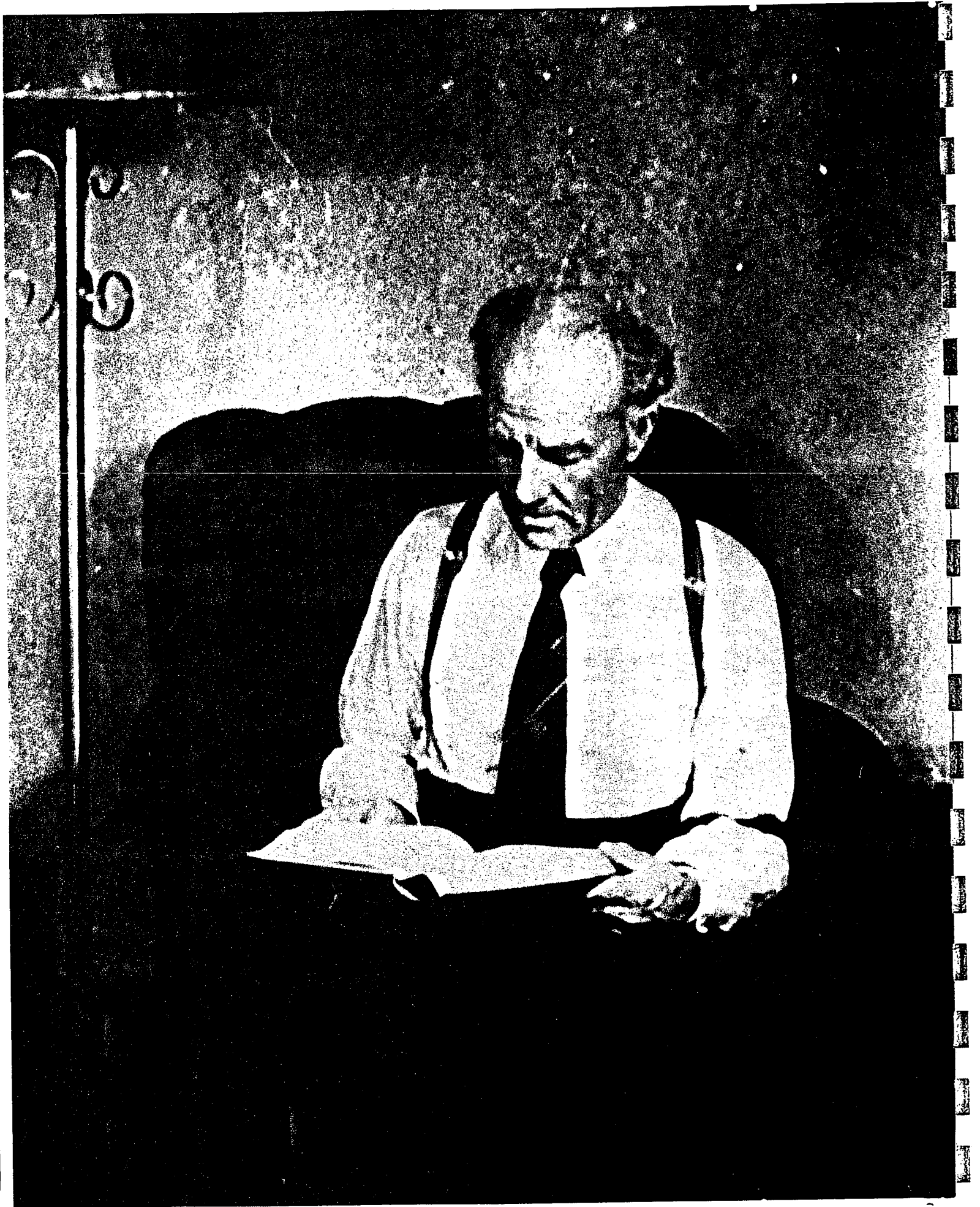


**THE POETIC
WORKS OF
GEORGE
ERNEST
JENKINS**



POETRY

The voice of poetry in every clime,
Is governed not by space or time.
It reigns alone on a romantic throne,
And speaks through love and dreams,
And flowers and hills and streams,
But claims no country of its own.

It's fashioned into sweetest music,
And heard in forest's glen and rills.
In the tongue of every nation,
It echoes back from verdent hills.
To its melody hearts surrender,
And to its placid beauty thrill;
For its themes it's long remembered,
Like the sunset on the hill.

George Ernest Jenkins

FOREWORD

As far as I can determine, this booklet contains a fairly complete collection of Grandpa Jenkins's poetry. If anyone can prove me wrong, I will be delighted in the discovery of additional works and add them to future printings.

This work has been placed in alphabetical order by title to help the editor avoid repetition in printing. This gives the work a semblance of repetitiousness in content in some cases, but, in general, gives a satisfactory mixture of subject matter to the work.

In sifting through the many copies of Grandpa's poems passed on to my father, I found some had been copied three times, while others were still in handwritten form. A great many verses were untitled. Some of these appear in poems, I later realized, but most stand on their own merits. These are placed in the appendix.

A few untitled poems seemed complete to me. These I gave titles to and included them with the regular completed works. The only editing done to these poems, other than that mentioned, was the correction of spelling errors, punctuation errors and additions, and correction of verb tense.

The most interesting aspect of going through this work is the tendency I found to relate many of the poems to events in Grandpa's life. Clues to the nature of his character and a feeling for his life experiences are valuable insights to be gained by reading this work.

John Jenkins (grandson)
April 1984

A FACE THAT SHALL NOT FADE

I sit all alone at twilight now,
Fond memories return with a thrill.
Oft' I dream in the fading gleam,
As shadows grow long 'neath the hill.
Sweet voices dear I long to hear,
Grow faint as the years go surging by.
Far away in my dreams oft' I stray,
To greet loved ones I left with a sigh.

Each night in visions of light,
I return to my home once more.
My heart grows light as I see a face,
Enframed in the vine-covered door.
God bless that face; it shall not fade,
From memories fountain deep.
There is no other like home and Mother,
I see her each night I fall asleep.

A LOVE-HALLOWED MOUND

There's a low, love-hallowed mound,
In a green and sheltered spot.
Flowers growing all around,
Not far from my mother's cot.
Vines clinging to the wall,
Blooming as they did before.
Bluebells gay and tall,
Nestling near my mother's door

Chorus

Oft' my footsteps find the way,
Back home at the close of the day,
Just as they did in days of yore.
Only teardrops can express
The lonely feeling in my breast,
As oft' they have done before.

Someday I will understand,
Why her kind and loving hand,
That once my burning brow caressed,
Now rests upon her silent breast.
Oft' I kneel upon the ground,
Beside that little hallowed mound.
Darkness finds me watching there,
While heaven soothes my heart in prayer.

'Mid the low green hills of Alberta,
Nestled in a green valley below,
Rests a cot in the coziest spot,
It was every my pleasure to know.

Chorus

At night the stars find me dreaming,
Of you and the cool flowing rills.
While silver moonbeams are gleaming,
On the slopes of Alberta's green hills.
When breezes flow down from the mountains,
And love brings back memory that thrills,
I hope not to wake while I'm dreaming,
Of you and Alberta's green hills.

Dearie, I find I've made up my mind,
The thought my longing heart fills.
I've done up my pack, I'm coming back,
To you and Alberta's green hills.

ALL THAT I WANT IS YOU

In my dreams, the lovelight gleams,
But they are all untrue.
They betray, then fade away,
When all I want is you.

Chorus

They soon depart from my heart,
All of my happiness undo.
With a sigh they bloom and die,
When all that I want is you.
Dreams have a way, often say
Things that make me feel blue.
Night and day, dark shadows stay,
When all that I want is you.

Dreams underlie all my sighs,
They go 'way, and stay, no clue.
I need love to intercede, and lead
Me back, Dear, to you.

ALWAYS MEANT FOR YOU

One night as the shadows fell,
A maiden sat by her lover's bed.
She bended low and whispered sweet,
These are the words she said.

Chorus

I love you, Jack, you are only mine,
And I know that you love me too.
When I sing love's sweetest songs,
They're always meant for you.
I'm happy, Jack, you have made me so,
You're brave to bear such awful pain.
When you are well, if I may tell,
We two together will stroll again.

I've been you pal, I always shall,
We will be happy when we are wed.
I long for you, I really do,
And for the words you have often said.

