

We are encouraged to drink whiskey, wine and beer,
To sell our manhood, health and happiness
For liquor to enrich the treasury.

Let us have our wild sport and revelry!
Let us be mad and fierce as jungle tigers!
"On with the drunken orgies", yell the mob!
Let Bacchus, Nero, Midas rule the land!

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 43.

Speed Machines

I drive out on the highway and I see
 A thousand automobiles in an hour,
 Some motorcycles, a few bicycles,
 And many planes winging through the sky.
 I go down to the harbor and behold
 The fleet, the submarines and men-of-war,
 And freight and passenger ships and sloops and brigs.
 This is the age of long swift races across
 The continent from sea to ocean; all
 Kinds of races, walking, running, automobile
 And airplane races. Great is the metal bird.

The famous airplanes of the age, machines
 That helped the pilots achieve their wondrous flights,
 Are Southern Cross, The Spirit of Saint Louis,
 And Winnie Mae, Byrd, Lindbergh, Gatty and Post
 Were guiding spirits of those flying birds.
 Lindbergh was the first lone bird to cross
 The ocean and Byrd was the first to fly
 Across the North and South poles where the snow
 And ice forever lie on frozen ground,
 Or on the age old ice of frozen sea.
 The airplane Winnie Mae with Wiley Post
 And Harold Gatty conquered the seas,
 And mountain and waste lands and frozen North,
 And danger points in the wild atmosphere.
 Her wings cast speeding shadows on the lands
 And ocean as she flew across the world,
 And Post alone in this great ship flew 'round
 The earth in a dense fog in less than eight days;
 The first to make the solar trip alone.

Down in his native state, Post in his ship
 Sailed upward through the heavenly sea of air,
 For miles on miles, bound for the port of stars.

The mail planes fly across the continent
 In a few hours; and in a day or two
 The streamline trains in their mad race of speed
 Reach California from New York or Boston.
 Great dirigible balloons up in the sky
 Float over land and sea with their great loads.

Wire photo transmission machines without regard
For time or space send pictures across the earth.
And solar rays are used instead of gas
To generate the power that runs motors.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 46.

The Poets

I sing of a New World developed from
The wilderness, a world of cities, farms,
Plantations, factories, ships, cattle ranges.
The virgin prairies are no more; few are
The mighty forests left; great deserts still
Abound out in the West; I sing my song
Of light in the midst of the century,
In the new economic birth for men,
An era when men shall live free from want
With equal chance to live the life of lives,
The spiritual, intellectual, social life.

In the great drama of life, I sing the song
Of body, mind and soul. I am the bard
And keen spectator on the nation's stage,
And view all life as such. The drama runs
Before me like a moving picture reel.
And what a picture life presents. I see
The fools and knaves, the wise and ignorant,
Morons and idiots, the saints and sinners,
The beautiful and ugly, the filthy and clean,
The sane and the insane, the poor and rich,
The ill and healthy, the blind and maimed and halt,
The great and famous and obscure, the mob,
All that humanity has in store. Some show!

I sing of birth and growth and life and death,
Of nations, achievements, civilizations, light,
And darkness, honesty, dishonesty,
Fatherhood, brotherhood and motherhood,
Of fact and faith, the known, unknown, great men,
And common men and criminals and saints,
The riff-raff, flotsam and jetsam of the race.
All of them are here; all must be dealt with
In making the intellectual, spiritual race.

I visualize all men and live their lives
In dreams; I know the mansion, hut and cot,
The rich and poor, the good and bad, the wise
And ignorant; I represent my age.
In future years I'll enter mansions, huts
And cottages of the world to live and stir
All hearts with music of humanity.
The universe, civilizations, nations, races
Give me the substance of which my poems are made.

Thought, music, rhythm, love, impulse, words and fire
Live in my poems. I sing the song of hope,
The great adventure down the road of time.
I travel with all kinds of men and women,
The hale and hearty, the diseased and tainted,
The criminal and honest. All are here.
They live their kinds of lives and I live mine.
I live in harmony with my dreams; they live
According to some plan known to them; all
Are on the great adventure, destiny
Not yet unfolded, broad experiences.
I offer love great as the universe,
Peace and love for the inner life and peace
And love for the material life. What do
They offer? Let each answer for himself.
I write my song in a corrupt age,
But I have not lived a corrupted life.
If I should love the deepest and the truest,
And give expression to the same in words
Of fervid, spiritual beauty, I should prove
To all mankind the merit of my love.

Perhaps my poetry has enduring values,
If so it will endure. Perhaps it is;
Of major strain, if so it will perform
A major work down through the future years.
I will submit it to posterity,
As a good soldier, on the battle field,
Submits his body to the bayonet,
Gas, shrapnell, bombs and other means of death,
Without a coward's fear or fawner's whine.
My poetry shall live upon its merits,
If it survives, and not on purchased praise.
What matters it to me what men may say,
Or fail to say of me in this mad age,
If I am one of the elect! If I
Am not I shall live my life just the same,
And I'll not care when the grass covers me.

America should be the theme of bards
The substance of a thousand epic poems
Whose music-thought should thunder down the ages.
Methinks America should nourish in
Her heart a major poet who, in life,
Should live the spirit of America;
Embodying in his mind the patriot,

The general, statesman, ruler and pioneer.
America is a master epic poem
Awaiting the coming of the master poet
Who shall and will interpret her; and when
He comes and sings his songs the nation shall listen
With quiet awe as did the shepherds when
The angels sang at the birth of the king.

Methinks I see the bard of all the ages,
The light and blossom of a matchless race,
The future poet whom the world shall know.
Methinks he's stately as a mountain peak
With shapely, massive head and glowing eyes,
And face benevolent as the golden morn;
With noblest heart of deepest sympathy
That holds the truest love for all mankind;
With mighty mind and mighty aims in life,
With wisdom beautiful as Nature's work,
And with ideas not derived from books.
He lives the life of lives on earth, the life
Of sweet immortal dreams; he lives the great
Intellectual, spiritual and social life,
And weds the angel of his heart and dream;
Acquires experiences in marital bliss,
The substance for immortal marriage songs.
He has the inward lumination; he
Is great in vision, thought, emotion and love;
He stirs all hearts to true nobility;
Gives men ideals, bright as silvery stars,
And urges them on to manhood's golden goal;
Methinks the great bard lives the spirit, thought
And purpose of the great new race; his songs
Embody freedom known to body, mind
And spirit; he's the wisest, deepest bard
Of heart and intellect and soul; the poet
Of illuminated Democracy; the poet
Of all the cultures known to man reborn
In highest, noblest culture of the soul.
And he is brilliant as the noon-day sun,
And glorious as the music of the stars,
And constant love is his immortal guide.
He walks across the mountain peaks of life
With true understanding and views all mankind.
His mansion home is in the human heart.
He is profounder than unfathomable seas,

And broader than the knowledge of the world;
His altitude attains the deepest sky.
He is a scientist, philosopher,
Seer, prophet, statesman, leader and man of art,
Idealist and blossom of his race.
And he interprets Nature as it has
Not been interpreted before; and he
Interprets human life as no one else
Before him has; he blends life, Nature, love
Into art as they have not been before;
And he interprets the soul in its glory;
He is the poet of completed men.

Along with poets of the consummation,
I see the painters, sculptors and musicians;
Of that great, golden age, creative forces
Of art and character and happiness.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 47.

The New Culture

Only a civilization that is just
And flexible and persistent enough to grow
Enmasse into life's higher, nobler form
Can hope to live; all other civilizations
Have perished, or are perishing from the earth.
When great and noble men and women shape
A civilization they build wisely and it /
Becomes a great and noble civilization.
When lower types prevail and dominate
A civilization, it deteriorates;
The lower types outnumber higher types
And always have and for this reason
Civilizations make slow progress; they emerge
And then drop back in darkness and despair.
A great cathedral may take years to build
But it can be destroyed in an hour.
So can a civilization which required
Long ages of virtue and talent to construct
Be ruined in a generation or two.

A hundred nations, great and small, have risen
And fallen; a thousand cities, built to live,
Have perished from the earth, are buried in
The soil; races of men have been born and died;
Their dust is now a part of mother earth;
Traditions, customs, law and art, once known
To nations of the past, are now forgotten;
Republics, once the glory of mankind,
Have died like flowers in the chill of autumn. '
The fight is on to win between the best
And worst in civilization; if the best
Should win our civilization shall be saved;
If the worst should win civilization shall
Die and degeneracy and crime will rule.

This is the age of darkness with some light
Ablazing here and there; the best are here;
The very worst are here endeavoring to
Disrupt civilization and make all men beasts.
Dark ignorance, oppression and greed are here;
Mankind has ever struggled to be free,
To bring about equality among
The citizens of this world; how hopeless seems
The struggle to equalize the rights of men.

A struggling people, poor or ignorant,
Or both, endeavoring to better their
Condition in this life are more or less
Destroyers of staid things; in their desire
To grow they blindly struggle on to reach
A sweeter happiness than they have known;
This gives society the radicals,
The anarchists and the reformers.
If poverty and ignorance were ended,
And economic laws were just and fair,
And governments were wisely operated,
All would be happy and contented in
This life and radicals would cease to be.

This is America's first age of darkness;
The per cent of crime is much larger than
In former years; immorality is greater
Than e'er before; all discipline is bad;
Extravagance and laziness are rampant.
Blood thirsty criminals are looked upon
As heroes; pictures of bad criminals
And vicious women are thrown on the screen,
And boys and girls accept them as their leaders
And try to emulate them in their lives.

The white Americans form the newest race,
The scions of the builders of the realm,
Creators of political liberty,
Of mental liberty, equality
Before the law, bred in a happy land;
Blood, flesh and spirit of the Puritans,
And Cavaliers, of patriots, pioneers,
And Christians, scions of Democracy;
Inspired by breath of woodlands, prairies, sea,
Mountains, deserts, heaven, fields and God;
They grew the spirit of the dauntless free,
And cast aside old governments and creeds
For better charters, laws and rules of life.

America is a nation of rapid growth,
Large population and conveniences unknown
To other nations, mighty cities, improved
Health, educated minds, vigorous wills and bodies.
More opportunity to be well born,
More opportunity to grow in truth,
In body, mind and spirit even as
The Jesus grew into the perfect man.

Old English culture and language are the parents
Of our new culture, language and ideals;
Other languages, cultures and vices have since
Comingled with the original culture.
The later cultures have done good and have
Done harm; good and bad blood have mingled here
With Anglo-Saxon blood; much that is weak
And some strength have been added to our race.

America, the mightiest of the nations,
Began with a mixed kind of civilization
Begotten by one stock or race of men,
To-wit the Cavalier or feudal form,
The humble Quaker or noncombatant,
The Puritan, or aggressive civilization.
Experience taught the inhabitants
The Puritan form of civilization was
The most effective one on which to build
A nation and advance the rights of men.
It proved to be the world's great civilization,
The civilization of the common man.
This civilization was advancing to
The heights of mass intelligence and morals
Without undermining individualism.
Desire for cheaper labor then we had
Caused greedy business men, big business men,
To ship in millions of the trash and scum
From Europe to displace the native workers.
This influx of the lower type came in
From Southern Europe to America;
The criminals, diseased and ignorant came
And settled in our cities and became
The paupers, scum and dregs of society.
This culture did not harmonize or mix
With Puritan culture; their loose moral ways
And inbreeding of the lower types began
Breaking down the culture of the great race.
The home and church first felt the blighting hand,
And then the nation; laws conceived down in
The underworld were put on statute books,
Masked as humanitarian laws and codes.
The meeting of the cultures in the war
Helped to contaminate the higher culture.
Great civilization means great character,
And is constructed slowly through mass effort,

Requiring many ages to culminate.

In America a clash is on between
The higher and the lower civilization.
Which shall win? If the lower civilization
Wins these United States shall sink like Greece,
And like intellectual Greece shall rise no more.
If the higher civilization should survive,
A better civilization should arise,
Perhaps far greater than the world has known.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 51.

The Thunder Storm

The heavy eyelids of the golden sun
Had closed, and day with tearful eyes had fallen
Asleep while sullen clouds besieged the sky.
That evening I stood beside the sea,
And heard the dying groans of the ancient world
Re-echoing through the throat of the stormy sea;
I heard the great cannonading of red war
Reverberating in the claps of thunder
Along the plains of heaven, dying in
The dark abyss beneath the range of stars.

The sable clouds poured out a lucid stream,
Flooding the vale along that grand seashore;
Red flames leapt from the bosom of the clouds
Like kings from chariots, making day of night.
Vast sea waves stormed the tall, white cliffs and sang
With cannon-like voices, mingling their hoarse tunes
With deep majestic tones made by the wind,
As it swept o'er the rocks and through the trees.
My heart beat time to Nature's music, wild
And mad, that flowed from ocean's thundering organ,
And from the wind's great lyre and the horn of air.
The splendor of that music and that storm
Awoke my sense of Nature's majesty,
Making me love the weird and wild and grand.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 54.

The States

Alaska is a vast rough wilderness

That stretches from warm seas to the frozen sea;
Land of great fields of ice and snow and rivers,
And mountains, vast coast line, plains, islands, vales,
Great forests of fir, cedar, hemlock, spruce,
Large fisheries, seal, salmon, herring, cod;
Land of fur bearing animals, the fox
And walrus, otter and the polar bear.
Land of great rainfall in the Southern part,
Land of great natural resources and mines
Of copper, gold and tin and oil and coal.
Land of small grain, rye, barley, buckwheat and oats,
A wondrous region scarcely touched by man.
Land of the midnight sun, long winters, short
Warm summers; land of Klondike's golden fields,
And ocean buried mines of gold at Nome.
Land of the sourdough, trapper, prospector.
Land of vast plains o'er which the wild beasts roam.
Land of sky piercing mountain peaks where rest
Eternal glaciers, winding like a snake,
In which lie yawning fissures, dark and deep.
Home of the glacier bears and other beasts.
Land of the long white trails o'er which dog teams
Hitched to long sleds pull loads of merchandise.
Trails on which prospectors fell ill and died.
For some it was the land of hope and wealth,
For others it was the land of despair.
Love, hardships, murder, brawls and games of chance
Once gave great color to this Northern land.
Alaska is an empire in herself.

Alabama is the land of rest,
Land of plateaus and hills and coastal plains,
Of woodlands, prairies, valleys, cotton belts,
And great plantations, negro huts and schools,
Bumble bees and honey bees and horns
Of honey; butterflies and singing birds,
Beautiful flowers, climbing vines and plants,
Forest moss, wild berries and pine cones.
Land of magnolia blooms and lilled lakes,
And floral forests, silvery springs and brooks;
Land of salubrious clime and fever district;
Land of deep rivers and great iron mines;

Land of alluvial soil, productive, good.
Land of pine forests, marble, sandstone, coal,
Rice, peanuts, sweet potatoes, wheat and corn,
Gulf state and southern land of warm sea breezes,
And Mobile, sea port city of foreign trade.

Arizona is the land of creeks and springs,
In woody places and on the mountain ranges;
Home of the early Jesuit missionaries,
Last state to be admitted to the union.
Land of cliff dwellers, great plateaus and mountains,
Grand canyon with stone walls, six thousand feet
High, looming o'er the foaming stream below.
Once I stood on the brink of the Grand Canyon
That holds within its prison walls a river
That whirls and shouts as it runs to the sea;
And as I looked upon the scene sublime,
Awe held me a slave in its iron grip,
And majesty impressed itself on me.
The vast abyss, the handiwork of God,
Suggests an epic poem, great and grand,
Perhaps the equal of old Homer's chant,
Or Dante's dream of hell and paradise,
Or Milton's song of angels, devils and gods.
In Arizon's vast plateau extends
This deep gorge, beautified with great stone walls,
And trees of everygreen and shining earth.
There light and shade paints nature's wondrous pictures
Above the Colorado's rushing water.
I saw the work of high intelligence.
I saw Herculean pillars, palaces and thrones,
And splendid chambers like some Pharaoh's tomb,
And amphitheaters more superb than Rome's,
And cathedrals greater than Saint Peter's church.
Such architecture only God could make.
A stillness like the lull before a storm
Broods o'er the broad abyss in summer nights.
While suns and stars swing through the deep, blue sky
And grandeur's spirit animates the scene.
Bleak deserts, Gila monsters, rattle snakes,
And forests petrified in mighty gorges
Are wonders to be seen in this dry realm.
Land of the hot dry air in southern parts;
In Northern parts the winter brings the snow.
Land of gold dust and copper and silver ore,

And cotton, cattle, sheep and hides and wool.
The sheep and cattle graze on grama grass
That grows profusely in the desert wild.

Arkansas's in the land of low green valleys
Which lie beside the Father of Waters;
Westward stretch the great, rich prairies;
Beyond are mountain ranges and forest belts.
Land of medicinal water in hot springs.
This is the land of tobacco, cotton, corn
And sorghum, sweet potatoes and good fruits.
The woodlands grow gum, cypress, sycamore,
White oak and hickory and other trees;
Land of coal, copper, lead, salt, gas and zinc.
Land where the folk are never in a hurry.

California is an Eden 'twixt
The mountains and the sea; a land of dreams,
Sublime and beautiful as the star-gemmed skies.
The land of richest gold and precious gems;
The mountains and the bowels of the earth
Are full of gold and other mineral wealth;
Land of the fruits and nuts and grains and flowers,
The yellow oranges, walnuts, ruddy roses;
Land of great mountain ranges and lofty peaks,
Shasta, Whitney, Tyndall, Ripley, Baldy;
Great inland basins, regions of great rivers,
And long broad valleys, rich in fertile soil;
Land of the sunset sea and zigzag coast,
And a multitude of harbors, bays and capes,
Deep channels and a chain of rocky isles.
Land of the largest trees that grow on earth,
The redwood trees and forests petrified;
Vast stretches of burning deserts and sand dunes;
Great thundering water falls and natural bridges,
Lakes high above the level of the sea,
An active volcano, geysers, craters, caves;
Great cities, schools and colleges, land of light.
All climes from frigid cold to torrid heat
Are found in California's vast domain,
Here all things grow and live known to mankind.
Oh wondrous region, a world in herself!

In parts of California I behold
The evidence of a civilization now
Extinct; the old adobe missions are
Among the remnants of creative builders

Of California in the long ago.
The evidence of the early miners I
Behold among the hills and mountain vales.
The old deserted ghost town in the waste land,
The sunken and the tunneled mines, the deep
Hydraulic washes, the great scars in the earth,
Are mute suggestions of men's former work.

Great vineyards thrive in all the river dells;
The vines are pruned and look like little shrubs;
They grow wine grapes and raisin grapes, all kinds
Of grapes; some grapes are purple, blue and white.
In vineyards Mexicans do most of the work.
The Mexican wears a tall, wide-brimmed hat,
And shirt and overalls or white duck pants.

California is full of bird life.
There are mute birds and singing birds of note,
The warblers, linnets, larks and mockingbirds,
And birds of prey, the eagle, owl and hawk,
And great sea birds, the gull and cormorant.

The Sierra Nevada mountains stretch from North
To South through California and feed all
The larger streams with seeping water from snow
And rains; the mountain range, notched like a saw,
Is covered with manzanita, and madrones
With lacquered leaves and scarlet berries, pines,
Sequoias, cedars, poison oaks and firs.
Among these mountains one finds canyons, chasms,
Arroyos, snowy peaks and cliffs of rock,
Springs, flowers, ferns and brooks and water falls.
Wild flowers lace the mountain's frosty skirt;
The eagles circle high above the clouds
And build their aeries on the stony peaks.
Great veins of gold course thru these rugged mountains;
Quartz mines and placer mines are common there.
Among these mountains, at Coloma, Marshall
Discovered gold; the news went far and near
And brought the world to California.
This kingdom by the sunset sea since those
Wild days has been known as the golden state.
And nestled in these mountains or near them
Are Lakes Tulare, Tahoe and other lakes,
Lake Tahoe with its sky-blue water is
A lake of beauty and romance and it
Reposes, high up, in the heart of the mountains.

The spirit of the mountains speaks of God
In rushing, thundering, foaming streams that leap,
And plunge down multitudes of cataracts,
And lose their tumult in the majesty
Of peaceful flow on the level plains below.

Yosemite is a glorious vale within
The bosom of the lofty mountain range;
There one sees rushing rivers, brooks and creeks,
Falling water, flying mists, great rocks,
Dizzy cliffs, defiles and yawning chasms,
Green trees and bears and birds and herds of deer.

Mount Whitney, monarch of the mountain chains,
Lifts his proud head into the sky-blue heavens;
Companion of the infinite stars at night;
Companion of the golden sun by days;
The 'falling snow piles high; the avalanche
Slides down the mountain or fills the precipice.
Eternal music thunders in his streams
And echoes loud against the earth and sky.
The mighty forest on the mountain side
Speaks of the greatness, dignity and peace
Of Him, the Monarch of the Universe.

The great sequoia is a mountain tree;
It is the tallest and the oldest tree;
In one of those great trees there is enough
Good lumber to construct a village or build
A ship; the redwood is an evergreen;
Has cones and needles and thick wrinkled bark.

If there were in my mind a sea of great
And noble poetry and I should start
It flowing in a stream of endless song,
I might live with the redwood trees, live with
The snow-clad mountains, an immortal mind,
A part and parcel of America.
What mind of man known to the world may hope
To live with them until the elements
Eliminate them from the face of earth?

Upon the mountain range the grizzly bears
And mountain goats and timber wolves and deer
Find homes and live in peace until the hunters
And hounds chase them out of their lonely lairs.

The desert is a great stretch of waste land
Between the mountain ranges or 'twixt the sea
And lofty mountain ridges; it is as dry

As powder in the summer and very hot.
Has little vegetation save in the spring;
It is a barren land for lack of rain,
With here and there a hole of brackish water.
On the desert cacti and wild sage
And yuccas grow; the yuccas are mere shrubs
With long pointed leaves; great clusters of white flowers
Bloom on these desert trees in early spring.
The sky is barren of rain clouds; the air
Is dryer than the desert; dew does not
Accumulate at night upon the plants.
It is the land of lizards, scorpions,
Coyotes, rodents, tarantulas and snakes,
Hawks, buzzards, prairie dogs and flies and bugs.
Land of mirages, wind storms and drifting sand
And dunes; it is the home of hardy folk,
Mirages against the sky reflect good things
That are not in the waste land; they deceive
The thirsty, weary traveler in the desert,
Causing him to chase the will-o'-the-wisp,
And maybe perish in the drifting sand. /
Death Valley is the bottom of a lake
And is burning hot in sultry summer days.
It is a barren waste without a plant
Or man or animal in the torrid months.
But in the spring, plants grow and flowers bloom
In this hot bed of California.
The howling of coyotes on the plains
Together with the yelp of prairie dogs
Make the nights hideous for the wanderer on
The desert and the waste lands of the West.
The rattle snakes and scorpions'mong the rocks
And bushes, in washes and on the mountain side;
Develop alertness in the pedestrians.

Palm Canyon is an avenue in the mountains,
Extending from the desert, decked with palms;
And Red Rock Canyon is gemmed with red rocks,
And great red hills which frown on vales below.

California is the land of great paved roads,
Extending from North to South and East to West,
From Oregon through the valleys, deserts, vales,
And over mountains to old Mexico,
And from Nevada to the sunset sea.
The roads extending through great and splendid valleys,

Down through the valleys of the Sacramento,
And Santa Clara and San Joaquin and broad
And fruitful vales in Southern California.
Little bells which hang by the wide roads
Remind one of the mission bells that hung
In the old Spanish Missions long ago.
From Monterey to San Diego is a string
Of adobe missions built by Serra or
Men of his faith. Adobe walls surround
The missions and the Indian burial grounds.

The murky Sacramento river flows
In majesty, between the mountain ranges,
On down the mighty valley to the sea.
In this broad valley one may see white men
And Japs and Chinese at work on the farms.
Grain, vegetables and nuts and fruit thrive there.
The Sacramento vale is beautiful
When decked with greenery of the spring and trimmed
With blossoms of the orchards, cherries, peaches,
Prunes, berries, apples, plums and apricots,
With citrus fruits upon the low warm hills.
Mount Shasta dressed in trees and plants and crowned
With ice and snow looms high above this dale.
Small cities and the capital are set
In this vale like bright diamonds on a ring.
From Redding to the sea, the Sacramento
Is a great and fertile valley, rich
In all that soil produces to help mankind.
It was the valley of the forty-niners,
Where Yankee culture grew in California.

In the large valley of San Joaquin the grains
And raisin grapes are source of golden wealth
Together with dairies, fruits and fields of oil;
Stockton, Fresno, Bakersfield and Merced'
Are thriving cities in this fertile vale.
Santa Clara valley grows the grains
And fruits, prunes, cherries, pears and plums and grapes;
Has Stanford University and San Jose.
Ventura is the home of lima beans
And beets and citrus fruits and nuts and peaches.
In Southern California walnuts, figs,
Grapes, olives, oranges, lemons, apples thrive,
And nearly every other kind of fruit
And nuts and grain that grow upon the earth.

In many of these vales the live oaks grow.
The live oak tree, an evergreen, with leaves,
And large and bushy top, bears on its limbs
Long strings of moss that hang like braids of hair.
San Francisco is a great commercial city
By the bay; it looks through the Golden Gate
And sees the sunset ocean to the west.
Great wharves are there and ships from every land.
San Francisco, old town of the Argonauts,
Has many aliens in her midst these days;
Jews, Irish and Chinese predominate;
A Chinese city is within this city.
Santa Barbara, built by the sea,
A mission town, is old for California.
Los Angeles, city of the angels, founded
By Spanish more than a hundred years ago,
Is the largest city in California,
And the metropolis of the new West.
It has the largest Mexican population
Of any city in the golden state.
The mid-winter flower show, rose tournament,
Put on in Pasadena every year
Together with a great game of football
Bring thousands to the City Beautiful.
Pomona, Ontario, Riverside and Redlands
Are charming cities in the citrus belt;
The orange shows are held at San Bernardino;
El Centro's in the cotton and melon belt;
Santa Ana's in a fruit and farming vale;
San Diego and Coronado are tourist cities.
California, land of commerce, land of wealth,
Ships from all nations anchor in her bays;
All races and colors man those stately ships.
In every port all cultures show their garb,
And all the languages of mankind are heard;
The goods of every nation are sold here.
Land of the trailing vine and grapes and wine,
Land of the dairy and poultry farms,
Alfalfa, cotton, garden stuff and rice;
Land of Alpine playgrounds, parks and vales,
And water canals, paved roads and aqueducts.
Land of great factories and shipping wharves,
And railroads, air ships, air posts and bus lines.
Land of the moving picture industry,

Of great observatories and astronomers,
Historians, actors, novelists and bards.

Land of great cities with broad shady streets,
Sky scrapers, theaters, temples and cathedrals,)
Splendid mansions, lovely bungalows,
Creations of refinement, love and art.
The parks are dotted with small lakes and streams,
And banks of flowers, lawns of grass and trees,
And many fountains throwing sparkling water;
And granite statues ornament the parks.
Great is the Golden State by the Sunset Sea!

Land that once knew the Spanish civilization,
The Spanish culture, missions and religion,
Now knows the Anglo-Saxon civilization,
Ideals, culture, progress, faith and aim.

What is more pleasant than a riding tour
In California? I drive along the road
Beside the Western Sea, in sunlit days,
With far flung mountain ranges and snowy peaks
Near by, or far across some fertile vale.
Vales to the left of me, sea to the right!

Oh! how the bass-voiced ocean calls to me;
I hear the call in rolling billows, lash
Of foamy waves against the rocky shore,
The ebb and flow of tide, the flying spray.
I smell the fragrance of the salty air,
And sea weeds scattered on the sandy beach.
The ocean mirrors a universe of stars,
And all that floats upon its glassy bosom.
The great cool ocean lives on like the sun;
And like eternity it never changes.
Its dark blue water rolls across vast spaces
In peace and in convulsions as it did
A million years ago. The sea will not
Let men interfere with its great flow and ebb,
And it destroys man's work that violates
The laws of its inevitable destiny.

I drive along in dreams of love and life.
And oh! those dreams awaken in my heart
A longing for the happiness supreme;
They wing their way on words; my spirit sings,
In ecstasy, a song like some wild bird.
And oh! the splendid panoramic highways
Made to inspire the songs of love and beauty

Together with delightful skies above,
And fruits and flowers growing by the road.
Land of romance, love, beauty, music, dreams,
Enchanted paradise, the poet's world,
In which a bard, if happy, should find peace,
Interpret the beautiful and life's deep bliss.
The poet here as nowhere else should sing
Sweet Nature's song and in those priceless songs
Put all the beauty of life and earth and sky.

To me the clustered orange blossoms, white
As snow, which deck the green leaved comely trees,
Are lovely as a poet's blissful dream,
And they cling to their branches like some sweet bride
Cleaves to her husband for support and love;
The spirit of enchantment pulses through them,
And they inspire me with the purest joy;
And often in my quiet hours they pass
Before me in a vision of delight.

In California the wild flowers bloom
In springtime in profusion in wild places
On mountains, deserts and beside the sea.
What is more beautiful than the waste land
In blossom? It is like a flower garden.
Sweet are the flowers that I see, the poppies,
Azaleas, verbenas, primroses, sage,
Star-flowers, Indian paint brush, mallows, pinks,
And desert lilies, lilacs, lupines, iris,
And yucca blossoms, scarlet buglers and asters.
A world of flowers, yellow as the sun,
That undulate in the gentle, western breeze
Like wavelets on the bosom of a lake.
Love comes for color, fragrance, symmetry,
And artistry of setting, beauty's blend.
Those great stretches of wild plants and shrubs in bloom
Paint pictures in the mind to never die.

The great Pacific ocean, sunset sea,
The splendid ocean on a fruitful earth,
The beauteous shore of California laves.
The poppies blooming on the sunny hills
Beside the ocean look like fields of gold
To one aboard a ship out in the sea.
I gaze with rapture on the Western sea
Whose waters throb with countless living forms,
Whose strength is greater than aught else on earth.

'Tis the magnificent, the sunset sea,
Whose emerald waters chiseled out the capes
And Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay,
Made trivial all the sculptured works of men.
And through his mighty arteries flow the heat
Of innumerable suns, giving warmth and health
And happiness to California.

On the red hills of California, I
Have read the stars when the great sun has hid
His eye beneath the sable quilt of night.
In soaring dreams I've walked the Milky Way,
The starry street of cobble stones, in quest
Of deathless beauty, spirit of the God.
I've seen an angel throng on that bright road,
The loved and lost, my kith and kin and friends.
Tears came, then smiles, an aching heart gave way
To sweet emotion and I felt at home
Among the stars and I experienced
A happiness above the bliss of earth.
I've seen the constellations in their glory,
And pictured them as they are known to man;
The Northern Cross looks like a silvery cross
Far in the distant field of the night sky;
The Scepter and the Northern Cross impress
Me with celestial beauty, love and truth.
Orion like some mighty warrior king
Drives his great chariot of fire across
The plains of heaven ever and forever.
I've seen the Lyre or Harp attuned, perhaps,
By some great spirit bard whose music is
In harmony with highest spiritual life.
The Pleiades like fireflies swarm at night
To cheer the wretched Andromeda in chains.
And Apus, bird of paradise, Aquilla,
The eagle and Columba, dove of heaven,
On wings of brightness hover o'er the world.
I've seen the Ram and Hound and Cat and Lion,
And Hare and Wolf and Bull and Bear and Tiger,
All traveling in majesty through the sky.
The stars direct the destiny of men
Who read their golden chart e'en as the stars
Direct the motion of the Universe.
Land where one may fish in the mountain streams
And catch the speckled trout; where one may fish

In the deep sea and catch the halibut.
Land of clam beaches and oil wells in the sea;
Land of sea gardens and great swimming beaches.
Land of large fairs, live-stock shows and horse races;
Land of auto races and entertainments,
And airplanes and moving picture studios.
The ocean rolls on in its deathless song,
And flowers bloom and summer never dies,
And life is sweet in this delightful realm,
But death is here and tears as well as smiles.
In this bright land I've stood beside the couch
Of death, in tears, with sad and aching heart,
And watched her in the throes of death; saw her
Fine, womanly spirit pass out of the flesh
As quietly as a star drops out of sight;
Her mind lives in the mental world; her form
Lies in God's Acre; she must know that I
Her son, watch above her lonely grave,
And deck the grassy mound with lovely flowers.
In death I may not fare so well as she;
Men may forget to deck the poet's grave.
With flowers or the emblem of the free.
Be that as it may, I have tried to do
My duty and fulfill my destiny,
And justify myself to God and man.
Colorado, land of lofty mountain ranges,
The Garden of the Gods and Monument Park
Where rock spires rise above the meadow lands,
All shaped like splendid towers or grand pillars.
This is the land of mountain peaks, Pikes Peak,
Snow crowned, Grand Canyon of the Arkansas.
This is the land of health and mineral springs,
Superb and matchless mountain scenery.
This is the land of prairies and vast plains
Where roam large herds of cattle, sheep and horses.
Pine, hemlock, spruce thrive on the mountain sides,
And birch grow in the river valleys.
Land of gold, silver, zinc and coal and lead;
Land of beets, hay and corn and wheat and oats,
And sugar factories and Denver, clean
And healthful city of high altitude.
Colorado, or red water, with few lakes,
Has water power in her rushing rivers.
Connecticut, one of the New England states,

Is one of the original colonies
Settled by the English Puritans.
Here are great colleges, Yale and other schools,
And libraries that merit scholars' praise.
This state, that was all Yankee long ago,
Is largely foreign in this modern day.
This was the land of thrift and industry,
Truck farming, cereals, fruits and shipping trade.

