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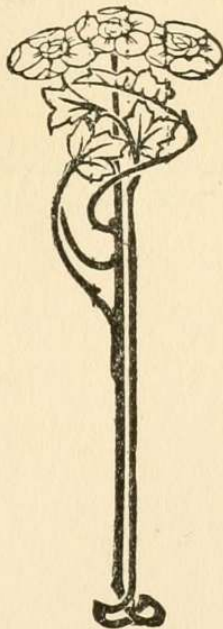
Minnesota

and other

Verses

By AMBROSE LEO MCGREEVY

(Author of "The God of Battles"
and other Verses)



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WON'T YOU COME ALONG?

I'm going to sit in the dreamer's chair
Just for awhile to weave in my thought
Fabric of gold from nature so fair,
Won't you come along and see what I've wrought?

I'm going to paint with words of my choice
From models of things my fancy has spun
Pictures I somehow trust may rejoice,
Won't you come along and see what I've done?

I'm going to while an hour away
Roaming wherever the spirit may dare;
I'm going to give what soul shall essay,
Won't you come along and banish your care?

MINNESOTA

It's the land of Minnesota where ten thousand lakes lie gleaming,
And rivers wind like ribbons toward the sea:
Where the wild deer browse in clover, and the turtle doves are
dreaming,

It's bonny land, the only land for me.
Oh land of cheery sky and sunshine, magic land of spell and
charm!

The world has never really known your worth;
So I'll tell them of your glory now, and spread the sweet alarm
That all may come and feel your mystic mirth.

So far away from fevered Broadway, far away from Boston Town,
You'll see this land I'm telling you about;

And when you really find it, tho it's still without renown,
You'll be a boy and want to romp and shout.

It will grip you with its fingers; it will hold you in its spell;

'Twill thrill your fevered heartstrings thru and thru,
Till you'll sing with its enchantments, and its charms you'll want
to tell

To the world, that they may come and do as you.

Are you seeking recreation, then, and don't know where to go?
Just wander to this land I love so well!

For tho you search this country east and west and high and low,
You'll never find its like where humans dwell.

Oh leave your cities' din and roar, leave your crowded thorofare,
And come with me to Paradise on Earth:

Reconstruct your nerve and sinew, build new bone and marrow
there,

And feel the thrill of life in this new birth.

Where the wild roses riot in their bloom
And cloudless skies dispel all thought of gloom,
Where the wild fowl nest in summer
And a thousand rivers murmur,
Come and cast your lot until the day of doom.

BOYHOOD DAYS IN LAKELAND

Way beyond the Mississippi in old Minnesota State
There's a little lake that's calling me tonight,
And I feel my soul a-pining, and my mind is wide awake
As it wanders back again in fancy's flight.
There tonight again I'm roaming, in that golden land yonder
Toward the setting sun with memories sweet and true,
And in happy reminiscence o'er olden days I ponder
As I do again the things I used to do.

Oh those boyhood days of glory, how shall I tell the story,
Of an age when rapture thrilled in every thew;
When it seemed so far away, life's evening old and hoary;
And my cares were far between and very few.
What tales my rhymes would render of an age so pure and tender,
Could words but tell the feelings of my soul;
When I wandered thru the wildwoods of teeming lands of splendor,
And saw the lake waves down the sand-beach roll.

There were argent waves a-glimmer, the sun's rays all a-shimmer
As the wild trout leaped in haste to catch the fly;
And the freedom and the freshness of nature all a-simmer
Beneath the spell of Minnesota's sky.
Oh the glory of the gloaming and rapture of the roaming
When the sun-god paints his canvas in the west,
And living things of nature, in their eagerness come homing
To their native land, the land they love the best.

Better far than gilded palace of uncultured kings of mammon,
Who flaunt their flags of wealth unto the world,
Are the green fields of my Lakeland, where unknown are guile
or gammon
And the ensigns of all nature are unfurled.
Thrice-blest land of God Almighty, like the promised land of old
You are filled with plenty for your children dear,
Tho your beauty and your splendor have never yet been told,
Of all lands of earth, to heaven you're most near.