THE ANSWER

Heart of Mine, don't grieve me so,
Though shadows fall and sad winds blow.
My star will rise and in splendor glow,
O Heart of Mine, don't grieve me so.

Though I wander far from my cabin door,
And streams that flow no longer I know,
Roses will bloom and poppies blow,
O Heart, don't grieve me so.

O Heart of Mine, don't grieve me so,
Sad dreams will die and shadows go.
My days with joy will overflow,
O Heart of Mine, don't grieve me so.

A crescent moon, a silvery ray,
Some night in June, some sweet day,
Bells will ring and lovelights glow,
O Heart of Mine, don't grieve me so.

ARABIAN LOVE DREAM

Come, My Love, the night lingers,
Lower dips the fawning moon.
Let me caress thy slender fingers,
Ere the dawn breaks too soon.

Chorus

Come, My Love, my heart is burning,
Like the sands of the desert there.
Eastward look, our star is rising,
Its golden thrusts pure and rare.

Let us flee from life's yearning,
Into the arms of love's sweet dream.
In the dawn of love's returning,
We'll drift down life's golden stream.

Look, My Love, the moon is setting,
But our star still shines above.
In our hearts let no regretting,
Dim the glow of our fervent love.

BABY'S LIMITATIONS

Little hands on mother's shoulders,
Tiny locks of golden lace,
And could there be anything bolder,
Than the smile on her angel face?

I loves you, Muver, you bet I does!
I guess the reason why is because,
I is just like you once was.
And when I grows big, somehow,
I wants to be just like you is now.

Warm crystal teardrops drench,
Mama's burning cheeks.
Cooing sounds on trembling lips,
When mother tries to speak.

Shadows into tired eyes creep.
Mama rocks the cradle,
Baby has gone to sleep.

BEACH LORE

The wiley shark out on the waves,
The pretty bathers on the beach,
In the ocean, great commotion,
As the big shark made a speech.

Girls, come out and swim about!
Swimming out here is mighty fine.
Don't be yaller, I need your hide,
And taller to appease my appetite!

Oh, you big silly appadilly,
We think you are an awful fright.
Just make a tour of the sandy shore,
And we will romp with you tonight.

THE BEAR WENT ALONG

Nimrod John put his togs on,
For the call of the wilds he had a flair.
To deliver the goods he went to the woods,
And came face to face with a bear!

He lost his nerve, his flair and his gun.
He turned about face and began to run!
The old bear went along to enjoy the fun.

He puffed and he panted, he'd snort and shout,
He plodded along 'till he was plumb tuckered out.
He pleaded and planned and bawled like a calf,
The old bear, like a clown, sat down and began to laugh.

He plodded along 'til he reached a shallow pool,
Then down he went with a thud.
Then along came the old bear and mauled him around in the mud.
He swished and he swashed and he whirled him about,
Then hugged old John 'till his eyes stuck out.

He planted his paw on the old man's jaw,
He never had a ghost of a chance.
Then along came his wife and saved his life,
And sent the old bear away with a kick in the pants.

BECAUSE YOU'RE ALONG

Before we met the world was drear",
Love's sweet dream seemed out of gear.
But tonight every thing is dear,
It is because you're along.

Chorus

The sky is blue, the stars shine through,
And the night is one sweet song.
My heart is light, Sweetheart, tonight,
It is because you're along.

Your eyes, Dear, are a precious blue,
Your smiles are precious too.
All of my dreams are coming true,
It is because you're along.

I love the smile upon your lips,
From your eyes I'm taking tips.
Down lover's lane we're making trips,
It is because you're along.

BEYOND THE TIDE

Darling, tell me, do you miss me?
Are you longing for me now?
Your hair has grown thin and silver,
And shadows fall across your brow.

Chorus

Tell me, Dearest, tell me,
Why tears have stained your cheeks.
Your step is slow and faltering,
Your voice trembles when you speak.

Over there is no pain or sorrow,
Come, Dear, and sit down by my side.
The sun will shine each tomorrow,
There's sweet rest beyond the tide.

In your voice lingers sweetness,
But sometimes I hear you sigh.
Are those songs we hear at twilight,
Dirges flowing from the sky?

BEYOND THE TWILIGHT

Beyond the twilight, Darling, never,
Let your young dreams idly stray.
There oft' doth hearts pine forever,
And love's young dreams fade away.

Beyond the twilight lies the shadow,
That oft' hath dimmed life's star.
Along heartstrings teardrops gather,
When we drift beyond the shore.

Darling, promise that you will never,
Venture so far away.
In accent sweet and tender speak,
Only the words love would have you say.

Life's young dream today is sweeter,
Than it will ever be again.
If out there beyond the twilight,
Shadows dim love's sweet refrain.

THE BOYS UPON THE TRAIL

We're headin' for the tavern, Boys!
We're ridin' down the swale.
Keep right on singing boys,
While we're ridin' down the trail.

Chorus
Just keep your chins leadin', Boys.
Just hold 'em good and high.
We're headin' for the tavern, Boys.
And not the roundup in the sky.

Slim can play the ukelele,
And Bill can make the fiddle wail.
Give the girls a knock-down, Boys,
To the boys upon the trail.

Just keep your feet shufflin', Boys.
Don't let the good old spirit fail.
It's a roundup at the tavern, Boys.
By the boys upon the trail.

THE BROKEN CHORD

When day fades away on the prairie,
And the cattle are all lying around,
I strum the strings of my banjo and dream,
As alone I sit down on the ground.

Chorus
I dream of a girl in the valley,
As I play my banjo softly and sing.
Memories return with a longing,
As my fingers pass over the strings.

Breezes over head are sighing,
Stars of the west in majesty gleam.
My heart is like a chord that's broken,
When aroused from my heavenly dream.

I remember her prayer of tender care,
As I dream of my darling and play.
There's a thrill in the echoing hill,
'Till the last sweet note fades away.

BUT WE DON'T

If we only knew all of the heartaches,
But we don't.
If we only knew what a little love it takes,
To brighten the shadows that heartaches make,
But we don't.
Each day would be brighter, each heart lighter,
We would make and hold friends all the tighter,
But we don't.

CARRIED AWAY IN A DREAM

Last night as I peacefully slumbered,
I was carried away in a dream.
Carried away over the billows,
To the land of love as it seemed.

Chorus

There the dawn, the dew, and roses,
Mingled, combining the pure and sweet.
There love, in majesty, sweetly reposes,
I gently kneeled down at her feet.

She plucked from a flower its petals,
Fondly scattering them all far apart.
The one she pressed close to her bosom,
Like an arrow, went straight to my heart.

Surrounded by a halo of glory,
Like the bow of a lowering dawn,
Moments passed like lover's sweet story,
Then faded away when my dreams were gone.

CHEERS FOR WHO

Cheers for the man who chisels his name,
On life's pages with a firm hand and strong.
Who holds up his head unafraid,
And begins each task with a song.

Cheers for the boy who goes to the front,
And enters the fight with a thrill.
Unwilling to lag away back behind,
And blazes his way to the top of the hill.

Cheers for the man who braves the storm,
Believing in the silver lining he sees.
But the world has no cheers for those,
Who drift down stream with the breeze.

Three cheers and a hurrah for the boy,
Who mounts his firey steed with a grin.
The one who stays in the saddle, my boy,
Is the lad that can't help but win.

BECAUSE YOU'RE ALONG

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Love's sweet dream seemed out of gear.
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It is because you're along.

Chorus

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Your smiles are precious too.
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I love the smile upon your lips,
From your eyes I'm taking tips.
Down lover's lane we're making trips,
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BEYOND THE TIDE

Darling, tell me, do you miss me?
Are you longing for me now?
Your hair has grown thin and silver,
And shadows fall across your brow.

Chorus

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Why tears have stained your cheeks.
Your step is slow and faltering,
Your voice trembles when you speak.

Over there is no pain or sorrow,
Come, Dear, and sit down by my side.
The sun will shine each tomorrow,
There's sweet rest beyond the tide.

In your voice lingers sweetness,
But sometimes I hear you sigh.
Are those songs we hear at twilight,
Dirges flowing from the sky?

CONFUSION

Anciently languages were confounded.
Today religion is confounded too.
Detracting from Jehovah's holy name,
Until man his covenants renew.
If all the useless energy expended,
To build in Babel a tower high,
Had with noble works been blended,
Men would have been blessed from on high.