Delaware has sandy, level plains
And marshes, coast line, a harbor and sea port,
The tang and flavor of the restless sea,
Small mines, good commerce, factories and fruits.

I drive around the State of Florida
On highways, broad and good, and view the realm
Of lowlands, gardens, swamps, of long shore line
With splendid bays and harbors and sea ports.
This is the land without a mountain peak,
Or range and has a semitropical clime,
A climate modified by warm gulf streams,
And cool sea breezes and rain and much sunshine.
This was a wilderness of wild sweet flowers,
Clear springs and brooks, of lakes and cypress swamps,
And forests dense, savannas, keys and reefs,
Snakes, alligators and fierce Indian tribes.
Great changes have taken place in Florida.
The sandy soil supports much vegetation
And fruits, peaches, oranges, limes and coconuts,
Bananas, pineapples, sugar cane and grapes.
Florida now teems with domestic flowers,
Magnolias, laurels and other trees which bloom.
In Florida, Ponce de Leon once sought, in vain,
The fountain of perpetual youth in which
He hoped to bathe and then regain his youth.
Florida is the land of pure delight.

Georgia lies in the Southern belt of states,
One of the original thirteen states; she has
A pleasant clime, rich soil and ample wealth;
Land of wild roses and bowers of sweet jasmine,
Valleys of wild grass and mountains of pine,
Home of the mockingbirds and southern songsters;
The land of negroes and negro melodies;
Land of large industries, extensive trade,
Large fruit and farming belts and thriving cities.

Idaho is the Rocky Mountains' gem,

And is the land of mountain, peaks and deserts,
And grazing plains on which feed sheep and cattle.
Land of great water falls and lava beds,
Of gold and silver and the City of Rocks;
Hot water springs and wells and cedars and pines.
Sweet is the breath of her great cedars and pines!
Wild birds and animals are in the woods,
And streams are full of fish; these make the realm
Delightful for the hunters and fishermen.

Illinois is the land of corn and hogs,
The state of early Indian massacres,
And Abraham Lincoln and his tomb,
Of fertile prairies, rolling land and vales,
Great stock and farming state and factories.
The Father of Waters laves her fertile shore;
Within her boundaries are large fields of coal,
And Chicago, metropolis of the middle west,
And greatest railroad center of the earth,
Is the world's chief grain, lumber and livestock mart.

Indiana has no mountain range or peak;
Has stretches of hills and level land and marshes;
Rich soil and varied climate make this state
Great in the stock and farming industry,
And gas and iron and oil and coal make wealth.

Iowa has large prairies, lakes and bluffs,
Cold winters and hot summers and pure air;
Land of small cities and many farms,
And dairies, grain, small fruits and prairie grass,
And fields of coal, lead mines and iron mines.

In history old Kansas is known as
Bleeding Kansas and home of John Brown.
The Santa Fe trail started in this state.
She once knew grasshoppers, plagues and many droughts,
And sockless Jerry and political freaks,
But all those things have passed and Kansas now
Is one of the most prosperous western states.

Kentucky is an Indian name and means
The dark and bloody land; there in old days
The Indians and whites fought bloody battles,
And here the mountain feudists fought their feuds;
And mountaineers make moonshine in the night.
This was the home of Boone and brave pioneers,
And Abraham Lincoln's place of birth; this state
Is the land of swamps, blue grass and bluffs

And barrens, lakes and streams and limestone tracts,
Gigantic caverns, Mammoth Cave, rich soil,
And woods of tulip, honey locusts, pine,
Sweet gum, black walnuts, maple, oak and beech.
Land of tobacco, liquors, mountain dew,
And corn and grains and colonels and pretty women.
Louisiana, Louisiana is
The land in which The Father of Waters meets
The Southern Ocean; land of bayous and swamps,
Lagoons, lakes, deltas, levees, grassy plains,
Pine woods, marshes, sugar cane, rice, cotton and corn.
Land of the creoles and the Acadians,
And Huey Long, the kingfish of the state,
And insects, serpents, snakes and alligators;
The largest city is New Orleans; she's
The market for the commerce of the world,
The city of carnivals, the Mardi Gras.

Maine is the largest of the New England states,
Has hills and vales and rough coast line and bays
And harbors, ports and factories and mills,
And farming land and many summer resorts.
There is Maryland, my Maryland, the land
Of oysters, fruits, tobacco, corn and wheat;
Of beauteous scenery and Chesapeake Bay;
Land of the holly, juniper, locust and oak;
Home of Key and the Naval Academy.
The name of Massachusetts brings to mind
The Pilgrims, Mayflower and Plymouth Rock,
A birth place of American liberty,
The Boston massacre and tea party,
The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill,
And Washington accepting the command
Of the American army in seventy-five.
Land of irregular coast line, sandy plains,
And cranberry marshes, low mountains, hills and vales.
Land of great factories and granite rock.
Land of great universities and schools,
And Boston and North Church and Faneuil Hall,
And monuments and public gardens and parks.
Land that is noted for baked beans and cod,
And maple sugar, honey, butter and cheese.
Land of illustrious statesmen and great bards.
Minnesota is the land of lakes and rivers,
Vast prairies, hardwood forests and pine woods,

Swamps, meadows, frozen lakes and streams, deep snow,
Warm summers, thunder storms, considerable rain.
Large farming districts grow the Northern grains,
Wheat, barley, rye, potatoes, oats and corn,
And wild fruits, cherries, plums, crabapples, grapes,
And wild nuts, filberts, butternuts, acorns;
Land of oak, maple, elm, ash, elder, pine,
Birch, linden, balsam, tamarack and spruce.
The chickadees are always there and sing
Their notes on winter days beside the door;
The visiting birds come in the spring, the wren
And swallows, robins, blackbirds, flickers, herons,
Martins, thrashers, warblers, meadowlarks,
Bluejays, tanagers and whippoorwills.
Wild flowers are sweet in the moist green woods,
In the land of bright waters, gopher state.
One will find in her forests, buttercups,
Anemones, bloodroots, cowslips, violets,
Pinks, sunflowers, jack-in-the-pulpits and columbines.
And in her Northern woods men hunt bears, deer,
Moose, elk, wild ducks and wolves and foxes, wild cats,
And other kinds of game in the wild places.

In a log cabin on my father's farm
In a deciduous wood of maple, oak,
Elm, basswood, ironwood, ash and hickory,
In Minnesota, land of sky-blue waters,
On a warm July morning, I was born.
It was one of those humble homes where men
Are born and minds and characters are made,
A dwelling place where worth resides; methinks
The heavenly guests oft visit such a home.
Alas! that home was broken up too soon. ‘

My father's life went out like some bright star,
Leaving our home dark as cloudy night.

I was born in the gloomy seventies,
In panic time among the pioneers.
I should have been a soldier; my first fight
Was with a veteran gander; I attacked
The geese with a corn stalk; the gander grabbed
Hold of my dress and slapped me with his wings;
The other geese in the flock gathered round
Me gabbling and hissing and I lost my nerve.
And tried to beat a retreat, but he held fast,
And I could not retreat so I began

To cry; my mother heard the noise and came
To my relief; she charged upon the flock;
The gander then let loose and ran away.
My next experience in combat was
With father's mare; one morning in the barn,
While he was busy currying the horses,
I, seeking new experiences, ran under
The mare and gave her a punch in the belly
With my small fist; I guess she thought a fly
Had bitten her for she gave me a kick,
And I began to cry; dad picked me up
And carried me to mother at the house.
My next adventure in the lonely world
That brought me grief was when I wander'd out
In the tall wheat and got lost; I thought I
Should never see my mother again and then
Feeling all the terrors of the lost
I screamed and cried till mother came to me.
As long ago as I can remember I
Could read and write and count; when mother took

Me to the country school, I could read well
In the third reader; I was large for my age;
I was a stranger in the school; of course
The boys of my own age and older looked
On me as an enemy and they proposed
To give me a licking the first day of school;
A little Irish lad whose name I have
Forgotten decided to lick me first; he grabbed
Me for a fight; I threw him down and pulled
His hair and scratched his face and caused his nose
To bleed; he cried "enough, pull him off, boys!"
They pulled me off from him; his older brother
Then pounced on me and gave me a good licking;
That evened up the score and I became
A member of the gang and all went well.
That year I fell in love with a little girl;

She and I walked to and from the school
Together; she was ten and I was seven;
We both were bashful; our love was impassive;
Our conversations were quite cool for lovers;
I may have felt like some gay poet but
I did not talk like one to my first love.

Those were the days I wore boots with red tops,
And pussy wants a corner played and hide

And seek and other similar games in summer;
And in the winter I skated on the ice,
And slid down hill on a hand sled and fought
Snow ball fights, made snow men and went sleigh riding
Across the fields and down the snowy lanes.
To memory comes the cold, cold winter days,
And frozen ears and frosted hands and feet
That I experienced in the North Star state.
Methinks I see again a blizzard storm,
The blinding, whirling, drifting snow and hear
The roaring wind and feel the icy chill.
Instinctively I reach for cap and mittens
And overshoes as I did when living there.

My father was a Democrat; my mother
Was a Republican and I became
A warm Republican at seven years
Of age; she bought a flag for me and in
Political campaigns I walked along
The avenues waving the star spangled flag,
And hurraing for my favorite candidate.
In early boyhood days I moved to town
And studied in the graded school; I had
More fights with boys, more love affairs with girls.
Again I moved; that time I moved out in
The wilderness far from the city school;
From loggers, lumbermen and river drivers
I got my knowledge of the frontier life.
A year or two with them, I then attended
A village school and won scholastic prizes,
And prizes for good behavior; then again
I went to country schools until I was
A middle sized boy and then I left school
Until I entered college in later years.

In early childhood mother told me of
American statesmen, stressing Lincoln's life.
She gave me story books and simple verse
To read and study, and recited verse
To me which she had learned in girlhood days,
But did not stress the bards. I guess she didn't
Think her son was a poet in the making,
Althought she was familer with verse writers,
Her father being known as the village bard.

In childhood days I loved the starry skies,
And all the mystery they meant to me.

I would lie down on my back, on clear nights,
Out in the open air and gaze at stars.
Sometimes I thought they were soldiers in
Bright uniforms marching o'er the fields of blue;
Sometimes I thought they were dancers who
Were waltzing on the airy floor of heaven;
Sometimes I thought stars were splendid mansions
In which the heavenly angels spend their lives.

I've seen the rain clouds deluge lakes and streams
And flood the land with wild and swirling waters.
I've heard the awful thunder rage in the sky.
It bellowed like ten thousand angry bulls
Engaged in war out in the pasture land.
The lurid lightning, in zig-zag chains of flame,
Shot from the clouds and crashed against the earth.
And often I have seen heat lighting flash
Across the sullen sky like a sea of flames.

Great groups of foreigners live in Monnesota,
Norwegians, Irish, Germans, Swedes and Poles.
They swarm in cities and they till the soil,
And hold most of the offices in the state.
Old foreign women with cloths on their heads
Do chores and work out in the harvest fields.
In Minnesota I first learned the laws
Of life in old experiences' varied ways,
In contacts with adults and boys and girls,
In fields of work as farmer and harvest hand,
Tie maker, logger, teamster and river driver,
Ox driver, thresher and school teacher,
And in sundry other callings to earn bread.
It was in Minnesota that I met
A graceful girl of sense and worth with lips
Red as a rose, with a heart pure as gold,
And motions like a river's rhythmic flow.
Her crown of dark brown hair that trailed the earth
Was shiny as a comet in the sky;
The world has seen few women with such hair.
We loved as few have loved; our love was true
And constant as the motion of a star,
And white as calla lily; 'twas greater than
The love of singing souls in paradise.

She opened the pearly gate of love to me,
And guided me into the shrine of beauty.
She entered into my heart and life,

Became soul of my soul, love of my love;
She kindled flames of passion in my heart
That time subdued to glowing coals of fire,
But never has extinguished through the years.
Then came the tragedy of life; she died

And left with me pathetic memories,
And days of blighting grief and nights of tears.
I have been faithful to her memory
Through the years of weeping and despair,
And through the gay and laughing years of life,
Although my dream of happy, marital bliss
Lies buried with her in the hopeless grave.
My heart with rapture beats as I recall
Our last fond parting in the long ago,
Her fervent, lingering kiss and warm embrace;
Her pure and lovely spirit merged with mine,
And lived love's whole sweet life in that last kiss.

Out of eternity, out of inane,
Fair Helen, sweet and lovely being, came
Like a sun beam, imparting health and life
And peace and joy to all in her small sphere,
Growing, gaining new experiences,
Meeting a young bard, a man of love,
Becoming a part of his life, a force
Of fire and spirit to live immortal in
A mortal world and then, like a bright star,
Disappearing in the shadows of the night.
Is she forgotten, has her memory
Perished like the flowers of the vale?

Oh, no! she lives within the poet's world,
The brightest star in all the firmament.

Michigan is the peninsular state;
Land of great lakes, small lakes and ponds and streams,
Pine forests, copper, iron, cement and coal;
Land of wild game and trout and other fish,
She is the hunters and fishers' paradise.
Land of great factories and mills and farms;
Home of the automobile industry;
State of agriculture, labor and wealth.

Neveda has vast silver bearing lodes,
The Comstock is the richest silver mine.
This state has mountains and hot mineral springs,
And sunken rivers that flow underground,
And vast stretches of waste land and sage brush plains,

And Boulder Dam is partly in the state.

New Hampshire is an old time Yankee state
Where soil is thin and poor but thrift is great.
Land of White Mountains, hill-sides, ponds and streams,
And lakes and scenery, rough and sublime,
Great cotton factories and tourist trade.

New Jersey has the Palisades, rich soil,
And sandy plains, silk factories, sea trade,
Fruit orchards, fisheries and market gardens.
Many battles were fought in this state
By Washington and his armies in freedom's war.

New Mexico, land of plateaus and vales,
Has grassy, treeless plains and vast waste lands,
And Spanish missions and cliff dwelling places,
And lofty mountain ranges and snowy peaks,
And many Spanish folk dwell on her plains.
New Mexico, land of cattle, sheep and mines,
Of silver, copper, garnets, opal and gold.
The wonder of the state is Carlsbad Cave
With its enormous, lofty, spacious chambers
And corridors in which stalactites bright
And beautiful hang like great icicles.

The Father of Waters flows along and washes
The shore of Mississippi State; this land
Has long hot summers and mild, pleasant winters.
This land saw many thundering battles in
The civil war; her soil was drenched with blood.
This is the state of cotton, rice and cane,
Great swamps and woods of mulberry and lime,
And pawpaw, pine, persimmon, dogwood and oak,
And good old Southern drawl in household talk,
And many negroes and lots of negro huts,
And there we find the possum and the coon.

Missouri, muddy water, has lagoons,
Wide bottom lands, streams, islands, cypress swamps,
Great caverns, underground lakes and large streams.
A wilderness of sunflowers bloom in
Missouri; there's a legend in song and story
That when the Mormons went forth from the state
To find new homes out in the distant west,
They sowed tame sunflower seeds along their path
So that their people coming after them
Might follow the sunflower trail and find them.
Missouri is the land of beer and wine,

Meat packing and tobacco industries,
And commerce, farming interests and rich mines.

Montana has mountains and large grazing plains,
Bunch grass, sage brush, Bad Lands and desert lands,
Magnificent waterfalls, gold, copper, lead
And silver mines, hot summers, cold dry winters,
Stock raising, lumbering, wheat and other grains.
Land of the cowboy mounted on his broncho,
Equipped with lariat and spurs and pistol,
And wearing a broad rimmed hat and long leggings,
He rides among the cattle on the plains.

New York is widely known as the Empire State;
Has vast resources, great factories and world
Wide commerce; ships sail on her lakes and bays
And trade at every lake and ocean port.
Large is her farming industry, rich are
Her mines of iron, cement, marble and salt.
A traveler in the City of New York
Might think he were not in America.
In some parts of that city, he'd see Jews
Only and might think he were in Jerusalem;
In other parts he might think he were in Rome,
Or Dublin, Berlin, Moscow, Paris or Athens.
All languages known to man are spoken there;
All civilizations, every creed and sect
Are there; the heart of the business world is there.
And in that mighty city one will find
The greatest banks and largest publishing houses,
The leading criminal organizations, Red groups,
Chief of the underworld, disease and rags
And beggars, filth and stench and stink, more schools
And colleges than in any other city,
The vilest wretches, the richest women and men,
The largest mansions, temples and cathedrals.

North Carolina has low coastal plains,
High mountains and plateaus and health resorts,
Small islands, shallow sounds, sand bars, peat bogs,
Rich river bottom land and dismal swamps.
This state has farming land and grazing land,
And grows tobacco, cotton, grain and rice,
Deciduous fruits and cranberries. There grow
The great pine forests, fragrant with pine pitch.

North Dakota is the best wheat district in
The world; has short hot summers, long cold winters,

And lakes of slimy water and large prairies.
There new political theories are born
And tried out on the people of the state.

Ohio has large cities and great lakes,
Lake ports and foreign commerce and state trade,
Rich farming districts and large factories.
She is the mother of more presidents
Than any other state save Virginia;
Has sent more presidents to the White House
Than any other state in America.

Oklahoma is a comely land,
And is the home of Indian tribes.
Land of Vast prairies and good grazing lands,
She grows much stock and cotton, fruit and grain;
Is rich in iron, gypsum, coal and oil,
And frequently has freakish governors.

Wild thyme's the Spanish name of Oregon;
This is the land of extinct volcanoes, peaks,
And glaciers, Crater Lake, cascades and dalles,
Great forests, valleys, deserts and grassy plains.

Pennsylvania is known as Penn's Wood,
This state is famous for patriots and battles,
And politicians, colleges, schools and wealth.
Land of the richest soft and hard coal fields,
Great factories, tobacco fields and oil,
And natural gas and iron mines and zinc.

Rhode Island is the smallest state and has
A long coast line and rocky, sandy soil,
Small isles, large cities and great factories,
A dense and wealthy population.

This one time English land of Roger Williams
Has lost most of her Yankee folk. The French
And other aliens now occupy the land.

South Carolina has low marshy land
Along the coast and mountains in the west,
And has more negroes than whites in the state.
This is the land of tobacco, cotton, rice,
Peaches, grapes, pomegranates, figs and other fruits,
Stock raising, peanuts and silk factories.
Here the magnolia and palmetto grow.
This state was the home of Sumter, Marion,
Moultrie, Pickens, Rutledge and Calhoun,
And some great battles were fought in this land
In freedom's war and in the civil war.

South Dakota is a prairie land and has
Great fields of wheat and other grains, Bad Lands,
Black Hills, gold mines and grazing land. This state
Was once the home of western characters,
Wild Bill and other noted Indian scouts.

Tennessee is the land of plateaus,
Plains, mountains, cliffs, productive valleys, rich
In limestone soil, grows cotton, hemp and flax,
And was the home of Andrew Jackson.

Texas is the land of prairies, vales, plateaus,
Small mountain ranges and low alluvial plains,
The gulf state and land of lagoons and rivers,
Great cotton districts and rich fields of oil,
A mighty, wealthy empire in herself.
Once Texas was ruled by old Mexico,
And Texas had her Alamo and San Jacinto;
For Texas, Crockett and Bowie fought and died,
And Houston won her freedom and ruled the realm.

Utah is the state of Mormons and lies in
The great American Desert or waste land;
Her cities stand beside an inland sea,
The Great Salt Lake in which no fish can live.
In Salt Lake City stand the Mormon Temple,
And Tabernacle and great Assembly Hall.
Utah is the land of irrigated farms.

Vermont means green mountains; this is the land
Of waterfalls and comely scenery,
Resorts, medicinal springs and streams and lakes,
Chalcedony, gold, jasper, tourmaline,
And the Green Mountain boys and Ethan Allen.

Virginia known as the Old Dominion
Has her tide water region, valleys, hills
And mountains, natural bridges and noted caves,
And Dismal Swamp, a quagmire, full of trees
And plants and lizards, snakes and animals,
And birds which live in woods and quiet places.
Virginia gave America great men,
George Washington, Henry, Thomas Jefferson,
Lee, Madison and others known to fame:
West Virginia is the land of grain, fruit,
Tobacco, ginseng, coal and oil and salt,
And Harper's Ferry and John Brown's last raid.
Wisconsin means a wild and rushing river,
And is a land of plains and forests and lakes,

And farming, dairying and factories,
Saw mills and logging camps and valuable mines,
Tobacco, Milwaukee, hops and lager beer.
Wyoming is a vast plateau and is
The backbone of the Rocky Mountains.
This is the great divide between the rivers
That flow into the Pacific Ocean,
And those that flow into the Atlantic Ocean.
The Yellowstone National Park is in this state.
This park is one of nature's choicest settings;
This state has snow capped mountain peaks, hot springs
And many geysers, waterfalls and canyons,
Buffalo herds and other animals.
Washington is the land of mountains, vales,
Cascade range and Coast range and snowy peaks,
Saint Helens, Baker, Adams and Rainier;
The sunset ocean laves her western coast,
And made the harbors, headlands, bays and capes.
Land of diversified climate, wet and dry,
And warm and cold; land of dry, barren vales,
And valleys, fertile, moist, productive, green;
Land of dense forests, mighty trees, the fir
And pine and cedar, logging camps and mills,
The largest lumber mills and shingle mills
In all the world and large commercial cities.
Realm of large deserts and vast grazing lands
Where feed great herds of ponies, cattle and sheep.
Land of great waterfalls and mighty streams;
Through this rich state flows the Columbia River.
Land of the richest mines of silver and gold,
Lead, copper, granite, coal, cement and zinc;
Land of great dairies, hay and corn and wheat
And fishing interests, salmon, herring and trout.
Land of tame berries, apples, pears and peaches.
The land of promise to those who till the soil,
And to the wise and thrifty rich reward.

A government navy yard's on Puget Sound,
And there assemble mighty battleships,
Torpedo destroyers, cruisers and submarines,
And navel parades occur upon the Bay.
Marines and sailors man the naval ships.
And at the city wharves large merchant ships
Unload their cargoes and reload with goods,
Wares, lumber and other products of the state.

Yachts, schooners, sailing ships and fishing boats,
Steamships, steamboats and barks and brigs and sloops,
And other vessels travel on the Sound.

Seattle, largest city, sits on hills
And looks upon the azure Puget Sound;
Natural lakes adorn her queenly breast;
Fresh water canals like a silvery chain
Connect the salty sea with freshest lakes.
Seattle, the sourdough's winter home, grew rich
In old days through Alaskan trade and gold.
Tacoma has the largest lumber mills,
And Spokane is in the grain and cattle belt.

Tired and weary in the trial of cases,
Tired of law books and legal precedents,
Disgusted with the lawyers' endless gab,
I, oft, in younger days, have left behind
The law courts and my home and friends and city
To trace the land of solitude, high up
The mountain side and there beneath a fir,
Or cedar I beheld the world 'neath me,
Beheld the greenish waters of Puget Sound,
The mighty forests, rivers, lakes and vales,
And towns that dotted the vast realm and I
Beheld the city, gemmed with crystal lakes,
That stands on many hills beside the Sound.
I thought of the life in that active city,
Her growth and hustle and business strength and wealth.
I thought of all the helpless, hungry and sick,
The human wrecks and squalor and misery,
The aching hearts and broken lives and homes.
I thought of the humane, the kind and true,
Who like bright angels minister to the poor.
I thought of all the Shylocks and heartless folk.
I thought of the mad scramble for large wealth,
The hopeless struggle for all save the few.
I thought of happy homes where lives were lived
In harmony with the best in heart and mind.
Those thoughts caused grief and bliss and smiles and tears;

I felt the misery of the poor, the solace
Of wealth and the affliction of the sick,
Then I reacted to the great emotions
Of beauty and the sympathy of love;
And was receptive to the majesty
Of mountain scenery, the babbling brook,

The forest's fragrant breath, the birds and flowers,
The glorious beauty of the Universe,
And in that mood and thrill of sheer delight,
I felt the spirit of great poetry.

The mighty fir-tree forests of the state
Of Washington have fadeless foliage;
They rise against the summer sky and shed
A cool shade over all the ground 'neath them.
And they are Nature's grand cathedrals where God
Speaks words of splendor to the souls of men.

The salty breeze in fluty notes runs through
The tall and somber fir trees of the forest.
And often ocean's loud, voluminous wind
Sweeps through the stately forest and the trees,
And plays sweet nature's choicest melodies,
Majestically as a band or orchestra.
Great are the fir-tree woods of Washington!
Great like the hero whose name the state bears!

In Washington I learned the ways of life
Working in a dairy, logging camps,
Hop fields and in a laundry and grocery store,
On farms and as a newsboy on passenger trains,
As a peace officer with a gun and star,
And as a lawyer in the courts of law.

Washington City, capital of the realm,
Is built beside the broad Potomac River.
She is a stately city with wide streets,
And beautiful as genius can conceive.
There are great buildings, colleges, libraries,
Museums, monuments, memorials,
Great works of art and noble literature.
The great of earth have walked her avenues.
There wonderful statesmen, great and wise, enacted
The laws that shaped the nation's destiny.

The Hawaiian Islands are gem islets set
Into the bosom of an emerald sea!
Land of volcanoes, lava, craters and bowls,
Luxuriant vegetation, snowy peaks,
Mild climate, Japanese Gulf Stream, trade winds,
Bananas, pineapples and other kinds
Of fruit and rice and coffee, cane and nuts.
The natives of those islands are brown folk

And are great swimmers and divers in the sea;
Attuned to sadness and despair, they are
The makers of pathetic melodies.
Hawaii is the land of song and beauty.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 55.

Foreign Countries

Some foreign realms have a Democracy,
And some know not this form of government.
The peoples of the world dwell in our country;
They came to better their conditions in life.

Canada is the lady of the snows, a realm
Of vast size, prairies, plains and timber land,
And rich in minerals and fisheries.
Great cattle ranches and large wheat farms are found
On her vast western plains and much wild game.
Through her domain run mountains ranges and chains;
Land of the mounted police, land where they get
The criminals and put an end to them.
This is the land where life and property.
Are safe as law and order can make them.
Land of the English tongue and Protestant faith.
Land largely sprinkled with those of Yankee birth.

Old Mexico is a land of mountain ranges,
Plateaus and coastal plains and many breeds;
Land of old Indian civilizations, cities,
And culture, Aztec and other Indian tribes,
Succeeded by Spanish culture and architecture;
Land of slow, easy living, primitive style;
Land of sublime and beautiful scenery,
Great timber belts and priceless mineral wealth;
Land of great promise for progressive folk.

Columbus on one of his voyages touched
The coast of Central America and Spain
Became the dominant power there; six small
Republics constitute the group of states.
Those states have valuable forests and rich mines,
And fruits and products useful to mankind
Large Indian populations are found there,
And civil wars are common in those states.

West Indies and Cuba are lovely isles that gem
The Southern sea like stars adorn the sky.

South America lies in the torrid zone;
Land of the Incas and vast mineral wealth;
Land of great forests, plains and richest soil;
Land of the mightiest mountains and snowy peaks;
Land of the greatest river 'neath the sun.
A wondrous land of splendid scenery!
A land that should produce a civilization

That measures up to Nature's glorious work.
May the great sons of light inherit her.
Africa is the land of mystery,
Of temples, pyramids and golden tombs,
Of deserts, jungles and fierce animals.
Land of the Pharaohs and King Solomon's mine,
And home of the ancient civilizations.
Land of the river Nile and its rich vale,
And birthplace of Moses the historian.
A vast realm that is mostly wilderness.
The greatness of Africa is yet to come
In the new civilization of the future.

Old Asia is earth's largest grand division,
And has the highest plateaus and mountain peaks;
She is the cradle of the human race,
And the birthplace of civilization and there
Were born all great religions of the world;
The prophets and the saviours were born there.
The ancient civilizations on the stage
Of Asia played their part in olden days,
Then perished from the earth like morning dew.
The Assyrian empire was born and died before
The birth of Christ; the Chinese empire was
An ancient one, three thousand years before
The Saviour perished on the wooden cross.

In Asia a solution for the soul
Was sought by pious men who thought and gave
Their best experiences and plans to men.
Through the red clouds of heaven and the flowers
Of earth and noble deeds of kindly men,
They saw the beauty of the godly spirit,
The glory of the finished soul in man.
They gave mankind religions which shall last
For centuries. The prophets and the saviours)
And bibles changed man's earthly destiny,
But did not solve the mysteries of God,
Nor many of the simple laws of nature.
Since those days many have sought, but in vain,
To solve the secrets of man's destiny
In the long endless adventure beyond the grave.
Still mind continues the great search for light
And mind shall conquer for mind is greater than
Death, time and space; when mind shall solve itself
Men then shall know what lies beyond this life.

Men sail the seas and fly through boundless air,
And study the starry heavens, rocks and soil,
But only have scratched mystery's great realm.

In Europe every form of government
May be found and all kinds of civilizations;
Home of white culture and Christianity,
And the seat of great universities,
And largest libraries and galleries,
And mighty industries in every line.
The continent that gave the world the most
Great men, great poets, statesmen, generals,
Philosophers, historians, scientists;
Great men who gave the world intellectual light.

Land of majestic music and poetry,
The birthplace of the mighty bards sublime;
Those poets spoke the glorious words of love,
And splendid pictures of love the artists painted;
The great musicians stirred the human heart,
And filled it with emotions of delight,
Heroic feelings and the pathos of death.
Those men spoke to the soul and they redeemed
Mankind and made the world a better place.
Great sons of God, long may their kind endure!

Australia is the smallest continent,
And was inhabited by native blacks
Of small intelligence; except the dog,
They had no animals, had no religion,
No idols and believed in spirit rule.
They lived on insects, snakes and roots and meat;
Their weapons were the spear and boomerang.

Australia has a hot dry clime with rain
In tropic parts. This is a land of gold,
And diamonds, sapphire, ruby and topaz.
This is the land of peculiar plants and trees,
And reptiles, insects, birds and animals,
A world unique out in the Southern sea.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 86.

Night

Perhaps old night saw chaos and creations' dawn;
Saw stars march out of the barracks of the sky and dance
Like graceful waltzers on the shining floor of heaven.
Saw continents emerge out of the rolling deep;
Saw continents engulfed in the abyss of ocean,
And saw men born and grow and use the land and sea.
Stars never sleep; earth never rests; night never dies;
Each reigns with wakeful eyes forever and forever!

The sun lost in bright colors in the evening sky
In beauty blooms the rose of heaven, but too soon
It fades out in the twilight chamber of the sky,
And then begins the symphony of the white stars.

Since earth began to whirl around the golden sun,
Night has hid herself from that orb's shining face.
Through the kingdoms of the air in shadow land,
Accompanied by a train of stars, a pageant pomp
She sweeps o'er land and ocean, trailing her dark skirts.
She draws a veil of darkness over prairies, plains,
Vales, mountains, rivers, lakes, farms, cities, sea and ships.
She moves in silence, floats and sinks among the trees,
And lies on flowers, laps of maidens, grain and corn.
The forests crowned with leaves or needles lift their heads
Against her breast and throw their shadows on the grass.
The wind goes singing through her temples over fields
And pastures, meadows, valleys, deserts, rocks and hills.

Night serves the earth, her empire and her home; she gives

Her sympathy and love; dew drops are her kisses;
Her shock of brown hair covers many ugly scars.
She moves along with song and music on her lips.

She neutralizes heat, the sun's oppressive rays,
And cools the earth and air and waters of the sea.
She saves the growing crops and moisture in the land,
And helps preserve the springs and ponds and lakes and streams.