LAND OF THE LAKES

There where the Father
Of Waters flows
To fecundate land as
As onward he goes:

There where a thousand
Lakes lie a-dream,
Which up from prairies
Like diamonds gleam:

There where the wild rose
Riots in bloom,
And beauty springs
From nature's womb:

There where the birds
Of every name
Trill thru the land,
Songsters of fame:

There where the cow-bells
Jangle afar
O'er fields of clover,
Sweetest that are:

Nearer I've been
To heaven's own land,
Than wherever else
I've taken my stand.

Land of Paradise,
Land of the Lakes!
Mem'ries of thee arise!
—My soul awakes!

Summers of glory,
Winters of fame,
Tell their own story,
Speak their own name.

Would I were roaming
Far on the mead,
There in the gloaming,
Naught else to heed.

Where all life's odds
Would be with thy child.
Oh land of the gods!—
Nature's own wild!

Where no one plods,
To mammon bound—
Oh land of the gods,
Circle me round!

Where he who trods
Thy pathway sweet,—
Oh land of the gods,
Thee do I greet

Still do I love thee
Tho far away;
Still dost thou soothe me,
Night and by day.

Some day I'll wander
Back to thy arms,
There will I ponder,
Spelled in thy charms.

Oh life will be sweet
Unto me then,
As thee I greet
In glory again.

JUST A THOUGHT

I wandered where the autumn leaves are falling,
In vain methought to soothe an aching heart;
I hearkened to the voice of winter calling,
"I'm coming, coming, summer shall depart."

I felt the frigid panting of his coming,
I shivered at the thought of certain death,
I heard the wild weird cadence of his thrumming,
I trembled at his minatory breath.

I saw the things of nature slowly dying,
I knew that I must also pass away,
I felt my grievous soul within me crying
Out against the certain coming of the day.

I saw the winter threaten with his killing,
Yet thru the gloom a thought enchanted me
That cheered me on, and now is sweetly stilling
All notions sad concerning what must be.

Ah there beyond the drear and frigid silence
I saw the coming of the dulcet spring,
To which my lonely soul fled in reliance,
Scarce heeding what the future had to bring.

HIDDEN PEARLS

*“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.”*

Westward ho in the land of the lakes
Beside a stream as it sweeps along,
Nestling there amid scattering brakes
Lies the village where I belong.

Circled by hills which baffle the view
And hinder sight of worlds that are strange,
Dwell its people in numbers few,
So blithesome within their narrow range.

Theirs no care of the busier world
Where deeds are done by giants of worth;
Theirs to live where their spirits were hurled,
Theirs to live in the land of their birth.

Many there are within the old town
Had they but let ambition take hold,
Attained at last a place of renown,—
Their deeds to future men would be told.

Perhaps as the ages sweep along
It matters not, just what they have done
In the eyes of the world's countless throng,
If their sins at last be summed as none.

I'm sure at that far off end of time
When ebb and flow of humanity cease,
Their names shall sound in heavenly rhyme
With those of Saints in the land of Peace.

THE CHIP

Upon a bank, inland a thousand miles
I toss a chip into the swirling river,
And watch attentively its freakish wiles
As down the rushing stream it moves a-quiver.

Away beyond my sight it fades afar,
Gone forever from my inquiring gaze.
It enters mighty ocean's gates ajar,
To be absorbed within its mystic maze.

So I upon the stream of history
Move here, now there, but ever on and on
Bound for unknown eternal mystery
Where countless millions of the past have gone.

What to find beyond those gates I know not,
But feeling hints within me I believe,
And so I know that joy shall be my lot,
For they must not, can not, do not deceive.

WABASHA

So peaceful 'mid its hills of green,
Of all the towns I've ever seen
Is Wabasha of grace serene
And beautiful with happy mien.