We meditate with compelling disfavor,
Upon the follies of the past.
And regard with keen amazement,
The Temptor's alluring blasts.
In our own strength we feel secure,
And flirt with the gathering storm.
We pity the weak and foresaken,
And to the world we sound an alarm.

Yet, many mortals, who now languish,
Whose strength was as great as our own,
Might likewise have trifled,
With the powers of darkness unknown.
There's no notion more foolish,
Than to boast of our powers of might.
There's no action more reckless,
Than trifling with darkness of night.

The only harbor of peace and safety,
Is that lighted by wisdom's bright star.
Our bark will then sail safely,
Life's seas to that land afar.

THE COWBOY'S LAST RIDE

One night on the cold, lonely prairie,
Dark shadows were gathering around.
We had unsaddled our leg-weary horses,
And formed a small coil on the ground.

We planned a big drive on the morrow,
As we lay in our tarp-covered bed.
Soon rain began falling in torrents,
And lightning flashed low overhead.

Suddenly came pounding of hooves and bawling,
The warning we had but a moment to heed.
Fear gripped the hearts of our mad cattle,
As they rushed onward in a frenzied stampeed.

Tex sprang into his saddle, went dashing,
Filling our hearts with forboding alarm.
Shots from his six-gun went crashing,
Out through the cold bitter storm.

Wave upon wave of wild fury,
Maddened by the soul of the night,
Rushed on through the storm and darkness,
Leaving death in the wake of their flight.

Tex rode the crest of the vortex,
He knew not the urge of retreat.
Stunned by a flash from the darkness,
He fell and was crushed 'neath their feet.

Now a lonely willow grows and weeps,
O'er a mound on the green mountain side.
And a gray granite shaft marks the spot,
Where the brave cowboy made his last ride.

There was hope in your sky-blue eyes,
Your heart beat cheerful and light.
Kissed by the dew-drops of morning,
And embraced by the shadows of night.

You were cradled in the valley of love.
Like a rose-bud you bloomed they say.
Cheerful as sunbeams from above,
And pure as the dew-drops one sweet day.

Tenderly loved-ones called you dear,
So long ago, yet saddened hearts weep.
Though layed away beneath granite gray,
You're cradled in the valley asleep.

You came with the flowers in springtime,
With the flowers you faded away.
Leaving with us sweet memories sublime,
That will linger on 'till the end of time.

From creation's earliest stages,
Earth unorganized in chaos lay.
Celestial light flashed afar,
But the dawn was cold and gray.

Intelligence, parent of destiny,
Mother of creation in travail,
To bring forth a world yet unborn,
That hung trembling in the scale.

From heights supreme builders came,
God's chosen sons of a higher sphere.
They took of material yet unused,
And organized it tier upon tier.
Seven periods of time, each an epoch,
In creation's progressive stream.
Each adding a final detail to a world,
Where soon pulsing life would teem.

Returned they hence to make report,
Success had crowned their toil.
We have finished all that thou didst bid,
But there is none to till the soil.
Thy work is not yet complete, from yon
Sphere where Celestial light doth glow,
Take two, male and his female, and
Transplant them in the world below.

Eastward in Eden, plant a garden there,
Give it to the man for an abiding place.
Leave him alone on his earth throne,
To conquer both time and space.
Give him dominion over the sea and land,
And all things that swim, walk or fly.
Give him a command his dominion to expand,
To subdue the earth and multiply.

Place Cherubim and a flaming sword,
To guard the way where boundaries lie,
Lest man partake of the Tree of Life,
And, like God, live on and never die.
A measure of time I will decree,
An allotment of years to the life of man.
It's my decree that their time will be,
Three score years and ten.

The Prince of Darkness his shadow cast,
 Man's faith in God to try.
 Partake of the forbidden fruit, said he,
 For in that day thou shalt not die.
 Deceived by the Tempter's guile,
 Man fell from his high estate.
 As a recompence Adam and Eve were driven,
 Out through the garden gate.

Thus Lucifer in his beguiling way,
 Scourged mankind with his vile bequest.
 Malice was implanted in the human heart,
 And antipathy born in the human breast.
 With gloom he strove ere glory dawned,
 His head bowed low in sorrow and grief.
 While his footsteps trod the dark,
 And perilous wastes of unbelief.

Vile priestcraft the broken scepter holds,
 Crucified anew our Savior bleeds.
 While bewildered bigotry adorns,
 The mystic shrines of conflicting creeds.
 Contempt the word of God defies,
 The Stephens are being stoned.
 Rachel for her children cries,
 And vengeance sits enthroned.

The sunset on the mountains,
Twilight's early glow,
Sawtooth's crystal fountains,
It's dear old Idaho.

Tall trees bowing slightly,
As night-winds softly blow,
Stars are gleaming brightly,
It's dear old Idaho.

Wild-life grazing quietly,
Where rivers swiftly flow.
Hearts are beating lightly,
It's dear old Idaho.

Fields all green and sightly,
Where legumes quickly grow,
Hearts hold hearts so tightly,
It's dear old Idaho.

Dedicated to W.C. Agne's Dance Floor

Isch That Schow

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Last night I went where the jazz fans swarm,
Not alone, I trailed along on Bill's arm.
The boys drank something that had an awful kick,
Before long, Bill couldn't dance a lick.

He staggered about for an hour or more,
Then someone got mad and shoved him off the floor.
I worked with him 'till I was plumb tired out,
Then he got upon his feet and staggered about.

I bathed his face and smoothed his hair,
Then threw up my hands in hopeless despair.
Someone go fetch the Doctor, is what I said.
Hurry, for this poor old chap is almost dead.

All of a sudden his pulse began to beat,
And up Bill jumped, right upon his feet.
Dearie, he said, as he raised his drooping head,
I lofech the ground upon wisch you tread.

His voice was weak, but his breath was stout.
Oh, Bill, I said, You are sure passing out.
Isch that schow, he said, who schaid I wush?
I'll bust his head, he ish soft ash musch.

Then he wailed away as he had done before.
Oh, I lofech you, Dear, he did implore.
Then he threw his arms around a post,
Adn raised his hand as if to drink a toast.

Here'sh to you, Dear, On land on shea or foam,
When you schobers up I will take you home.
Whether or not you lofech your Ducky Bill,
I lofech you yet and always will.

The music was awful and the floor wasch rough,
But that what we drank wasch just the sthuff.
Shay, isch you laughinh at me? he thickly said.
If you isch, I wisch that you were dead.

Then as though his heart had ceased to beat,
He stumbled, and down he went right at my feet.
His legs could no longer bear his heavy load,
Then home I went leaving him lying in the road.

Deeper still, than the dreams we dream,
Is the love which lies beyond control.
Our sweetest songs and tenderest thoughts,
Like incense comes burning from the soul.

Deepest strains of mirth and gladness,
'Oft times from our lips doth flow.
Though 'oft times fraught with sadness,
Springs from depths where love doth glow.

Doth God grace but a carnal mind,
Nay, there springs up a deeper thought,
Beyond the confines of mankind,
Lie the eternities which God hath wrought.

High instincts born of celestial light,
Gives utterance to the realisitic soul.
The answer to our hopes is life eternal,
We are eternal, the grave is not our goal.

DID YO EBBER GO TRABLING

Did yo ebber go trabling,
Did yo ebber see the sights?
Did yo ebber kiss yo honey,
Did yo ebber hold her tight?

Did yo ebber go walking,
Down where the river flows?
Did yo ebber tell yo honey,
Dat she is mighty like a rose?

Did yo ebber spend the ebening,
'Till the moon was on de wane?
Did yo ebber tell yo honey,
Dat yo heart had gone insane?

If yo have neber went trabling,
If yo have neber seen the sights.
If yo have neber kissed yo honey,
If yo have neber held her tight.

Yo surely missed yo calling,
Yo have neber done it right.
Just yo quit yo stalling,
And kiss yo honey ebery night.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL ME SWEETHEART
(DON'T FORGET TO CALL ME YOURS)

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Don't forget to call me Sweetheart,
When my hair gets thin and gray.
Don't forget to call me Sweetheart,
When the twilight fades away.

Chorus

Don't forget to call me sweetheart,
Beneath the smiles of other stars,
When the dawn's last gleam has faded,
Don't forget to call me yours.

When at twilight, shadows gather,
All along life's dimming shores,
Don't forget to call me Sweetheart,
Don't forget to call me yours.

When at last my footsteps falter,
And light has faded from my eyes,
When the shadows slowly gather,
And dirges flow down from the skies,
It would break my heart, if ever,
You forget to call me yours.