She is a beneficent saviour in her quiet way.
She casts her sable blanket on the moonlit lake,
Concealing waters, calm as a dead woman's face;
The murmuring waters of the crystal river, hid
Beneath her robes, flow on in sadness to the sea,
Weeping for the shining beauty that is gone,
Weeping like a mother over her dead son.

Night soothes the torrid desert, cools its fevered brow,

And torpid animals go forth from hole and den
In search of prey to kill, and food to eat, in search
Of brackish water to drink to quench their burning thirst.
The lizards, bugs, coyotes, snakes and prairie dogs
Forage in the desert under night's dark wing.

The mighty mountain range looms like a camel's back;
The gray old peaks that rise above the mountain range,
Tossing their white heads against the jeweled sky,
Are ghost-like in appearance in the arms of night.
The darkness and the starry sheen inspire great warblers,
And quick their vocal music into thrilling songs;
She hears the famous chant of the nightingale;
And the gloomy notes of that sad lover of herself,
That weird bird of dark mystery, the whip-poor-will.
She hears the native songs and imitative notes
Of that sweet thoughtful singer called the mockingbird;
That darling bird whose repertoire and range of voice,
And vocal powers put all other birds to shame;
The mimic and the artist of the feathery throng,
In love, praises starry night in sweet immortal songs.

Night is vast as half the world and mystery
Lives in her realm along with goblins, ghosts and ghouls.
Her face is black, her soul is white to guileless minds;
To evil folk she is as black as their black hearts;
Love thrives and buds and blossoms under night's dark sky.
Fond lovers hug and kiss and promise to be true
Until the sun and stars burn up in heaven's dome.

She walks in marshes and haunts lone places and empty houses.

All places feel her pulse beat and the touch of her black hand.

She, like the hush of death, invades the cemetery,
And views the heaps of earth, the dark home of the dead.
Night enters homes of sickness and cools the fevered brow;

She enters homes of grief and calms the aching heart.
She hears the cries of new born babes, the voices of life,
Announcing a new generation on the earth;
She also hears the heavy breathing and gurgling sounds
Of dying folk in their last struggle in the flesh;
In this great tragedy, she sees the soul unmasked.
Life and birth and death, then darker than the night;
The tomb and worms and dust complete the human fate.
Night hovers over a great city like a hen
O'er her young chickens, bringing quietness on the streets,
And in the factories and homes and market places.

She gives a weary world the chance to rest and sleep;
The happy dream sweet dreams; the bilious dream of imps
And snakes and bugs and death and other horrid things.
Some go to bed and rest and sleep while others seek
The theater, dance halls, saloons and dens of vice;
Some seek the halls of pleasure to dance away the night;
Some go to theaters to see the actor's skill and art;
Some seek saloons to drink and drown their deepest grief;
Some seek the harlot's room to satisfy their lust.
All kinds of villains work in the shadow of her wing.
Night fills the space between the silver sea and sky,
And life on land and sea assume a new aspect;
The great fish leap and play and fireflies swarm across
The fields and shooting stars blaze through the sleepy air.
The meek-eyed moon, queen of night, moves across the sky,

And drives her thousand foaming steeds on the mad run
Across the star-lit horizon over the race track
Of the shouting ocean to the shoreline goal.

Night mantles cities of the sea, large groups of ships,
Illuminated with myriad lights that gleam like stars,
And hang from port to starboard, bow to stern and deck
To deck; the ships move out to sea like silhouettes
Against the dark horizon till they're swallowed up
In a mysterious sea beyond the curve of earth.
A flash of wings is often seen, a gull's loud cry
Is heard above the ocean in the moon's bright glare;
The ocean's angry voices shriek through the drowsy night;
The deep groans, tearful moans and bellowing notes of grief
Suggest the hopeless cry of lost and drowning souls.

In night's abyss the poet stands entranced in thoughts
Of beauty, mystery and wonder, dreaming life's
Great dream and worshipping God. His soul is stirred with love.

A troop of stars marches out across the bluish plain
Above the moonlight's glow and lights the universe.
The evening star peeps through the window of the sky,
And gazes upon the earthly beauty dressed in black.
The bard salutes the star and shining firmament.
The mellowed light of moon and silvery stars shine on
The bard, reflecting sky-blue vales and golden hills.
Intoxicated with nectar of the heavenly mind
The vision of a life of vigor, wisdom, dreams,
Love, service, intuition and humanity,

Truth, justice, progress, music and perfected life;
Inspired and fearless, with the will to do and dare,
The poet on the angel wings of poesy,
Above the haunted waters of the demon sea,
Above the frozen pearls of snowy mountain peaks,
Soars and sings and soaring upward through the void,
He sings his mortal songs to spirits winging there.
Directed by music of forgotten worlds he hears
Within his soul, he wings his course in moonlit air
Through night's abyss, through twilight chambers of the
sky

Into the light of lights across the starry sea.

He hears the violins and flutes and harps and lyres,
And hears celestial organs swell in heavenly music,
Responding to some glorious master's soul and touch,
And sees the splendid pageantry of form and color
Of worlds unknown spread out before him like a painting.
He finds himself on Lodena, the silver star,
On which grow rainbow colored plants and trees and flowers.

The rainbow colored meadows, vales and fragrant hills
Feed argent streams that wander to the crystal sea,
And rainbow colored temples, kirks and blocks and houses
Stand in the lovely cities by the silver streets.
He sees a beauteous people in a comely land,
A dreamy people working in sweet harmony
In every phase of life in the shining world of song.
Oh blessed is Night, dark lady of immortal charm!
Her breast is decked with beauty, born of sea and land;
And she wears on her head a crown of golden stars;
She reigns in splendor in her kingdom on the earth.
Bards sing her hallelujahs and earth shouts her praise!

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 89.

The City

I see the happy city Eulalee,
 A beauteous city in a golden land.
 The blocks are short, the avenues wide and straight,
 And grassy parking strips adorn the streets,
 And many flowers, shrubs and leafy trees
 And water fountains gem the strips of green.
 No sky-scrapers nor bad architecture mar
 The charm and loveliness of Eulalee.
 It is a city without a ruling class,
 Without asylums, courts, police or judges,
 Or politicians, fools or criminals,
 Without a jail or penal institution,
 Or creed; with one great universal church,
 The Church Humane whose purpose is to make
 A kindly people for a living world.
 There are no rich nor poor within the city;
 All have life's comforts and attractive homes,
 And labor to maintain themselves and home.

It is a city above the price of gold.
 Schools of instructions teach the people facts
 And points of living that they need to know;
 And all the people are normal in body, mind
 And soul and equal in efficiency,
 Thought, reasoning power, knowledge in their lines
 Of private work and public service;
 Without a profit system to corrupt
 Their thoughts, they live humane and useful lives,
 And individual rights and character growth
 And living are in no respect curtailed;
 The people rule by the initiative;
 It is a city self-contained; it owns

Its sources of living and controls production
 And the means of transportation for
 The benefit of all the citizens.
 Each man and woman gives society

His or her greatest skill in zealous work,
And is assured life's comforts, education,
 A good and pleasant home and medical care,
 And opportunity for full development
 In brain and brawn and soul and social life.
 Each citizen is wise enough and good
 Enough to be a law unto himself

Without abusing other people's rights.
Death has no terrors nor the grave for him;
If death shall offer him eternal life
'Tis good and well; if death shall offer him
Oblivion it is well; he lives to grow
And make his life the master work of art.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 93.

Old Order

How fares the people of America?
What is their outlook, what their kind of work?
Where do they dwell? We find them in the mines
And lumber woods, on cattle ranges and farms,
In cities, villages and on the high seas.
What are their homes like and life in those homes?
Some families are rich and some are poor;
Some have small families, but many have
Large families and live, in squalor and filth,
In shacks and wear poor clothes, enjoy their kinds
Of happiness, endure their misery,
Pass out and slumber with the tribes of earth.

I used to hear the farmers singing as
They labored in their fields long years ago;
The sowers and the reapers were merry then;
I heard mechanics, teamsters, merchants, clerks
And housewives and the children singing in
Those blithe and independent days of old.
I used to hear a happy people singing
Wherever I might go, but life has changed;
I do not hear them singing any more;
The social wrongs have chilled their joyful hearts,
And driven song out of a happy land.
I only hear paid singers warble now.

We've heard the songs of private ownership,
And individual initiative inspired
By gain of wealth and faith in profit trade,
In private capital to make us great
And happy, but, alas such songs were jokes!
Vain as the plan that plunders us today;
The system fails before the economic test.
Sing, muse, a new song of mass initiative,
Of happiness and plenty for mankind!

God made the sea and land and streams and lakes,
The flowers, trees and grass and all the grains
And fruits; all things were made for all mankind,
And every one had plenty, free of charge,
Till heartless men for profit, greed and gain
Obtained control and made a government
Enriching the favored few and pauperizing
The many; and since then the favored few
Have owned the beauty spots and the resources

Of earth made by great God for all mankind;
Since then the many have paid tribute to
The few for raiment, food and liberty;
For the right to live upon this earth.

Ill fares the nation when a few control
The wealth and money and the government;
Decay and death must be the nation's fate
When the middle class, the nation's strength,
Is dying with no class to take its place.
Small business men in many kinds of trade,
Professional men in hamlets, cities and towns,
And farmers of the prairies, vales and plains,
In former years were prosperous and content,
And misery and poverty neverclouded
Their sunny sky. Those happy days are gone;
Most of them now are in distress and want.
Big business now controls all lines of trade
And we pay tribute to the wealthy group
In nearly everything we need and buy.

I've seen the armies of black clouds charge through
The sky as if to drive an enemy back;
I've seen the wind and lightning and white rain
Tear through the air like bullets through a sheet.
I've seen the flames of lightning roll across
The face of heaven like wild prairie fires
Sweep over grassy plains and mountain side.
I've heard the awful thunder peals that shook,
Like some great earthquake, heaven, sea and land,
And sounded like a thousand cannons booming
In combat on a deadly battle field.
I've seen the dreadful storm destroy a forest,
Town, city, children, women, men and bridges.
And I have seen a nation ruined by
The awful storm of greed and speculation.

Methinks the plan of living now in use
Is wrong; the system breeds all kinds of crime.
Hate, greed and murder are common to mankind,
And everything is measured by the dollar.
Desire for gold and scheming to get it
Make every man a Doctor Jekyll and Hyde,
And make a cheat or knave of some good man.
The system makes all men unnatural men.
If all men were permitted to live their lives
As Nature lives, all would be honorable

And just and lovely as a Yucca bloom.

The profit system puts a price upon
Mankind and all the products of the earth.
Man barter faith and happiness for money;
For gold man sells his manhood, peace and life,
And woman sells her virtue, body and love;
For gold the wars were fought and nations died;
We give our souls and all we have for gold.
Gold! gold! God, what a price we pay for gold!
The system now in use does not permit
Mankind to live; they just exist; they rush
On madly, scheming, yelling, grabbing gold,
Or begging shelter, money, food or work.
Methinks the life of barter, trade and gold,
Is barren as the desert's sandy waste.
Methinks all were born to live better lives,
To reach the sky of culture, beauty and love,
And live the lives of social bliss and peace.
Methinks life's comfort and a happy home
From the cradle to the grave are all
Men need and every one should have these things.
I fear the ruthless men of wealth and power,
Dishonest business men and their servile group
Of crooked politicians who control
The nation and use the government for their
Own selfishness; they overthrow the law
And constitution with impunity;
And like the frost upon the flowers blight
The hopes and peace and happiness of men.
We need a Washington in this dark hour
To set the pace for virtue in the realm,
To teach us honor, manners, happiness,
Unselfishness and faith and patriotism.
Courts, business, congress, colleges, churches and homes
In many instances have deteriorated;
Have ceased to function as in better days.
We need a Lincoln to enforce the laws,
And to interpret the Charter of the land;
We need a Lincoln, not a money king,
To shape the destiny of the race.
Oh realm! where are your statesmen in this hour?

Weak men, small men, irascible old men
Hold the political offices in the land.
They lack ability to solve the problems,

And make a plan to help the struggling race.
Their lack of vision wrecked the ship of state,
And the nation wavers on the slimy rocks,
Depressions came before folk had machines;
Before they had conveniences; and depressions
Still come; conveniences and machines are not
The cause. Methinks the only cure are laws
That cause an equal distribution of wealth
Among those who create the nation's wealth.

Methinks the economic system is
A failure, proven by the test of years.
I see it ruin thrifty men who have
Invested their life savings in approved
Good stock or banks and other profit schemes.
It is the system that wrecks worthy homes,
And sends the children out to starve or beg,
And makes industrious workers lose their jobs,
And join the ranks of paupers and receive
A dole through charity or steal or starve.
It is the system which causes bloody wars,
Makes nations fight like tigers in jungle land.
Methinks it penalizes mankind. Why should
A penalty be put on honesty
And thrift and stifle men's noble qualities?
Men are denied their birth rights on this earth;
Denied the blessings Nature has to give,
And many live in poverty and distress.
No wonder they get drunk to drown their sorrows;
No wonder that they picture in their minds
A fancied heaven, or grand paradise
Of peace and bliss and love up in the sky,
Their future home when death shall end their lives.
Why should a system be permitted to breed
A race of crooks and drive God from the world?
Intelligence should now assert itself!
The salvation of mankind depends on mass
Intelligence to equalize all men.

Methinks the profit system breeds decay;
It causes business men to lose their wealth,
And many kill themselves lest they die paupers.
And it permits inferior men of wealth
To lord it over poor, superior men.
It is the system that causes folk to lose
Their faith in institutions, governments,

And in men's honor and integrity.
The spirit of the honest man who has
Been crushed between the mill-stones of mad greed,
In the fierce economic struggle of life,
Should rise and haunt the ruthless money crowd.
Methinks the years put in acquiring wealth
Are wasted years; years that should have been used
To improve in spiritual, intellectual worth.

The system sometimes lets a thrifty man
Acquire a modest fortune in the years
From youth to old age, then a panic sweeps
His fortune into the hands of money sharks,
Leaving him a pauper in old age.
Why should poor young men skimp and save and deny
Themselves the good things of life as they go
Along in order to accumulate wealth
For sunset days of life? Most of them end
Their lives the same as spendthrifts in the mire
Of poverty. All, save the favored few,
The opportunists, or heirs of wealth,
Die paupers or near paupers in old age.
A living's all most folk get from hard work
And self-denial, worry and dollar chasing.
E'en though a thrifty, skimping man should not
Lose his small fortune in his later years,
He is the loser when he has denied
Himself the spiritual, intellectual
And social pleasures of this life that he
Should have each day and week and month to get
Financial competence for his old age.

Why not give every one a chance to live
Without a dole or pauper's fate in view?

Why not suppress the cause which makes the tramps
And criminals and idle, degenerate rich,
And shiftless wretches and the dole seeking poor?
Why not give every person a chance to grow
In body, mind and soul and character,
And thus attain the best that is in him?
Why stunt or kill great qualities in men
To build up greed and vice and golden gods?
The brotherhood of men should bud and blossom,
And Heaven's Kingdom should be built on earth.

The Economic system emerged in ages
When brute strength ruled; brute strength and ignorance

And trickery have passed the system down
To dull and blaste the hopes of under men,
To break the hearts of men or men enslave.
Through ruthless acts of opportunists
The system made an aristocracy
On money built from profit gained from wage
Slaves in the fields and mines and marts of life.
The system that makes paupers, steals from thrift
To build great fortunes for the few is wrong
In theory and in practice; under such
A system, Heaven's Kingdom shall not come
To earth to bless and help the struggling race.
Love for a few as for a family
Is not conducive to build racial love,
And fructify the Master's golden rule.

The middle class is sinking 'neath the waves
Of poverty's wild sea; the laboring class
Long since has sunk beneath the cruel waves;
Both classes shall soon emerge a peasant class
With little hope of change in future years.
Are systems made for men, or men for systems?
What are systems for? Are they to help
Or to destroy? Methinks they should be made
To help all from the cradle to the grave;
Promote intellectual and spiritual growth,
Health, happiness and banish poverty,
And fit all men and women to perform
Efficiently the helpful work of life,
And live with confidence, love, hope and faith.

Why not redress the wrongs inflicted on
The poor? Why not repeal the laws that breed
Both greed and hate and give a few great wealth,
And mighty power to break the nation's heart?
Why not remove the cause that makes all wars,
That makes the scoundrels who fill all the jails?
Why not adopt the plan that gives men work,
A permanent home and marital happiness;
That banishes squalor, poverty and want;
That does away with idlers, beggars and tramps?
Why not adopt the plan of peace and love,
And let all grow into the nobler life?

Perhaps the race shall purge itself of waste;
The morons, fools and idiots may pass
With the profit system that breeds them.

Perhaps the Christian and the atheist
Shall vanish from the rank of social life;
In lieu thereof may come a wiser folk;
Those not enslaved by creed or non-belief.

Perhaps clean living and intelligence,
Combined with all the comforts of this life,
May starve to death the evil in man's mind,
And may subdue the weakness of the flesh.
Out of the haze of error, ignorance,
Sin, goodness, suffering and love and faith
Should come the shining races, free from disease
And error, wholesome in their hearts and lives,
And balanced in every thought and word and deed.

We build our stairway from the earth to heaven
From substance of the soul, the purpose high.
The kindly thoughts and words, the generous deeds.
These are the steps of gold on which we climb
From low and sordid aims to spiritual heights
To live the glory of the life of love,
The eloquence of beauty and soul music,

Mine is the racial cry for justice, truth
And right, for better government, for the chance
To live the true and happy social life
And for a full rich life of mind and heart.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 94.

Supplication

Oh, Soul! enlighten the under folk, the crowd,
Who carry on the drudgery of the world,
Who have no chance to get the vital things
That money buys to make a happy life,
And fight disease and gain the knowledge needed
To end the reign of poverty in the land.
Oh, cruel is the profit system, fruit
Of a barbaric, ruthless civilization!
Weep! Weep! Oh heart at its cyclonic waste
Of womanhood and manhood, life and joy.
Oh, cruel system that deals in wealth and power!
You kill the human heart and rob the soul
To satisfy your lust and vanity. '
Weep! Weep! Oh heart that wealth is held so dear,
And human life so cheap! Weep! Weep! Oh heart
That many must starve to enrich the few!
Weep for the old, forsaken poor and sick,
The hopeless in the struggle to exist!
Weep for the misery in the filthy slums!
Oh, Soul have mercy on the poor whose life
Blood feed the maw of heartless industry!
Have mercy on the helpless children born
To poverty with little hope in life!
Have mercy on the father, mother and child!
Oh save us from traditions that enslave
A race or nation in the wrong! Save us
The spirit that believes in change when change
Is needed! Oh, preserve in us the spirit
That dares to think and do and break the chains
That hold in bondage the minds and hands of men,
The happiness and welfare of mankind!
Amen!

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 102.

The Conclusion

Methinks I see a world of natural beauty,
Surpassing anything on earth today,
In colors, odors, brightness, light and shade,
And in the brilliancy of the sun and stars,
 Methinks I see a new and happy world,
 As fair as Lodena, the silver star,
 And just as Eulalee the happy city,
 A fraternity of nations on the earth,
 Ennobled by the brotherhood of men;
 That the unfit in mind and flesh and blood
 Have perished from the ranks of social life,
 And that the rule or reason governs men,
 And gives sweet order to emotions, thoughts
 And words and deeds and to all governments;
 That ignorance has fled from human minds;
 That mass intelligence is broad and deep,
 And poverty and misery are dead.
 No one is measured by the dollar's rule;
And all have equal chance before all laws.
 And with the passing of the evil system,
 The poor and rich and politicians passed.
Wars are experiences no longer known,
 And graft and rackets curse mankind no more.
 The criminals have perished from the earth;
 And governments are run for all mankind.
I see them make the perfect government,
 Based on Democracy and usher in
 The Kingdom of Heaven, earth's great social State.
 Religion has kept pace with governments,
 And happiness reigns in the hearts of men.
 No longer do the people picture bliss
 In some bright, future life up in the sky,
 Or elsewhere in the splendid Universe;
 Their angels and their Heaven are on earth,
 And when they die, they go contented to their
 Eternal sleep with no desire to wake
 Up elsewhere in some golden Paradise.
 Methinks I see the great perfected race
 That's free from error, want, disease and lives
 In harmony with the best in Nature's law.
 The members of the race live full, rich lives;
 Their poise and grace are like symphonic music,

Males and females are athletes, tall and slim,
With noble features, fair of face and form.
Their voices are like the tone of silver bells;
Their words are like sweet roses in bloom; their deeds
Suggest a world of love, a sky of stars.
They live in beauty, sense the beautiful,
And grow in loveliness like a hyacinth;
They are the blossoms out of the ape man,
The dream of God embodied in the flesh.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 102.

The Southern Bird

The mocker is a Southern bird
Whose golden songs are never heard
In frozen lands or Northern clime,
Nor on the Southern peaks sublime.
His home is where the flowers blow,
Where trees are green and landscapes glow,
Where summer lives and never dies,
And sunshine paints the cloudless skies;
Where gleaming stars shed gentle rays,
And nights are lovely as the days.
There in the Southland, warm and free,
He loves and sings his songs of glee.
The land of beauty him inspires,
New songs each season, he acquires.
The artist of the feathery throng,
He is the immortal bird of song.

Publication. *Medley of Life Poems* (1935), source page 104.

STRANGERS AND OTHER POEMS

The 1939 collection

Strangers

Along the street I walk and look with thoughtful eye
At all the countless people hurrying by
Under a clear, warm sky.

I see the fearless and the true who do and dare,
The strong and weak and blind and lame and fair,
And oldsters full of care.

I see the rich and poor, the stupid and the wise,
The tearful and unhappy breathing sighs,
And harlots making eyes.

Dark Angel is approaching, he is never late!
Why hurry strangers to meet a hapless fate?
Why not stop and wait?

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 6.

Departed Friends

Out of the sky I see a face,
 Out of the past I feel a hand,
Out of the silence comes a voice,
 Deep mysteries hard to understand.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 6.

Sources Of Song

The poets in my line,
Whose blood is part of mine,
Are singing in my heart
Like birds shut in their cages
The songs of the ages
In sweetest words of art.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 6.

No Greater Praise

No greater praise can come to me
In death from partisan,
Than to say these words of me:
“He was a worthy man.”

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 7.

Spring

The lovely spring hath come again;
Creative spirit it doth bring
To cheer the mind, inspire the soul,
To cause the heart to dance and sing.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 7.

The United States

We hope and pray you shall endure
Through tragedy and tears,
And liberty and faith insure
To us and future peers.
You're young, our land, have much to learn,
And ideals to mature,
But with clear vision you'll discern
The best in life we're sure;
We hope you'll grow as God's great power,
A happy destiny,
And change the system, richly dower
The new world that's to be.

You've fought your battles for the right,
To free your people, free
The world, and give mankind the light
Not seen on land or sea.

You're not the bully of the world,
You never won that name,
And your proud flag was ne'er unfurled
Upon the field of shame.
You gave birth to Democracy,
The best men could invent,
The pathway to equality,
The peak of government.

You blow no bugles sounding war,
Your mind is not the martial mind,
You build for peace and fair you are,
While other nations kill their kind.

You, our Republic, just and great,
Of giant strength and virile youth,
May you lead nations, change their fate,
Teach them humanity and truth.

You've lit a lamp upon this earth,
God's beacon, may it ever shine,
To guide your people from their birth
To character which is divine.

Another realm has not been seen
So fair and tolerant as you,
Nor free for men to think and glean
The deeper truth from sources new.
You grow men to improve the world,

And not to tear or drag it down;
Your starry banner is unfurled
 To help men live, not save a crown.
You, our realm, no tyrant rules;
 You aid free thought, free speech, free
 press,
And higher learning and free schools.
 These virtues flowered in success.

As you hold your place in the sun,
 You fight for progress of the mind
Which you, in freedom's name, have won,
 And social justice for mankind.
Our native land, we've faith in you,
 Have faith in God and freedom's laws,
Have faith that freedom makes men true,
 And worthy of the noblest cause.
You live for men and not for power,
 For peace and home and not for wars;
You help your people every hour,
 Give them the dream adorned with stars.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 7.

Court Procedure

The court machinery is antique,
The jury system is sure out of date;
The old procedure which is now in use
Deserves malignment, knocks and abuse.
Eliminate ignorance! it's for the ox!
Let wisdom sit in every jury box.
To pass on facts, decide without some flaw,
Give us the jurors who are learned in law.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 9.

Western Plain

Great plain of broad expanse,
 Of farms and grazing land,
Where freemen have their chance,
 And liberties expand.

An empire in itself
 Where all may plant or sow,
Where faith and work make pelf,
 And cities start and grow.

A land where mowers reap
 The golden fields of grain,
Where cattle and flocks of sheep
 Roam over fields and plain.

Without a feudal fief,
 With grain at every station,
With corn fed pork and beef,
 The West feeds half the nation.

A treeless stretch of sod
 With winding, shallow streams,
Where folk meet freedom's God,
 And dream the new world's dreams.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 9.

The Radio

The night is here, the moonbeams stream
Down through my window as I dream
 Of life that's fair,
 Of beauty rare,
And hear the music in the air,
Sweet melodies that ever flow,
Transmitted through my radio.

I need not travel over land and sea
 To know and learn,
 Nor work and earn
My knowledge any more; it is at my door,
And flows through the radios,
And brings the world to me.

 Interpreter of the air,
 Of sounds from everywhere,
 It gives the good and bad,
 The happy and the sad;
I hear the humble and the great,
Mankind in every social state.

 I hear the fiddlers play
 As in my youthful day,
Dance music known to me,
 And I again join in the whirl.
I schottische and I waltz in glee
 With my arm around my girl.

A distant orchestra plays a strain
Which sounds like a windstorm of the brain,
 New fangled music now the rage,
 A message of this modern age,
It surely bores and gives one pain.
 I hear the great, church organ peal
 In recitals far away,
And I the solemn cadence feel;
 It seems to steal
 My soul away.

I hear the vested choir somewhere,
Before the minister says his prayer,
 Sing the old hymns anew;
 I sit and nod,
 As they go ringing through

The world of God.
The diva lifts her voice
In classic songs of yore,
And I with her rejoice
We have such songs in store.
And then she tenderly sings
Some sweet song which cheers,
And to my heart she brings
The memories of past years.
The air is charged with words and sound
Which flow on like the purling brooks,
Or wing their way like sable rooks,
And no one knows where they are bound.
At times I hear sheer golden notes,
Some master's melody;
The music through my radio floats
Like gulls upon the sea.
And old Handel lives again,
Beethoven, Gluck, or Mozart,
In splendor, sadness, joy or pain,
And nobly thrill the heart.
I dream the world's great dream,
As moon rays brightly gleam
Through my half open door
Upon the ocean's shore,
Beneath the whirl of many wings,
And while my radio talks and sings.
Above heart beats, I hear
The music from a sphere;
From love's great fount it seems to flow;
It is not heard through radio.
And in my dream a light
Bright as the starry bowl,
Not of the splendid night,
Brings peace, peace to my soul.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 10.

The Scene

The red cloud like a crimson crown
 Adorns the peak above the sea,
And I below within a town,
 Am thrilled with ecstasy.

And I resolve to do my part,
 And live above the low and mean,
And cause my mind and soul and heart
 To match the splendor of the scene.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 12.

The River

The spring is here, morn greets my eyes:
The burst of dawn, the rosy skies,
 The vernal season, all it yields,
 The trees and flowers, vines, green fields,
 The murmuring river and the singing birds,
 The echoing music minus golden words
Suggest a scene in Paradise,
 Where grief might find surcease
 In beauty, love and peace.
Upon the river I calmly float
Like an oak leaf in placid moat.
My birch canoe glides down the stream,
As I indulge in the poet's dream.
All beauty has a giver,
And God gave man this river.
I have a happy notion
That it sings every emotion
Which is known to the soul
As its clear waters roll,
And fret and dance to the ocean.

Along this stream the greenest meadows are,
And on its banks in field and swale,
In gardens and in lovely bowers,
Bloom in profusion, fairest flowers
Whose myriad colors paint the vale.
On blossoming trees the green vines quiver,
And cast their shadows on the river.

Surpassing beauty, I see near and far.
Here I am happy all day long,
Enchant'd by Nature, music and song;
Emotions come that are divine,
And beauty floods this heart of mine.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 12.

Intimacy

Don't get too intimate with others;
They soon become disgusting brothers;
The heart revolts, the mind abhors,
And soon man's inner nature wars.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 13.

Wife

The evening sun is dying, in rose colors, in the west;
My work is over for the day; I am at home at rest;
And in a dreamy state of mind, I see my wedded mate,
Promoter of my happiness, the darling of my fate;
My heart went out in love to her when I became her beau,
And it has never been recalled though that was years ago;
I feel in her a kinship of the spirit, heart and mind
Which draws our souls together in a rapture, pure, refined.
She kindles in my heart the flame of passion, lily-white,
The vision and the dream with something of celestial
light;
And we understand each other like the flower and the
rain;
Live honest lives and thus allay suspicion which gives pain.
And oh! the help she is to me, the blessing I receive;
The kindly smile, the loyal love, encouraging words retrieve
The coldness of the world, the business struggle to succeed,
Inspire me with the faith to dare and do the worthy deed.
With reason clear and judgment sound, she-is my comrade-wife,
My counselor and friend, sustaining virtue in my life,
A lovely spirit in the human form with tact and skill
To manage me in harmony with my nature and my will.
And she presides with dignity in the home which I hold dear,
Performing all her household work with neatness and good cheer.
Her willingness to do, sincerity, embrace and kiss,
Stir me as the moon stirs the ocean, adding bliss to
bliss.
Her slender form and comely face are pleasing to my eye;
They are to beauty what the stars are to the cloudless sky;
Her character and the ability to do her part
Make home a sweet and peaceful place, put heaven in my heart.
I feel the touch of God; I thank Him for my living mate,
Promoter of my happiness, the darling of my fate.
And for her goodness, patience, love which make my life complete,

I offer her a sacrifice, I lay all at her feet.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 13.

I Hail

I come to hail the age that is to be,
The golden age of trained and virile men
With perfect bodies, white in heart and mind,
The great progenitors of a better race,
The builders of a heaven on this earth.
I hail the rulers, cultured, wise, humane,
Who shall rule freedom's State, some future day,
As representatives of a noble trust,
In simple splendor worthy of mankind.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 15.

The Dream

I dreamed the dream of dreams to me
Last eve by life's melodious sea;
I saw two women whom I love,
Arrayed in white in heaven above.
In dreams I saw the happy land,
The world of love, in colors grand,
The floral fields and singing creeks,
The bloom of health, the flush of cheeks,
The greenery of hills and trees,
The loveliness and stretch of leas,
The golden city and the manse,
The glow of God that lives enhance.

For those two women, good and true,
Who passed beyond my mortal view,
Long years ago, I'd cleave the sky,
And wander through immensity.
To see and know the deathless two,
And feel their presence, them interview,
I'd soar above the aerial sea,
The ocean of infinity,
Unto the star which sheds its ray
Remotest in the Milky Way.
Inspired by them who dwell afar
I soared beyond the evening star;
I crossed the heaven's broad abyss
And landed at the city of bliss.

I saw among the shining throng
Of women as I walked along,
The sweetheart whom I loved in early life,
Who should have been my mortal wife.
The beauty of her kindly face
Shed luster on her form of grace;
Her silky hair so richly brown
Adorned her head a regal crown;
The flowing locks trailed at her feet,
In beauty on the golden street;
Her features shone with lovely light,
Born of a spirit clean and bright;
She moved in a dignity like strains
Of splendid music, heart refrains.
We met in rapture deep, supreme,

Consummation of my earthly dream;
I clasped my darling to my heart,
Our lips they met and would not part.
I felt the love, the ecstasy,
The passion of eternity.

I left the city of the soul,
As yet I had not reached my goal;
I traveled on through floral dells
Unto the home where mother dwells.
I sensed the fragrance of the flowers,
The song of birds in viny bowers,
The spirit of great harmony
In the heart of eternity;
I sensed the worth of master souls,
And love which like the ocean rolls,
Magnetic waves of thought and mind,
Inspiring, elevated, refined.

And in a manse beside a stream,
I saw my mother in the dream;
We met as mother and son should meet
In glad reunion, joy replete,
And in the heavens bright and fair,
We humbly knelt in silent prayer.
My vision broke before the light,
The picture faded in the night,
And love and life were torn apart,
And left a desert in my heart.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 15.

The Salute

Come, shake this hand my dreaming guest
 In fellowship before the feast;
The lonely dreamer of the West
 Salutes the dreamers of the East,
Salutes the dreamers of the ages,
 Who live in music, song and story,
The great achievers, bards and sages
 Whose words and music blaze in glory.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 17.