When first this garden spot I saw
Where flows the river Chippewa
To meet the hills of Wabasha
It spelled my heart with holy awe.

Afar from City's madd'ing rush
And busy crowd in careless crush,
I found this place imbued with hush
Upon its floor of nature's plush.

The people in this sweet retreat,
The like of them you seldom meet,
As when in Wabasha you greet
And catch their smile upon the street.

There's just that happy feeling there
Of peace, contentment everywhere
That's scarcely ever found elsewhere,;
It's omnipresent in the air.

THE FARTHER SHORE

Our souls are like the water flowing down
From dizzy heights of mountain side.
Where snow and ice and cold abide,
To chafe along thru fields and oft by town.

Down from the white and lofty rocky wall
Now streaming comes the flood apace
Contesting in a mighty race,
It strives to forge ahead and leave them all.

So are we borne from out the heights above
To shift and play our little part,
And moving with both hand and heart
We act regardless of eternal love.

We come from out the unknown with a rush,
Plashing, gurgling o'er beds of rock,
Rubbing elbows with worlds that mock,
To meet our destined end in fearful hush.

Then shall we sport upon that farther shore,
And sparkling, leap, and flash and shine
Beneath the eternal sun benign,
And hear the waters rolling evermore.

THE MOUNTAIN AND I

How often have I stood in awe
Before the monuments I saw,
Those giant heaps of earth and rock
Which thru the ages seem to mock
The brevity of man's career,
And haunting spectre death, so near,
And all things else that pass with time—
To me they ever were sublime.

Those monster mounds of clay and stone
That thru the centuries stood alone,
And solemn, silent, ever shove
Their glistening snow-caps high above
The day's routine, and sphere of man—
Whose life at best is but a span
Of years that come and go in haste,!
Ah you remain untouched and chaste
As when from 'neath creative hand
You took your everlasting stand—
Ye symbols of eternal life
So far removed from earthly strife,!
To me you tell a wondrous tale
Before which words can only pale.!

And yet in spite of all I see
The one strange thought that hangs on me,
Is that you too must fade away
To nothing, on that final day
When men and matter evermore
Shall mix in elemental roar,
And in that grand finale blend
That tells the world's expected end.

And when you perish with the earth,
Alone shall I in newer birth
Still linger on in spirit land
In company with that holy band
Of human souls so happy there
Where haunteth neither work nor care.

So am I greater than thou art,
Tho smaller now doth seem my part,
For when thou art forever gone
My soul shall linger on and on.

HOMELAND

Oh this city life so maddening
With its thousand cares so saddening
I forget thee and I'm gladdening
At the thought of home again.

Many evenings have I wandered
Many leisure hours I've squandered,
As with nature's God I've pondered
O'er the mystic truths of life.

With my Maker I've been roaming
In the glory of the gloaming,
I have felt my spirit homing
Toward the land of God above.

Of this land with glory gleaming
Tonight once more I'm dreaming
And my soul would still be seeming
That it's there in fancy still.

Oh thy beauty still is haunting
And thy grandeur tho still wanting
I have never ceased from vaunting
With the power of my speech.

Thou didst never yet deceive me
Since the day that I did leave thee
And I hope thou wilt receive me
When I'll return again.

Oh I have grown so weary
Of a life so dark and dreary,
Yet the memory makes me cheery
As I see thee once again.

And no matter what it cost me
Tho afar grim fate has tossed me
Oh be sure thou hast not lost me,
For I'll come home again.

And I'll live with thee forever
And thy bonds I will not sever
And we'll part again, no, never!
For thou art home to me.

THE FREE LANCE

Up and down this hemisphere
Seeking things we never find,
Cut from those men hold most dear,
Wanderlust had filled my mind.
Restless, rampant, roaming ever
Over trails unknown of old,
I have sought what men find never,
And if found, could never hold.