I met von day a cute liddle girl,
A vay down on der Zuder Zee.
I vent efery day by der ent,
Dot cute liddle girl for to see.

Ven efer der moon she was shine,
Ve strolled by side near der sea.
Ven efer the night he vos fine,
I hold dot liddle girl on my knee.

Her arms by my neck go around,
Voy feelings of lofe so devine.
Oh, it tastes like honey so sweet,
Ven she bress her lips to mine.

Some day it is married ve vill get,
Und make a house down by der sea.
Oh, no, I will never forget,
A vay down by der Zuder Zee.

DOWN THE LAST LONG TRAIL

He is an old cow hand,
But he has twirled his last rope.
He is headin' tonight,
Down the last long slope.

Chorus

He is heading tonight,
Down the last long trail.
Where campfires burn bright,
And comrads never fail.
He has made his last ride,
Through forest and dale.
He is heading tonight,
Down the last long trail.

Come, boys, give him a hand,
Stand close by his side.
He is passing tonight,
Over life's great divide.

Let me wander back to dreamland,
My dreamland, where waters blue,
Glide by like silvery shadows,
Carrying me back to dreamland and you.

Let me wander back to my dreamland,
My dreamland and you.
Where moonbeams make shadows on the waters blue.
All I want is my dreamland,
My dreamland and you.

Carry me back to my dreamland,
Where in the waters blue,
Is mirrored a dream picture,
A dream picture of you.

Carry me back to my dreamland,
Where the waters blue,
Glide by my dreamland,
Bringing sweet dreams of you.

Dreamland, my dreamland,
Where all my dreams come true.
There I love you, Sweetheart,
And there you love me too.

Let me wander back to my dreamland,
Sweet dreamland where waters blue,
Gliding by my dreamland,
Whispers to the dew:

Kiss the sweetest roses,
Give them sweet perfume,
Honeydew and roses,
Will never slumber in the tomb.

Dreamland, dreamland,
The sweetest land I knew,
A running brook, a shady nook,
There's where I dream of you.

Waters blue, a new canoe,
A slender hand, a golden band,
Two hearts that're true,
A girl like you,
And a cottage built for two.

A shady glen, a moon and then,
Water blue, a new canoe.
A shooting star, a lock an oar,
And a girl with a smile like you.
Dreamland, my dreamland for two.

At trail, a boat, a sail,
Water blue, moonlight too,
A breeze, a hand to squeeze,
And a kiss, many thanks to you.

A lair, a book, a chair,
Where just two, me and you,
Can repose, at the close,
Of a wonderful day.

A summer night, stars bright,
Moments divine, yours and mine,
A nesting dove, just above,
And two hearts deep in love.

Seek out not the easy way,
It has a downward trend.
What seems the easy way today,
Is the hardest in the end.

Soon our pathway becomes confused,
It has never been known to fail.
What once was a smooth highway,
Becomes a rough and thorny trail.

Easy ways are perilous ways,
Fraught with danger and disdain.
They deceive us through all our days,
And fill all our years with pain.

Give yourself a better chance,
To succeed where others fail.
And keep plodding all the while,
Though tempests loudly wail.

Death lingers in the moaning tide,
When the breeze has left our sail.
Danger grips the country side,
When our feet have left the trail.

If there's no highway build one,
That yours may be the safer way.
Over obstacles you will prevail,
Down to your latest day.

Your bark will cross the broadest sea,
With the breeze high in your sail.
While those who choose the easy way,
Will still travel a thorny trail.

Darling, tonight I am dreaming,
Dreaming beneath stars and the dew,
Like flowers dream of the raindrops,
I dream of the prairie and you.

Chorus

Often I dream of the river,
And a spot beyond its bright tide.
Where I sat and strummed at twilight,
And you sang there by my side.

Echoes from the hills far above us,
Retold the sweet story of love,
Our hearts to melodies responded,
As they echoed from the hills above.

Zepheers overhead were sighing,
And sounds from the murmuring stream,
Mingled with the songs we were singing,
Moments passed away like a dream.

EGOTISM

You may fool a mosquito, you may
Fool a bee, but you can't fool me.

Chorus

I know the game, from A to Z,
And the pretty girls all know me.
I call 'em up, I call 'em down,
They all know when I'm in town.
I swing 'em high, I kiss 'em sweet,
They tell me that I'm hard to beat.
I let 'em freeze, I let 'em roast,
I never tell which I love the most.
If I see that we can't agree,
I let 'em slide I let 'em coast.
I know the game from A to Z,
And the pretty girls all know me.

EMPTY ARMS

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My arms have been empty,
O these many years.
Barren and childless,
O God, regard my falling tears.

I do not know the joy,
That thrills a mother's heart.
I only know the anguish,
That holds two loves apart.

I would to Thee, O God,
From a heart with sorrow fraught,
That no other child of fate,
Be made to bear my lowly lot.

Give to each the heart to serve.
May each woman her duty see.
May she give what is due,
And each a mother be.

ESQUIMAU

Deep in the heart of a woodland,
Far beyond the great divide.
An Indian maiden sweet and tender,
Became a roving warrior's bride.

But another loved and wooed her,
Oft' she heard his love-lorn tales.
Of a truth he came and took her,
Carried her afar over lonely trails.

In vain her young brave sought her,
Far across the rolling plain.
His bow he strung with a vengeance,
But her face he never saw again.

Many moons she was carried onward,
Far across Northlands drifting snow.
Many moons since have gone forever,
Now we call her Esquimau.

By faith all worlds are framed,
And all things that in them are.
Likewise their motion is sustained,
As they roll on for ever more.

By faith Enoch was translated,
And favors too were found.
Abraham received his promise,
And walls crumbled to the ground.

By faith Isreal was led forth,
By Moses' mighty hand.
He parted the waters of the sea,
And passed through on dry land.

By faith, lion's mouths were closed,
And Kingdoms were subdued.
The violence of fire was quenched,
And righteousness imbued.

By faith, Christ walked on the sea,
And the many thousands fed.
He rebuked the raging storm,
And gave the living back their dead.

By faith, prophets led the way,
And God's will to man they gave.
With love and wonderous deeds,
A dying world to save.

By faith the sick were healed,
The mute were made to talk.
The blind received their sight,
And the lame were made to walk.

By faith, all action is obtained,
As we travel life's uncertain trail.
Without faith's power great,
All purposes of life would fail.

Life's garden blooms, then fades away,
Love's ties are broken through fleeting years.
But memory lives day by day,
Recompensed by falling tears.

Falling tears are gems, not our goal,
Sometimes they fall on hearts of stone,
In the anguish of our soul.
We bow our head and weep alone.

Sadness comes when hope has fled,
And dark clouds hang low overhead.
Our pathway darkened by shadows of night,
Then comes light through tears we shed.

Love's gems, through the ages gleam,
Life is enriched by memory's beam.
The heart is purified, and the soul,
Cleansed by the flowing stream.

The Gods in council assembled,
Before the Throne of Grace,
To decide upon a Celestial plan,
Which would redeem the human race.
Their labor scarce had begun,
To shape the destiny of mortal man,
'Till Lucifer in anger decreed,
To overthrow their noble plan.

The tenseness of that awful hour,
Like mingled lights and shadows fell.
One ascended to heights supreme,
Another descended to the depths of hell.
Illustrious, Lucifer, the morning star,
His plan and plea by God denied,
Arose to ridicule and scorn;
God's right to reign and rule defied.

What end, we ask, seeks this devious
Power of worldly fame?
To bring deliverance, nay, but,
Crucify anew Jehovah's holy name.
Over courts and kingdoms too,
The Prince of Darkness holds sway,
While strife still bespeaks,
The awful dawn of that far off day.

Side by side two paths were arrayed,
Each with the same great care.
One led the way to life eternal,
The other to the land of despair.
Opposing legions, the good and the bad,
Were sent; the minds of men to sway.
Some went the way of pleasure and sin,
Others the glow of life's eternal day.

Thus, ages passes until at last,
On Earth appeared the Son of Man,
Whom the God of our fathers sent,
In keeping with the preconceived plan.
He personified powers; great Celestial
Light through the darkness shone.
He set at naught the teachings of men,
He came to claim his own.

He healed the sick and raised the dead,
Unafraid he rebuked the evil clan.
In meekness and in might,
He taught and blessed his fellow man.
He rebuked the raging storm,
And walked upon the tempest-tossed sea.
With boundless grace, to save the human race,
He went on to Calvary.