The Hopeless

The pallid face, emaciat'd, wild,
 The sickened body, the vacant mind,
The squalid home, the hungry child,
 The deadened eye, the daily grind,
Bespeak the human misery,
 The system's curse upon the earth,
The humans who were never free,
 And never happy from their birth;
Bespeak the economic slaves
 Who live without the hope of gain;
And in their hopeless cries I hear
 Eternal grief, eternal pain.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 17.

The Inevitable

In dreams I see the fateful day,
And that day is not far away,
When capitalism shall change the fate
Of millions, shall change every State.
I hear the crowded nations shout;
I see them drive minorities out;
I see the end of the mongrel breed,
The mongrel State, the mongrel creed;
One blood each nation soon shall know,
One breed from whom all thoughts shall flow.
The minorities shall have nations too,
Created in lands their ancestors knew.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 17.

The Dancers

I see a million dancers in a shadow-waltz,
A multitude of souls, the hopeless and the false;
They never smile, are silent as a firefly's breath;
They dance, cursed by a fate more horrible than death.
I see the dancers in a kingdom dark and high,
Dancing in an amphitheater of the sky,
Dancing on gold floors above the planet Mars,
Dancing to the specter music of the stars.
Their shadowy feet are light; they move in airy motion
Upon the golden floor like ripples on the ocean.
They waltz with formal bearing in the shadow-land,
Keeping step to music of a ghostly band.
There are fat dancers and lean dancers, the short and
tall;
The slums and chivalry are at the phantom ball;
The faces of some are dull, and some are fierce and dark,
While others haven't the brand of Cain nor facial mark.
The fox and wolf, in spirit, bungle at romance,
The young and old and middle-aged are in the dance.
I see the cruel eyes of hate and greed and lust,
And beady eyes of scoundrels whom no one could trust;
I see the young in years with dreamy eyes and fair
Which glitter like the tiger's as he watches in his lair.

The poets and musicians glide in somber dance,
In cheerless love and bitter dreams without romance.
The beauties and the uglies mingle on the floor;
Queens and their lovers, some are young and some are hoar.
The gawks and clowns are there, the prophets and the seers,
The rich and poor as well as commoners and peers.
The high bred ladies are the pictures of despair;
The lowly bred wear painted flowers in their hair.
Kings, rulers, warriors, statesmen are in the mad whirl;
Each with his crafty mistress, or a sad-faced girl.
I see the haunted trying to dance away their sin,
Trying to forget and trying peace to win;
Some drop out, some drop in, the dance is never done,
The darkness never ends; they never see the sun.
The silence of the crowd, their strange and hopeless mien,
And the weird scene suggest the beaten and unclean;

The music is depressing as a ghastly knell;
It tells the weary dancers that they are in nell.
There in the amphitheater by the twilight sea,
The dance goes on, the long dance of eternity.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 18.

An Overpopulated World

Quite likely in an overpopulated world,
 In order to preserve the status quo,
Those fit to live shall fit it for their kind,
 And criminals and the unfit shall go.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 19.

To Helen

In dreams I see you Helen as you were,
In the old sweet days in the blossom time,
When we were lovers in the Northern land;
Again we stand beside the Father of Waters,
And watch the river flowing to the sea,
And make our promises of undying love.

Our love, dear one, God knows was deep and true
And constant as the motion of a star,
And lily-white and strong as life itself.
You kindled flames of passion in my heart
Which time subdued to glowing coals of fire,
But never has extinguished through the years.
You oped the pearly gate of love to me
And guided me into the shrine of bliss;
Then came the tragedy of life; you died
And left with me pathetic memories
And days of blighting grief and nights of tears.
I have been faithful to your memory
Through the days of weeping and despair,
And through the gay and laughing years of life.
My heart with rapture beats as I recall
Our last fond parting in the long ago,
Your fervent, lingering kiss and warm embrace;
Your pure and gentle spirit merged with mine,
And lived love's whole sweet life in that last kiss.

Are you forgotten, has your memory
Perished, like the flowers in the vale?
Oh, no! you live within my heart and mind
My mate for life and for eternity.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 19.

The Lone Worker

I've lived alone,
And worked alone,
Uncounseled and unaided,
As free as man could be
In human society.
My will was law supreme;
No one could kill my dream,
And I was not upbraided.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 20.

Publicity

Publicity may bring wide fame:
 To those who amply use that bait;
But all great people are not famous,
 And all the famous are not great.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 20.

Nature's Realm

Give me the mountain peaks and hills,
The rivers and the silvery rills,
The comet's trail, the blaze of stars,
The meteor's flash, the rainbow bars,
And on the banks of singing streams,
I'd revel in the happiest dreams.

Give me grain fields, celestial sheen,
The odor of the forest green,
The fragrance of the sweetest flowers,
The leafy trees and viny bowers,
The placid lake and billowy sea,
And earth should be a heaven to me.

Give me the meadows and green sod,
A happy home and faith in God,
And love and work and sweet content,
And beauty by the Spirit sent,
And songs of birds and azure skies,
And earth should be my paradise.

And there beneath the sky unfurled,
I'd hear the music of the world,
And feel the ecstasy of life,
The noblest passion, free from strife;
And in my blissful days I'd find
The time to love and help mankind.

And in that bright and happy bower,
I should not care for wealth and power;
I'd only live for love and beauty,
And to perform my happy duty,
Express my thoughts in golden art,
Achieve the glory of the heart.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 20.

Love

I give to love my life, my all,
Obedient ever to its call;
It gives the valor of the brave,
The restless spirit that will save
Me from the curse of sloth and shame,
That wins the gold above a name.

It doth ennoble and refine,
And it inspires this heart of mine.
I feel the glow of manhood's fire,
The music of the starry lyre.
Above all rulers it doth reign
Supremely in my heart and brain.
It makes me strong and true, complete,
Prepares me all the gods to meet.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 21.

Temporary Folk

Some folk acquire the wealth to buy a city,
Rise high in social life, are learned and witty,
But flames of genius never warm their hearts,
Incentive to build eternal in the arts.
They do not try for the enduring deed
Which lives in service for their country's need.
They live vain lives, each only lives for self;
They chase soap-bubble power, lust and pelf.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 21.

The Beautiful

I hear the melodies which surge
Within my soul, the heartfelt urge;
In falls of water I do hear
A melody dear to poet's ear,
A melody sweeter than old wine
Which brings emotions, deep, divine.
I hear it in the notes of flute,
In violin, organ, harp and lute.
My spirit joins in Nature's song,
With earth and all the myriad throng.
The heavens hear and all the stars
Write on the sky their notes and bars.
The angels sing the golden strains
Which echo down the star-lit plains.

The beautiful is all the theme
From heaven to the singing stream.
The beautiful is what I see
In deep-red clouds and clover lea.
I see the beautiful in the fawn,
In glowing colors of the dawn,
In mystic splendor of the sky,
And in the billows rolling high.
The soul and earth and sky and dream
Proclaim the beautiful supreme.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 22.

Economic Slaves

Political freedom has been won;
Religious freedom has begun,
But still we're economic slaves
Until we slumber in our graves;
Full freedom we shall never see,
Till social laws shall set us free.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 22.

Great Moments

Great moments oft give birth
 To thoughts which sweep the earth,
And change the plan and fate
 Of millions and the State.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 22.

Immortality

What is the glory called immortal?
Is the prize won beyond the portal,
The gate of heaven, or on earth
In human work at homey hearth?
What is the substance of the prize,
The thing that lives and never dies?
Is it a high and sounding name,
Or propaganda seeking fame?
Does it come from repentance, faith
Or prayer or from an airy wraith?
Methinks it is the work of love,
Appealing force, not from above,
But from the better minds of men,
And fragrant as roses in the glen,
Which stirs the vision, stirs the heart,
And makes the dreamer do his part,
Which lifts the soul unto the stars
Through human service, free from wars.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 23.

Destiny

A few more years of life upon this earth,
To share the beauty of the Universe,
To feel the pulse of Nature, see the sheen
And shadow, burst of dawn and sunset red,
And day and night, the cloud and azure sky;
Know illness, health and poverty and wealth,
And do and dare, achieve and meet defeat;
And then shall come the breaking of life's tie,
The chill of death, the silence of the tomb.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 23.

The Great Reward

He shall know bliss who loves the mountains,
 Their snowy peaks and crystal fountains,
 Who loves green pastures, fields and flowers,
 And pours out his love like May showers.

His spirit lives who loves the woods,
Who sings of trees and leaves and buds,
Who loves the rivers, lakes and seas,
And sends his songs out on the breeze.

He truly lives who serves mankind
With kindly heart, unselfish mind,
And he is numbered with the blest
Because he loves his fellows best.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 23.

Spring Season

The snow is melted, the winter's past,
No longer howls the chilly blast...
Spring is here and the grass is green;
Leaves are in bud, the wild birds preen.

The earth is now a place of wonder
With flutes of May and drums of thunder;
The lightning's flash, the pattering rain
Refresh the air, revive the plain.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 24.

The Mountains

I love the mountains, love to rove
On them and see the works of Jove
In rivers, peaks and redwood grove.

And high above the vale and sea,
I feel a presence which to me
Is the mind of eternity.

The falls of water, eagle's flight,
The thundering music in the night,
Inspire me with supreme delight.

The voice of Nature seems to speak
From every cliff and snowy peak
And crystal lake and rushing creek.

Give me the mountains of the West,
Where wild goats scale the mountain's crest,
Where grandeur lives, God's rich bequest.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 24.

The South

The old South is no more,
The new South is supreme,
New order and new lore
Now shape the Southern dream.

Rich is the limestone soil;
The clime is warm and fair;
And on plantations toil
The negroes for their share.

Still stand the hut and manse;
The negroes have their whims,
Enjoy their games and dance,
And chant the Lord in hymns.

Tobacco, cotton, cane
Survive through storm and drouth,
The staple of the plain,
The main crops of the South.

The loom and spindles ring
When making fabrics fine;
The sawmills hum and sing
When sawing logs of pine.

The reptiles haunt the swamp,
The possum plays his prank,
The alligators romp
Upon the river's bank.

Past history lives on
Proclaiming life's old plan.
It was the rosy dawn
Of a new day for man.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 25.

Northern Winter

Deep is the winter's snow,
 And icicles gem the tree;
 The cold winds howl and blow,
 And ships toss on the sea.
The icy wind doth chill
 The marrow in my bones;
The frozen lake is still,
 And the pine sways and moans.

The lonely farm houses quiver
 In the wild stormy blast;
The cattle stand and shiver
 In the wind rushing past.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 25.

The Workers

All who perform a useful work,
 And carry on the world's great needs,
Should live above the grime and murk
 In payment for their words and deeds;
Should be assured abundant life,
 Good raiment, food and medical care,
And social contacts free from strife,
 A cultured home and treatment fair,
The chance to live lives true and brave,
 To win the praise, to prove their worth,
To shun the dark and dismal cave,
 And nobly live upon this earth.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 26.

Morale

End beggars and the dole,
Get folk out of the hole;
Give them useful labor;
Destroy the gun and saber
Which lessen their morale
And help the criminal.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 26.

The Face

I see a face in yonder star
Which is impressed upon my soul;
I think it is the face of her,
My dear one whom I see afar.
Beloved angel of my soul,
When did you leave the sepulchre?

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 26.

Handel's Messiah

Majestic music, soul of the organ's peal,
Soul of the hundred voices of the great choir,
Soul of the splendid words of lyric fire,
Soul of the passions its grand notes reveal.
This sacred music speaks of faith and weal,
An Orphic strain out of the days of old,
A message to men above the price of gold,
Bliss out of pain, peace on the martyr's seal,
Bestowing on the spirit a rich dower,
Of charity and beauty, human need,
Enhancing the heart that lives for love not power,
Inspiring noble thought and worthy deed,
Asserting truth and right o'er every wrong,
Depicting the great peak of life in song.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 27.

A Beautiful Woman

I saw her once; to see her was to see
 Consummate beauty in a woman's face
 And form, a marvel of the finest grace,
A freshness like the vapors of the sea,
A shapely head and lilies in her skin,
 And red roses on her lips and in her cheek,
 With star-like eyes and manners calm and meek,
And with a body not too plump nor thin.
She was the lady beautiful and I,
 Who saw her virtue and not her defect,
Should sing the glory of her matchless beauty
 With zealous rapture and supreme respect.
Of in the darkest night her beauty gleams
Within my mind like sunshine on the streams.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 27.

Inspiration

She is magnetic, spiritual and fair;
I'd pick the stars of heaven to deck her hair;
And dark as evening's pool are her bright eyes;
Love flashes in them like lightning in the skies;
She's sweet as orange blossoms, pure as pearl;
A true inspiration is this lovely girl.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 27.

The Fruits Of Love

Between two great eternities we are,
 My dear, deep mystery behind, and light
 Upon us now, but soon shall come the night,
The end for us, the night without a star.
Sweet are the fruits of love, the ardent kiss,
 The tender passion, flower of the heart;
 Immortal inspiration they impart,
And high devotion, help and faith and bliss.
The world is cold and cruel, greed and hate
 We ever meet within the vale of life
 Together with dire poverty and strife,
The misery and curse of human fate.
 We need each other, real friends are few,
 But life is worth the living, dear, with you.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 28.

Mystery

I see the sunset and bright star,
And hear the moanings of the bar;
I see the mountains, bay and glen,
What do they offer dying men?

Is faith deceptive, made to cheer
The dying and unthinking here?
Is it the useless thoughts of love
That wants to meet dear ones above?

The tide flows in and ebbs away,
And man is born and dies today.
Where does he go, where is his home?
Does he end like the ocean's foam?

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 28.

Religion

The priests have sold us Heaven and Hell
For lo! these many years; they tell
Us these are places, not mental state,
The one for love, the other for hate,
Where saints and devils go to dwell,
The saints in Heaven, the devils in Hell.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 28.

Orange Tree

The orange tree, a lovely theme,
Is a sweet picture in my dream,
Of shade and shadow, grace and mien,
Of creamy flowers, leaves of green,
Of fruit the color of marigold
Which gem the tree like balls of gold.
The beauty of its bell-shaped bloom
And leaves and fruit and rich perfume,
Proclaim this tree to be refined
And the fairest of its kind;
Proclaim it the poet of the trees
Whose rhythm is the music of the breeze.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 29.

Farm Life

I'm weary of the shouting sea;
 I'm weary of the City's noise;
Give me the farm once dear to me,
 And the merry loud-voiced boys.
Give me the animals and fowls,
 The crowing cock, the cackling hen,
The mewling cat, the dog that howls,
 The little chickens in the pen.

Give me the sheep with its white fleece,
 The neighing horse and mooing cow,
The quacking duck, the gabbling geese,
 The little pigs and mother sow.
The farm's a good place to be born
 And live to study field and sky,
To read the flowers and the morn;
 And it is a good place to die.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 29.

Service

In love with beauty and with dreams,
 I offered life an airy pact;
I wanted to muse by mount and streams
 And leave behind the world of fact;
But fate decreed another plan
Which made me serve my fellow man.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 29.

Tears

The noblest tears that ever flow
 From gushing well behind the eye,
Aren't mothered by despair nor woe,
 Nor for the loved ones who may die.
Such tears are fathered by emotion
 Born of great thoughts and deeds of glory
Which stir the mind like moon the ocean,
 And thrill the soul with ecstasy.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 30.

Intelligence The Hope

The wheels of progress slowly turn,
 Make slow advance through countless years
As ignorant people try to learn
 To think and rule while pale with fears.
But the inevitable shall come,
 Intelligence shall win the fights
Without the rifle, fife and drum,
 Then all men shall enjoy their rights.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 30.

The Long Hard Road

We can not build a Heaven, now, in the world,
Mankind are not prepared to try or dare
With all the serfs and scoundrels in the world,
With ignorance and poverty everywhere.

More years of misery and slavery
Shall be endured by all the tribes and races
Before sweet justice and equality
Prepare them to attain their rightful places.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 30.

Love's Power

Dante loved a girl; that love inspired his lofty dream
Which flowered in his love and hate, in song supreme;
He drew a vivid picture, wrote a vital story
Of grim old hell and paradise and purgatory;
Hell knew his foes and paradise his dearest friend;
Queen of the angels, his loved Beatrice was penned.
 I love a girl; that love inspired my sweetest dream;
 I sang of heaven that's to be on earth supreme,
 A paradise in which love should all things transcend,
 Where life should be complete and peace should never end,
 Where human angels should be above the spirit kind
 In happiness and service, in growth of heart and mind.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 30.

The Mockingbird

The summer night hangs like a gown
Down through the air; the starry crown
Sends through the dark its golden beams.
Wake up, my darling from your dreams!
Awake to beauty, love and glee,
And listen to the melody,
The burst of passion, pure delight,
A medley flowing through the night.

It is the mockingbird I hear;
His silvery notes are deep and clear;
They mingle with the sweet perfume
Shed by the orange grove in bloom.
Tonight love stirs his heart and brains,
And flows from him in liquid strains;
The lover sings unto his mate!
Wake up, my dear, ere it's too late.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 31.

Manifestation

I see its manifestation in the rose,
And plant and tree, in every noble pose,
And in red cheeks, sweet lips and sparkling eye,
In kindly deeds of men, in star-lit sky;
I feel it in heart throbs and loving face,
The tender kiss, the warm and firm embrace;
I hear it in the dulcet notes of birds,
The rippling brook and in dear kindly words.
What is it that I see and always sought,
The glory of emotion and deep thought,
A subtle power in the earth and sky?
“A life of spiritual beauty,” I reply.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 31.

Purpose

We do not live for gold or self;
 The fruits of God we hold in trust.
What right have we to keep our pelf
 While hungry folk live on a crust?

Give me the purpose, kindly, great,
 To help mankind who are in need;
Give smiles. for frowns and love for hate,
 And justify myself by deed.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 32.

Songs

Perhaps I may conceive the songs,
 And write them into human schemes,
And turn men's mind against the wrongs,
 And fill their souls with noble dreams.
Perhaps I may cause men to think,
 To reason in the law of right,
And from the fount of Nature drink,
 And grow into great sons of light.

If I have feelings, deep and strong,
 Appealing thought and happy art,
And vision for the mighty song,
 I may yet stir the nation's heart.
If I have strength and human grace,
 And do my share to aid mankind,
I may help forge love's chain and lace
 Humanity in heart and mind.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 32.

Question

Is life worth the living
 With all its pain and woe?
Is wealth worth the striving?
 Is a blow worth a blow?

Why sacrifice for power
 And lose God in the fray?
If it kills hearts which flower,
 Does glory ever pay?

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 32.

Lonely

I'm lonely as a silver star
Which hangs above the lea;
No home gate stands, for me, ajar;
No friend awaits for me.

Without a home and sympathy,
Life's like a broken vase;
Without a heart to welcome me
The world's a lonely place.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 33.

Finality

What is my final destiny?
 Shall it be darkness of the tomb,
Or the star of eternity,
 Eternal bliss or hopeless doom.

Shall it be service, hope and grace,
 Reunion with her gone before?
Shall I behold her shining face
 Again upon another shore?

What is there to immortality?
 Is it a vague, deceptive scheme?
Is it true to life's destiny,
 Or is it but a selfish dream?

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 33.

Nature

Nature is divine
 From star to moon and bowl;
Inspiring as old wine,
 Sweet nectar for the soul;
The poetry for a poet,
 The heaven for a saint,
The beauty for a heart,
 The picture artists paint.
And if folk would know it,
 The teacher of all art.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 33.

Orthodoxy

I am sick of the orthodox Heaven,
 Disgusted with the orthodox Hell,
And all the purported victims there;
 Against such teachings I rebel.
Such regions were invented by
 The selfish for their selfish ends.
Hell was made for their enemies,
 And Heaven for themselves and friends.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 34.

Why

Why not breed a better race?
Have better parents, girls and boys,
Make men and women fit to live,
And fit to help the nation's growth.

Why not change the law and code,
Assure all folk an equal chance,
Give all security and health,
Free all from poverty and want?

Why not free us of fools and crooks,
And politics and all its spawn?
Let science rule the life and land,
And make the perfect government.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 34.

First Love

First love, the thrill of heaven,
 The red young lips so fine,
In harmony with her spirit,
 Bestowed the kiss divine.

Her day of love was brief,
 Her morn was close to night;
Her spirit sought new worlds
 Borne on the wings of light.

A shining star in heaven,
 On earth a withered lily;
Life's hope lies in her tomb,
 A precious memory!

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 34.

A Lovely Song

How exquisite is a lovely song,
 ’Tis sweet as lilies on the hill;
The words are like the gleam of stars,
 The music’s like a murmuring rill.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 35.

Taxation

All private property should pay a tax,
Why favor some and give others the axe?
Tax all the churches, all kinds of private schools,
And let the sale tax hit the wise and fools.
Tax property of soldiers everywhere.
Why should they be exempt? It is not fair.
All are protected, none are heaven sent,
And all should help maintain the government.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 35.

Improved World

I should like to live in a world
 Where social justice reigns,
A kindly world, a world humane,
 That's free from want and pains.

I should like to live in a world
 That has no fools nor knaves,
Nor rich nor poor, nor ignorant,
 And no diseased nor slaves.

I should like to live in a world
 Of pure Democracy,
Where all work to improve their minds,
 And lives in quality.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 35.

Democracy

Democracy is the hope of men,
 Of morals, progress and light;
It leaves behind the gutter and fen,
 And ignorance and night.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 35.

The Builder

In helping build a Heaven on earth,
 I am a pioneer;
In helping build a state of worth,
 I reach my high career.
I'm tired of theory and of creed,
 Of teachers who deceive
The ignorant for fruits of greed,
 Or profit they receive.

The future Heaven after death
 Has lost its grand appeal!
Theology should save its breath;
 We need more human weal.
We're tired of all religious fiction;
 Heaven lives beneath our rafter,
If we could see through Bible diction,
 And forget a new hereafter.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 36.

Depression

Depression wrecks the heart and home,
 Takes out of life all that is fine,
When thrifty folk are beggars made,
 And virtue, hope, morale decline.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 36.

The Multimillionaire

The wealthy man lives in his stately mansion
 In a great scenic park in the city's square;
His house is full of high-priced furniture,
 And statuary and paintings old and rare.

The liveried servants run at his command;
 There's magic in his name for wealth is power;
His pampered children and his stylish wife
 Are dressed in fashion like a lovely flower.

All things are his which gold and silver buy;
 He and his family do as they please;
They travel and behold the teeming earth,
 And live in comfort, luxury and ease.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 36.

Home Of Poverty

A little hut, a one-roomed shack,
 With tiny window and one door,
With leaky roof, cracks in the wall,
 And warped, rough boards laid down for floor.

Old furniture, a sagged-in stove,
 A broken table, bed and chairs;
Small children ragged and unclean,
 A haggard mother sick with cares.

A home of poverty is hell
 With all its misery and grime;
The noble souls do not dwell there;
 It is the breeding place of crime.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 37.

My Appeal

Give me, Oh God, a kind and honest heart!
Teach me the magic of enduring art;
Give me the vision of the human race,
The deep emotion, sympathy and grace,
That I may sing, from mountain, vale and plain,
A starry song, a sweet immortal strain.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 37.

Divorced Energy

Life to death the muscled energy
 Released to quiet, hermit dust;
Life to death the mental energy
 Released to sing with singing gust.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 37.

Happy Land

I should like to live in a happy land
Where law is justice and humanely planned,
Where crime and misery do not exist,
Nor warring elements with the mailed fist,
Where all are trained and given useful work,
And do their best and duties never shirk,
Where no one is exploited, no bitter strife,
Where all share equally the abundant life.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 37.

In The Course Of Events

Some day my realm shall take me to her heart,
And read my poetry and learn my name,
Pay tribute to my character and art,
Song substance of her greater life and aim.

My spirit shall live, though I'm in the earth,
In starry beauty, in words of my lay;
My songs shall give my country a new birth,
Singing the soul of America.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 38.

Pathos

Pathetic songs are seldom born
 In hearts of men who do and dare;
The saddest music, sweetest words
 Are the expression of despair.

The poems of a beaten poet
 Proclaim his grief and hopeless fears;
The music of a dying nation,
 Despairs of life, is full of tears.

Oh sweet is the emotion stirred
By music of a heart that's broken!
Oh sweet are songs, which bring our tears,
 Out of life's tragedy begotten!

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 38.

Survival

A democracy that hopes to live
In a world of violence and force
Must clean its house and clean it well
Of ignorance and greed and vice,
Of criminals and fools and trash,
And idle hordes who have no work.

A democracy that hopes to live
Should breed the strong and wise and clean
Who stand united for the best,
For home and law and government.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 38.

The Races

Yellow is yellow and red is red,
And brown is brown whate'er is said;
Black is black and white is white,
And Nature's law is always right.

Why mix and races contaminate?
The colors will not assimilate,
And law can not be beaten by tricks,
And oil and water will not mix.
What's true of color, men and clan,
Is true of realms in Nature's plan.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 39.

The Simple Life

Give us the simple life,
 The natural way of living.
For all the kinds of life,
 And there'll be no misgiving.

The wise and strong and great
 Shall banish fakery
From life and church and State
 And all the mystery.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 39.

Equal Chance

That folk in a land of plenty
Have to go cold and hungry,
Without good medical care,
Is heartless and unfair.

All should have equal chance
For health and sustenance,
And vigor which should come,
And comfort of a home.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 39.

Dual Nature

Man has a dual nature
Though long or short of stature;
Heredity and self,
Environment and pelf,
Combined invent
The make up of the gent.
Sometimes he is a devil,
Otherwise he's on the level.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 40.

Love Is Passion

Love is passion, it is fire,
Brings revolution and wild désiré;
Love for lust is a poisoned dart;
It kills or breaks an other's heart.
But noble love, love at its best,
Brings happiness and peace and rest.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 40.

Friendship

Friendship in stores is not for sale,
 Nowhere can it be bought or sold;
Against it rulers can not prevail,
 Nor armies, nor the rich man's gold.
Affection for a friend is part
Of God's plan to enrich the heart.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 40.

Favored Groups

The parasites, the favored groups,
 Who levy on the folk who work,
Who tap the treasury, pay no tax,
 And run the government like a Turk,
Are facists of a dangerous kind;
 They yell “communist!” ’tis well planned
To terrify the ignorant mind,
 To keep in power in the land.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 40.

The New Life

I close my eyes upon a world
 In which I live and worked for men;
I served for love, that was my pay;
 I gave my best through deed and pen.
I helped those who were in dire need,
 And wiped away the grief-born tear;
I dreamed the soul's high destiny,
 And sang it for the world to hear.
Farewell earth-life, farewell old world!
 I feel the rapture that's divine;
The music of the starry song
 Still surges through this heart of mine.
The spirit waits me at the door
 To take me to another sphere,
A world unknown, to life of growth;
 I hear the call the hour is near.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 41.

Taxpayers

Taxpayers some day will revolt
 Against outrageous taxes they pay;
The folk who work and plan and save
 Will not submit to be the prey
Of vultures who run the realm today.

All kinds of pensions they have to pay
 To many groups who do not work,
Retired they say, perhaps born tired,
 While the taxed work like a Turk,
Hand over cash and work and work.

The taxed maintain the human waste,
 The criminal and imbecile,
The pauper, politician and tramp,
 And many orphans and the ill,
And other bellies they help fill.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 41.

The Purge

Divorces, immoral acts and crime,
Disease and war and mental grime,
Relief and pensions and bankruptcy,
Make up the news we hear and see.
The gods no longer walk the earth;
They're waiting a new system's birth.
The world is rent with war and schism.
Rugged individualism
As we have known it in the past
Is ending, it can't hope to last.
A thinking people will not stand
For a few to own most of the land,
Most of the wealth and make us slaves.
The worn out order makes the knaves.
Our hope's to purge the human waste
And Nature speaking says, "Make haste!"
We shall with better, wiser men
Have better governments; the fen
Of ignorance and poverty
And all the ills they breed shall flee;
A better order then shall reign
And gods will walk the earth again.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 42.

Aspiration

Come lead the way from greed and lust
To soul for soul not dust for dust;
This realm's not for the thug and knave;
It has no place for serf nor slave,
No place for trash nor scum nor fool,
No place for ignorance and its school,
Nor for the weak; all should be strong;
All should be thinkers with hearts of song.
A seeing folk, a doing race,
Who grow in mind, with God keep pace.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 42.

Marriage

The married are half slave
From marriage to the grave;
Half slave to one another,
The father and the mother.
If poor the fates adjudge
That each shall be a drudge,
The price and penalty
For breeding posterity.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 43.

Great Injustice

Toot your horn and sound your drum,
But right and justice shall not come,
To all the groups who grope around,
Till equal chance for all are found
In getting money, sharing wealth,
In common as we share air, light and health.
The system that is now in vogue
Keeps many poor and makes the rogue—
Keeps many poor though strong and clever,
And gives a few great wealth forever.

Inheritors of a large estate,
And opportunists through kind fate,
Have everything which wealth may buy;
The poor in poverty live and die.
Ill-nourished these neglected folk
Can never throw off poverty's yoke;
They will live economic slaves,
And pass from darkness to their graves.

No matter what we plan and do,
Large wealth goes to the lucky few.
All people, whether sage or seer,
Can not become rich, it's not here.
Why not devise a better plan
To help improve the under man
In character, health and wealth and lore,
And not exploit him any more?

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 43.

The Crusader

I am a knight in beauty's world,
A true crusader for loveliness;
Her splendid colors are unfurled,
Inspiring love and dreams which bless.

Among the sweet and lovely flowers
Which bloom out in my garden fair,
I find the dearest of love bowers,
The antidote for every care.

I sit absorbing their perfume
And beauty till I feel that I,
In spirit, should be like a bloom,
Bestowing love on passers by.

I wander through the forest crowned
With velvet leaves and hanging vines,
Where grass and moss spread o'er the ground,
Bejeweled with the columbines.

I contact with the grass and moss
And flowers, leaves and ferns and brakes,
And what I gain may be their loss;
Mine is the beauty Nature makes.

My wealth is large in dreams of beauty
Although I bear an empty purse;
I live the rhythm of poetry,
The music of the Universe.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 44.

Happiness

The summer day is fair,
Great dreams it does impart,
And songs are in the air,
And love is in my heart.

I live the great ideal,
The life of love and dream,
And evil cannot steal
The music nor the scheme.
The sun is sinking low,
And life to me is sweet,
With laurels on my brow,
And with roses at my feet.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 44.

The Unconquerable Spirit

My life has been a steady fight
For light and liberty and right;
I've fought my battles on every front;
I've met the giant and the runt;
I've lost more times than I have won,
But still unconquered I fight on.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 45.

I Lived And Loved

I lie upon my back,
 I sleep in her dark bosom
Who bares the rose and lilac,
 And every earthly blossom.

Your love I never knew,
 But mine is for the throng;
I lived for love and you;
 I send you it in song.

Forget the shroud and pall!
 My spirit's in the land;
In home and festal hall,
 I greet you, shake your hand.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 45.

Barbaric Nations

Are any nations now humane?
Are any nations civilized?
If so go save the land and sea
From bandit nations, money crazed;
Go save the helpless whom they kill,
And save the freedom of mankind.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 45.

The Painter

The painter paints the canvas,
 The flowers paint the land,
The stars paint the heavens,
 And I would paint mankind.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 46.

Grief And Weal

Majestic grief, majestic weal,
The priceless gems no thief can steal;
The deep experiences which even
The best folk need to climb to heaven.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 46.

Song Of Songs

I heard a song out of the sky
 Whose words and notes were great as time;
The music was love's melody,
 And God was in the words sublime.

The song became my songs of songs,
 My flaming words and notes of life,
To square the world and right the wrongs,
 To banish hate and human strife.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 46.

The Bee

In the fragrance of the flowers,
In the gold of sunny hours,
In the palace of the petals
On a throne not made of metals,
The bee sits like a tiny specter,
Sipping wine of sweetest nectar.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 46.

Life's End

The fighter has fought his last fight,
 The poet has sung his last lay,
The lover has loved his last love;
 He gave up these for death today.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 46.

Freedom

The morning star and dawn,
 And greater light for me;
My life, once held in pawn,
 Is now unhoused and free.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 47.

Paid

If I have lived as man should live,
 And done my duty through the years,
And helped some one who needed help,
 What ground have I for tears?

If I have done the best I could,
 To God and man my debt is paid;
Who has the right to sneer and say
 “He did not make the grade.”

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 47.

Chant Of Death

Oh, sun remember me by day!
 Beneath this heap of earth I lie;
I loved you dearly through my life,
 But had to leave you, had to die.

Oh, stars remember me by night,
 The bard who sleeps in this dark tomb!
I loved you and your mellow light,
 My lovely asphodels in bloom.