In the deep desire of travel
I've felt the fabric of my soul,
Like the threads of cloth unravel
In destruction of the whole,
Bring to me the wilds a-calling,
Ever on to scenes unknown,
While an aftermath appalling
Left I, where my works were sown.

Precious hours have I squandered
Of my youth's most priceless morn,
While in fields afar I've wandered
From the land where I was born.
Yet my life has been a pleasure
And regrets I shall not bring
But the fullness of my measure
Of life's joys to thee I sing.

Thru the heated torrid zone
'Long the equatorial path,
Seeking fortune all alone
I have left an aftermath.
To the southland where the ice
Floats like mountains in the sea
I have wandered more than twice
Finding things unknown to thee.

Vagrant birds that ever move,
Birds of passage thru the air,
Following no settled groove
Here today, tomorrow there:
So I've rambled, rambled on,
Homeless too, but always free
To the lands where few have gone
Far away beyond the sea.

Northward, northward I have fled
As a breath into the night
Or a spirit of the dead
Moving on in endless flight.
From the land of Lake Itasca
Cradle of a mighty stream,
To the mountains of Alaska
I have chased my endless dream.

With my back against the pole
In the northern Frigid Zone,
While I played a minor role,
I have lived and worked alone.
Where the northern lights are shining
Thru the darkness clear and bright
I have felt my soul a-pining
In the hours of the night.

Ever songs of leave and license
I have sung where e'er I went;
Burning, burning all the incense
Of my soul's remaining stent,
At the altar of the fat god
Built by the hands of man,
In that land that few have trod,
Beyond the pale of civil ban.

Wild and free has been my roaming,
Law or mandate I knew none.
Whether in the summer's gloaming
Or the winter's midnight sun. ❄️
Skimming like the birds of passage
Or the fishes of the sea,
For my soul, it knew no bondage,
Hazard always mastered me.

Then assign me a failure
In the book of those ye knew,
While I follow on my pale lure
Towards the goal it leads me to.
Tho my life may seem still dreary
As I wander on alone,
Leave me to my fancies eery
For I'm just a rolling stone.

A SONG OF THE SEVEN SEAS

In every clime, 'neath every sky
On ocean's billows rocking,
From where the chilling ice-bergs lie
To tropic storms bemocking,

I've sailed the sea enchanting me
With all its charms alluring,
And many joys that mine shall be
While mem'ries are enduring.

Oh for a breath of salt sea air!
And the good ship onward skimming,
And sparkling waves in the noonday glare
Or tinged in the twilight dimming.

Oh for the ocean's freedom wide!
And its freshness sweet, and farness
And the rhythmic pulse of the ancient tide
That knows nor leash nor harness.

Born in the spell of the salt sea side,
A child of the ocean's breeding,
Far away on the wild ebb tide
I've been with the breezes speeding.

But now a relic grown gray
Abjured of the salt sea breeze,
Only an outcast by the way,
Derelict of the seven seas.

CONSCIENCE

Out of the past
So strange it seems
Of all things else,
Weft of my dreams:

Comes a soft voice
To gnaw at my soul,
Scattering my calm,
Exacting a toll:

Asking me why
I acted so,
When in temptation
I fell so low.

To answer back
I scarce knew how,
But in contrition
Low I did bow.

Naked I stood
Before my God
Deeply regretting
The way I had trod.

Bared was my soul
To mine own gaze;
I saw the right
And wrong of my ways.

Firmly I vowed
That nevermore
I would depart
From my Father's door.

Happy was I
That from the past,
Voice of conscience
Called me at last,

Back from the path
That I had trod,
Carelessly living
Away from my God.

To change of life
And better things
That only he
With graces brings.

THE MAN AND THE GHOST

'Twas on a summer's night
Not very long ago
When 'mid the bristling crowd
I met a man in woe,
Who plucked me by the sleeve
And led me far beyond
The dizzy crowd and roar
And there in deep despond,

This tale he told to me,
Which you may take or leave,
But as concerns myself
I cannot but believe.
In earnest did he speak,
Convincing was each word,
And now the tale I tell
To you as it was heard:

"Oh stranger hear me out,
Do thou believe my tale,
For true I swear it is
And *that* I do bewail!
That awful, awful night
No more shall I forget,
For vivid I perceive
The fearful phantom yet.