Lucifer conquered? Defeated? Nay!
The truth he must confound.
He urged his mighty legions on,
Till Christ's church crumbled to the ground.
Little was known of the many truths,
That beneath the wreckage lay.
Our fathers of the distant past,
Had strayed and lost their way.

Little was known of Jehovah's plan,
To renew again our former ties,
Until at God's command, a prophet,
In these latter days did rise.
Glorious things from on high,
In visions his eyes could see.
He saw the Father and the Son,
And Man's great destiny.

The glorious gospel was restored,
Angels through the heavens flew,
Saying, the time has fully come,
The keys we now commit to you.
Faithful and courageous men,
Who were by faith and wisdom led,
Joined the saints of God,
With the prophet at their head.

Joseph Smith, the prophet, like the Son of Man,
Traveled a perilous trail.
Far over the promised land,
And then he went to Carthage Jail.
He was torn from those whom he loved,
As to and fro surged the strife.
He sealed his testimony with his blood,
When demons took his noble life.

By the testimony of the faithful saints,
The gospel truths are told.
Many who know the Master's voice,
Are gathered into the fold.
Thus, onward rolls this glorious work,
Before it falls all Satanic myth,
Dethroned by the infallable truths,
Revealed through Joseph Smith.

The saints were driven from home,
A thousand miles through snow and rain.
Over untrailed prairies of the west,
A thousand miles across the plain.
From distant mountain tops,
Far out in the west,
They saw a fertile plain below,
A place where they could rest.

The gospel over the Earth has spread,
Has caught again the broken thread.
In temples of the Lord the saints,
Are sealing the living to their dead.
Thousands on Earth have been saved,
Through faith and love and tears.
And thousands more beyond the grave,
In just one hundred years.

They sailed one day in the month of May,
As oft' they had done before.
Their faces were bright, their hearts were light,
As they stood on the deck of the Midnight Star.

The sky was clear and the sea was calm,
But 'ere long a storm drew near.
Lightning flashed and thunder pealed,
The Midnight Star on the billows reeled.

She dipped and rose and dipped and rose again,
They hoped and prayed but all in vain.
All up and down the deck they paced,
While waves rolled high on the stormy waste.

The wind tore away their mast and sail,
As the ship reeled in the furious gale.
Their stern wailed through the awful black,
But naught but the tempest answered back.

Across the expanse of a gathering fear,
Gleamed the ghost of a single hope.
As the billowing tide grew near,
O'Neal grasped the coil of mooring rope.

One end he fastened around his waist,
The other he entwined his weeping bride.
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And then leaped into the tide.

He sank, he rose, he sank and rose again,
With matchless courage and great valor,
He swam like mad 'til he reached the rock,
That tore away the bow of the Midnight Star.

When the storm had passed there came at last,
Seamen from the distant shore,
Who gave them a hand from rock to land,
But not on the Midnight Star.

His book lies there on the table,
His glasses lie there by its side.
His years have written finis to life's pages.
The ink on his pages have dried.
He had a rendezvous with the sages,
The world lost a friend when he died.

FORBID THEM NOT

Suffer little children to come unto me,
Said Jesus, Then he kissed them and smiled.
Suffer them to come and forbid them not,
Jesus loves the soul of a child.

Offend, said Jesus, not one of these,
Better that you be cast into the sea.
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;
Little children belong unto me.

We believe in thy word, dear Lord,
That little children are sinless and free.
We will suffer and forbid them not,
To come, our dear LOrd, unto thee.

What! Are our lips sealed forever?
Has our spirit lost its glowing flame?
Why stand we prone and speechless,
Merging manhood with lasting shame?
Gaze upon our wives and children,
With bleeding hearts full of pain.
Count the tombstones of cherished hopes,
Where they have fallen by despot's slain.

They have hounded us in our cities.
They have trailed us on the plain.
Until our swollen wrists and ankles,
Can no longer bear the ball and chain.
Soon the avenging hand of retribution,
Will hurl its mighty force.
Against the despot's crumbling ramparts,
And conscience suffer no remorse.

It will force the sordid bigots,
With their gleaming fire-brands,
Back into consuming shadows,
With their filthy lucre in their hands,
And redeem freedom's standard bearer,
From uncertain and perilous strands,
And unfurl it atop new battlements,
With firm and steady hands.

Serried columns, with flaming swords,
Will guard our land from shore to shore,
And the humble house of Lazarus,
Will suffer wrong no more.

Good evening, Fraw, How do you do?
Oh, you nefer seen me before?
I came from a vay down by der Rhyne,
Und my name is Fritzy Isidor.

I heard you tonight like singing,
Sounds your voice like music sweet.
I invite myself to come in.
I dont like to stand on der street.

Just vy for you tread me like dis?
You should smile sweet, dont you see?
Dis is der only face vot I godt,
Efery day it goes valking mit me.

Ged oudt, you said, I dont like dot!
Vy you tread me so very unkind?
Like somebody already did said;
Der sweetest of love has already gone blind,
Vot did you said, you dont like me?
I'm vay down to close by der floor.
Up you stick your nose in der air,
And show me out my vay by der door.

GOODBYE, MY HONEY, (COME BACK)

Oh, the moon am a shining, Goodbye, my honey, come back!
Your heart am a pining, Goodbye, my honey, come back!
For me love-vines clinging, wedding bells ringing,
While you're singing, my honey, I want to come back.

Chorus

I'll be in glory while you're feeling sorry,
Away down south in a moon-kissed shack,
Where dew am lying and sweet potatoes frying,
And no one sighing, goodbye, my honey, come back!
I've got another honey, she's got a lot of money,
And a smile that's sunny, Goodbye, my honey, don't come back!
We'll stroll together in every kind of weather,
With hearts like a feather, Goodbye, my honey, never come back!
I'll hunt once more along the Mississippi shore,
Goodbye, my honey, don't come back!
I'll row down the river in my little water flivver,
Goodbye, my honey, I'll never come back.

Oh heart of mine, don't grieve me so,
Though shadows fall and sad winds blow.
My star will rise and in splendor glow,
Oh heart of mine, don't grieve me so.

Though I wander far from my cabin door,
And streams that flow no longer I know.
Roses will bloom and poppies blow.
Oh heart of mine, don't grieve me so.

Oh heart of mine, don't grieve me so,
Sad dreams will die and shadows go.
And my days with joy will overflow.
Oh heart of mine, don't grieve me so.

A crescent moon, a silvery ray,
Some night in June, some sweet day,
Bells will ring and lovelights glow.
Oh heart of mine, don't grieve me so.

Heaven won't wait,
Time is passing on.
Tomorrow is too late,
Our heaven will be gone.

Only last night,
Our hearts were aglow.
But now some how,
Love's lights are low.

Proudly I've dreamed,
Of an angel like you.
Tomorrow is too late,
For our dreams to come true.

Heaven won't wait,
Hearts must be true.
Heaven won't wait,
Like I have waited for you.

HEAVEN'S GIFT

Oh for the star that glowed,
The night the Christ was born.
Oh for the gift heaven bestowed,
That first Christmas morn.

Oh to see the face of the man,
Who died for you and me.
Oh to hear the bold command,
That calmed the storm of Galilee.

Oh for the love he had,
For sinners like me and you.
Oh for the dreams that he had,
That has never yet come true.

Oh to hear the inspired voice,
That gave council then.
Oh for the touch of the hand,
That rocked the cradle of men.

This night is so dreamy,
The stars are so bright.
High over the Sierras,
We will fly there tonight.

Chorus

High over the Sierras,
Deep in the night.
Keeping a rendezvous,
With love in our flight.
With you in my arms,
I'll be holding you tight.
High over the Sierras,
On the wings of the night.

High over the Sierras,
Wings I'm depending on you.
To carry us safely,
To our sweet rendezvous.

HONEYMOONING IN THE JUNGLE WITH YOU

Remember, I said, when we wed,
I'd do something new;
Go Junining, honeymooning,
In the jungle with you.

Chorus

Juning and honeymooning,
All the way through.
Tandem at random, jaywalking,
Through the jungle with you.
Talking, arms interlocking,
Not leaving clue.
There will be only me,
Juning and crooning while
I'm honeymooning
In the jungle with you.

Deceiving, make-believing,
Not spending a sue,
Honeymooning in the jungle with you.