Farewell bright sun, farewell white stars,
 Farewell to love and hope and life;
I fought my battles, died in peace,
 Freed of a world of endless strife.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 47.

Poems

As sparkling springs and crystal lakes
Are fed with rain and snowy flakes,
And these in turn feed rivers great,
So may my poems feed the State.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 47.

Her Spirit

Her spirit lies in mine
 Like dewdrops in the rose;
As dewdrops feed the rose,
 So her spirit nourishes mine.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 48.

Water Lilies

Naught is more fair than moonlit pond
Where water lilies float and sing
Beneath the shadow of the trees
In an enchanting night in spring.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 48.

Frailties

I grieve at the unfairness of the human game,
The ignorance, oppression and the human shame;
I grieve at sorrow, and all the ruined homes I see,
At souls depraved and misery and poverty.
God give us men and women who would make our hearts glad,
Who would redeem and vitalize a world gone mad!

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 48.

Security

Give me security when old,
Dispense with poverty and want;
Give me the comforts of this life,
A happy home and kindly friends,
And medical care that's fit for men,
And my reward shall be complete.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 48.

Abstract Law

We hear too much of Heaven's law,
The abstract law which no one knows;
Each one creates his kind of God,
His kind of law, his kind of rule,
And too much error enters in.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 48.

Nature's Man

If I am Nature's man, I'll act
Like Nature, have her various moods,
Be fierce and gentle, good and bad,
Rage like her storms, be kind as flowers,
Be sunshine, rain and night and day
To other lives within my world.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 49.

The New Era

Where do we stand? What have we got?
We have depressions and souls rot!
This is the day of loot and grab and bluff,
Of dictators and their kind of stuff.
The New Deal pulled us out of a hole,
And put lots of folk on a dole!
The pension plan would feed the old;
The young at thoughts of work grow cold;
Get something for nothing is the dope
Which now appeals to, gives men hope;
They scheme to live a lazy life,
Supported by government or wife.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 49.

Justice

Harangue and pray and have your say;
Denounce the wrongs and evil day,
But don't forget, remember this,
If you would give the people bliss:
Let the abundant life return,
Give them the chance to work and earn
A better living than they have,
A better home, the chance to save,
And do away with all group rule
And scoundrel and political tool,
And with the system that is shifty
Which brings depressions, rob the thrifty.
If you would keep the people true
To order and the government too,
Don't take their savings and their home
And make them bums to starve or roam.
If you would not despoil the soul
Give people work and not a dole.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 49.

Discouragement

To live a god in active life
In the corruption and the strife
Of this mad age can not be done;
True living has not yet begun.
The set up offers hate and greed
Instead of love which folk need.
The social order that we know
Should be improved or it should go;
All of the creeds and saints and prayer
Can't make it right or just or fair.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 50.

Injustice

Amend the laws which make the rogue,
 The damage seeker and racketeer,
The underworld and every thug;
 All who with justice interfere.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 50.

Humane World

Oh for a world that is humane,
Where realms are not bandits nor insane,
Where rulers are not knaves nor vain,
Where justice dominates the brain,
And sympathy and wisdom reign.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 50.

Democracy

I'm tired of business running nations
While many folk live on half rations;
I'm tired of government's huge spending,
Of government's colossus lending;
Tired of the racketeers and greed,
And money grabbers and their breed;
Disgusted with Communists and their rule;
Despise the Facists and their school;
Detest dictators, evil gents,
And ignorance, bane of governments.
 Give me a pure Democracy
 Where all are happy, sane and free,
 And have kind hearts, enlightened brains;
 Where social justice lives and reigns.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 50.

State Of Freedom

If Democracy can not survive
 And make good progress in freedom's State,
If trained intelligence can not thrive,
 And happiness live within this fate,
We are decadent, should not live;
 We're only fit for buzzard's bait.

If Democracy can not survive
 The propaganda, words and deeds
Of Communists and Facists,
 We're only fit to nourish weeds.
The Communists and Facists rule
 The ignorant, servile, beaten group,
Who were not taught in freedom's school,
 Who never tasted freedom's fruit.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 51.

The Drudge

Work, work, work and never play;
 Work, work, work and never think
Of anything but one's work each day;
 Work, work, work and eat and drink,
But never dream nor know of Pan,
 Never travel learning's world;
Never scan the starry plan,
 Never travel fancy's peak impearled
With richest gems of countless ages—
 Just a slave for gold or wages.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 51.

Illbred

Why curse and quarrel and be tough,
And shout bad names, make threats and bluff?
These show you as a mirror glass
To be a roughneck and an ass.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 51.

The Bomber

Up in the skies above me flies
 On bird-like wings a painted plane;
It soars through skies before my eyes
 As though it would the stars attain.

That work of man I eye and scan
 And wonder at its speedy flight;
I hear the whir as the voyager
 Flies onward through the infinite.

That boat or car is used in war
And bombs the cities small and great;
It kills the helpless, brings distress,
 And homes and nation desolate.

That murder ship is on a trip
 To bomb a city o'er the hill,
To slay and maim is the gunner's aim;
 God only knows whom he will kill.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 52.

Two Powers

Love is good; lust is carrion;
Love creates and lust is barren;
The one heals sickness and gives health,
The other kills the commonwealth.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 52.

The Golden Key

In dreams in midnight sleep,
In the yacht on the deep,
In tune with beauty's mind,
Wave lashings and the wind,
I ope the spirit's door
As down the corridor
Of the cathedral of stars,
Across the plain of Mars,
The music for the soul
Flows out of heaven's bowl.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 52.

Free Nations

Free nations can not long survive
 On idiocy and ignorance;
Their hope is in enlightenment,
 The only way they can advance.

Unequal distribution of wealth,
 And economic slavery
Assassinate Democracy,
 Breed idiocy and knavery.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 53.

Effort

I have tried to live worthy of myself,
Acquire true character instead of pelf,
Avoid the quagmire and attain the height,
Dispel the dark and let in love and light.
Attuned to stars and not the squalid den,
I've dreamed and planned and worked and
fought for men.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 53.

Deathless Passion

Like a fine thought, my dear, you came
And lit anew love's vital flame.
Through you, for you came love supreme;
To me came bliss and the heavenly dream.
I do not love in common fashion;
Mine is eternal star-lit passion,
Mellowed through the many years
By memories of love and tears.
Soul of my soul, life of my life,
Less than an angel, more than a wife!
Where'er I am, whate'er I do,
I'm not alone, there's always two.
Your spirit's with me night and day,
I feel your presence when I pray.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 53.

Machinery

Sing praises to the machine age,
Increaser of the worker's wage,
Reliever of the arduous toil
Which used to break men of the soil.
It leads the way to help mankind,
To free their hands, refine the mind.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 54.

Poetry

I write my songs to please myself,
For a lone audience of one;
And if I write for love not pelf,
I know my work's unselfishly done.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 54.

Lived

I've lived my life as I found it,
Some tragedy, some joy and wit;
I've been iconoclast and orthodox
And formalist and heterodox.

Although I wanted peace I found
None; only a warring hound.
I sought for bliss, the good and true,
But I was handed gall and rue.

I saw the eagles in the air,
And heard the lark's song sweet and fair;
I felt the glory of a star
And tried to break the human bar.

In dreams I saw the Builder's plan
To put a star-lit soul in man;
Urged on by justice, truth and right,
I served according to my light.

In purpose, thought and word and deed
In vital work did I succeed?
Did I make jewels for the mind?
I wait the judgment of mankind.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 54.

The Helpers

God give us men of vision, prophets true,
Whose minds are clear as drops of pearly dew,
Whose hearts are warm with human sympathy,
Who render service, helpful to the free,
Who make the fight for progress, justice, love,
And aid us more than all the gods above.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 55.

The Lyric Singer

The child that's born to dream the dreams,
 And sing the great melodious songs,
Whose notes shall ripple like the streams,
 And who shall help right human wrongs,
Shall only have a short, short childhood,
 Few, few his years of sheer delight;
Without experiencing happy boyhood,
 He finds himself a man of light
To fight the present, meet the morrow,
 And solve new problems never sung,
To know the world's hard work and sorrow,
 While love and dreams help keep him young.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 55.

Death

Death is eternal sleep;
 Forgotten, we forget;
We cease to sow or reap,
 Or plan or hope or fret.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 55.

Chaotic Life

Chaotic life and worry life,
 And life of woe and misery
Come to the folk who have no chance
 To rise above dire poverty,
Who live in want and ignorance.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 55.

For Excellence

I challenge birth
 And law and rule,
Uncertain worth,
 And every school.
I challenge creed,
 The saints and great,
And gallant deed;
 I challenge fate.
I challenge faith
 And reverence,
And life and death
 For excellence.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 56.

The Vision

In youth there came a beautiful dream
 Of a great life which lay before me;
That dream became my vision supreme;
 I lived it and that dream has made me.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 56.

Come And Go

Flesh out of dust,
Mind out of God,
Combined make man.
Sustained by earth
And spirit man grows,
And rules the world.
Death comes, his flesh
Returns to earth
And dust and worms.
His mind set free
Returns to God.
Changed but not lost,
Both merge again
With parent life.

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 56.

The Nation's Fate

With all its colors, creeds and races,
 Shall the United States endure?
Shall all the tolerance and graces
 We have this nation's life insure?

Shall any nation long survive
 With folk it can't assimilate?
Shall homogeneous nations live
 And all the others die of hate?

Old Nature, judge of all her laws,
 In due time shall make her decree,
And cause fierce curses and wild applause,
 And grief and tears and jubilee.

What shall be the nation's fate?
 Shall it be failure or success?
Is it doomed as a mongrel State,
 Or shall it save and lead and bless?

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 57.

Totalitarianism vs. Democracy

The free men of the centuries,
The builders of the nations great
Have given men a chance to grow
In stature, wisdom, better life.
They were aggressive, fearless men,
The conquerors of the wilderness.
The spirit of the old pioneer
Is dying in America;
Strong characters are passing out
And weaker folk are coming in.
Inefficient folk demand a dole,
Or easy work and largest wage.
With weakness runs much crime and waste,
Depravity and shiftlessness.
There has arisen in the world
The one-man power governments
In vigorous, efficient nations,
In which the rich and poor must work,
In which the dole does not exist,
In which sweet freedom does not live.
These governments are great machines;
They live and win by heartless force;
Their aim is to subdue mankind,
And they succeed where freedom fails.
They sterilize moronic scum
And make a better fighting race,
While free lands let the trashy breed
And fill the nations with their kind.
Shall the dictators govern all,
Or shall free peoples rule the world?

Publication. *Strangers and Other Poems* (1939), source page 57.

ROSEBUDS AND SONG

The 1947 collection

Rosebuds And Song

I scatter rosebuds and sing a song
To cheer some heart as I walk along;
I hope that soul will see pure beauty,
And hear a rhythmic melody.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 4.

May I Justify My Birth

Direct me right God while I live;
Teach me to love, help me forgive;
And may I justify my birth,
And prove my right to live on earth.

Oh! never, never let me sing
The low, degrading songs that ring
With loathsome action, words and thought,
The lesson evil minds have taught.

Oh! let me honor real manhood,
And glorify true womanhood;
And let me sing with stars above
The glory of pure, noble love.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 4.

My Fellow Men

Out in the byways of the earth,
 I seek forlorn and hopeless men,
And speak to them of manhood's worth,
 And guide them to my humble den.

A lamp upon my window sill
 Proclaims my house a place of rest;
It is a light upon a hill,
 And welcomes every friendless guest.

Across the mountain and the glen
 The homeless and the friendless come;
They know I love my fellow men;
 That God and peace are in my home.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 4.

The Hero

I hail the grand, heroic soul
Whose star like words great men control,
Who proved to thinkers that his birth
Was Heaven's blessing to the earth.

I hail the bravest of the brave
Whose mighty deeds survive the grave,
Who is a hero of his race,
Whose glory time will not efface.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 5.

The Immortal

He fell asleep to-day,
Has gone the silent way
In search of peace and light,
Beyond the pale of night,
Across the mystic sea,
To dwell in eternity.
His restless spirit now must know
What lies beyond the sunset glow.

There came to him a girl:
She was his priceless pearl,
A maiden, pure and fine,
Whose love was near divine,
A shining star at night,
The gold of morning light,
A lovely flower fresh in bloom,
Then scattered petals and the tomb.
Despair for hope, relentless, grim,
A saddened heart and tears for him.

He was a loyal friend;
On him man could depend;
Unselfish citizen,
He loved his fellow men;
To help the one in need
Was his unwritten creed.
He had persistently striven
To learn of earth and heaven;
In darkness and in light,
In fancy's lofty flight
He reached the highest star
And read the worlds afar.
Beside the crystal streams,
He dreamed his earthly dreams;
Love flamed in his great heart
And warmed the soul of art.

The laurels crown his brow;
He is immortal now
Among the noble throng
Who live in art and song.

Peace to his soul,

Lethe shall not roll
Dark waters o'er his fame;
Love's halo wreathes his name.
Amen.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 5.

We Walked Along Together

We walked along together by the ocean's side;
We heard the roaring billows, saw the rising tide;
We saw the sunset heaven dip beneath the wave;
We heard the screaming birds whose hearts were strong and brave;

We hoped our lives should not be stormy as the sea,
But peaceful as the flowers blooming on the lea;
We talked of happiness as we walked hand in hand
Beside the surging ocean on the woody strand.
We were so very happy, we never thought of sorrow,
Nor tearful parting and the heart break of the morrow.

Arm in arm we walked through fragrant, leafy grove;
Arm in arm we talked, our hearts were full of love;
We planned our lives together, happy we should be,
And all the gods of heav'n should envy her and me
Oh! how we loved each other, only God doth know;
The beauty of our love was like the starry glow,
But all is ended now, an angel took my bride;
Her tomb is on a cliff above the moaning tide.
But her soul from my soul the grave could not dis sever;
Our love on earth was sealed and we were joined forever,

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 9.

Lorna Vane

My Lorna Vane, you're more to me
Than crystal streams are to the sea;
I see in you a hidden beauty
Unknown to lilac, rose and lily.
You're like one from celestial bowers
With sweetest fragrance of all flowers;
Your perfect features, graceful form
To Nature's beauty all conform.

What Mary was, perhaps, you are, =
The glory of the morning star,
A picture artists might well paint,
And add the halo of a saint.
In your kind heart and mind and smile,
I see a soul that's free from guile;
And as we travel hand in hand
You lead me to the Holy Land.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 9.

Sibyl

Dark eyed, clear skin, a classic face,
And in them shine all love and grace;
Quick flashes of heat, a frown that's dark,
Then all the sweetness of a lark.
Thus Nature made my thoughtful girl
Whose laughter sounds like waters purl.

Short and slender, graceful, trim,
Alert and active, fleet of limb,
A heart that's gentle, kind and pure,
A modest soul, sincere, demure.
Thus Nature made my thoughtful girl
Whose laughter sounds like waters purl.

Trained in the schools, of cultured mind,
Of high ideals and refined;
A lady of true worth and sense
Whose 'beauty is her eloquence.
Thus Nature made my thoughtful girl
Whose laughter sounds like waters purl.

Girl of my heart, not made for fashion,
I love her with a lofty passion;
The noble feeling, grand impulse,
The baser things of life repulse.
Thus Nature made my thoughtful girl
Whose laughter sounds. like waters purl.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 10.

Celeste

I hold her love my richest treasure;
 It gives to me my greatest pleasure;
 One hour with her is more to me
 Than wealth and power could ever be.
 The gates of beauty she opens wide,
 And floods my soul with starry tide;
 In her sweet presence I am blest;
 For her I try to do my best.
In heaven's sanctum as we kneel
The grand beatitudes I feel;
And love which lives through time and space
Beats in her heart, shines in her face.
And then I feel that He is nigh;
"I feel the gods. are passing by;
With her I see the heav'nly light;
With her I travel up the height.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 10.

Elaine

Elaine, the angel of my heart,
The inspiration of my art,
Your beauty pales the golden skies,
And charms the souls of Paradise.
It was the glory of my fate
To find in you a loving mate,
To live with you in harmony,
And let you shape my destiny.

The deep embrace and ardent kiss
Thrill me with love and mortal bliss;
And as the dew the flower dips
So our souls meet between the lips.
I think an angel may record
That our hearts beat in sweet accord;
You are the music, I the song;
I sing the lyric all day long.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page II.

Iris

She may not be by Heaven sent,
But she, at least, is innocent;
Her character embodies worth,
And sober thought and smiles and mirth.
Hers is a life for beauty bent,
And shiny like the star and crescent,
And in her heart is sweet content;
In happiness she's opulent.
She trips along the floral way
As lightly as a little fay;
Her presence orange groves adorning
Is clad in beauty of the morning.
And she's as gracious as she's fair,
And wholesome as the fragrant air;
And in the garden, field or grove
Sweet Nature claims her heart in love.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page II.

Singer

Let me go singing down the ages
Songs that would move the hearts of sages,
Love's grand, heroic songs of fire,
Accompanied by the tuneful lyre,
With Jessamine, my lovely bride,
My beauty, smiling at my side.

Oh let me sing the songs of gladness
That will inflame the heart to madness;
And let my bride, my Jessamine,
Enthuse to rapture souls divine;
And when we enter through Heaven's portal
May we there join the choir immortal.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 12.

The Lovers

A fervent clasp and two hearts meet,
And four lips touch and in kisses greet,
And love flares up in passion's heat,
And life to me seems quite complete.
I hear the whirl of wings pass by,
And feel a higher presence nigh.

Your constant love stirs my emotions
Like the full moon stirs all the oceans;
I feel love's tide flow in, ebb out;
First it brings hope and then leaves doubt;
But love's great struggle makes me strong,
And it shapes me for you and song.
My dear let us go hand in hand
Down life's broad road from land to land;
Together let us travel on
Beyond the sea, beyond the dawn,
To that new world, eternity,
With love the guide for you and me.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 12.

Come To My Arms

Come to my arms, Oh come my dear,
I love you truly, I'm sincere;
Put heart to heart and lips to lips,
And our love will the stars eclipse.
Oh come my dearie to my arms,
And let me glorify your charms
In golden words, a heartfelt song,
And sing it for you all day long.

Lie in my arms in sweet repose
Like dew drops in a crimson rose;
The angels in the realm above
Might envy your unwav'ring love.
I see in your beloved face,
A soul of heaven, a heart of grace;
A prayer hangs on your red lips
As sweet and pure as honey drips.

Oh come to me my spirit's bride!
Aspasia like stand at my side,
And live for me and live with me,
And prove you are a devotee.
And often for me kneel and pray
While I shall live in mortal clay.
Do not fail me, do not break faith
With me in love, in life, in death.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 13.

Ines

Her mind is bright as morning light;
Her lustrous eyes dark as the night
With kindness, love and glory shine
As if she sees the life divine.
In her a spirit lives for me
Whose source is of a high degree;
It is soul of the universe,
And sets its music to my verse.

And beauty born of God I feel,
And holy love and noble weal;
And as the higher truths I glean
I feel His Presence though unseen,
And her pure spirit, kind and true,
Uncovers my soul for her review;
She pulls the weeds found growing there,
And fills my mind with flowers rare.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 14.

Dulce

My Dulce's like a sensitive plant
In some ways but more elegant;
Harsh words give her a shock and chill;
They wound her feelings; she looks ill.
Her cheeks are like the ruddy rose
When she's embarrassed or love glows;
Her moods and thought shine through her eyes
Like sun beams through the distant skies.

She is the fairest of the fair,
And pure and true and debonair;
She is the soul of spiritu'l beauty,
And music, heav'n and poetry.
The angel of my better nature,
Through her I grow in moral stature;
And she's the sweetest of the sweet,
And helps to make my life complete.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 14.

Gail

She has her whims and kinds of mood
But in her huff she's never rude;
She has a heart that's good enough,
Part angel and part human stuff.

She has will power and acumen;
Some days she is extremely human,
While other days she is divine,
All beauty, stars and bright sun shine.

While she's a mortal through and through,
She never is a scold or shrew;
She's made for love and to help her mate,
And mother children and share their fate.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 15.

Letitia

In mind and body you are strong,
And lovely as a wild bird's-song
You should not waste your beauty dear,
But give your heart to nature's peer.
As stars are cynosure to skies
So you are to a lover's eyes;
You have the power to inspire
In passion's soul the flaming fire.

Yours should not be the hopeless fate
Of one who weds a vulgar mate;
You should love and soothe and bless
A poet with your tenderness,
And live for him and be his mate
For good or bad in any state,
And love his work, respect his name,
And share his honor and his fame.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 15.

Pansy

Unhonored I sleep in this tomb
 Marked only with a slab of stone;
 Upon my grave no flowers bloom;
 Forgotten I lie here alone.
In life I had my grand, sweet days
 With him whose love was more than mortal;
He sang the songs that won great praise,
 And raised him up the world's immortal.

I had my chance. Had I been brave
 And lived for him and done my part,
I should not lie here-in this grave
 Unknown and with a broken heart.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 15.

Jeanne

The spirit of love was in the air;
The flowers of May were sweet and fair;
We met alone, we met by chance,
And true love gripped me at first glance,
But nought was gained, my plea was vain;
We parted shortly and in pain;
But love will not let me forget
The slender beauty whom I met.

And grief intense my heart in rifting,
And I am drifting, drifting, drifting
Along on life's uncertain sea
Forever dreaming of Jeannee.
I hold her image in my heart;
From me it never will depart;
I loved and lost but found my soul;
A star is shining at my goal.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 16.

Flora

Here's to the dainty, smiling girl
Whose worth is more than stars of pearl;
She is attractive and she's fair,
And charming, radiant and rare;
And she is modest and she's coy,
And I will fill her heart with joy,
And we shall play and we shall sing,
And we shall dance the Highland fling.
 Our hearts will beat quite merrily
 In harmony with melody;
 Our thoughts will be like sunny June,
 And all our words will be in tune.
 And we shall hop and skip and romp,
 And jump the rope and yell and stomp;
 And we shall rove o'er hills together,
 And walk as lightly as a feather.

Goodbye! goodbye! my little flower;
I leave you in the citrus bower;
All joys and pleasures, e'en romance,
May perish with the song and dance;
But memories will never die;
Engraven on the heart they lie;
So let us play and let us sing,
And dance again the Highland fling.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 16.

Anne

My dear of true, unsullied heart,
Of lovely Nature, you're a part;
I think you are in touch with Him
Who kindles love in song and hymn.
My better lyrics you inspire,
And light them with celestial fire;
You are the substance and the themes,
The angel in my story dreams.

I feel the rhythm of your heart beat
When through the kiss our spirits meet,
And your pure mind like stars of even
Emits the beauty of the heaven.
Your soulful kisses soothe and bless
And bring to me great happiness;
I give my song and heart to you,
The treasures from the lives of two.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 17.

Rosaline

My dear suggests the things most rare,
The blue sea drifting through the air,
The gold fleck in the distant sky,
And moonlit river gliding by.
My dear suggests the fertile plain
Where lovely flowers bloom and reign,
And deck the sward and meadows green,
And beautify the rural scene.

As honey's sweet so she is sweet;
As fairy's beauty, her I greet;
Born to live in the heart of love,
A soul akin to stars above.
And heaven shining on her face'
Portrays a heart and life of grace;
And they inspire in me the dream
That leads me to the Soul Supreme.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 18.

Aline

I live alone, Aline has gone,
 And darkness shadows light
She was to me the morning dawn,
 And all the stars of night.
From mortal anguish and sharp pain,
 From sorrow, ache and grief,
Which live forever in my brain
 I do not find relief.

Once we were happy, blithe and gay;
 In love we were united;
But we made a mistake one day,
 And love was dynamited.
And she has gone, gone far away;
 And I feel deep concern,
And no one can my soul allay,
 For she will never return.
My bliss is ended, I find no rest;
 My spirit writhes in pain,
And sighs and groans surge in my breast;
 Sweet peace I'll not regain.
The hopeless tragedies of love
 Which no-one can console
Which saints and angels should disprove
 Are written on my soul.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 18.

Love Lives Forever

I loved her in the long ago,
 In youth's sweet morn when life was gay,
But now in memory's bright glow,
 It seems as only yesterday.
My sweetheart I can not forget
 For she was honest, kind and clever;
And now my eyes with tears are wet,
 For love that's true lives on forever.

And in my dreams we often meet,
 Sweet moments these my soul beguile;
Our lips then seem to touch and greet,
 And love again makes life worth while.
And then my eyes grow moist and wet
 For she was honest, kind and clever;
The thought of her like pansies set
 Shall blossom in my heart forever.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 19.

Her Spirit

Her spirit radiates a power
 Like summer loveliness in June,
Suggests the garden's fairest flower,
 The sweetest poem set to tune.
Her sparkling eyes which seldom frown
 Are brighter than the silvery streams,
And in their depths, so darkly brown,
 I see a soul that loves and dreams.
Her heart is like the odor sweet
 Of orange blossoms in the dell;
Her mind is like the hues that meet
 In rainbow, pansy, or blue bell.
Her dreams are not of earth alone,
 She dreams of beauty from above;
And she has sense and moral tone,
 And 'her I love, forever love.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 19.

She Sang

The moon hung o'er the old church bright—
Within I saw my heart's delight;
She gave to me a blush and sigh,
A thought too pure and good to die.
A noble record, kind and fair,
Of lofty thinking, sacred prayer,
Like dawning beauty in the skies
Was writ within her lustrous eyes.

She led the choir in holy song,
Her voice delighted all the throng;
She sang the sweetness of her heart,
A something more than human art.
Our spirits ran together there
In harmony, in love and prayer:
A glimpse of heaven passed my sight,
A flash of beauty, spiritu'l light.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 20.

Sweet Passion Budding Here On Earth

Sweet Erma, you're my bosom's pride,
In dreams your image holds full sway;
In dreams you're ever at my side
The glory of life's fleeting day.
My love for you with passing time
Shall grow in beauty like its theme,
With you my joys are all sublime,
And life is like an angel's dream.
The happy moment I saw you
My darling you became,
And every word I speak of you
I bless you in love's name.
Sweet passion budding here on earth,
Transport'd shall bloom in heaven,
And you who gave it holy birth
Will share that love in heaven.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 20.

Eveline

God let you die in early life,
 And stirred my soul with deep regret;
And as a sweetheart, not a wife,
 You live and I shall not forget.
Sweet is your memory, Evaline,
 'Tis sweeter than a fragrant rose;
Dear heart your love was near divine,
 And constant as a river flows.

How sweet it was to be with you,
 And touch your flesh and read your mind,
To know a woman good and true,
 To contact with a life refined;
And kiss your lips which greeted mine
 A thousand times in tenderness.
Oh! life is barren, Evaline,
 Without your love and sweet caress.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 21.

Carmel

A soul out of eternity,
 A lovely spirit, true and wise,
With dainty form and face of beauty
 And starry luster in her eyes.

Unselfish, modest, tolerant,
 Possessor of a thoughtful mind;
All sweetness, never arrogant,
 A gentle lady, pure, refined.
She's made to cherish and to love,
 To need and want a sweet caress,
To bless the man whom she may love,
 And fill his life with happiness.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 21.

Goodbye

Goodbye is the parting word of love,
 Spoken by friends when they sever;
Goodbye is often a sad, sweet word,
 And lingers in the heart forever.
Few words stir our deep sympathy
 More than the parting word goodbye;
It touches the heart of a lonely soul,
 And often brings a tear and sigh.

Goodbye when spoken in broken love
 By hapless sweethearts when they sever
Is the tragic word of dark despair,
 The end of love for two forever.
Goodbye is a word of emotion,
 Born in a bosom that is aching,
The final word of deep regret,
 Pathetic to a heart that's breaking.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 22.

My Requiem

A restless life, a long, hard race
That ended in this quiet place;
Consign me to my earthly tomb;
Out of my heart may flowers bloom.
Here my friends and I shall sever;
Here we part and part forever.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 22.

Life's Closing Scene

I rise above all earthly fear
E'en though portentous sounds I hear;
Methinks I hear the church bell tolling,
And distant waters falling, rolling.

I hear strange music from afar;
It streams along the midnight star;
It is a gentle, mystic strain,
An opiate which soothes my brain.

I fall in line and join a throng
Too deep in thought to sing a song;
Our destiny is some high goal
Known only to the Master Soul.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 22.

Illusion

Perhaps no woman is ideal;
If she were she would not be real;
A mortal woman may be fine,
And still be far from one divine.

There are some women who suggest
A woman nobler than the best;
The thought exaggerates the real,
And we seem to see our ideal.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 23.

Purported Friends

When one has money, influence and power
Those seeking favors come to him each hour,
Professing loyal friendship, deep and true,
But when his power is gone, his friends are few;
They all evaporate like morning dew.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 23.

Love's Power

I'd risk my life, my all for love;
There is nought in the realm above,
Nor in the splendid earth and ocean
That stirs in me such deep emotion.
With love I reach the heights of God,
Without it I am but a clod.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 23.

Why We Love

Why do we love, why should we love?
I'll tell you why, my case I'll prove,
Our souls and bodies truly mate;
We are affinities by fate.
In heart and mind we live as one;
You are my star, I am your sun.
Our silent thoughts breed harmony,
And they inspire both you and me,
You give me health, to you I'm health;
We cannot measure it in wealth.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 24.

What Is Love?

What is love, how does it act?
Is it fiction or a fact?
Let me tell you now, my dear,
As a lover true, sincere.
Pure love is felt in deep emotion
But it is more than true devotion;
It is a god; it doth control
The heart and lead the mind and soul.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 24.

Music

To thrilling, martial music, I must yield;
 It fills me with the spirit of the brave,
And urges me on to the gory battle field
 To win heroic honor or a grave.
Sweet love notes soothe me like the rose's perfume,
 And beauty to my inner life impart;
And all the virtues in my nature bloom
 And tame my fiery soul and warlike heart.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 24.

My Mistress

My mistress is poetic art;
 She rules my destiny and life;
She lives within my mind and heart
 My splendid and immortal wife.
I love her as I love the light;
 Through her the universe I meet;
She helps me climb the lofty height
 Where I find happiness complete.

With inner eyes I oft behold
 The holy beauty from afar,
The splendor of a world of gold,
 The magic of a diamond star.
She never shams and never schemes,
 And on her Nature puts its seal.
Through her I realize my dreams,
The splendor of my high ideal.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 25.

Peace Forever

Let evening stars and morning light
Dispel forever the soul's dark night;
Let wisdom's sun emerge and shine
And lead us into lives divine.
Too long we've used the warrior's lance;
Too long we've lived in ignorance.
Let higher knowledge ever lead
Us out of bondage, war and greed;
Eradicate despair and hate,
And poverty ere it's too late;
Oh! give men harmony and mirth,
And let peace always reign on earth.

Oh sons of freedom, God and light,
Arise in force, assert your might!
Respect and honor human life,
And kill the spirit that's for strife.
Oh! never let yourselves be slaves,
Or puppets to war lords and knaves.
Awake or death shall be our fate!
Assert yourselves ere it's too late.
Atomic bombs are being hurled
To blast the race and end the world.
Oh! give men harmony and mirth,
And let peace always reign on earth.

For life and bliss this is the hour
To end world wars and tyrant's power;
Oh let the world now reach the goal
And give men order, self control.
Too long with human lives we paid
The price for empire, gold and trade.
Hark! listen to the orphans cry;
Behold the countless widows sigh,
And broken homes and poverty,
Our sacrifice to martial glory.
Oh! give men harmony and mirth,
And let peace always reign on earth.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 25.

The March To Light

Men of the world, awake, arise,
Develop your minds, be sage and wise;
No longer dote on bloody war,
Lift up your eyes, behold a star;
Heed not the war lord's selfish word,
Refuse to be his warring herd.
Why should you bow to his decree?
Why should you be half slave, half free?
Too long you've lived in ignorance,
And been denied life's golden chance;
Assert yourselves and thoroughly train
Your minds in knowledge and bliss gain.
Awake, arise, forever march on!
Beyond the Mount you'll see the dawn;
The gleams will banish mental night,
And you'll be free and sons of light.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 26.

Life's Beginning And End

My body came from mother earth
Through Nature's way of giving birth;
And, it is nourished by the food
Grown in the fields by man and God.
The same good earth produced a tree,
A kindly friend and brother to me.
The flowers fair my sisters are;
My kinsman is a heav'nly star;
All things in Nature that I see
Quite likely are akin to me.

Out of the unknown, out of the dark,
There came a flash, a vital spark,
That kindled fire within my brain
Whose lustrous flame could never wane.
It had its source in the Soul Supreme
Who gave me mind and thought and dream;
Immortal mind to live and grow,
And ways of life to learn and know;
To guide my body and arrange
It for dissolution and a change.