"I thought that I was blind
So inky black the night,
When there beside my bed
I saw what gave me fright.
And gazing steadily
In ghostly form it stood
So quiet-like, I thought
It had been made of wood.

"Then starting from my bed
In fear, aloud I cried,
'Who are you? Tell me please!'
While quickly it replied,
'Me you have seen before,
Do not pretend! 'Tis so!
For friends I know we've been
In youth so long ago.'

"Then upright quick I sat
In horror, fear and dread,
So icy-cold my flesh,
I thought I had been dead.
Again I asked this ghost
Who, what, and why, he was
With bated breath, and voice
As one in terror does.

“Then back the answer came
So quick it almost seemed
The whole thing had occurred
To me while I had dreamed.
But when the words began
To flow, I soon awoke,
For then I really knew
It was a ghost that spoke.

“List to me then tonight
And hear me out, poor fool,
And you shall hear from me
Things never learned at school.
From out oblivion's shore
I came but to return,
From darkness forth I sprang
And darkness is my bourne.

“'Tis you who've kept me tight
In thralldom worse than hell,
And that is why this tale
To you I wish to tell.
Drunken with selfishness
And steeped in worldly wrong,
Your life you've sacrificed
To cast it with the throng.

“I might have given you
A great place in the sun,
If you had followed me
As you wisely should have done.
But no! a fool you'd be!
And fools do phantoms follow,
To find tonight from me
That all was base and hollow.

“Who am I, whence I came,
In trembling voice you cry.
Ah, that is why I'm here
Tonight to make reply.
The *spirit* of your *youth*,
The ghost of your ideal,
Am I who now stand here
And this to you reveal.

“Faithful I have been
And loyal until now,
While under your misrule
So humbly I did bow.
Oh hear you my request,
And freedom grant to me,
For I have served my time,
I pray thee, set me free!”

“The Ghost’s voice then did break,
While loudly I did shriek,
‘I know not what you mean,
Nor that whereof you speak!
It’s mystery all to me
And you should now explain
The meaning of your words,
Lest you might speak in vain.’

“ ‘Ah now you’ve set me free!
Farewell, farewell, farewell!
I go my way alone,
There’s nothing more to tell.
The fact that unto you
My words are mystery
Alone has been enough
To set me ever free.

“ ‘I go my way alone
And leave you to yourself,
For I have no desire
For worldly pomp or pelf.
We ne’er shall meet again
In fact or fancy’s flight;
I leave thee now for aye,
Good night, lost friend, good night!’

“Then loud I cried and long
While slowly thru the air
This phantom ghost of mine
I saw no longer there:
The meaning of your words
I never more shall lack,
I pray thee gentle ghost,
Come back, come back, come back!

“But never answer came,
Nor sign of ghost returned,
And now it really seemed
That me this ghost had spurned.
And that is why I am
A spirit still in flight,
A hungry waiting soul
A-sobbing thru the night.”

AN INTRUDING THOUGHT

There a-throng with the mirthful crowd,
Strangely I thought of the pall and the shroud,
Asking the question, tho' not aloud,
 If I were to die tonight?

What of the gilded ball-room's glare,
What of the thousand vanities there,
What of the men and the women so fair,
 If I were to die tonight?

What of the painted cheeks of red,
What of the clever things then said,
Only the hosts of the countless dead,
 If I were to die tonight?

A TALE OF THE DESERT

Come perch on my knee my boy;
I've a little story to tell,
One I hope your heart will enjoy,
Come while your griefs I dispel;
For soon you must be off to bed,—
Mamma will come and tuck you in
To sleep with angels overhead:—
Come and hear my story begin.