Well, I'll declare, I never knew,
What lovers say, or what they do;
'Till Bill came to see Sister Lou,
And I listened in for a night or two.

Well, all right, I heard Sister say;
Just kiss me once, and then go away.
Smack! I heard it from where I set,
Then Sister said, Oh, don't go just yet.

Bill smiled again, with all his might,
As he took her hand and held it tight.
I knew you never meant what you said,
You were only clowning, Dear, instead.

All of a sudden Sis flew the track.
You kissed me, Bill, I'll give it back.
She then threw her arms about his neck,
And kissed 'till she gave away a peck.

Then out of the open door they flew,
And went down where the violets grew.
Did I tune in? Well, yes, I'll remark,
I knew where they were going to park.

It's hard to believe, all what I saw,
But I went to the house, and told my ma.
She listened awhile, then said, Ah hush!
The she hid her face and began to blush.

The reason why? Well, she's not to blame.
When she was young, they all did the same.
Well, it's the lovers game, I plainly see,
After this it's: Oh yah! You're telling me!

The flowers of springtime will fade,
And the leaves will fall someday.
It's then you will need me, Darling,
When your hair is thin and gray.

When the fire burns to embers,
And we kneel down to pray,
And twilight tints our Decembers,
We live again our yesterday.

Some day my banjo strings will break,
And I will hang it on the wall.
If your love does not awake,
And your heart again to me call,
Some day my memories will fade,
If your voice I never more can hear.

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND

Life's sun sets in gorgeous hues,
As its flaming circles expand.
Then darkness and a silence,
That I do not understand.

The concern of my soul deepens,
As gathering shadows spread afar.
I feel that life itself cheapens,
Then passes on to rise no more.
Then I pass through an open door,
And it's day again on another shore.
The sun that set rises again,
To set no more.

I don't want to love you,
I don't want to cry.
I don't want to put my arms around you,
I don't want to say goodbye.

I don't want to kiss you,
I don't want to care.
I don't want to blame you,
My heart is treating you unfair.

Perhaps some day I'll remember,
Love's sweet dream sublime.
Perhaps some day I'll seek,
To turn back the pages of time.

I HOPE

I hope that when I'm as old as you,
My path will lead straight ahead.
I hope that no shadows will darken,
The way my feet will have to tread.

I hope that my eyes will not be dim,
That I may still see the way.
To continue on and follow him,
Who died that I might live.

Eighty long years, Father, you've lived,
Honor proudly glows on your brow.
From the task you've never turned back,
Your hand still steadies the plow.

Chorus

Eighty long years, Father, you've toiled,
And now as the final end nears,
Calm and composed you rest tonight.
God bless you those eighty long years.
Justly you've been a friend to the poor,
Hardened hearts you've melted to tears.
Tears flow as I kiss you goodnight,
I love you those eighty long years.

There's a feeling deep in your breast,
And a vision encircled by light.
There's a longing you cannot express,
As you sit by the fire tonight.

I LOVE YOU I DO

Over the cool air at twilight,
Just as the day fades away.
Peace, and love, and romance,
Gathers around the close of day.

Echoes from the hills and valleys,
From forests and sky-lined blue,
In one sweet chorus whispers,
I love you, I love you, I do.
From love's deepest fountains,
The heart of loved ones true,
In sweet melody, the answer;
I'm waiting, waiting for you.

In each heart romance lingers,
Love seeks love on its way.
Side by side in the gloaming,
Each dreams of a wedding day.

I never knew, when I met you,
That you were truly true-blue.
I never knew that you cared too,
And so threw just a glance or two.
I never knew how blue it made you,
When I grew indifferent to you.
I never knew 'till you smiled too,
And with your eyes put me wise.
Now I realize, the one I prize,
Is you sweetheart; it is you.

I RAISA DA WHISKERS

I raisa da whiskers, I raisa them good.
I'd raisa them longer if only I could.
I raisa the whiskers, Etta said I should.
I only usa da razor to choppa da wood.
I speaka da truth, let it be understood.
I raisa da whiskers and raisa them good.

I kissa da whiskers, while lying at rest,
And dream Etta's asleep on my breast.
I lova da Etta and lova her true.
I raisa da whiskers and lova them too.
I raisa da whiskers, Etta said I should.
I raisa da whiskers and raisa them good.

Last night when I called on you,
I truly thought that you knew.
But tonight I can plainly see,
That you don't remember me.

You said that you remembered,
The gate, the lane, the willow tree;
The plank across the running stream,
But did not remember me.
Memory dims oft' times I know,
And we forget loved ones we knew.
Fondest hopes oft' times depart,
But I still remember you.

I backward look across the years,
Through eyes bedimmed with tears.
Your face I see so blythe and gay,
And then it slowly fades away.

IF YOU ARE NOT MINE

If you are not mine, Dear,
My dreams are not true.
They betray all my longing,
And my love, Dear, for you.

Chorus
Romance is deceitful,
Love is not devine,
There's no joy in heaven,
If you are not mine.

The sunshine is not golden,
Love is not divine.
There's no happiness in heaven,
If you are not mine.

How could there be heaven,
In a heart that must pine.
Or a wish to go on dreaming,
If you are not mine.

I'll be seeing you tonight, old pal,
In the moonlight near the silvery sea.
I'll be seeing you, you bet!
And, old pal, you will be seeing me.

I'll be seeing you, you're true-blue,
When the roses bloom and sky-larks sing,
And tulips blow in the sunlight's glow,
And you will be seeing me, old thing.

I'll be seeing you, like others do,
On the winding peir near the water clear,
Where sea-birds boast on the sunny coast,
And you will be seeing me, old dear.

All the while for your sweet smile,
I'll make a bid like others did,
And when I'm blue, I'll be seeing you,
And you will be seeing me, old kid.

I'LL KISS YOU (BUT CAN'T SAY GOODBYE)

Only yesterday, you said you'd stay.
But now, somehow,
You say you are going away,
But don't tell me why.

Chorus

My heart's breaking, you are making,
Teardrops dim my eyes.
I'll kiss you, and say I'll miss you,
But can't say goodbye.
Darling you're rating I'm not debating,
The reason why:
I'll kiss you, and say I'll miss you,
But I can't say goodbye.

I'll be lonely, I love you only,
And can only say:
I'll kiss you, and say I'll miss you,
But I can't say goodbye.

When the sun begins to peep,
And the birds begin to cheep,
I neither sow or reap;
I just lay and sleep,
I'm in the city now.

When the farmer is on the plow,
And his wife is milking the cow,
I'm feeling awful cheap;
To just lay and sleep,
But I'm in the city now.

I'll tell you folks I'm feeling awful sad,
But I don't want to make my neighbors mad,
So I don't let out a cheep,
I just lay and sleep,
For I'm in the city now.

When the clock strikes eight,
My neighbors yell, I'm getting late!
It's then I see the fun.
They kick the covers off,
And start off on the run,
And then, right now, I jump up,
And reach for a plate of chow,
Forgetting that I am in the city now.

IN THE ARMS OF ANOTHER

I stood alone at the ballroom door,
From nine 'till a quarter past four.
While my darling in the arms of another,
Glided lightly over the floor.

Chorus

Shadows fell fast over my feelings,
As I watched her that night in dismay.
Then with a heart that was breaking,
I bid her goodbye and wandered away.
Silver now are locks that're gleaming,
Fortelling the end that will come.
I cherish that love that was dying,
Longing still for my boyhood chum.

Through the years I've never forgot her,
In my dreams she is always near.
The shadows still fall on my pathway,
Fond memories are always so dear.

Some say I'm old, some say that I'm cold,
But they are all wrong, so it seems.
Just have a care, you dames over there,
I am just in the heyday of my dreams.

Oft' it is said that my nose is red,
And fire in my eye always gleams.
Now girls don't be shy, I'm flying high,
For I am in the heyday of my dreams.
Keep quiet, you know that I'm right!
Don't raise the dead with your screams.
Turn low the light, I'm stepping tonight,
For I am in the heyday of my dreams.

I'm popular, you know, where ever I go,
I am hep to all of your schemes.
Give me a tip, and don't call it a slip,
For I am in the heyday of my dreams.

IN THE SILVERY MOONLIGHT

I'll wait for you in the falling dew,
In the silvery moonlight near the lake.
Our hearts will soar to the sweet guitar,
'Till the morning is beginning to break.