And at the end of human life,
The end of peace and earthly strife,
Grim death will rive my flesh and mind
And each will go and seek its kind.
My flesh to earth will then return,
Perhaps interred in some dark urn;
My mind freed from my human brain
Will then return to God again;
And I who was on earth a mortal
In my new birth shall be immortal.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 27.

This Age

These are the years of crime and war,
The gates of murder stand ajar;
There are so many none could trust
That honor cowers in the dust.
Too many think and scheme in stealth,
And gladly sell their souls for wealth;
Gold is the god that they revere;
The hangman's noose is all they fear.

They live the shallow lives of sin,
Indulging in vile lust and gin;
Their souls are but a fetid sore.
For they are rotten to the core.
Let vipers of this generation,
And all the traitors to this nation,
Deterge their hearts, their souls reform
Ere they die in the righteous storm.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 28.

In Solitude

I wandered in a virgin wood, one day,
 Alone; the haunt of man I fain forsook;
 I rambled onward reading Nature's book
Far from a beaten track or blazed path way
And here and there the flowers wild and gay
 Were dancing in the zephyr, keeping time
 To music of the birds; the sun sublime
Spread glory on the flowers in their play.
There in the forest I read the command
 Of Nature to obey the law of right
To live the thought like blossoms of the vale;
And then I felt my inner life expand,
 Perchance like Paul's when he beheld the light,
Long years ago on the lone Syrian trail.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 28.

For Love Of Country

No mother loves her child, nor wife her mate,
 More than I love America; I try
 To learn the truth, have tried these years that I
May live the life which makes a nation great.
The true life is not yet matured; I wait
 For strength, and hope the character to gain;
 Though I should fail I have not lived in vain;
The purpose shall forever shape my fate;
 I'll serve my country be his loyal friend,
In peace and war, and I shall never shirk
 My duty. When I've reached life's fitful end
And weary grown with care and quit my work
 I want to feel that I have done my best,
 That I shall pass the patriot's rigid test.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 29.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 15.

Wisdom's Crown

When wise men have divined
The glory of the mind,
its future work and place
In the universal space,
The stars will then come down
And put on man his crown.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 29.

Tears

From hopeless grief and dark despair,
And heart aches and repentant prayer,
From strong emotion's blinding faith,
And sorrow for loved one's death
There come the poignant, bitter tears,
The flow of sadness through the years.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 29.

Inflation And War

Inflation and war curse every man;
They constitute the vilest plan
To ruin character and life,
And fill the heart with sin and strife.
The races of men have gone awry;
Their greedy minds are mad; they cry
For doles and lives of lazy ease,
And lust for things which breed disease.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 29.

I've Lived

I've lived with gods of beauty all
My life; gods who were great and tall;
And in this group of high grandees
I helped to fathom mysteries.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 30.

The Majestic

Behold the splendor of the sea!
It means majestic thought to me;
Its waves fall like a broken life;
Its billows fight in awful strife;
And as great empires rise and fall
So does its mighty watery wall.
The tide rolls in and then flows out
And as the waves break 'gainst the shore
So death breaks life forevermore.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 30.

Poetry

Great poetry is the soul of art,
The noble words of a noble heart
Set to the music of the sea,
Suggesting depth and mystery.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 30.

A Cosmopolitan

I walk life's road a lonely man;
 I am a cosmopolitan;
 My home's the starry universe,
 And oft with gods I do converse.
 And in the glory of my dream
 I glimpse the universal scheme.
Such times as these distract the soul;
To live we pay a mighty toll;
In food and raiment we have no choice;
We take them but do not rejoice.
There are few houses to rent or lease,
And war is hell and so is peace.
Insults are met on every hand;
This is race culture's newest brand.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 30.

This Era

Out of this era should emerge a plan
That will direct and help ennoble man,
That will help do away with sordid greed,
And glorify him who does the noble deed;
It should end wars and all the cause for strife,
Exalt mankind, bring in the better life,

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 31.

The Citizen

I am a citizen of a state;
My love for it is passionate;
I owe allegiance to my nation
And also to the whole creation.
And I in my own way converse
With thinkers of the universe.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 31.

California

In years gone by, in many pleasant dreams,
 When roaming o'er the hills among the elms,
 I saw the loveliness of sunny realms,
And Nature's handiwork, the starry schemes,
The forest, mead and field, the poet's themes,
 The moonlight glow, the crimson sky of morn,
 The wondrous beauty that is ever born
In mount and plain and grove and lake and streams.
Yet never did I see earth's paradise
 Till I saw through the Golden Gate, the bold
 And rugged mountains in the land of gold,
Her sunny clime and stretch of azure skies;
 Then I knew, at last, 'twas my happy fate
 To reach the blessed realm, the ideal state.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 31.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 104.

California-Calls Me

Alone in foreign lands I roam,
But often I think of my home,
My blessed California,
Which gladdens me though far away.
I hear her voice, it is enthralling;
It's ever singing, ever calling,
Yes, ever calling, calling me
To go back home, recross the sea.

Let tourists roam, let tourists roam,
I'm going home, I'm going home,
To live in beauty's golden land
Beside the mountains tall and grand
Which rise against the dawn's red glow,
And shadow streams which sing below;
And in that land which God has blest
I'll live and labor and find rest.

I'm going home where I shall stay
Until the call of judgment day,
And roam among the giant trees
On mountains near the surging seas,
And dream my dreams in shady bowers
Of orange groves and climbing flowers,
And bless the land of golden skies
Where summer lives and never dies.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 32.

The Beautiful

I love the beautiful;
 With it I have a pact
To worship it in truth,
 In spirit and in fact.

I love the beautiful;
 It's all the world to me;
I've never raised my hand
 Against a thing of beauty.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 32.

The Waltz

The waltz makes me its devotee,
And stirs and quickens life in me;
When its sweet music greets my ear,
I feel Apollo drawing near;
And on the floor or in the street
A thrill goes down into my feet;
And like one in a golden trance,
My agile feet begin to dance.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 33.

Night's Influence

Night hung its lantern on a star;
And sent its golden light afar;
Immersed in beauty of its beams
I stood in silence and in dreams.

And there came surging through my ears
The waves of music of past years;
Sweet melodies I fondly sung,
And truly loved when I was young.

I dipped my pen in azure skies,
And wrote the dictates of my eyes;
The passion gave a new song birth;
I sent it out to greet the earth.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 33.

Rhyme And Poetry

Most any one could write a rhyme
If he would give the task his time;
But it would lack poetic fire,
And be discordant with the lyre.
The rhyming words he might disburse
Would likely prove he wrote poor verse.

The poet's song flows from his heart,
And of his life it is a part;
It gushes out like mountain rill,
Or spring of water on the hill;
It runs down through his deep emotion
Like billows surge in stormy ocean.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 33.

My Wish

God make me right in every strife;
Preserve in me the truth through life;
These are the virtues that I need
In every word and thought and deed.
God make me tolerant and wise,
And let my light shine through the skies;
And in my heart let love's fire burn,
And in my soul all evil spurn.

God keep intense my tuneful lyre,
And let me sing the songs of fire,
And ope the eyes of all the blind
To beauties of the heart and mind.
God let me be a song to others,
To every one, my human brothers;
And when my life shall end for men
May it close like a grand Amen.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 34.

Gone Forever

My childhood days are as a dream;
They're gone like waters of a stream;
My youthful friends have also gone,
Have run away like a young fawn.

High Heaven spoke to my promised wife
In mystic words of a strange life;
Before I knew it she was gone,
Had vanished like the morning dawn

I had good parents, kind and true,
But they passed on like pearly dew;
Those whom I dearly loved have gone;
To other worlds they have withdrawn.

God I am lonesome and I moan
For those who left me here alone;
God in your wisdom lead me on
To them I loved but who are gone.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 34.

Golden Thoughts

The burst of Passion, flowing emotion,
Bears on its wings the golden thoughts,
Arrayed in garments decked with stars
To lodge forever in some heart.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 35.

The Treasure

Love is an inexhaustible mine
Of gold not found in mother earth;
It is a treasure of the heart,
And only God can dig it out.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 35.

Affinities

Affinities in life,
She should have been his wife;
Betrothed and strong in faith,
She wedded him in death.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 35.

The Master Nation

God dreamed the dream, before His vision passed
The world and suns and stars and space, all things;
The Universe, child of His thought, took shape.
He moved upon earth's western, watery waste,
And spoke the mystic word: out of the Gulf
Arose the mountain, vale and plain, a world
Magnificent, in land exceeding rich,
In Nature's wealth immense—a continent
Whereon a great race should be born and bred,
Whereon should rise a nation fit to rule.
Thereon a race was born; the nation lives
Which was creat'd without a doubt for some
High purpose by the skilful hand of Him,
The Lord and Master of eternity.
America the last best work of God,
Should rise in splendor like the morning sun,
And mould all nations, every race and tribe,
To truth, to liberty and to the scheme
That all men equal are before the law.
Oh land! keep faith with Him, but ever watch
The trend of coming things, the warning sign,
And prophecy which augurs peace or war.
The time not yet is ripe for peace; too much
Old error sways the rulers, lords and kings;
Too little they regard what's just and right.
Before sweet peace can be assured some race,
Some nation, why not thee, shall hold in awe
The warring host, the world's usurping force.
Perhaps thou shalt change man's long destiny,
And strike the fetters from a servile world,
Although thou hast to meet in war on land
And sea, the rival nations, old and young,
Who watch thy growth with envious eye and hate,
And vanquish them upon the world's great fields
Of battle and in naval fights upon
The oceans and in flying ships that rush
Through clouds. The clash of arms, the bursting bombs,
And roar of cannons may resound throughout
The world, but Freedom's flag should onward go,
And Freedom's song, and Freedom's music should
Triumphantly swell above the battle's storm

Proclaiming justice, truth and liberty.
The throne shall not much longer rule the world;
The reign of tyrant, prince and king shall end;
Old empires shall decay and fall; and on
Their tombs republics, hope of man, shall rise.
Before that time and then wilt thou insure
Eternal peace and bliss to every realm?
Oh wilt thou onward bear His cross of Love?
Oh wilt thou prove thyself the master land?

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 35.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 11.

Here Flowers Ever Bloom

The dearest place on earth to me
 Is home, sweet home in California;
The fruitful land beside the sea,
 Where mocking birds sing night and day.
I love the orange flowered vale
 Below the mountains tall and grand;
There mother dear so cold and pale,
 Sleeps peacefully in the sunny land.

Chorus

Red is the setting sun in California,
 Brightly shine the moon and starry throng
Upon this land of color and romance,
 As the ocean rolls on in its deathless song.
Here flowers ever bloom and summer never dies,
 And life is love and beauty 'neath the cloudless skies.

I loved a maiden long ago,
 And she was fair as California;
Her love was warm as the sunset glow,
 And life with her was bright and gay.
But she has gone with all I planned,
 And many friends whom I held dear;
Their dust enrich this golden land,
 And all my joys now hold a tear.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 37.

Resignation

Resigned to Him, I go my way,
And let my heart be merry;
While thinking of a better day,
What is the use to worry.
Defeat, success and joy and grief
I've known throughout my years;
Some brought me pain and some relief,
I've lived with smiles and tears.
Perhaps, I've reaped what I had sown
On life's eternal road;
Perhaps, I have the better grown
By carrying life's great load.
I am resigned to death and life,
To Nature's high decree;
For naught shall cheat me in the strife,
Nor mar my destiny.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 37.

You And I

It matters not when you or I may die;
 At most our toiling, struggling life is brief,
 A little happiness with tears and grief,
And then the hand of death will choke our cry,
And blind our eyes to land and sea and sky,
 And still our dauntless heart which beats for love,
 And dark our brain like ebon clouds above;
Death's mighty angel will not pass us by.
"Tis better to die a noble youth like Hale,
 Or like heroic Warren in our prime,
And sleep where blood of brave men drenched the vale
 Than reach life's highest peak of hoary time
With little done for country, self or peers;
God measures us by deeds and not by years.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 38.

Memories

Old memories, never, never die,
Engraven on my heart they lie,
The impress of my deed and thought
Which in my mind and heart had wrought
A mighty change in former years,
May bring me smiles, or frowns or tears.

Old memories bitter, sad and sweet,
Tell me of a life so incomplete,
Revive the glories of the boy,
His youthful dreams and bubbling joy;
Present me with life's broken plan,
The grief and failures of the man.

Old memories publish life's true story,
Without embellishment or glory,
Present the deeds for censure or praise,
And haunt me all my mortal days.
They picture folly, pain and gloom,
Love, triumph, peace, death and the tomb.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 38.

The Calla Lily

Sweet blossom, lovely as a dream,
A thing of beauty in God's scheme,
Arrayed in robes of starry white,
The angels view it with delight.

The lily prays with upturned face
A prayer pure as Mary's grace,
And in its pallid bloom refined
I see a beauty like her mind.

Publication. *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 39.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 106.

LYRICS OF LORALEE

The 1948 collection

The Lyrics Of Lorelee

For her, my sweetheart, who died young,
The songs of Lorelee were sung;
Her mortal part death took from me,
But not the soul of Lorelee;
Her spirit is forever with me;
She is my sweetest memory.

HELEN (Lorelee)

She was tall and straight and slim
With shapely form and neat and trim;
Her long, brown hair when on display
Was lovely as the Starry Way;
When hanging loosely down her back,
It trailed at her heels, swept her track.
No queen with her tiara and gown
Has ever worn such a grand crown.

Her well bred manners, graceful poise,
Her native sense, her gentle voice,
Her thoughtful face and features fair,
Her lustrous eyes and wondrous hair
Were beautiful as Heaven's dream,
A lovely part of Nature's scheme,
But the pure soul of Lorelee
Was more than all of them to me.

I name my Helen, Lorelee,
A sweet, poetic name to me;
And to the world I must proclaim
Her surname and mine were the same.
Unselfish, she was born to serve
Humanity without reserve;
A nurse, efficient, sweet and kind,
She was a blessing to mankind.

Her kindly heart and clever brain
Gave her true value, never vain;
Her disposition, sweet and fine,
Cheered every one like bright sun shine;

She sacrificed her life for others
In doing good like angel mothers;
In nursing patients, those in need,
She climbed the peak of noble deed.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 10.

Loralee

My noble sweetheart, come to me!

Let us no longer disagree.

Oh, lay your heart against my breast

While your sweet lips to mine are prest!

Queen of my soul, my heart's true mate,

Now speak the word, decide my fate.

Oh, listen to my heartfelt plea,

My comely flow'r, my *Loralee*!

A hopeless passion, hapless fate,

Make me so sad and desolate;

My life is empty, wanting bliss,

Oh, come and give me one sweet kiss!

I see love shining through your eyes,

A sweeter love than Paradise.

Oh, come my beauty, come to me,

My lovely flow'r, my *Loralee*!

The blush of love on your face glows;

'Tis redder than a golden rose;

It speaks a soul sincere and sweet,

A modest love, a life complete.

Sweet angel of my earthly dreams,

My love for you my soul redeems.

Oh, come my beauty, come to me,

My lovely flow'r, my *Loralee*!

Oh, wipe away your warm, bright tears,

And banish all your doubts and fears;

I'd give the world and all its wealth

If you could only mend your health.

Have hope and faith and steadfast zeal,

And love will act, you it will heal.

Oh, come my beauty, come to me,

My lovely flow'r, my *Loralee*!

Oh, do not wait for death may sever

The tie which holds our hearts together!

Oh, come to me my queen and pride!

To me you're like a spirit bride.

Stand at my side, do not depart,

My kindred soul, heart of my heart.

Oh, come to me, Oh, come to me,

My lovely flow'r, my *Loralee*!

Oh, do not spurn my love for you
For it is deep and warm and true;
Why should I spend my love in vain?
What have I done to merit pain?
For days and weeks my heart was aching,
And now in black despair it's breaking.
Oh, come to me, Oh, come to me,
My comely flow'r, my Lorelee!

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 11.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 6.

Farewell To Lorelee

The frost of death is on your brow;
You are a sweet immortal now;
Your name was writ on Heaven's scroll,
In gold, by some celestial soul.
Why did you seek the treasure trove?
You'd much to live for, much to love.
I weep and sigh, I'm left alone;
For errors past may I atone?
Farewell! Farewell! my Lorelee,
Faith only offers hope to me.

My Lorelee, your lips are still,
And cold and pale, you have no will.
If you could speak, my Lorelee,
And tell me all is well for me,
I should not live in doubt and fears
As on I travel through the years.
I loved you more than life and light;
You were my star in darkest night.
Farewell! Farewell! my Lorelee,
Faith only offers hope to me.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 12.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Rosebuds and Song* (1947), source page 8.

The Lament

She is dead, my Lorelee;
Death's icy hand took her from me;
No longer shall I see her charms,
Or take her form within my arms.
Beside the river in a grove,
I stand and weep for my lost love,
And from my breast there comes a groan
Sadder than the north wind's moan.

Her form now mingles with the dust,
Her soul has reached its goal, I trust;
Some star must shine upon her brow,
And she is one with Nature now.
The night bird sings beside the stream
A doleful song to match my dream;
In tears I stand and listen long,
But from her lips I hear no song.

I'll not forget my Lorelee,
And all the blessings she brought me;
I'll sing of her the songs of art
With all the love that's in my heart.
Her memory will never die;
Oblivion, love shall defy;
On earth and past the heav'nly portals,
She will live one of the immortals.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 13.

In Memory Of Lorelee

I weep for Lorelee is dead;
No other lady will I wed;
I, in despair, through lonely years
Shall know heart ache, unhappy tears.
In life she had her potent hour,
But now she has a greater power;
She lives in beauty's mystery,
A star of light, my Lorelee.

She leads me on, my Lorelee,
Through struggles coming now to me;
She is a power in my life,
Unknown to any mortal wife.

While I shall live, may I achieve,
A solace during hours I grieve;
And may I honor her memory,
An inspiration unto me.

She had faith that I should succeed,
And win a name through art or deed;
To me she was a light and guide;
To her my hopes I did confide.
She helped me do my better part,
Through her I reached the human heart;
In thought and work she would approve,
May I, the world's heart, fire with love.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 13.

The Father Of Waters

Flow on, flow on, you mighty river,
 And give your moisture to the vale;
Flow on, flow on, you splendid river,
 And give my song to wind and gale,
Flow on, flow on, majestic river,
 You know my love that budded here;
Let my love live with you forever,
 And other lovers may it cheer.
Flow on, flow on, majestic river
 Until you reach the surging sea,
And sing your melodies forever,
 The music loved by Lorelee.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 14.

Loralee The Unselfish

The gods her life did sanctify,
And they her worth could certify.
Unselfish as the fragrant flowers,
She had remarkable spiritu'l powers;
A person who would sympathise
With others and would sacrifice
Her health and life to call of duty,
And perish in her youth and beauty.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 14.

Life's Closing Years

My life is drawing to a close,
And it will perish like the rose;
Long years have passed since she and I
Together gazed at the blue sky,
And saw the dawn and sun set glow,
And the Milky Way through heaven flow.
Long years ago my sweetheart died
Ere she became my mortal bride.

Since death claimed her for his own,
I have lived my life alone;
I've traveled down the long, sad years
Across the mount and vale of tears;
I've struggled long against despair;
For her I lived to do and dare;
And she has been my spirit wife,
And served me through a struggling life.

My life is drawing to an end,
Soon I shall join my angel friend
In some new life that is to be,
In some new world with Lorelee,
And there be healed of grief and pain,
And former happiness regain.
My love shall triumph over death,
The great reward of loyal faith.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 15.

The Immortal Sweetheart

The Father of Waters sings for me
As once he sang for Lorelee;
Again I stand where oft we stood,
Beside the river when we wooed;
Beneath a maple tree's green bough
Before our God we made our vow,
A promise that was made forever,
And Heaven sealed our lives together.

Her promise made she passed from earth,
Her soul in Heaven found new birth.
Her death filled me with heart felt grief,
I wept but tears brought no relief;

My sorrow was too deep for tears,
Too deep to be effaced by years.
She shines a star in Heaven's bowl,
And points the way for my eager soul.

Beside this stream I kneel in prayer,
My love intense breaks through despair;
I hear the wings of an angel whir,
And a voice announces I shall see her
This happy hour of this blessed day
In all her beauty though far away.
Ah! she appears, I see her now,
Her form and face and lovely brow.

Far, far across a shining sea,
She beckons me, my Lorelee,
To come to her, to cross the foam,
And live with her in my new home.
She stands upon a high, green hill,
A queenly soul, a lovely idyl,
Tall and slim, fresh as the morn,
Her graceful figure stars adorn.

She stand erect, a goddess there,
Crowned with her long and comely hair,
Hanging loosely down her back,
A shadow makes her brown hair black.
Her locks of hair trail at her feet,
And kiss the grass and flowers greet.
She wears a long, white, flowing gown
In harmony with her grand crown.

My sweetheart with the angel's heart
Is Nature's lovely work of art;
She's beauty's beauty and divine
In blessed Heaven's sacred shrine.
With sympathy her pure heart gleams,
And love ennoble all her dreams;
Her person through her starry soul
Outshines the brightest aureole.

I see her passing out of sight,
She vanishes like the dawn of light;
The glow of Heav'n is in her eyes;
They shine with love across the skies.

I hear a voice, it says to me,
Speaking with authority,
"Soon you shall join your Lorelee,
It will be for eternity."

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 15.

With Lorelee In Paradise

I've crossed the distant, shining sea,
And joined again my Lorelee,
Again I touch her wondrous hair
Which angels decked with lilies rare.
The queen of love is Lorelee,
Immortal for eternity;
My love for her has shorn my pride,
And Lorelee will be my bride.

My love for her, my golden dream,
Was born beside a splendid stream;
That love sustained me through my life,
And made me strong in grief and strife.
Beside the great, poetic river,
Our lives and love were sealed forever.
And all I am, or hope to be,
Comes from my love for Lorelee.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 17.

The Divine Romance

My grand romance will never end
With her my sweetheart and best friend;
It purged me of my mortal dross,
And led me to the holy cross;
It led me on beyond the tomb,
Beyond earth's sorrow, tears and gloom,
Far from the river's lovely grove
Into a deathless world of love.

For years I've lived in Paradise
With Lorelee, the pure and wise;
For years she's been my wedded wife,
The glory of eternal life.
All through our lives in eternity,
We have progressed in love and beauty,
And in the truth and spirit's light,
And risen to the soul's great height.
Embodiments of Love's great dream,
We mingle with the souls supreme;
With Lorelee, my guiding soul,
Ours is a receding goal,
And in the world of matchless beauty
With her, my angel Lorelee,
I've learned to live the life divine,
And perfect happiness is mine.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 17.

The Lovely Dreamer

The lovely dreamer, lovely dreamer,
 Who haunts the mountain, vale and grove,
Forever dreams of her dead lover,
 And the grand sentiments of love.
The fairest 'mong beloved women,
 She makes her little world a heaven,
And brighter than a silver planet,
 Or e'en the stars that number seven.

The lovely dreamer, lovely dreamer,
 Inspirer of poetic art;
The peeress of the stars of even,
 Has Heaven's beauty in her heart.
The lovely dreamer, lovely dreamer,
 The builder of a life worth while,
Has angel music in her soul;
 Benevolence is in her smile.

The lovely dreamer, lovely dreamer,
 In the beauty of her dream,
Beside the flowing river sings
 The song that mingles with the stream.
And there is sadness in her song,
 And tears flow down her comely face;
She thinks of him, the deathless one,
 And Heaven offers her sweet solace.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 18.

My Lone Pathway

On my lone pathway to the sun,
In all my work, all I have done,
I needed constant, worthy love
Which my best judgment could approve.
 Sorrow and death were always near
 To those I loved, to those most dear;
 I loved intensely, loved and lost;
 God only knows the awful cost.

I pine for human love in form
To stand the fury of life's storm,
To warm my heart, my soul exalt,
Give me more virtue and less fault.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 18.

The Dancing Singers

My Jessamine, my Jessamine,
Your soul is music and divine;
Oh, come to me, Oh, come to me,
And let us sing and dance with glee;
Our hearts will beat quite merrily
In harmony with melody,
And with the beauty of romance,
The glory of the song and dance.

My Jessamine, my Jessamine,
Now let me your sweet form entwine,
And let us dance and let us sing,
And love and joy forever bring;
With merry hearts and agile feet
Old Orpheus we shall meet and greet,
And dream of beauty and romance,
The glory of the song and dance.

My Jessamine, my Jessamine,
Your soul is beauty and divine;
Oh, let us sing the songs of gladness
That will inflame our hearts with madness!
And at the ball let us essay
To sing and dance the Orphic way,
And dream of beauty and romance,
The glory of the song and dance.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 19.

The Unforgettable

The evening hours had come and gone,
A mocking bird sang on the lawn;
The somber mountains standing near
 In the moonlight were austere;
Beneath the shrouded cliffs of stone,
The ocean uttered a wild moan;
 'Twas near the midnight's quiet hour,
The stars were dim in heaven's bower.
My mother lay ill in a room,
A strangeness filled the place with gloom.

The wind shook dry leaves from a tree,
 It brought a mystic chill to me;
I heard a rattle in her throat
Which sounded like the earth's last note.
 I felt a Presence drawing near,
And down my cheek there flowed a tear;
The door was op'ned, some one came in,
To mortal it was not akin;
The Presence and a shadow went out,
 I saw them take the starry route.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 20.

The Long Ago

Out of my life my youth has gone;
It passed on like a rosy dawn,
Or like a sprout that makes a tree,
Or happy thoughts which make one merry.
Out of my life a joy has passed;
It would not stay, it could not last;
As I look back across the years,
A sadness fills my eyes with tears.

To day I look back through past time,
And see a world that seemed sublime
To me when I was young and gay,
A care free boy whose joy was play.
What I then saw, I see again,
And ardor burns within my brain,
And I feel young and free from pain,
And blithe and fresh as summer rain.

Again I see the old frontier,
The cabin and the pioneer,
The meadow and the forest wild,
Things I loved when I was a child.
I see a squirrel and a mink,
A fox and deer, a bear and lynx;
Again I hear a hooting owl,
And a gray wolf's sad, lonely howl.

I see the river crystal stream,
Which nourished my sweet, youthful dream;
In it the bass and pick'rel live;
In it they spawn and new life give.
I see a log drive in the river;
Cold weather makes the drivers shiver;
Each uses a peavey or pike pole,
And rides a log and makes it roll.

I see the loggers at their work
In woods where wild beasts skulk or lurk;
Great logs the stolid oxen pull,
And their large eyes look sad and dull.
I see a tie maker make his ties;
It is energetic exercise.
I see a woodman with axe in hand
Chop down the trees and clear the land.

I see the fields of corn and wheat,
And ripe, red melons fit to eat;
In every landscape I see beauty,
And every pine to me is lordly;
And each star is a splendid world;
The sun set is a flag unfurled;
The universe is mystery,
And every hour is eternity.

The past world leaves me like a dream,
Or like foam waves on a swift stream;
The glories of my youth depart
Like splendor from a weary heart.
They would not stay, they could not last;
Out of my life a joy has passed.
Loved ones have died in former years,
And sadness fills my eyes with tears.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 20.

The Old Home Far Away

Around the world I roam, I roam,
Far from my birth place and my home.
 Oh, I am lonely and forlorn!
 God take me back where I was born;
 Relieve me of my heartfelt gloom;
 Oh! take me back where lilies bloom;
 Take me back to my friends of old
 Whose friendships were above pure gold.

 I miss my school mates, some are dead;
 My school girl friend has long since wed;
 I miss my home, oh, take me back;
 Let me retrace my homeward track;
 I am so lonely and forlorn,
 I wish I were where I was born.
 God take me back to the old farm
 Where I used to know life's sweet charm.

 Return me to the kindly few,
 The dear old friends who were true blue,
To live my few remaining years
 In peace, free from unhappy tears.
 And in the pasture, wood and mead,
 Sweet Nature let me see and read;
 Take me back home is my daily prayer
 To live and die and be buried there.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 22.

The Soul's Appeal

Give me the tuneful voice of verse,
Let it ring through the universe;
And may I dream the useful dreams,
Untainted by ignoble schemes.
God help me, keep me free from greed,
And lead me on to noble deed.

Inspire me God with lyric fire,
And keep me in tune with the lyre,
And let me sing instead of talk,
And let me soar and seldom walk
As spiritu'l beauty I glorify,
A beauty that should never die.
Let me build character that's right,
Let wisdom make me a son of light;
Let me sing of things divine,
And put my heart into each line.
Oh, may the songs of love I sing
Be carried far by starry wing
Across the mountain and the glen
To help the horde of struggling men.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 22.

Love

Love warms the human heart and makes it glow;
 Life is a desert waste without true love,
 A tree without a bough, a leafless grove,
A stunted soul that does not feel or know
The blessings that from God and Nature flow;
 Without love life has neither health nor tone,
 And it is hard and merciless as stone,
And it exhales a chill like ice or snow.

Unselfish love will sacrifice for others
 Without a sordid thought or hope of pay,
Will help draw men together like true brothers,
 Will save mankind and nations from decay,
No matter what may be the cost or loss,
E'en though like Christ it should die on the cross.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 23.

What I Live For

I live for beauty and fo love,
 To help myself and aid mankind
 In progress of the heart and mind.
Perhaps this work God may approve.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 23.

America The Great

Oh! realm of freedom, you rise, you rise
To meet the splendor of the skies;
And you revised the horoscope,
And gave all men new faith, new hope.
You are the lodestar of the world;
Your starry banner is unfurled,
The symbol of the mighty free,
In every land, on every sea.

Here every man has his great chance
In light and knowledge to advance,
To train his mind in worldly lore,
Prepare himself stars to explore.
A son of light, a son of light,
He should serve you with all his might;
You are a nation of great worth,
And freedom's power on this earth.

When a bad tyrant took command,
And conquered folks on sea and land,
Old nations begged your mighty aid
To save them from the renegade.
You sent them help in their great woe,
You fought and beat the tyrant foe.
Him from his power seat you hurled,
And offered nations a free world.

Your mighty work has just begun;
It ne'er will have a setting sun.
The master of the world of air,
You deal with nations on the square.
Lead on, lead on, in truth and light,
And prove you are forever right;
And prove your great, enduring worth
As freedom's saviour of the earth.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 23.

Free America

You never dwarf the human mind,
You never kill the mortal soul;
Here freedom will forever live,
And will develop men fit to rule.
The leading nation of the world
In power, wealth and happiness.
In mass intelligence of men,
You lead the nations far and near.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 24.

The Pathetic Song

I hear the mockingbird's sad song,
A killer has done him great wrong;
From yonder tree the grieving lover
Sings his unhappy song for her.
His mate is dead shot by a boy
Who took from him his sweetest joy;
The moon is full, blue are the skies;
It lights the grave where his mate lies.

His song is full of tenderness,
But lacks the note of happiness;
His doleful song rings in my ears,
And touches my heart and brings the tears.
I feel the pang of piercing grief,
But find no balm that gives relief.
I understand that weeping bird,
His tune's more vital than a word.

His dirge is full of love and pain;
Profound grief must live in his brain,
Or out of his rich, tuneful throat
Would not come that sweet, tearful note.
It tells of anguish deep as life,
Of sorrow keen as hunter's knife,
Of love's last heart beat on the earth,
Of days of sadness minus mirth.

True mourner, singing from the tree,
Is cheered by her sweet memory;
Grim death wastes life but it unbars
Love's door to beauty of the stars.
Voice of my heart, he sings as I
Should like to sing until I die;
His sweet, unhappy song makes me feel
That out of sadness must come weal.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 25.

The Land Of Sunset Glow

I heard the call, long years ago,
 To go to the land of sunset glow
 Where dreamers have a golden chance
 To live the life of grand romance,
 To dream the songs of heart and soul,
 And write their names on glory's scroll.
To California I came
Where morning dawns in golden flame;
My home is in a lovely dale,
The end of my long trek and trail.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 25.

The United States Of America

This was sweet Nature's chosen place
To give birth to a virile race;
Here freedom's banner was unfurled,
 The symbol of America;
Here freedom lives to help the world,
To let the soul and mind progress,
To make true men whom God would bless
 In America, in America.

Here free men made a government,
The very best men could invent;
The heroes of the oversoul,
 In America, in America
Inscribed the great, immortal scroll,
Born after long, intense debate;
It shapes the nation's noble fate;
 'Twill save it from death or decay.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 26.

The Merging Nations

The world will hate, it will inveigh,
But stand your ground America.
This is the future dwelling place
Of the Anglo American race.
We, now, can feel the kinship urge;
These nationals will surely merge
To help preserve a lasting peace,
And cause world wars to ever cease.