Once in the desert so long ago
There lived a man and his only child,
A little boy who acted so
He nearly drove his father wild.
His father loved him, yes indeed,
He loathed to have him disobey,
It made his great big kind heart bleed
When this small boy would have his way.

So when one day the father went
About his cares, the little boy
With heart and soul on pleasure bent
Went off in search of some new toy.
The desert called him on and on
And many miles of sand he crossed
And hot and fierce the sun had shone
When the lonesome little lad was lost.

When home the father came again
He knew his little boy was lost
And showing he was best of men,
Went out to find, nor heeding cost.
His heart was burning up with grief
When he thought of his lonesome lad
And wished to bring him sweet relief
And make his weary heart so glad.

The hardships of his little son
Lost on the desert and all alone,
He knew and felt them one by one,
He heard each sad and dismal moan.
He felt the sunbeam's blazing heat,
The sighs within his lonely heart
And heard his lamb's despairing bleat
And yearned and yearned to take his part.

So out in search the father went
Of his terror stricken little boy;
Well he knew what the desert meant
With its cruel power to destroy.
Nor sand nor dust that filled his mouth,
Stones nor prickles that cut his feet
Nor piercing thirst from desert drouth
Could turn him back in drear defeat.

A-wandering thus the father died
With heart still full of deepest woe,
A-searching for his dear lost child—
This happened, . . . oh so long ago.
The little boy! Yes he was found
In the golden light of another day
Long after wandering round and round,
When home again he came to stay.

But how his father proved so true
And on the desert died alone,
This little lad, he never knew
Until to manhood he had grown.
Ah then he knew and strove to live
Just like his father, to the end
And if need be, his life to give
To help to save a needing friend.

Yes here upon this desert earth
Long, long ago this thing took place
And ever since, a newer birth
Has come upon the human race.
The father's name was Christ, my child,
And lost upon the desert sand
Were all the human race run wild—
This tale some day you'll understand.

HAPPY BOY

When I get to feeling blue
It seems good to have him round
For his laughter hits so true,
From this lad who never frowned.
Tho a man he seems in years
Scarce you'd know him from a boy
With a heart chuck full of cheers
With a strangle-holt on joy.

Singing, singing all the day
Never seems to have a grouch,
Ever happy, ever gay
Never slept on troubled couch.
Oft I see him in a dream
As I knew him long ago
With his happy face abeam
Showing scarce a sign of woe.

Tho his trials are not few
Still he smiles on thru life,
Doing not as others do—
Reaping hatred from the strife,—
Jolly as he moves along,
Sowing everywhere his mirth,
Even tho things go wrong
He's of sadness always dearth.

I have learned to love this boy
With his wondrous gift of bluff,
Bubbling over with his joy,
Made of splendid fighting stuff.
Sing on lad and play the game
Beaten you can never be,
For success is of the same
Stuff which fills your heart with glee.!

THE BOY WITH THE BALDHEADED EYEBROWS

Now Jim was a boy that yearned for fame
Tho his heart was good and true,
And the way he sought to make a name
Would almost startle you.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
On the campus one day in spring,
When out of the crowd with the speed of a pup
Came rascally Jimmie Kling.

A bet was on with the most of the crowd
So I knew and I watched the game,
For the bulk of the boys with noises loud
Followed where Jimmie came.

The bet they had made in reckless haste
So true to their Irish race
Was to see how each in his personal taste
Could most disfigure his face.

Like lightning into the sleeping room
Each to his only cell,
With Jimmie leading them on to their doom
They came like the fiends of hell.

And there with a vim each set to work
In his own peculiar way,
Nor a single one his task did shirk
For each would be king of the day.

And when in surprise I saw them again,
A sight no words could tell,
They looked like a covey of prairie hen
In flight from a hunter's shell.

But stranger and wilder than all the rest
Came volatile vagabond Kling
With a face excelling the very best
In his strife for the fame of the thing.