Chorus

I will sail with you at midnight, too,
In the silvery moonlight on the lake.
The water clear will mirror you, dear,
In the silvery moonlight on the lake.
We will sail over and over from shore to shore,
Where the murmuring wavelets break.
There is nothing to fear, I love you, Dear,
In the silvery moonlight on the lake.

I'll stroll with you in the morning dew,
On the sands of the glittering shore,
Where waterlillies blow in sunlight's glow,
And love's sweet dream gleams for evermore.

Far across a lonely pairie,
A warrior sat in a teepee one day,
Wooing a brave Chieftains daughter.
Often to her he would softly say:

Many times I have sat by big fire,
And seen you in dreams far away.
Many times I have come by big water,
Long time I've dreamed of this day.
Many moons I've loved you, many winters.
Long time I have wanted to say;
Your heart, like snow on mountains,
Melts just a little each day.

Long time I have watched big teepee,
Oft' times I have lingered all day.
Like big wolf on the mountains,
Keeping other lovers away.

IT WAS BECAUSE I LOVED YOU

Oft' in the deep of the twilight,
We strolled all alone, me and you,
Along the path to the orchard,
Then out where the violets grew.

Then through the fence to the pasture,
There stroking old Jersey and Sue.
You walked me along the old hedges,
Telling me things I already knew.

Then out along the old roadside,
Where nothing but thorns ever grew.
But my heart was in every moment;
It was because I love you.

Yesterday a babe on mother's knee,
So very small, yet fair to see,
Golden strands and chubby hands,
Yesterday, just yesterday.

They loved you so, watched you grow,
Yesterday, just yesterday.
It seems so queer, I met you, Dear,
Yesterday, just yesterday.

Just yesterday I saw you smile,
Just yesterday I dreamed of love,
I thrilled to be with you a while,
Yesterday, just yesterday.

You talked to me you walked with me,
Yesterday, just yesterday.
I'll not forget the day that we met,
Yesterday, just yesterday.

So dear to me will always be,
Our yesterdays, our yesterdays.
It will always be, you promised me,
Yesterday, just yesterday.

THE KIN OF MY FATHERS

The kin of my fathers are many,
They've added glory or gloom to their name.
Their background, I know, is luminous,
But I don't know the bounds of their fame.

The feet of some from the path have strayed,
Faithful and true others have been.
Tribute to the Master some have paid,
Others have sought for the plaudits of men.

There's meat for the saint or the sinner,
There's food for the heart and the soul.
There's a beacon for the tried or beginner,
To guide them on in quest of their goal.

Far be it from me to pronounce judgement,
To garnish their name is not for my pen.
All honor is due the great Master,
Who is the just Rewarder of men.

Come listen to a wild western story,
Come listen to a cowboy's sad tale.
My days on the prairie are ended,
I have reached the end of the trail.

Chorus

Goodbye to the green hills of Wyoming.
Farewell to Montana's broad plain.
Goodbye, Comrads I am leaving you,
Standing at the end of the lane.
Yippee! Hurrah! Let 'er buck!
Just beat my time if you can.
Say boys, I must have been dreaming,
Of the roundup down at Cheyenne.

Fan 'em, boys, Yippee! Hurrah!
Just then his brave old heart failed.
He whispered goodbye to Montana,
Farewell to the wild western trail.

LET YOUR WHIMS FALL LIGHTLY

Let your whims fall lightly,
Upon a heart so dear.
And the lovelight shine brightly,
Throughout the tender year.

She will forget your mistakes,
Likewise your follies too.
She'll meet your efforts kindly,
And return ten-fold to you.

My hour is coming shortly.
My heart will cease to beat.
The cause may be yours partly,
I could not forget a face so sweet.

Life is but a passing day,
With sunshine, shadows and rain.
It's morning, noon and sunset,
Seed time and harvest of grain.

Calm seas, currents and tides,
The tossing of life's ship.
As it sails tempestuous seas,
That make it roll and dip.

Rumbling of defiant thunder,
Lightning's blinding flash,
Crumbling of life's ramparts,
As breakers against them dash.

Silent hours of clam night,
Then dawn on yon distant shore,
A quickening and an awakening,
Then life eternal for evermore.

LIFE'S BORDERS

All along life's borders,
Where the deepening shadows rise,
And beat against the ramparts,
Of freedom's bloodstained skies.

We who now are reeling,
Beneath the despot's heartless blows,
May ere long be reeling,
Before our merciless foes.

God, we know, gave us shelter,
In this his chosen land,
Behind mighty battlements,
Erected by his own hands.

None there be who would tempt us,
To unsheath freedom's flaming sword,
If in our secret chambers,
We've found favor with our Lord.

In youth we dreamed, planned and schemed,
Then our hearts were brave and strong.
We gave our best twixt dawn and rest,
And ended each day with a song.

Then we defied, but now we confide,
That we are approaching life's eventide.
Something we lack is holding us back,
And the years have shortened our stride.

We stumble and reel and sometimes feel,
That the road ahead is steep and rough.
We sometimes sigh as the days go by,
And often feel that we have had enough.

Sometimes we smile and pause a while,
And forget all about our wearying load.
And forego suspense when recompence,
Bestows riches from seeds we've sowed.

For this is life that we might know,
The good and bad by the seeds we sow.
In life we bestow and in wisdom grow,
'Till blessings great our cup overflow.

Oft' times we win in this world of sin,
And give more than we have received.
Things that will last when we have passed,
Are the successes we have achieved.

Comrads, come gather 'round me,
While I sing life's saddest song.
Tonight life's tide is ebbing,
With you I'll not linger long.

Way down in the wilds of Texas,
Down there on the border land.
I joined a band of rustlers,
Which netted ten thousand grand.

I was wild, bold and reckless,
The laws of man I defied.
I rode the range with vengeance,
With two six-guns by my side.

My name was spoken in anger,
I was known throughout the land.
Far and near men moved by fear,
Hid their gold with trembling hands.

As mist-shadows gather tonight,
Memories flash from fading years.
Saddest of all that I recall,
Are mother's letters wrote in tears.

Some told of a broken heart,
Others teemed with cares and fears.
Some sought my heart in prayer,
Others were wet with mother's tears.

Comrads, from me take warning,
It's a game that you cannot beat.
Fate's decree, the penitentiary,
Is the doom you'll always meet.

Guard well each fleeting thought,
As you sail life's surging sea.
Dig my grave in a lonely spot,
But shed no tears over me.

Think of the shame and blighted name,
Which lurks behind cold steel bars.
Think of the tears which flow tonight,
And that dear old mother of yours.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This song has been set to music and copyrighted in my name.

I'm locked in my den, my bed is upstairs,
I'm a long ways from home, but who cares?
Mosquitos I fight when I lie down at night,
With my head on the soft side of a stone.

I lay quiet and shut my eyes tight,
And dream that I'm knawing a bone,
Like a run-a-way doggie from home.

In daylight I keep out of sight,
Then wander all night,
Like a run-a-way doggie from home.

Whenever I ask for a chance,
I get a kick in the pants,
Like a run-a-way doggie from home.

LITTLE BUNGALOW ON THE MOON

Once you said you would like to wed,
The man up there in the moon.
I've built for two, just me and you,
A bungalow there near love's lagoon.

Chorus

When silver bells the glad tidings tell,
And we are wed in June,
I'll take you, My Darling, to
Our little bungalow on the moon.
I realize the glow in your eyes,
Means the day can't come too soon,
When I take you, My Darling, to
Our little bungalow on the moon.

The signs portend we'll soon ascend,
To our heaven in love's balloon.
It is because you often pause,
To admire the moon, the lovely moon.

Unanswered yet, the love I gave you,
Just linger a moment I pray.
I want so much to be with you,
Once more before going away.

So proud and happy to meet you,
I want you close by my side.
In vain I craved to have kissed you,
And taken you home as my bride.

But fate decreed a cruel answer,
Which left me alone and so sad.
Had you heeded my pleadings,
My heart would be happy and glad.

Brighten my prospects tonight, Dear,
By giving me the smile that I crave.
Then I will pass out of your life,
As if layed in the depth of the grave.

My hopes will crumble and perish,
And long before morning shall dawn,
Valleys and mountains will part us,
A curtain over my life will be drawn.

I will live alone in the shadows,
My sorrow and heartache bear.
To my love I will ever be faithful,
'Till I meet you again over there.

We each to the other pledge eternal love,
As long as life continues here.
And when we go hence to realms above,
We will continue on in love's eternal sphere.

