Random Verses
Random Verses

SOLDIER DYING, SOLDIER DEAD

Soldier dying, soldier dead, sleep undisturbed. No more for you the sword of red or wrath uncurbed, Your soul, gone to those heights above, To that far land of light and love, Is unperturbed.

No need for you to fear hell's fire, whom duty becked, To fight in field and rain and mire, in cities wrecked. You joined the forces of the free To bring a demon to his knee, And hold him checked.

It is that those who, holding power yet craving more, Did cause on earth this leaden fire of death to pour, Shall learn to fear far fiercer hells Than screaming shot and bursting shells Ere this life's o'er.

For they shall hear in all their dreams by day or night, The widow's moans, the calls for justice and for right; And let them flee by sea or land, A desperate fear with burning hand, Will clutch them tight.

In years to come we shall not bow to brutal force. Your children who are helpless now will find a source Of power in God's own way, When peace and love shall both hold sway And run their course.

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THE REJECTED SONG

A poet there was and he wrote a song
As he sat at his desk one day;
The theme was airy, not stern and strong,
So he scornfully threw it away.

Yes, he crumpled it up and tossed it out
Of the window into the street,
Where hurrying crowds kicked the paper about
As it fluttered beneath their feet.

It was jostled about till it lay at last
In a sheltered nook by the way,
Where the people saw, as they hurried past,
The form of a man grown gray.

He was shoved about like the paper white,
He was thrust aside by the crowd,
He had given up in life's great fight,
He was beaten and thoroughly cowed.

And he said as he watched the throng go by,
"What's the use of this struggle and strife?
For no one would sorrow if I should die,
And I find no pleasure in life."

And while he complained in his mournful tone,
He picked up the tattered sheet,
As it lay there, soiled, on the paving stone,
And pondered its message sweet.

It was only a word of hope and mirth,
A song with an easy style,
But it showed this man what life is worth,
And its gayety made him smile.

He forgot he was tired of life and its pain,
He forgot he was weary at heart,
And turned to go back to his work again
And manfully do his part.

A poet there was and he wrote a song,
But threw it away in disgust,
Condemning the lines as not being strong,
But they raised one man from the dust.

FEAR NOT TOMORROW

If the world goes wrong
And your life seems long
And you look with joy toward the end,
There is naught worth while
Like the kindly smile
Of a cheerful, loving friend.

So let me live,
My joy to give,
And help some through their sorrow,
Then I shall feel
My life is real
And shall not fear tomorrow.

"FISHFACE"

THE CHILDREN'S BOGEY

I wish I were a noble knight
To ride around the town
And slay my foes until I was
A man of great renown.
I'd soon find out where "Fishface" lived
And thither I would go
With sharpened sword and battle axe
To operate, you know.

His face was like a bowl of soup
His feet were like a chicken coop
His hair stood up like bearded grain
His voice was like the driven rain.

The dances that he tried to do
Would sure disgust an oyster stew.
With every dance that poor boob tried
Some higher standard in me died.

So I did try—alas in vain—
To give what Abel got from Cain.
And all that night I lay in bed
And held an ice bag on my head.

I made a very solemn vow
To "get" that guy, I knew not how,
Whene'er I saw his face again,
And then go gladly to the "pen."

TO BOB DUNLOP, GONE TO WAR

But now with changing times, my heart
Beholds this hour the saddest of the day.
It shows me and my old time friends apart
When once we were so happy at our play.

Strike on the lyre more martial music,
Something more warlike be your theme,
Let me hear the bursting shrapnel,
With noise of battle fill my dream.

Far away my thoughts are drifting,
Ever shifting,
Ever lifting,
With the fervor of the fight;
In the fierce and furious battle,
With the forces of the right,
He is there I picture sadly,
Fighting madly,
Serving gladly,
To uphold his country's cause.
Oh that he could hear my praises,
Hear my heartiest applause.
Strike on the lyre more martial music,
Let the theme o'erflow with praise;
Cheer my comrades in the trenches,
Cheer my friend of other days.

(NOTED IN THE SPRING OR SUMMER OF 1915.)