Here men of upward look and life
Will live in peace and not in strife;
And they will travel up the height,
Sustained by God and truth and right.
The new merged nations will ever live;
The Anglo American will survive,
And make life better for every man,
A blessing for the human clan.

Aggressive men they will not fail,
Unyielding they will ever prevail;
Their souls the tyrants shall not chain,
And freedom here will ever reign.
The great, progressive race of earth
Will build true character and worth.
Here mass intelligence will rule
That's highly trained in wisdom's school.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 26.

Shall Our Civilization Die?

What do the schools propose to do
To save our culture and way of life,
And save our government
From greedy tyrants, tiger men,
And morons with defective minds?

Shall men of vision, hearts and brains,
Who do the useful work that's done,
Give their good service to preserve
The tyrant and moronic groups,
Then die and leave no worthy heirs
To do the work that should be done,
In thought and deed, to save mankind?

The lazy way of mortal life
Damns the recipients all their days,
And wrecks more lives than poverty;
It breeds misfits, the human weeds,
And dissipation, filth and crime;
It breeds the prostitutes and dolts,
And paupers and degenerates.

The sure salvation for the race
Is character akin to God,
A thinking mind, a noble heart,
A happy and intelligent home,
And hard and useful work for life.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 27.

The Golden Shaft

I, in creative, happy dream,
Conceive and build the beautiful;
And in the workshop of my mind,
I build for beauty and for love
A golden shaft which mounts the sky
With winding stairs, with steps of stars,
Which all may climb to love and light,
The summit of aspiring souls.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 28.

The Enlightened Soul

I hail the enlightened soul.
Whose mind and flesh are purified
By thought and deed and love and truth,
The finished man, the work of God,
Who keeps in tune with nature's song,
The music of the universe,
Who earned the high and noble rank
Of minister from earth to heaven.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 28.

The Needed Race

The world has had superior men
Who lived to serve their fellow men;
They helped the ignorant and blind,
And were a blessing to mankind.

God give us now a race of men
With noble hearts and brain acumen,
A mass of men, true sons of light,
Who have the courage to do right.

Oh! give us now the master race
To occupy the earth's vast space,
A race with vision and a dream
To grasp the universal scheme.

A race to read infinity,
And learn laws of divinity,
And penetrate eternity,
And see life's might destiny.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 28.

The Master Dream

The vision and the inner light
Forever guide me in my fight
For freedom, justice, truth and right,
For freedom, justice, truth and right.

Life's master dream, and other dreams,
Help me like rain fall helps the streams,
And my good work is born of dreams,
Is born of dreams and dreams and dreams.

The master dream is more to me
Than all the rivers are to the sea;
It's the light of eternity,
Eternity, eternity.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 29.

Unselfish Love

Unselfish love, enlightened love,
 Transforms the soul, makes a new man;
Applied it builds a character
 Which measures up to Heaven's plan.
He who builds with unselfish love,
 Builds for more than earthly glory,
For more than grandeur of the stars,
 His monument is eternity.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 29.

Questions For Posterity

Will talent live, or will it die,
Which serves and helps the growing race?
Will character live, or will it die,
That elevates the human heart?
Will patriotism live or die
That's true to country, home and God?
Will love the source of noble thought
Expressed in art or in good deeds
Forever live in other hearts,
Or will it perish like the dew?
Will the man of sympathy,
The thinker with the soul of love,
The singer of the heartfelt songs,
The son of nature, torch of light,
Who glorifies the better life,
Survive the ravage of the ages?
These questions for the final answers
I pass on to posterity.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 29.

New Viewpoint

The earth and all its garnished forms
 More splendid are than ever before;
They bring to me a happier thought,
 And deeper vision than of yore.

I see in them new spiritu'l beauty,
 A finer justice, nobler truth;
I feel inspiration I never knew
 In care free days of happy youth.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 30.

Golden Words

The golden words of starry beauty
 In streams of music float along;
They are to notes of melody
 What passion is to sweetest song.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 30.

The Strong

The strong are able for the fray;
They overcome things in their way;
Their clever minds and mighty will
Give them the power and the skill
To win a fight and to prevail
Where weak and timid souls would fail.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 30.

Brotherhood

It is easy to teach the brotherhood of man,
But it is difficult to live the plan
In a scheming world, gone mad with greed,
Where love's good work is crushed by selfish deed.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 30.

The Social Debt

Help those who live in poverty,
The hopeless in Democracy;
Help those who live in ignorance,
The folks who never had a chance.
Society must pay the price
For all this human sacrifice.

Why wonder that they dissipate,
And wicked deeds accelerate?
No wonder they indulge in lust,
And drink and gamble, fight and rust,
And carry evil to excess;
These are their kinds of happiness.

This vicious culture we should efface,
And help improve the human race;
Give more thought to breeding men,
And less to horses, pigs and oxen;
End now this danger, make things right;
Give folks a chance, give them more light.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 31.

Life's Grandee

The highest purpose of man on earth
Is to grow in spiritu'l worth,
To elevate his heart and mind,
To be a light unto mankind,
To cling forever to life devine
As to a tree clings a grape vine,
Then he will live the soul's grandee,
To Heaven he will hold a key.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 31.

Notes Of Song

Grand notes of song pass through the air
Across the azure plain so fair;
They strike against the mid night star,
And their sweet echoes travel far.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 31.

The Dead Soul

The soul is dead that lives
Without uplifting love;
Life is a barren waste
When love dies in the heart.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 32.

Death's Tragedy

When from my bosom death took her
I turned to Nature for relief;
She oped the book of mystery;
I read therein of hope and faith.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 32.

Nature's Woman

She's lovely as an angel's dream;
Her beauty's like a starry stream;
The music of her golden voice
Stirs my heart, makes me rejoice.

The smiles which beautify her cheek
Are like the ripples of a creek;
Her form is like a stately tree,
And in her mind is majesty.

As billows on the great sea roll
So Heaven's light flows through her soul;
In her I see God's noble plan
Which shapes a woman for a man.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 32.

The Meeting

For years we had been parted;
 I came home in a plane;
A crowd was at the field,
 And lights shone on the lane.
I thought she'd not forbear
To meet and greet me there.

The moon hung in the sky,
 And near a leafy tree,
She stood for whom I came
 Ten thousand miles to see.
Like her there was no other;
She was my dear, old mother.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 32.

Rain

The rain clouds flood the teeming land;
The waters rush down the ocean strand;
Wet hills and mountains feed the creeks
Like bright tears wet the burning cheeks;
The brooklet fed by rain storm giver
Helps nourish the receptive river;
The crystal stream in singing glee
Dances onward to the rolling sea.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 33.

Sprayed

The sky was sprayed from a silver jar,
And every drop was a bright star
Which fell down through transparent air,
And showered earth and made it fair.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 33.

Destiny

I crossed the mountain top,
 And saw the dawn and plain;
Before me lay the world,
 And what I hoped to gain.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 33.

The Higher Vision

God give me purpose, wisdom, hope,
And vision so I shall not grope,
And lose my way in the dark and gloom
Which veil the light beyond the tomb.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 33.

Life's Satisfaction

God, let me satisfy my soul,
And let me drink from Heaven's bowl;
Oh, let me see the light supreme,
And help me live the noble dream.
God, let me do, and let me dare
To live a life that's just and fair;
And let me do my part on earth,
And may I prove to men my worth.
E'en though I pay the mortal price,
E'en though I make the sacrifice,
May I, for men, use heart and brain,
And give them love and be humane.
Oh, let me help those in distress,
And give them peace and happiness.
This is the road to my high goal,
And it will satisfy my soul.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 33.

The Higher Development

Some poet on the wings of song
Will sing a song for all the ages,
Words true to nature's golden law,
The song of progress for all men
In their great climb up manhood's peak
To reach the summit of the soul.

The mandates of the finished souls
Will rule for aye the perishing flesh,
Will rule the heart and mind for God,
And fit men for the seraphim.

When human lives are perfected,
According to the spirit's plan,
In harmony with eternal law,
Then mass intelligence will rule.

And happiness will be complete;
Mankind will build a Heaven on earth,
And God will reign in love and peace.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 34.

The Hero's Experience

I've fought in battle on the plain
Where many thousand men were slain;
I've seen the bursting bomb and shell,
And felt the flames of scorching hell;
I've felt the great, heroic urge,
And known emotion's mighty surge
As we fought on to victory
And won the battle of liberty.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 34.

Constructive Fighter

I am a fighter in the fight;
I fight according to my light;
For truth and justice, I meet the foe,
And ever give him blow for blow.

I fight to end old ignorance,
And give true knowledge a fair chance
To help ambitious people find
The dormant goodness of the mind.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 35.

The Teacher

Nature teaches me life, it teaches me art,
Enlightens my soul, ennobles my heart;
It opens heaven's sky blue gate,
And I behold my hidden fate.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 35.

Who Is To Rule?

Who is to rule the brute or brain,
The greedy souls, or those humane?
Is knowledge or old ignorance
To be mankind's inheritance?

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 35.

The Autumn

The autumn has fled, passed away;
Gone like a happy, sunny day,
And all its color and foliage
No longer is our heritage;
Gone like a dead friend who was dear,
We find sweet solace in a tear.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 35.

Lasting Words

No poet's work can long survive
 Unless it speaks words of the heart,
The noble words which help men live
 The higher life and do their part.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 35.

The Lady Of The Lilies

The lady of the lilies is dead;
 A wreath of stars put on her brow,
And honor her the soul of beauty;
 Perchance she's with the angels now.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 36.

The Passions

When in the mind the passions rage
Then human thoughts in war engage;
The fierce thought waves of deep emotion
Surge like the billows of the ocean.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 36.

Laws

Man's laws are always full of flaws,
And lawyers beat the stupid laws,
But laws of Nature they can't beat,
Against such laws they meet defeat.

The laws of Nature are quite just,
And them the honest man can trust;
Their violators always pay
The penalty without delay.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 36.

Race Emotions

I've felt the emotions of the race,
And I can sing with royal grace
Of human bliss and misery
And add the tone of sympathy.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 36.

Passion's Power

Of all the passions redolent
True love is the most eloquent;
It sways the forces of earth and air,
And makes a brave heart do and dare.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 36.

The Voice

I live upon a golden shore,
The margin of a fairy sea,
And as the billows rise and fall
They speak of God and mystery.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 37.

Begone

Begone! begone! you soul of night;
Mine is the glory of the light,
A glory that will not grow dim
If I should keep in touch with Him.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 37.

Nature's Acts

I'm thrilled with solemn awe and wonder
When I hear the voice of thunder,
And see the lightning leap and flash,
And strike a mountain with a crash.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 37.

New Charms

The moonlit river and the sea
 Were never so beautiful before;
The rainbow has new charms for me,
 And so has the tall sycamore.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 37.

Song Of The Soul

God, let me sing a happy song
To cheer the weary, homeless throng,
And to encourage hapless men,
Who struggle in life's mire and fen.
Oh, let me lead the way for others,
And prove myself one of the brothers!

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 37.

Open

Open the window of your soul,
 And let world beauty in;
Open the pearly gate of life,
 And let God's spirit in

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 38.

The Magic Hand

God threw the ebon ball of night
 Between the sunset and the morn;
He tossed great ropes of stars across
 The darkness and new light was born.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 38.

The Echo

I hear the echo of eternity
Down by the roaring, flowing, ebbing sea;
I hear the waves lash the eternal shore;
They echo and re-echo forevermore.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 38.

Man And Beauty

Let man and beauty be my theme,
The glory of my song and dream;
Oh! let me stir the best in men,
And all the world will listen then.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 38.

The Inevitable Conqueror

I have no fear though death is near,
The climax of my earth's career;
I shall face death though he is grim,
And murder is his synonym.
In many fights all through my life
I fought him with a mental knife;
The battles I have won so far,
But I shall lose the long, hard war;
Soon it will be forever over,
And I shall sleep beneath the clover.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 38.

Strange Roads

I do not fear the lone, strange path
Which I shall travel, nor man's wrath,
Nor all the obstacles I'll meet;
A fighter born, I'll not retreat.

I do not fear the man made code,
Nor after death the future road.
I'll meet the issues there as here,
And I shall meet them minus fear.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 39.

The World's Hope

Give all who have good, common sense
The higher knowledge, forget expense;
Give us the mass intelligence,
The training which gives confidence.

Make all who have good, common sense
Efficient, it's above the pence;
Then all the misfits that may grow
Will perish like the weeds in snow.

The criminal, the social foe,
And prostitute and pauper will go;
Then will come the superior race
Which evil never can efface.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 39.

The Wild Wind

The wild, fierce winds the great lake sweep,
The torrent rains strike hard the deep;
The wild winds make loud melody,
Inspiring music which stirs me.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 39.

Mother's Hands

Hers were the hands of beauty, strength and grace,
Hands made to match her fine and comely face;
Hands of an artist, hands that were refined,
Hands that sweet Nature shaped and designed,
Hands that required a thousand years to make,
Hands white as the shining water of a lake,
Hands that were useful in the household toll,
Hands that old age and labor did not spoil;
Those kind hands often soothed my fevered brow,
But that is past—they do not serve me now;
The soil of California, with gold inlaid,
Holds in its pulsing breast those hands God made,

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 39.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 58.

Liberty Bell

Let no man dare to scoff
 At that old cracked bell;
Let every freeman doff
His hat to that old shell.
Its music once did spell
 A nation's happy birth;
That old bell rang the knell
 Of tyranny on earth.

Men responded to its toll,
 Sincere in every thought;
"Twas the paean of the soul
 That liberty bell wrought.
Now tuneless is its throat,
 And silent is its voice;
No sweet note now can float
 From it to make us rejoice.

Like those who lived that day,
 'Tis numbered with the dead;
Its shell is here to stay
 Although its soul has fled.
Old relic it is still
 Sacred in our sight;
And it will ever thrill
 The patriot with delight.

We praise its history,
 its work in olden time;
The symbol of the free,
 Its glory is sublime.
To that grand, old bell, now
 Worn and silent in its frame,
Our love we vow and bow
 In reverence to its fame.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 40.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 14.

George Washington

The tyrants ruled; the world was dark with gloom,
But brave souls kept the faith and fought the fight;
American freemen prayed to God to send
Them a great leader worthy of the cause,
A Moses in the realm of liberty,
Who would be able to build freedom's State.
The Father heard and gave heed to their cry.
When the great race, grown strong in justice, truth
And right, in conscience and in moral worth,
Was ready to receive a Washington,
A family of the great race gave us
The man equipped in body, mind and heart.
The Spirit made him from the best the race
Could give and trained him in the school of life,
In hardship in the wilderness, in wars
With Indians and in the legislature.

In mind he was majestic as the sea,
As constant as the flow and ebb of tide,
As loyal to duty as sun is to earth.
Although the passion of volcanic fire
Was in his brain, he usually was calm
As placid lake, or lovely day in June.
He had the patience and restraint of stars,
The honor of a martyr at the stake,
The courage of a Socrates or Tell,
And the stability of a mountain range.
He was Apollo's man in face and form;
In dignity of thought and moral worth,
He stood among men like a Grecian god.

He may have been like Fabius in war,
But he won a new world for liberty;
And he helped make a charter and a realm
That were the envy of the princes and kings.
He was a master builder on the earth,
He changed the destiny of the human race;
As Nature serves mankind without reward
So Washington, without pay, served the State.
He made the world a better world, gave men
The joy of hope and faith in government.
When he had finished his great work, his life
Went out like flaming sun at close of day.

As the setting sun paints red the skies
With all the splendor of a world of gold,
So Washington, dying in his earthly glory,
Sheds splendor on his nation and mankind.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 41.

Abraham Lincoln

(Praised by Theodore Roosevelt)

He was born in a small log hut
 In the woods of a Southern land,
Where mountains rear their lofty heads,
 Where rivers gurgles o'er the sand.
This lowly son
 Was Nature's chosen one;
She had a work for him to do;
 Sublime and great
 By the decree of fate;
To God and man his heart beat true.

This homely toiler, tall and gaunt,
 Split fence rails in the forest wild,
For he could use the maul and axe,
 The things he played with when a child.
 His hands were tough,
 His mien was rude and rough,
But his great soul was clean and just,
 And full of love
 That came from heaven above—
Love never marred by greed or lust.

There came a change to this rude man
 Of giant frame and rugged face;
The nation asked for a true man,
 A lover of the human race,
 To guide the state
 Through storm and war and hate;
To save his country, strong and brave,
 Rose Lincoln, then,
 The godliest of men,
To do his work and gain a grave.

He saved the nation, freed the slaves,
 And spoke kind words to everyone;
He wiped away the tears of grief,
 And thus all hearts by him were won.
 This man uncouth
 Embodiment of truth,
Ranks with the foremost of the ages,
 His deeds divine

Will ever shine
In glory on our country's pages.
This man whose heart and mind were pure,
 The product of the common poor,
Touches our hearts and him we love;
 His rugged face, sad and demure,
 Tells us a story
 Of tragedy and glory.
He died but left a glorious name,
 The symbol of the right,
 And mounted Honor's height
To live immortal in our country's fame.

He fell a martyr to the cause
 Of freedom and exalting man;
He was the glory of the war,
 A brave and true American.
 Prophetic sight,
 And judgment bright
Of all made him the master soul.
 A patriot grand,
 The calmest in the land,
He led the way and reached the goal.

You rulers of this mighty land!
 You selfish leaders, great and small,
Let Lincoln teach you how to rule!
 He is the model. for us all.
 Our faith in him
 Shall never grow dim;
Within our hearts he is enshrined,
 He lived and died
 The nation's pride,
The grand inspiration of mankind.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 42.

Nature's Art

There's art in music Nature makes;
We hear it in the breeze or rain,
Or in the gurgle of the brook,
And in the lashing of sea waves.

Love tales are in each spear of grass,
And sweet romances are in the flowers;
And every story that they tell
Has beauty for the heart and mind.

In the library of the woods,
The trees are Nature's precious books;
They tell the stories of the ages
Superbly in consummate art.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 44.

Who Is A Real Man?

Who is a real man?
Is he an ox in size,
A vigorous animal
With a strong punch?
No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Is he a little runt,
Who's small in soul and mind,
Who struts and stares?
No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Is he a boasting cur,
Or lazy boob or knave,
Or low and mean in life?
No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Is he an ass or bore,
A rubber stamp or tool,
A snob or fool?
No?

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Is he mute or is he cute,
A pretty fellow,
Or an ugly brute?
No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Do money and fine clothes,
And a palace make him one?
No!

These do not make a man.

Who is a real man?
Does he scoff at the code,
And break his country's laws?
No!

These do not make a man.

Is a thrifty, honest man
With courage and good sense
Who lives the law of right,
And helps his fellow men
A real man?

Yes!

These virtues make a man.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 44.

Mother Waits

She loved the out of doors,
 The gold of day,
The orchard, field and lawn,
 The mountains gray.

She walked among the flowers,
 The larkspurs blue,
Caressed the lilies and loved
 The roses too.

Oft she sat on our porch
 In her rocking chair,
And in her brown eyes shone
 A heavenly prayer.
One day they carried her out
 Broken like an urn,
And took her to God's acre
 To never return.

I think in some new world
 She surely waits
My homeward coming at
 The sun set gates.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 45.

The Perfect Note

I'll sing each day my heartfelt songs
 From morn till starry eve;
 They may be harsh to tuneful ears,
 The best I can conceive.

But I'll keep singing on the trail,
 Though burdens I may tote,
Till old experience teaches me
 To sing the perfect note.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 46.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 213.

Life's Purpose

I live to labor and to serve,
To grow in beauty, love and truth,
To follow Nature, honor God,
And to mature a son of light.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 46.

Finis

Out of my heart the lyrics sprung,
 My tribute to the blessed one;
Perchance my last song has been sung;
 My book of lyrics I have done.

Publication. *Lyrics of Lorelee* (1948), source page 46.

THE NATION'S DESTINY

The 1949 collection

The Nation's Destiny

The wonder realm, America,
Was founded by an able group
Of fearless, enterprising men
Who were progressive and upright,
Who valued freedom more than life,
Who gave us true Democracy,
The kind that grew a stalwart race.
They founded clean and happy homes,
Begot good offspring for the realm.
They built the college, school and church,
Gave every one a chance to grow
In mind and soul and heart and thrift,
The qualities that make a man.
"Tis quality not quantity:
That makes and keeps a nation great.

Since its birth in the long ago
The character and ability
Of citizens have slowly changed.
The melting pot of good and bad
With those of small intelligence
Has failed the realm in many ways.
The interbreeding of the races,
And sundry nationals and strains
Have not produced the race expected.
Has this nation waited too long?
Have inferiority,
Corruption, degeneration and crime
Forever undermined the kind
Of people who keep a nation great?
Is it now paying the dire price
For violating Nature's law?

Greece at the peak of greatness was
The glory of the mental world;
Her great and talented men excelled
In every line of thought and work;
Rome in a better, happier day
Was the chief city of the world;
She had scores of great, famous men
Who left imprints upon the ages.
As great, imperialistic nations,
They opened wide their nation's gates,

And let inferior peoples in
With whom they interbred and they
Forthwith deteriorated in mind
And character and their greatness died.

Great nations were not founded by chance,
And didn't survive by accident.
The fact and undisputed is
That they could only hope to live
Through high grade mass intelligence,
And loyalty and deep devotion
To virtue and eternal truth.
What made and kept the nations great
Were the virtues of their people;
When virtue perished from their lives,
The nations perished from the earth.

Will the United States, best hope
Of freedom in the world, repeat
And die as older nations died,
Or will he live and cure his ills,
Help free the world of ignorance,
And slavery and superstition,
And the misfit and the unfit,
The true salvation of the races?
God save this nation, keep it great!

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 6.

Deathless Love

I was young, Loralée was young,
The hour we met and fell in love;
In vision on that day I saw
A scene of death, it seemed to say:
“You will not wed her on this earth;
You must mature, learn much, do much
Before you are prepared for her.”

Fate matched her mind and heart with mine;
In harmony our natures blended
Like rain bow colors of the sky.
There was a union of our souls;
She lived for me and I for her;
Her love sustained me through the years,
And influenced my destiny.

I was appraised by her as well
As praised for good she saw in me;
With love, sweet Nature sealed our hearts
And our spirits with eternal youth.
She was a treasure sent to me
To bless and guide me on this earth.

She was young and in full bloom
That saddest hour, the day she died;
She ripened first on earth and left
Me here alone for further growth.
Through long, long years I have worked hard,
Learned much, did much and grew in faith;
I have conserved a youthful mind,
And love as fresh as radiant morn
Still lives within this heart of mine.

Perchance my long noviate
Has amply trained me for the ages,
In my adventure in new worlds,
With her, my angel, at my side.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 7.

In Tune

I live in harmony with her,
And love keeps each of us in tune;
Though far across the sea she lives,
I feel the beating of her heart.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 8.

The Spiritual Flame

My Lorelee was real and true,
The maiden of the beautiful,
A mortal who was near ideal
In mind and body, soul and heart.
My love for her ignit'd in me
A new and glowing spiritu'l fire;
All of the power of my soul
Ran through my life to honor her
As the first lady of my heart;
Emotion's everlasting flame
Burned up all other loves I knew;
I never felt such love before,
Such inspiration and exaltation.

The fervor of the spiritu'l flame,
The passion ardent as the sun,
Were deepened with the passing years,
And gave me strength to do my work,
And tireless courage to complete it.
That love will live beyond my life,
A soul light of eternity.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 8.

Soul Music

The golden strains of melody
That come from wonder worlds unknown
Are ever singing in my soul,
And they inspire, keep me in tune
With beauty and the Infinite,
And open up my vision to
The glory of the spiritu'l life.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 9.

The Mystic Tide

My tireless spirit, eager heart
Are active as the surging sea.
Mind is dynamic energy;
It drives me through the world of thought.

Life's mystic tide rolls in, flows out,
 And bears me far from earth and home
To golden isles of magic song
In a star gemmed universe.

On the blue waters of the sky
In a boat of dreams I ride
Out on the gulf of eternity
Into a world of mystery.
 A burst of splendor meets my eyes,
 Great spiritu'l music greets my ears,
 My soul is borne far on the flood
 Beyond the universal dawn.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 9.

Nature's Grandeur

The grandeur seen upon this earth
Fills my soul with majesty
And opens up the universe,
And helps me understand God's work.

The billows roll upon the sea,
And crash against the rocky shore;
Their thunder echoes through the sky,
And I react to Nature's force.

Majestic are the spouting geysers,
The gushers of a scenic land;
They vomit boiling water from
The bowels of volcanic earth.

The snowy peak in grandeur rises
Out of the green forests at its base,
And penetrates the azure skies,
And stays the progress of the stars
As they look at its majesty.
It nourishes rivers and the vales,
And helps to feed the countless throng
Who live within its area.
Upon its side the glacier lives;
In summer time one often sees
An avalanche of melting snow
Rush headlong down the mountain slope,
And sweep away the rocks and trees,
And make a pathway to the vale.

Great Nature ditched through mighty rocks
The splendid canyon and deep chasm
Which holds the leaping, rushing river
On its mad journey to the sea;
The turbulent waters, wild and grand,
Which plunge over precipice,
And thunder down the deep abyss,
Fill me with awe and solemn wonder.

The falling waters and high cliff,
The pinnacles of sculptured rock,
The carved ravine and mass of foam
Inspire and elevate the soul.
Great Nature carved those walls of stone
With graphic images, magic scenes,

And painted them with flaming colors
Of rainbow hues and sun set gold.

For all this splendid scenery,
The magic work of an artist's hand,
Give heartfelt thanks to the living God,
And sing His praise forevermore.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 11.

Euclid Avenue, California

In California's citrus vale
 Beneath a sunny, Southern sky,
The beauties of this street regale
 My mind and fascinate my eye.

I often walk this sylvan street,
 And through the vista, green and long,
A loveliness I see and greet,
 And feel the majesty of song.

The flowers, trees and shrubs and shade
 Inspire me in my daily stroll;
The blades of grass uniquely made
 Are little poems for my soul.

On old world shores let others roam,
 And travel on the Appian Way,
Or stroll on famous streets of Rome,
 Or saunter on the Champs Elysees.

This street is good enough for me
 O'er looked by mountains, tall and grand;
Forever in my memory
 Will live this lovely street and land.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 12.

Shelley

A rising star above the horizon,
He shone with dazzling brilliancy;
A star of the first magnitude
Who was born in a stupid age,
And lived his glorious life among
Those lacking vision, pewee men,
Who could not comprehend his worth,
Nor understand his thought and dream.

He clothed himself in gold star dust,
And drank his fill at beauty's spring;
He rode in lightning's chariot,
And thunder's song, he learned to sing.
On wings of fancy he explored
The world of ether and the moon;
He soared among the rolling stars,
And caught their music in his song.

The splendor of his mighty work
Blind'd their eyes like the glowing sun;
Through ignorance and prejudice
They published libels 'gainst his name.
Few persons read his precious books
Until long after his sad death.
At last his work has been redeemed,
And the great poet lives forever,
A splendid, major luminary.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 13.

Beloved

Beloved you come-robed in stars;
Upon your brow are rain bow bars;
The cross is hanging on your breast;
Against it let my warm lips rest.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 13.

The Beautiful

The beautiful by Nature painted
 On mountains, valleys, hills and plains,
 And rivers, forests, skies and sea
 Appeals to me as the work of God.
The beautiful, my soulful queen,
In grandeur reigns from her pure throne;
She is a glory of my dreams,
The substance of my poetry;
Through her I feel the life divine.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 13.

Grand Music

I have heard music which has charmed
And haunted me all of my life;
It oped the world of mystery,
And gave me dreams I never solved.

Sweet music feeds my seeking soul
On beauty of the Infinite;
It helps to hold me in my place
As gravity sustains the stars;
It blends me with the heart of love,
And trains me for the life supreme.

Celestial music tunes the sky,
And fills the universe with song,
And harmonizes eternity,
And puts rhythm in revolving worlds.
Blest is the grand, sweet music
Which speaks of mystery and truth,
And brings me heav'nly harmony,
And leads me by the hand of faith
Into the life and love of God.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 14.

Love Of Country

The man who dearly loves his country,
Loves more than cities, land and mines;
He loves his people, rich and poor,
And feels true brotherhood for them,
And friendship and strong fellowship,
And wishes them a happy fate.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 14.

The Path Of Glory

The path of glory leads to fame
And makes immortal some new name.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 14.

The Transition

If we live right and do our part,
And treat our neighbors on the square,
All the reward which we have earned
Will be paid to us in this life.

Why should some future life exact
From us a penalty for our
Misdeeds or pay us for good deeds
Performed by us upon the earth?
The character of every one
Should pass the judgment of the Judge
In each new life, in some new world
For what it is, not what it was.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 15.

Win The Prize

Respect the rights of others,
But live your own true life;
Work out your salvation,
Don't take it second hand;
Think right, do right and you
Will win the spirit's prize.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 15.

Man's Understanding

Man's understanding of the truth
Is ever changing in his life.
The things he knows to day as facts
To morrow may be branded fiction.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 15.

Oblivion

He was a statesman so they say;
His service brought him fame one day;
And then death stole his life and fame
And who'll remember now his name?

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 15.

The Contrast

The cowards shrink from every danger,
They fear their shadows on the ground;
The brave men battle every foe,
And live their principles to the grave.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 16.

With Jessamine

I dreamed I were in a world of light
Where suns were ever shining bright,
A world of splendor and romance
Where angels in good form could dance.
And there it was my happy fate
To meet my former, waltzing mate,
The lovely, graceful Jessamine
Whose soul was music and divine.

The memories of long past years
Were there revived and brought us tears;
And in the rapture of that hour
Our love asserted soulful power.
She still possessed her earthly charms,
And I entwined her with my arms;
And we saluted with kiss on kiss
And felt the glory of love's bliss.

We heard a grand waltz melody;
It stirred our hearts with dancing glee;
Inspired by music, sweet, sublime
We whirled and stepped with good, waltz time;
We danced the poetry of motion
As truly as waves of the ocean;
And dancing there with phantom feet,
Our happiness was near complete.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 16.

Where Flowers Bloom

Down in my heart the flowers bloom,
Yea, bloom in beauty like the rose,
And when I die may they still bloom
Out of the pure dust of my heart.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 16.

The Heavenly Twins

Both love and truth walk hand in hand
Down through the wor'd from stars above;
They are the things which God has made
To bless and make a better man.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 17.

Which Shall It Be?

Behind me lies the old tradition,
The errors of theology;
Before me lie the truths unknown
Which should be solved from day to day.

Should I look back or look ahead?
Should I lean on the past and wait,
Or travel onward to the light?
My answer is “give me more light.”

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 17.

Worry

Worry is life's potent evil;
It kills more people than the wars.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 17.

The Masonic Lodge

In distant lands though I may roam,
My lodge will ever be my home;
And when I feel the weight of care,
I shall remember the kindness there.
The old lodge is a brotherly place
Which earthly scenes could not efface.

When I behold a world that is vain,
My thoughts turn to my lodge again;
Fraternal memories renew
A love and faith that is deep and true.
Long may the lodge its blessings give,
And may its work forever live.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 17.

Three Links Lodge

Give me a lodge, a kindly home,
Where heart felt blessings ever come,
Where bicker and strife are never known,
Where bright smiles drive away the frown.

Give me a lodge where men live right,
Where deeds and words are lamps of light,
Where God reigns in the brother's heart,
Where every member does his part.

Give me a lodge where hearts unite,
Where brothers meet with keen delight,
Where friendship, love and truth sustain
Us in our work which is humane.

Give me the grip of the clasping hand
With warmth that I shall understand,
Which leaves a thought that is kind and true,
That will help me when I leave you.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 18.

The Home Lodge

Good evening brothers, glad to be here,
Your presence bring to me good cheer,
Beneath some other roof or dome,
I do not feel so much at home.

Here I behold the friends of old
Whose friendships are above pure gold,
Who carry on the three links plan
Which helps me and the other man.

The lodge will close, I shall depart
With kindly feelings in my heart;
I shall remember with delight
This happy hour, good night, good night.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 18.

My Courtly Dame

My California, courtly dame,
I love you and I laud your name;
Your golden hair and dark blue eyes
Are like the dawn and azure skies;
Your dress is forests of dark green
And floral groves and lustrous sheen;
White diamond peaks deck your fine hair
Along with flowers, sweet and rare;
The cactus desert shoes your feet;
The stars of Heav'n in your crown meet.