With a bleary face, sans color and hair,
And the look of one from the grave,
So woebegone, and a dreary stare
That would make a sane man rave.

With a razor sharp he had dared to shave
From his brows the least vestige of hair
And now in the form of an elfish knave,
He entered the noonday glare.

* * * * * * * * * *

O Jimmie Kling! You've beaten them all
In your reckless search for fame,
For here in your world, to large and small
A byword you've made of your name.

But out beyond the campus pale
Where mighty manhood throbs,
They are calling men both strong and hale
To weather sighs and sobs.

So when you go to take your stand
On life's great battlefield,
Obey your better heart's command,
And follow with your shield.

Tho weary mind and body sore
May fight you in the game,
Be grit my boy unto the core
And great will be your fame.

There's not a man who ever failed
To win success in life,
But in the crisis sadly quailed
And perished in the strife.

REVERIE

I wandered back along the way
In fancy just the other day,
To where the old brick schoolhouse stood
By running stream and bank and wood.

And there by clear and bickering stream,
I dreamed again my boyhood dream
Of manly deeds and manly strife
Within the zone of worldly life.

Again I builded in the air
With glowing heart and youthful dare,
Those castles of my boyhood dreams,
So long forgotten now it seems.

When on my musings wild there broke
Such noise that from my dreams I woke
To shouting boys and shrieking girls
A-move in gyroscopic whirls.

A lone lad then on mischief bent,
I followed up where e'er he went,
And saw the deed his mind had planned
With childish heart and cunning hand.

Then with a mighty burst of joy
That only comes from out a boy,
Away to newer deeds he went
Till all that energy was spent.

And as I gazed into the years
Of future toil and troubled tears,
I pondered o'er thruout the day
These words my soul so yearned to say.

"You're foolish, boy, if you never try
To take to the land of 'bye and bye,'
Some careless abandon of the day
Of sport and laugh, of romp and play.

'Tis the eternal spirit of boy
Can ever give you peace and joy
When you are in your later years
'Mid friend and foe, 'mid plots and sneers.

THE DREAMER

Last night in my dreams while a-sleeping
Strange fancies and visions I saw
The like of which set me beweeeping
And filled me with terror and awe.
For there were disclosed to my vision
The battlefield's grim sullen sight,
The slaughter without intermission
And war's most horrible blight.
Till deep in the throes of my dreaming
A wish most devoutly I made—
Tho nations with blood may be streaming—
The minds of these men I'd persuade
To stop all their useless destruction,
This wholesale crime to decrease,
To spend their lives in construction
Of temples of love and of peace.

But what is the use of my rhyming
When rhymsters are laughed unto scorn?
And what is the use of my climbing
To heights all alone and forlorn?
I'm only a dreamer; you said so;
Then let me dream on all alone
And wander my days in God's meadow
Of peace, with these dreams of mine own.
I'd rather be counted a dreamer
Than mix in affairs of the state
If this needs make me a schemer,
A builder of realms with your hate.
I like not the warrior's fighting
Tho needful sometimes it may be,
For war shall ever be blighting
Destructful to you and to me.
And spite of the world's now confusion
And bloodshed and terror and war
Some day there'll come an infusion
Of peace, that shall grow more and more
Upon this old world of our waking
Till you and I shall behold
A new race of men in the making
As the God of Nations has told.

L'ENVOI

AN HOUR OR SO

An hour or so in the realm of song
To you I hope hath not seemed long,
 Tho critics all wise deride my work
This hour you gave, to me shall belong.

Then what if the learned seek for a sin
Against a commandment their fancy may spin:
 'Tis not for them I have moulded my verse,
No: just for an hour, your favor to win.

Then shall I hope a thought you may take
And think it worth keeping just for its sake.
 Let critics opine, it's you that I want
To fondle and have the verses I make.

Tho I be guilty of technical crime,
Tho faults there be in my verses and rhyme;
 Thoughts have I given in words of my choice,
Hoping they linger with you for a time.



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