[Captain Robert Dunlop, M.C., 75th Canadian Battalion, was killed in action September, 1918. Lieutenant Brown was killed November 3 of the same year. They were friends of "other days" before the war. Captain Dunlop was English-Canadian and enlisted as soon as his country entered the war. Lieutenant Brown followed as soon as the United States became involved.]
MARIE'S LOVE

The poets all, both great and small
Do praise the glorious Spring,
With gladdened hearts they do their parts
And loud their praises ring.

They sing about the flashing trout,
Or sing of bird and tree;
But let them rave, and for me save
The praises of Marie.

What of the bees and leafy trees
Or azure skies so blue?
They'd all seem dead—the sunshine fled,
If she were not so true.

But when I know that through the glow
Of morning's radiant light,
She thinks of me so lovingly
And dreams of me at night,

'Tis then I see in bird and tree
A glory quite divine
And nature's charms like loving arms
About me seem to twine.

Then I can sing "Long live the Spring!"
But longer live her love,
For when it's gone the birds are flown
And skies are dull above.

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THE THREE PRINCES

There were three handsome princes
And they laughed in princely glee,
And much they warbled in their mirth,
These happy noble three.

There were three haughty princes
Who sat in royal chairs,
Nor did they hear another prince
A-coming up the stairs.

They thought the fourth nought but a rogue,
Nor did they hear him ring,
Until a voice of thunder cried,
"Arise! Behold the King!!"

And much they stood and marveled,
At his most kingly mein,
Then each plucked off his tinsel crown
And cried, "Long live the Queen!"

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TO KEATS

Oh for a strain of Orphean melody
To help me sing in fitting praise of thee.
Or might I, like the bards of old, be stirred
To sing by inspiration—just a word
To show the wonders you have made me see
In this sweet world—an humble word from me.
Oft as a child I used to stand in awe
Of seasons' glories, 'mazed at what I saw
And felt when Spring or Autumn wrought its change
In Nature's garb. Yet while I thought how strange
Was all this magic, I had not divined
The hidden secrets that you seemed to find
In all the cycles that I loved so well.
And as, haply in song, I heard you tell
Of nymphs and dryads who, within the shade
Of leafy, flowery alleys danced and played,
My heart was thrilled anew, and now I hear,
In May, when first the violets appear
The joyous shouts of sprites who run to greet
The first sweet messengers of Spring. Their feet
Scarce touch the earth, so fear they that perchance
Some life might be downtrodden in their dance.
They guard the quiet groves with tender care,
And keep from harm the flowers growing there,
Till at approach of Winter's icy days
I dimly see, through Autumn's golden haze,
The sobered fairies, flitting 'midst their flow'rs,
Hiding them deep among the leaves, till show'rs
Of Spring shall raise again their slender stems
And tender blossoms—Nature's rarest gems.

AUTUMN OF 1916.

TO COLLEGE BROTHERS

(Written from the Mexican Front, with Battery A, to Indiana Gamma, Phi Delta Theta.)

I fill my pipe with tobacco
As I sit in the deepening gloom,
When the flickering light from the fireplace
Throws its shadows across the room.

The smoke of my pipe drifts upward
'Till it mingles with other smoke
From the pipes of my college brothers
As they sing and laugh and joke.

The smoke all intermingles
In a shadowy, mellow haze,
Like the mingling of our spirits
In our carefree college days.

But the smoke will soon drift asunder,
It will spread in a thousand parts,
For it is not bound together
With the bond that links our hearts.

For no matter where we may wander,
In a cold or sunny clime,
In our heart we'll fondly cherish,
The friends of our college time.

As long as this life is with me,
Till I'm laid to my final rest,
My Phi Delt friends at Butler
Are the friends I shall love the best.

OCTOBER, 1915.
THE STATE'S GONE DRY

Bacchus sat within a bar.  
No longer played he his guitar;  
His stein of Bud he did not touch;  
And did he sing or smile? Not much!  
"Why not sing, as you did of yore?  
"Why cast the gloom in this beer store?"  
Old Bacchus wiped his tearful eye  
And merely said, "The state's gone dry."  
But soon he sang a joyful song  
And caught the next boat for Hong Kong.

IN KIPLING'S STYLE

(Found written on the fly leaf of a pocket volume.)

TO MY LITTLE VOLUME OF KIPLING, SENT TO ME IN TEXAS BY MY FATHER.