Upon your lovely face the while
Belov'd I see the sweetest smile;
The rivers and the rippling creeks
With mountain water bathe your cheeks;
The ocean with its rolling waves
Your graceful limbs and bosom laves;
Beneath the golden skies unfurled
You are the beauty of the world,
The queen of love, the pride of man,
The glory of great Nature's plan.

Christ gave the world beatitude;
I give you my deep gratitude;
I sing your praise; it is my duty;
You are more than a land of beauty.
I came here ill, some said I'd die
But your warm clime and sunny sky
Saved me from an untimely end;
Quite soon my health began to mend;
You nursed me back to strength and health,
And oped your coffer, gave me wealth.

No music nor a splendid ode
Could match your glory born of God;
For you belov'd my heart beats true,
You've blest me and I honor you.
And I will love you, sing your praise
With deep devotion all my days;

From you I never shall depart;
In slumber I lie on your heart;
And when I seek eternal rest
I hope to lie within your breast.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 19.

Creative Song

When I'm creating noble song
My happiest moments come to me;
It is the work of greatest love,
And other pleasures fade away
Like morning's evanescent hues.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 20.

Success

Thought, vision, energy and will,
Initiative to make the chance,
And do and dare to win the prize,
And lo! the victory is won.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 20.

Going West

He spoke of going West; his face
Was radiant as the sun kissed morn;
Benevolence was in his smile,
And he was gentle as a lamb.
He said "In glory I see Him."
He said no more but I suspect
He may have seen the face of Christ.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 20.

Time

Past time is in the grave,
The present throbs with life,
The future is a guess
For millions now on earth.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 20.

Epitaph

Here lies his bones in humble state,
A part and portion of the earth.
He died and lives a greater man
In death than he lived in his life;
Mankind has since appraised his worth,
And found him greater than they thought. '

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 20.

Worthy Ambition

Let's live such busy, useful lives
In doing good so we shall not
Find time to dissipate and waste
Our thoughts and years in idleness.

Life is a waste of barren sand,
If we do not exert ourselves,
And use the gifts which God gave us
To make a better, happier world.

Let us use wisdom, make due haste,
And end the useless, social waste,
And idleness and ignorance,
And evil living and poverty.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 21.

Grand Events

In the heaven of eternity,
In green vales and on golden peaks
May live great souls whose births and. lives
Were grand events of the universe.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 21.

My Little Friend

I used to have a little friend,
A singer called a mockingbird;
He was the poet of the birds;
He visited me a poet man;
He came to my front yard each day,
And greeted me with friendly songs.
When he arrived he bowed to me
Politely and with dignity,
And then out of his happy heart
He poured immortal melody.

What sweetness and what love he knew,
What rapture in his flood of song,
What heartfelt beauty in his tunes;
He drove away the cares of life,
And filled my heart with ecstasy.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 21.

My Youthful Friends

Many hearts that throbbed with joy
In the wild days of my lost youth
Now molder in their earthly graves.
Their merry voices are silent now,
And closed forever the kindly eyes
Which used to shine with vivacity.
Cold are the hands I often grasped,
And shook with eager, hearty glee,
But now and then those youthful friends
Appear in mind and memory,
And bring to me a pleasant thought.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 22.

Judgment

I sit in judgment on my thoughts
A part of every working day;
I hearken to the inner voice
Discuss the merits of each thought,
And where it would lead me if I
Should carry it into effect.
I deeply read the law of life,
And meditate and reason long
Ere I decide to make a thought
A deed and mold my future fate.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 22.

Evil Versus Goodness

When man commits an evil act,
He violates a sacred law;
When he performs a righteous deed,
He lives the law that is divine;
One law gives him great happiness,
The other brings him misery.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 22.

Victory

The greatest victory I won
Was my great victory over self;
I was not decorated by man
But I received the soul's true praise.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 23.

The Traveler

I travel through infinity,
The deep abyss of mystery;
The stars are my divinity,
The pilots of my destiny
On the road in eternity,
The road that has no terminal.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 23.

Life's Evolution

I knock at the gate of my soul;
It opens wide and I behold
A world I've never seen before;
I enter into the new world,
And learn grand lessons there and grow
In moral stature; then I knock
Again and the gate opens wide;
I enter into another world,
And learn more lessons, then pass on,
And on through other gates until
I pass through life's last golden gate.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 23.

Two Eternities

We live between two eternities,
The eternities of birth and death;
Ours is a mystic destiny
Of great responsibilities.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 23.

Passion

The passion which speaks from conviction
Proclaims a man who is sincere,
Who dares to think and dares to speak
No matter what the cost may be.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 24.

The Wish

The stars in the blue firmament
Waltz to eternal music there;
They whirl in beauty, grace and love
Like grandest waltzers on the earth.
I wish I were a shining star
Just for one night in heaven's hall
So I could waltz with other stars.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 24.

An Eden

A nation with no dolts nor beggars,
No lunatics nor ignorant,
No degenerates, nor criminals,
No prostitutes, nor sons of greed
Would be a splendid place to live.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 24.

Come Children

Come children let us mount the stars
 On soaring thoughts, in fancy's flight,
 And dance and sing as the stars roll
 On axes through the boundless space;
 And grab a meteor, throw it far
Across the face of the full moon;
 And watch the wave light strike a star,
 And hear it crash and die in sound.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 24.

Bankrupt

A man is bankrupt when he loses
The confidence of real friends,
When in him they do not believe
Because of his dishonesty.

He may acquire estates and wealth,
Live in a mansion, make a show,
And exercise large business power
But in true worth he will be poor.

If he has sound integrity,
And values honor more than lies
Though he may live in poverty,
He'll not be poor but rich indeed.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 25.

Preparation

My feet stand firmly on the ground,
My hands perform my daily work;
My heart beats true to God and man,
World betterment is in my mind.
By these means I prepare myself
To meet requirements of a man.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 25.

World Peace

The basis of true brotherhood
Is kindly thinking, helpful deeds,
The will to work in harmony
With others to unite mankind.
True friendship and kind brotherhood
Among the peoples of the earth
Would bring understanding and prepare
The nations for eternal peace.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 25.

Inflation

Inflation is a curse of man,
The evil heart's most greedy plan;
Like wild fire in a flaming rage,
It is the menace of the age.
The living cost soars to the skies,
And we pay tribute to groups and guys.
Our dollar is worth thirty cents;
Our loss goes to the greedy gents.
Inflation doles out the poor ration,
And helps to ruin every nation.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 26.

Depression

Depression is hard on private wealth
But oft it's good for public health;
A dollar is worth a hundred cents,
And humbleness vetoes insolence.

Depression never killed a nation;
It's merely Heaven's invitation
To meet God in repentant prayer,
And think right and live on the square.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 26.

Large Wealth

A greedy dupe must pay the price,
And health and morals sacrifice;
In his hard struggle to get rich,
He gives his life for a small niche.

Financial loss fills him with dread,
And grays his hair, makes bald his head,
Brings indigestion, sallow skin,
Puts wrinkles on his cheek and chin.
His haunting fears he can not shake;
Insomnia keeps him awake
At night by strong, nerve, wrecking power;
All these he gives for wealth's brief hour.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 26.

Ideals

Ideals and fine sentiment
Are vain indeed if they do not
Improve the character of man,
And give him strength to live them.

Without ideals life is dark
As some black dungeon or a cave,
And barren as the drifting sand,
And useless as a garden weed.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 27.

The Bard

The bard who feels the mighty urge
Will sing the song which is inspired;
His song will come straight from the heart,
And anchor in some other mind.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 27.

The Master Port

The master poet for his work
Must have the brain to think and solve
The problems of the human race,
To understand the human heart,
And by his love and sympathy
Sing truth into the human soul.

Behind his song must be a life
Whose standards are the very best,
Whose sense of justice, truth and right,
And love and beauty are profound.
His language and his noble thought
Will sound emotion's sacred depths,
And fire the heart with lofty love,
And fill the human soul with beauty,
And stir the deepest patriotism
In loyal, patriotic hearts,
And goad the hero on to high
Heroic deeds when duty calls.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 27.

The Peak

The peak's cold brow is in the sky;
Its feet are at the valley's door,
A crown of snow is on its head.

I stand where I can see the green
Clad valley, orchards in sweet bloom,
The leafy forest on the hill,
The mountains and the snowy peak,
The ocean and the rolling waves;
A silver star and the full moon
Shine dimly in the distant sky,
And I meet beauty face to face.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 28.

The Artist

The artist in his line creates
New beauty for the eye and mind,
And opens Nature's heart to man,
And makes the world more beautiful.

Pure art is true to Nature's law
In picture, music, song and story;
It shows refinement and good taste,
And it reveals a spiritu'l beauty.
It opens up new scenic worlds,
And one forgets the common place.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 28.

Future Monument

The monument of the future man
Will honor noble character,
Enlightened mind which served mankind
Instead of greed and private gain.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 28.

The Frontier

Long, long ago to the waste land
Where rivers flow across the sand
In forests of the remote frontier
Came the aggressive pioneer
To his new home in the distant west,
The end of his long trek and quest.

He had no fear of beast or man;
His motto was “I will, I can”.
He fought wild brutes, wild men and won;
His weapons were his fists and gun;
He conquered Nature and the land,
And built an empire, great and grand.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 29.

The Four Bards

The world's great love bards, numbered four,
Dante, Petrarch and Burns and one more;
They were the lovers, grand, supreme,
Whose souls put magic in love's dream.
Chief glories of love on the earth,
These poets gave it a new birth.

Because each loved and loved so deeply,
Gave his best love to one completely,
Proclaimed his deathless love so timely,
And sang his splendid songs divinely,
Each one will live and never die;
His luster's like the shining sky.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 29.

The New Civilization

The dawn of the new revolution
Is peeping over the mountain peak;
It's painting the sky with a red glow,
And ushering in a reformation
Which is preceding the grand birth
Of a new civilization made
By mass intelligence, assist'd
By competent, wholesome character.
This civilization will rule the world,
And multitudes will walk the road
With gods down through the centuries,
And hear the grand hosannas sung
By angels of the heav'nly choir.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 29.

Learn Peace

As universal life flows through us
We share the lives of others, their joys
And sorrows and all they hope or feel;
And thus we learn the secret of peace,
And how to live in peace with others.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 30.

First Duty

I am a citiz'n of life's realm,
A spirit of eternity,
But my first duty is to protect
My nation for it is my home.

Home is the dearest place on earth,
And it has made me what I am:
True gratitude is ever mine,
A life of service is my proof.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 30.

The Heights Of Life

Progressive man may reach the heights
Of character and excellence,
Through mental cleaning, knowledge, thought,
Unselfishness and sympathy,
And love and service for the right.

The clean, upright, developed soul
Should be resplendent as the stars,
Or sunset gold, or rain bow hues,
And be a shining light for others
In the long climb up manhood's peak.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 30.

The Flash

Oft times a light known to the soul
Will flash across my dreaming mind
Revealing to me the life of lives.
I hope to make the picture mine,
And to repaint it for mankind
In golden words, inspiring song.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 31.

The Heroic Warrior

The brave and dashing warrior in
The urge of mighty battle fights
Like whirlpools, or mad, sea waves,
Or like the furious waters rush
And leap o'er precipice or cliff,
Or like the lightning shoots across
The clouded sky with death like stroke,
Or like a cyclone sweeps the earth.
He is a mad man in his fight,
And has so sense of fear nor death.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 31.

New Thought

Let each new thought which dawns in mind
Be a bright star and a new heaven
To guide you in your work and life,
And bless you each and every day.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 31.

The Vision

When I catch the fleeting glory
Of evanescent beauty, I
Behold the immortality
That's only seen by spiritu'l eyes.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 31.

The Wanderer

A sunset on this earth for me,
A darkness then a blazing star
To guide me on my endless voyage
Across a broad and mystic sea.

And in my spirit's phantom bark
I'll sail and sail forever on,
A journey through the universe,
To learn and live the life unknown.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 32.

Freedom

Freedom has no boundary lines;
It's boundless as the universe,
And endless like eternity,
And is the hope of progression.

Freedom is the aim of man
In his great struggle on the earth;
Freedom from such human laws
As tyrants make to hold him down.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 32.

Sunshine Or Darkness

Would you be sun shine or dark night
To other persons whom you meet?
You are the maker of your fate;
As you think and act so you are.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 32.

The Three

For love of country, woman and home,
The poet Burns wrote his fine songs,
And Shelley sang of spiritu'l beauty,
And Wordsworth opened Nature's book
So all might read the lessons there.
To these three singers of great songs
The world will ever owe a debt.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 32.

Conscience

My conscience is the voice of God;
It is the higher law for me,
And nothing that man has to give
Will make me violate the law.
If I am wrong I will get right,
If right I will not yield to others.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 33.

The Worthy Wife

She, the thoughtful, worthy wife,
Embodies love and spiritu'l life;
Unselfish as a friendly tree,
Her heart is full of sympathy.

She is efficient, true as steel,
And gives her mate much help and weal;
With the right man she makes a home
Where separation will never come.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 33.

Imagination And Reason

The strong imagination which
Lives in the great, creative mind,
And soars on wings of thought is joined
To reason with a yoke of steel.

The bard surveys his story's scope,
The range and area of his song,
And reason marks the boundary line
And fences in his thought domain.

His fine imagination is then
Turned free in this story realm,
To picture and to father thoughts
Which meet requirements of his song.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 33.

Due Credit

The genius has creative mind,
And he invents new, useful things
In every line of thought that helps
Improve the welfare of mankind.

The mediocre or average man
Oft has a competent, thinking mind,
And does his work efficiently,
And helps improve the growing race.

Among the energetic men
Some are ambitious for applause;
Some rise to temporary fame,
And others to eternal renown.

All men, the common and the great,
Who do some good and useful work,
And help to make a better world
Deserve due credit for their worth.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 34.

The Poet And The Musician

The sweet musician and the bard
Were ardent and congenial friends;
In temperament they were akin,
And they had similar tastes and views.
She had dark eyes and his were blue;
Her hair was black and his was brown;
She was of middle height and plump,
And he was very tall and slim.

They were companions for some time;
Their friends thought they were lovers too,
But for some reason no one knew
They part'd and never met again.
The musician married another man;
Thereafter the bard met his true mate;
His fiance soon after died,
And the bereft bard never wed.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 34.

The Essentials

Give me the mind of harmony,
And a clean, understanding heart,
And they will lead me on the road
Until I meet Him face to face.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 35.

Aspiration

May I work with the tools of art,
And build a ladder to the sky,
And mount the planets and the stars,
And travel on through time and space,
And leave a trail across the sky.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 35.

The Precious Thing

A benefactor of the race
Performs a vital work for men;
To him the precious thing is time
So he may fully do his work.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 35.

Calamity

For us calamity will end
An era in our mortal lives;
Calamity is a revolution;
It changes our thoughts and way of life;
It may improve our characters,
Or it may ruin us forever.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 35.

Degradation And Elevation

He who degrades another, degrades
Himself and he who elevates
Another, elevates himself,
And may knock at the door of God.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 35.

Dissipation

Wild dissipations, foul desires,
The source of degeneration, sin,
Damnation, suicide and crime,
Deprave the mind, pervert the soul.

When shall men have sense enough,
Have firm and moral strength enough
To live their lives as decently
As animals live their dumb lives.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 36.

Schools

Poor schools a backward nation make;
Good schools a potent country build;
The first keep folks in ignorance,
The last make people wise and great.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 36.

The Passing Era I

The chattel slaves have come and gone,
And union labor does the work;
Its power too will end some day;
Machinery then will do the work.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 36.

Courage

Think deeply, live a fearless life,
Accept no statement if it is
Not proven though it may be made
By some one in authority.
Dare to search Nature's mystic laws,
And question every purported fact.

Have strength and courage to do right
At the right time and to speak right
Regardless of what others may say,
Regardless of the opinion of the world.

It takes great courage to live right,
But only little courage to die;
The first requires a long, hard fight;
The last is short, goes by default.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 36.

The Bravest

The man who dies a hero's death
In honor on some battle field
May not be the bravest man.
The one who lives the noblest life
Though persecuted, reviled, abused,
Perhaps should rank the braver man.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 37.

Who Not?

Would you make the State a safe place
For those who are fit to survive?
Would you advance society?
Would you make true religion work?
Would you provide a competent race,
Progressive and intelligent,
And blessed with upright character,
And able to perpetuate
Its kind through the coming ages?
Would you let penal buildings rot,
And end the inmate life forever,
And put all those employed there,
And those used to preserve the peace
At useful and productive work,
And thus abolish useless tax?

If so quit breeding the unfit,
And breed a better, stronger race
That could and would build a great State
And a progressive civilization
Enduring as eternity.
It is time for the master race
To come and change world destiny.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 37.

Victory Or Defeat

The greedy nations of white men
Must give up warring 'mong themselves,
Or perish by their greed from earth.
Perhaps those best fitted to survive
In mass intelligence and worth
May waive their pride and federate
In order to preserve their kind,
And their ideals and civilization,
And freedom and the growth of man.
Then they may cut out the unfit,
And sire a race fit to survive.
The conflict 'twixt the serfs and free

Like cyclones is inevitable,
And it will be a war of races
For freedom or for slavery.
The great race will make its last stand
And win a lasting victory
For liberty, enlightenment,
Truth, justice and superior men,
Or meet defeat and with the fall
Will crash the culture of the ages,
And all of the race will become
The slaves of fierce, inferior races.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 38.

The Races

God made the races and placed them right;
Each one was given a continent
Whereon it might conceive and breed
Its kind and color with no fear
Of mixing with some other race
And color in an outcast stock.

This was God's way and Nature's way,
But greed of men for wealth and trade,
And everything which money buys
Caused races to leave their native lands,
 And migrate to some other realm
 Owned by some other alien race;
 And there they interbred and then
 Deterioration of the races
 And hatred for each other began.

The races will not live in peace
Together if one rules the other.
One government is not broad enough
To satisfy two potent races.
The segregation of the races
Is the only hope for peace;
Each race requires a separate realm,
And its own kind of government.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 38.

True Happiness

Give man peace, harmony and beauty,
And he should live a happy life.
True happiness is a flower grown
Down in the garden of the heart,
But like the lily it needs care
Lest it should wither and bloom no more.

The happiest man who ever lived
Was the embodiment of love;
He thought right and he acted right,
And served and helped his fellow men.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 39.

Killing Time

He is aimless who kills time,
And he will not succeed in life;
To kill time is to kill one's self;
Make time live and he will live.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 39.

Books

Vile books are written by greedy folks
Who sell their minds and lives for wealth;
Bad books are low, degrading things
That poison thoughts, deprave the mind.

Great books are written by great souls,
And they enrich the reader's mind;
They give him wisdom, knowledge, light,
And help make him a better man.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 40.

Preserve Freedom

Great God preserve sweet freedom and peace,
And quiet now the struggling nations;
We hope the tyrants will agree,
And live in peace with freedom's men.
But this fond hope may not come true;
Past history proves such hopes are vain.
Free governments do not survive
With mighty, tyrant governments.

The tyrants hope to rule the world,
And make mankind accept their code.
Are free men to be the dogs of tyrants,
Or serfs or puppets to their will?
Down with the tyrants everywhere,
The foes of freedom, progress and hope,
And of lore and mass intelligence,
And of independent thinkers who
Dare raise their voices against such rule!

The tyrants rule with iron hands,
And blast the free men's hope and plan
For full development of the mind.
They hold men to moronic grades
Except the masters who would rule;
They would seize men and grasp their throats
Who dare assert the thinkers' right,
And rise above the common serf
In character and intelligence.

LIFE

The cadence of a noble life
Is like the harmony of music;
It goes into some other heart,
And elevates and blesses the soul.

Life is perplexing mystery,
A wilderness and a flower garden,
A battle ground and a tabernacle,
A desert and a shining star,
A world of love, a sea of hate,
Constructive and bestial,
A heaven and a hell on earth.
Life is what man makes it; he is
The master of his destiny.

E'en though the life of man should end
Forever at his death on earth,
E'en though there were no future life,
No other world for him to go to,
Life is worth the living when;
It is lived right and man's a man.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 40.

Perfection

Perfection is not a fixed fact

Of any man or of any group;
No one has proven to mankind
That he has lived a perfect life.
It is only theory and a dream,
An ignis fatuous to chase.

If this is good for all mankind
Why should it not be good for Him
Who made man and the Universe?
Perhaps He is a growing Soul
Like all his progeny. Who knows?

He made great Nature and her laws
Which govern earth and sea and air,
And all the stars which dot the sky.
We know that Nature and her laws
Are far from perfect on this earth;

Forever there is constant change,
Old things are ever changing form,
And building up anew to meet
Requirements of a growing world.

If He were perfect as some think
How could He make imperfect things?
Man is His image so they say,
But man we know is incomplete.
If He had made a perfect world
Progression would have ended then;
Perfection is the final goal;
There is nothing further to be done.
With no incentive men would live
Monotonous, useless, dreary lives,
And they would forfeit happiness,
And vanish from the Universe.

’Tis well perfection is a dream,
A fleeting goal no one could reach,
But should pursue so man may grow
And follow God forevermore.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 41.

The Last Stronghold

’Tis said with some degree of truth
The day has come when the South is
The last stronghold of those who are
Descended from the founders of
America who built the walls
Of steel of sterling character,
And strong intelligence on which
Intelligence and character,
And liberty might wisely build
A superstructure to stand forever.

Publication. *The Nation’s Destiny* (1949), source page 42.

Eugenic Life

Let human science prepare mankind
To do the work that must be done
If the race hopes to progress.
Dolt interbreeding won't produce
 The kind of people the world needs
 To sire and grow an offspring fit
 To meet requirements of a race
 That would climb the highest peak
 Of intelligence and character.

 In order to improve the race,
A revolution should come soon
To clear up sentimental gush
And train folks for eugenic life.

When all folks justify their birth,
And prove their right to live on earth,
Their frailties will have been subdued,
And strength and firmness will rule them,
And guide their better natures through
The darkness and the mire of life.

Then mass intelligence will rule
And wars and crimes will cease to be;
The world will not be over crowded,
And all will have the abundant life.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 42.

Incentive

Give me the purpose, thought and will
Sustained by driving energy,
And enlightened by the starry dream,
And I will travel wisdom's road
Forever with a torch in hand,
And stand at last a son of light
In the presence of eternity.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 43.

Deeds

Deeds, good and bad, depict the man
As stars portray the midnight sky;
One should let his deeds be like stars,
If he would win the esteem of men.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 43.

Thoughts

A genius of the great, new thoughts
Should give his ideas to the world;
God gave him them to help mankind,
And to bless the future generations.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 44.

Fear

Do not fear death, fear only life
With its mistakes and penalties.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 44.

Elimination

No family has the moral right
To give birth to a prostitute
Whose work is to deprave the race,
Nor breed and grow a criminal,
Nor a beggar nor half wit
To prey upon society,
And for the public to support.

If criminals inhabit the world,
Society lives in great danger;
If harlots live and ply their trade,
All women are in jeopardy;
If morons multiply too fast
Society will degenerate;
If those who spread the vile diseases
Continue to society
Will rot and perish from the earth.

The day will come, it needs to come,
When people who are proven fit
To live will act and save themselves
From every menace to mankind.

The noxious weeds in gardens grow,
And they destroy the fairest flowers.
Both weed and flower can't survive
In the same society;
One will degenerate or die
If the other is to live;

Likewise the human weeds corrupt,
Or kill the mortals fit to live,
Who carry on the earth's great work,
And make the world a better world.
In order to protect themselves,
Their offspring and society,
Progenitors of families
Who would improve a growing race
May rid themselves of the unfit.

All persons have the moral right
To be born with intelligence
And character of quality,

To educate their minds and souls,
And be efficient in their work,
And make a contribution to
The common welfare of the race.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 44.

Achievement

Would you achieve some thing worth while
And rise above the aimless who
Live only to amuse themselves?
If you should answer “yes” then have
A purpose and apply yourself
With diligence to useful work.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 45.

Appeasement

Down with appeasement and appeasers
Who yield to greedy, evil rulers!
Down with totalitarians who herd
The ignorant and serfs and slaves!
Down with the groups who would enslave
All men and would deny mankind
The right to think and speak and act
As free and independent folks!
Down with group leaders who prepare
The slavish rules and who compel
Subordinates to follow them!
Down with the tyrant governments,
With tyranny in every form!
Down with the herding of all men!
Make individual freedom live!

Give every one with common sense
A chance to grow in moral worth,
And in intelligence and to think
And speak and act as a free man,
And justify his right to live,
And have a government that is free.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 45.

Reward

Men are entitled to be free,
And grow as only free men can,
And from free enterprise receive
The recompense which they have earned
For valued service to the race.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 46.

This World

This world can not hope to exist
Much longer through the struggling years
Part serf, part free; it will become
All one or all the other and end
The war of ideology.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 46.

Growing

I have been growing all my life
In character and heart and mind;
At three score years and ten and five
I reached new intellectual heights,
And in thought power still I grow.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 46.

Race Improvement

Spend millions to bring happiness
And noble culture to mankind,
But spend no money to promote
The low and brutish aims of men.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 47.

War

War is the essence of all crimes;
One kills his fellow men as he
Would kill a robin or a mouse;
Without a good, sufficient cause.

War is mass murder, nothing less,
The killers wear the brand of Cain;
Wars will come frequently as long
As ignorance and poverty
Enslave the mass of common folks,
As long as greed shall govern men
Who operate the business world.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 47.

The Fighter

Mine has been a long, hard fight,
An endless war to gain the things
Which made my life worth while which built
A character, developed mind
To meet the issues of the age.
I never faltered, never quit,
Win or lose, I kept up the fight.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 47.

Wasted Life

The wasted, barren, human life
Which is due to a mind untrained,
Unorganized and ignorant,
And inefficient in useful work,
Or due to laziness with no
Ambition and will to achieve,
Is sure appalling to a man
Who measures life by vital work.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 47.

The Masters

Do good and seek the good,
And ope your mental door
So God will enter in
And help you do your work.

Do evil and like it;
Your mind the devil will use
And drive you to his work,
And you will be his slave.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 48.

Character And Love

Give me good character and love,
The two best virtues life could give;
I will share them with those I meet,
And they will live in other lives
When earthly things have passed away.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 48.

The Dead Man

Life's spirit fled his mortal frame;
Deserted is the house of clay
In which he lived and did his work,
But his good life lives on forever.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 48.

Good Work

Do good work and do it well,
The work that brings you face to face
With God and all the hopes for you.

Man should work hard all of his life
Not for fine clothes nor bread nor home,
Not to win power nor large wealth
But to win higher happiness.

A day of work, soiled hands, tired brain,
But something done that is worth while;
A night's rest and refreshing sleep,
Prepared to work another day.

It may be a hard, prosy life
To one not interested in his work,
But one who loves his daily toil,
Finds good incentive and keeps going,
And ever sowing, ever reaping,
And ever happy, ever helping
Some worthy person in dire need,
Imparting faith in better things,
Attaining true progressive life,
He builds a character that's good
Enough to win the praise of men.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 48.

Friendly Unity

Unite the neighbors by good deeds,
And cheerful words and hope and faith;
Unite the cities near and far;
Unite the nations great and small;
Join them in friendly unity,
Help them gain peace and happiness.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 49.

Qualities That Win

The one who has enthusiasm,
Initiative and will to work,
And who has faith and energy
Shall win against great obstacles.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 49.

How Long?

How long will America continue
 To try to buy the friendship of
 All the purported friends who hold
 Out their hands to get charity,
 And wreck its economic strength?

If warring nations of the world
Do not support themselves and yearn
For communism, think it fine,
Why should this realm try to buy them
With money, food and human lives
For satellites of freedom's State?

How long will it continue to be
The Santa Claus for all the world?
How long will cold greed crucify
This nation on a cross of gold?

With many dangers here and there
The Father of this realm may be
Quite restless in his silent tomb;
He may emerge and lead again
Americans to victory
And happiness and lasting peace.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 49.

Grand Waltz Music

In the arms of grand waltz music,
I feel the poetry of motion;
its power stirs emotion deeply,
And fills my mind with melody.

It is the most inspiring music
In all of beauty's dancing world;
It adds true rhythm to every step,
And grace and dignity to the whirl.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 50.

Generous

May I be generous as the sun,
And friendly as a tree or flower;
May I meet frowns with kindly smiles,
And blasphemy with words of grace.
If these I do, I shall receive
A greater blessing than I give.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 50.

In The Soul

What moods and passions and despair,
What selfishness and benevolence,
What hatred, tenderness and love
Are hidden in the human soul.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 51.

The Power Groups

The nation's three great power groups,
Or either one may have the strength
To menace or destroy the realm
If selfishness should be strong enough
To dominate the groups or group;
And there are minor groups that could
Be dangerous to a free land.
So let us hope and let us pray
That men and groups will never dare
Let selfishness destroy the land
That gave its people liberty.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 51.

Requital

The poet was at the great heights
Of his intellectual strength and glory;
Had built a life above reproach
And was respected by better folks.
But a few dastardly enemies
Tried to besmirch his character,
And tried to wreck his useful life,
To satisfy their evil hearts;
They stooped to base, malicious lies,
And tried to swear away his liberty,
But justice won, they met defeat.
The truth will curse them to their graves,
And curse their memories forever.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 51.

The Average Man

The average man has common sense,
And follows long established rules
In his hard effort to succeed.
He carries the burdens of the world,
Upholds the state and government,
But seldom reaches lofty heights,
And seldom drops into the depths.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 52.

A Field Of Flowers

A field of flowers is a spread
Of beauty; it covers rock and clod;
It charms the eye and sense and smell,
And it inspires the one who is
Receptive to the beautiful.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 52.

The Starry Flag

Flag of my country, thou art precious to me;
 Fondly I press thee once more to my breast
Where I shall hold thee till life ceases to be,
 Then mayest thou float over the place of my rest.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 52.

Variant. Earlier witness: *Collected Poems* (1931), source page 129.

Soul Of Nature

Beauty is the soul of Nature,
And it forms many things we see
In its own likeness so that we
Will love the spirit and its work.

Nature is a real friend;
It opens beauty from without,
And nourishes beauty of the soul,
And draws man to the living God.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 52.

Nature's Engineers

The flowing streams and floods and winds,
Erosive Nature's engineers,
Whose work was supervised by God,
Down through the centuries, have chiseled
Through great cliffs and granite rocks,
And made the mighty gorges and chasms.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 53.

Nature's Man

Old Nature's man is always free;
He is an individual,
And has to learn to live group life,
And give and take from other folks,
And co-operate in government.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 53.

Honest

Be honest as the sun or star,
And you'll not walk the earth alone;
In fact and spirit like draws like,
And honest men will walk with you.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 53.

The New Democracy

The police state and herd law will end,
And all the terrors of gun and club,
When criminals and the unfit
Are rooted out of human life,
And ignorance gives way to light.

When strong intelligence, highly trained,
And character akin to Truth
Are common virtues of every one,
Each will be a law in himself,
A religion and a government.
A new Democracy will be made
That will reflect the characters,
Ideals and minds of its creators.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 53.

A Thousand Years Hence

I've seen the city grow in size,
Developed by men of enterprise;
I've walked its streets for years and years,
And debated issues with my peers.

I've driven through the fertile vale
Where fruits were never known to fail;
Saw desert farms the fine crops grow
Where irrigation waters flow;
I've seen a generation come and go;
A civilization we did not know
In my young days is now at hand,
And crime and lax laws curse the land.

I wonder who will walk the street
On which I hear the tread of feet
A thousand years or more from now.
Who'll till the farms or milk the cow?
Will a decadent race appear,
The heirs of greed and buccaneer?
Will farms revert to desert waste?
Will the small city be defaced?
Will cattle roam and wild sheep bleat
On what we now know as a street?
What we sow future ages will reap,
And build a Heaven or a dust heap.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 54.

The Unseen

The beautiful we see on earth
Is the mere shadow of the unseen;
If we could climb the ladder of stars,
And reach the mountain peak of beauty
In the heart of the Universe,
Its brilliancy would blind our eyes,
And we should share great Milton's fate.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 54.

Epic Style

The grand words and the splendid phrases
Are the cement and golden bricks
Used in the epic poems by
The poets of Homeric style.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 55.

Nature's School

Before me are the sea and land,
Above a roof of azure sky,
Beyond the sun and stars and space,
The show parts of the universe.
The thoughts of them long since became
A part and portion of my life.

Publication. *The Nation's Destiny* (1949), source page 55.

LATE MANUSCRIPT BOOKS

1952 and 1954: archival record

The Huntington Library preserves *New Civilizations and Other Poems and Abridged Memoirs of the Author* (1952) and *The Octogenarian Sings and Other Poems* (1954) as bound typescripts under call number mssDillona. No complete digital facsimile is available in the project files, so their poems are not conjecturally reset here.

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