You go in my pack or my haversack,  
You are solace in time of need,  
When things look too blue I go straight to you,  
And you are a friend indeed.

You tell of the life—of the joys and strife  
Of my brothers across the sea,  
Who play at the same little army game  
The same as it's played by me.

So you'll go with me, when again I'm free  
Of the army—its woes and its joys;  
And you'll tell again of the army men—  
Of the loves and fights of the "boys."

THE RELAY RACE

(Written while in Manual Training High School)

Oh, ye who delight in stories  
Of races fairly won,  
List to this tale of heroes,  
And the triumph that they won.

Just one race more and the day is o'er,  
The relay race is last;  
The coach repeats the honored feats  
Of heroes of the past.
With shake of hand and flare of band
The first man takes his place;
The pistol sounds, the air resounds,
"Now win this mighty race!"

With lengthened stride and heaving side
He nears the judge's stand,
And with grim face, in second place,
Touch his teammate's hand.

The watchers shout, this man starts out
Determined to win the lead;
Since time began no one e'er ran
With such a burst of speed.

Ahead of all, the third man tall,
Starts swiftly round the track;
He sways, he slips, and then he trips,
And falls upon his back!

With cat-like bound he leaves the ground—
"Hurrah!" the bleachers cheer,
But runners fast have gone on past
And leave him in the rear.

"Run as before!" the bleachers roar
As round the track he flies;
He nears his foes as on he goes,
The air is rent with cries.

With straining limb and curses grim,
The captain starts around;
He runs so fast it seems as if
His feet scarce touch the ground.

Of runners four that go before
He passes three at last;
"Now run!" "Now run!" there is but one
By whom you must get past!

The goal is neared, his course is veered,
His foe is left behind!
The race is done, his team has won!
He staggers o'er the line.

His sight is blurred and there is heard
The glory of the band;
'Mid clang of bells and deaf'ning yells,
His teammates press his hand.

And now when men their stories tell
Of heroes and of fray,
They always show how Manual won
Upon that famous day.
THE HIGH-TOPPED BOOTS

lieutenant Brown goes out to fight
in high-topped rubber boots
and jumps with all his might
when e'er the cannon shoots.

All day long I sent my thoughts to you.
I think of you no matter what I do.
The world will hum along
like a cheerful happy song
The birds will sing and skies will all be blue.
Oh listen to my praises, sweet Marie,
And hearken to the songs I sing to thee!
And if you know I'm true
As I sometimes think you do,
Just sometimes send your thoughts back here to me.

TO MARIE

Oh, I'm in love with sweet Marie,
The fairest of her kind!
My heart is throbbing constantly,
She's ever on my mind.
I love to watch her winning ways,
And hear her soft sweet voice,
But how I fear the fatal day,
When she must make her choice.

HILTON U. BROWN, JR.

ALL ARE JUMPING

On receiving Hilton's "jumping lines," Paul answered:

If old Tuck Brown, an officer,
Can jump in mighty shoe,
Why, then to you it must be clear
That I am jumping, too,
That I am jumping too, you know,
That I am jumping, too;
That soldiers of each rank and file
Are all a jumping, too.

THOUGHTS

All day long I sent my thoughts to you.
I think of you no matter what I do.
The world will hum along
like a cheerful happy song
The birds will sing and skies will all be blue.
Oh listen to my praises, sweet Marie,
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And hear her soft sweet voice,
But how I fear the fatal day,
When she must make her choice.

HILTON U. BROWN, JR.
For though she smiles on me each day,
And fills my soul with bliss,
I very much regret to say,
I've never felt her kiss.

FORGOTTEN
He scratched my name upon the sand
Before he went to sea
To travel in a foreign land
Whence he'd come back to me.
The tide came up the sandy shore
And washed my name away
As time has washed his friend of yore
From off his memory.

WHERE MEN HAVE FEARED TO STAND
He stood where men have feared to stand
Upon the edge of death's Plutonian sea;
His eyes he shaded with his hand,
And sang a farewell message back to me.
So sweet, so piercing sweet were those last tones,
That flitted back across life's scented plain,
It seemed the very rocks and stones
Took up his words and sang them once again.
He's gone! The dreary earth moves on its orbit wide.
Yet blindly in life's pathway must I plod,
Since he no more is here my steps to guide,
I humbly pray for courage to his God.

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