We will tread the paths our master did,
And kneel before love's gleaming throne,
Hewn and fashioned by the hand of God,
The only hand that it has ever known.

WIFE:

Dearest Husband, I will love you ever,
With a fervent love that knows no end.
Evil thoughts shall not my devotion sever,
Love's rigid shaft hatred shall never bend.

HUSBAND:

Dearest Wife, your love and deep devotion,
Expels every doubt from my eager heart.
There rises within me some deep emotion,
That whispers that we shall never part.

Together we'll travel life's golden strand,
With our faces turned to the rising sun.
Hand in hand to the promised land,
When on Earth life's last race is run.

MAKE HER FEEL LOVED AND WANTED

Though her hair is thin and silvered,
And her thoughts are far away,
You can make her feel loved and wanted,
You can make her heart young and gay.

Just brighten the glow of her window,
Just give her an easier chair,
Just place a kiss on her forehead,
Just let her know that you care.

Sitting in the dim light of a window,
At the close of one stormy day,
A mother and child watched and waited,
While lonely hours passed away.

The husband and father whom they awaited,
Was adrift on the storm tossed main.
For hours they watched and waited,
Their hearts filled with fear and pain.

At length, when hope was waning,
He emerged from the storm and the cold.
They had fallen asleep, only to waken,
And listen to the story he told.

Last night when the storm in its fury,
Brought terror to the hearts of the crew,
I stood like mad at the rudder,
And steered for the mainland and you.

Never before have I trembled with fear.
Never before had I feared for my life.
Not 'till last night near the breakers,
Had I ever prayed for my child and my wife.

Mad waves, like mountains of water,
Sought to engulf the ship with its crew.
Had Providence not intervened, My Darling,
I could not have reached the mainland and you.

You have loved me so true, now I promise,
In honor of the tears you have shed,
That I will cherish you ever,
'Till the last of your sorrows are dead.

I have garnered the fruit of my folly,
And have flung to the wind my mad stride.
Never again will I leave you, My Darling,
For the call of the restless tide.

All along life's highway,
Beneath a troubled sky,
Temptation oft' times beckons,
While we are marching by.

Oft' times deep pangs of sorrow,
Pierce our saddened heart,
When erring feet of loved ones,
From the narrow way depart.

Storm-lashed waters billow,
On life's restless sea.
Sounds of crumbling ramparts,
Come wafted on the breeze.

Fleeting hopes of loved ones,
Seen through tear-dimmed eyes,
Seem to writhe in trouble,
Beneath life's pityless skies.

But brighter still than noon-day,
Will be life's last retreat.
If carefully along life's highway,
We guide our marching feet.

(Written in memory of a serious dispute between a patron of District 31 of Gooding county, Idaho, and the trustees of that district.)

I rise, your Honor, to a point of order.
I object to this despot rule.
I want my children to be great,
But I don't like your blooming school.

You say that you are right up to date,
And that your children are doing fine,
That your teachers know their biz,
But I don't want them teaching mine.

So I am dobbing on the paint,
With a defiant plan in view.
I am going to get my tomahawk,
And cut this district right in two.

I've got a big petition all drawn up,
And the names all written down.
So I'm going to crank old lizzie up,
And beat it off to town.

The County Commissioners, Oh, yes!
They have assembled in this block.
So I will amble up these steps, for we,
Are to meet at two o'clock.

Who am I? Well, you ought to know,
And what am I doing here?
Why, it's all plain enough,
for I am known far and near.

Well, I must hasten business along,
Because I never fume or fidge.
I live out there on the shoestring,
And am the Mayor of Rumpus Ridge.

So draw up the papers quick, Gentlemen,
Make them clear to all who read.
Fix this thing up right,
And beat all hell for speed.

Hold on, something has gone amiss!
My proposition has begun to snort and rear!
Now the doggone thing has blown up;
Leaving me suspended in the air.

Meet me, Dear, at the break of day,
By the side of the winding road.
Together we will haste away,
Forgetting life's weary load.

Together we'll travel life's glowing strand,
With our faces to the rising sun.
Hand in hand to that far away land,
When life's last battle is won.

MILLENNIAL REIGN

There soon shall be no sailing,
On life's dark and stormy sea.
There soon shall be no weeping,
When the Earth from sin is free.

There soon shall be no sorrow,
There soon shall be no care.
There soon shall be no tomorrow,
For time is but a day over there.

No storm shall rule the ocean,
And the waves will roll no more.
Our bark will rest in an arbor,
Of a quiet and peaceful shore.

THE MOON

Does the moon ever look your way,
Does the moon ever say,
I'd give my place in the sky for you,
Darling I would die for you.

If you knew the hearts I'm crashing,
Would you keep on mashing,
The moon, the waning moon?

Did the moon ever give you a kiss?
Did it ever give you an hour of bliss?
Did you ever get a date with the moon?
Did you ever sit up late with the moon?

Mother, tonight I am dreaming,
Dreaming of you far away.
At eventide there comes a repining,
As the shadows turn blue to gray.

You always had a smile for me,
Though your heart was full of care.
Your brow bathed in splendor bright,
Silver threads fast gathering there.

Oft' times sadness comes to me,
When alone and feeling blue.
It makes my heart grow light again,
When my thoughts go back to you.

When I recall my home, sweet home,
There come visions most devine.
It makes love's garden bloom again,
In this troubled heart of mine.

MY LOVE OR MY THRONE

Love has overshadowed a Kingdom,
A smile has severed a throne.
These were hard to surrender,
But love has a way of its own.

Chorus

It was for love and love only.
My heart must reap what I've sown.
It was to live and be lonely;
It was my love or my throne.
Nobody knows the deep anguish,
That today I suffer alone.
I could give my all, my kingdom,
But never my love for a throne.

I could not go on without her,
Though country and friends deride.
I could not be King without her,
Reigning Queen by my side.

He took my girl to the N.Y. fair.
I got my gun and followed him there.
Goodbye, My Lover, goodbye.
I said, Old Man, you've got my date,
Tonight I'm shooting straight.
Goodbye, My Lover, goodbye.
I pulled the trigger just too late,
I missed the man and shot my date.
Goodbye, My Lover, goodbye.
She faintly said, You are dumb.
So I shot myself and went with her,
Where he couldn't come.
Goodbye, My Lover, goodbye.
Now we meet in ghostly shrouds.
I kiss her sweet above the clouds.
Goodbye, My Lover, goodbye.

MY WIFE AND I

My wife and I, we came to blows.
The reason why? Well, nobody knows.
I kisses the maid just like a sap,
And down she sat right on my lap.

Then wifey gathered up the broom,
Away we went all around the room.
I ducked my head and bended low,
Forgetting all about her pointed toe.

She straightened up and let it fly,
And plunked me one; I thought I'd die!
She caught me where my pants were tight,
And out I went into the night.

I always thought that I was tough.
I've changed my mind, I've had enough.
I'm taking orders now from her,
Whenever she barks, I answer, SIR!

The sun, the moon and stars,
Still in splendor gleam.
But what unhappy stroke of fate,
Has decreed that I must part,
From my youthful dreams.

The meadows and the flowers,
Are just as young and gay.
But for me, fate has another way.
My eyes are dim and my hair
Is turning gray.

Perhaps I do not understand.
Oft' the story has been told.
That I still can serve,
Though I am growing old.

NEAR THE ISLE OF CAPRI

Softly from the lofty mountains,
Flow the night winds over the sea.
Sweetly flows love's dreamy fountains,
Out near the Isle of Capri.

Chorus

Out where the billows are surging,
Out over the water so blue,
Out where the waves are dancing,
Out where the night winds go, Boo!
Our yacht will sail away tonight, Dear,
With the winds which roam the sea.
Romance gleams on the sea of dreams,
Out near the Isle of Capri.

Lovelight gleams in my dreamy dreams,
And I know that you're dreaming too.
Swing in my arms, Oh, my Darling,
May I have this dance with you?

Never a smile once in a while,
Never a loved one's sweet kiss.
Why should the world disown me,
And break my heart like this?

Never a friend to greet me,
On, on like a rolling stone.
Never a child to meet me,
Never a home of my own.

Never a gleam of lovelight,
Never a dream to come true.
One little girl can cheer me,
And that little girl is you.

NEVER RETREAT

Never retreat before the issues of life,
No matter what the pattern may be.
If you fear to do battle with life,
Come and walk through the garden with me.

I suppose you are dodging the blows,
This is just between you and me.
Are you afraid to admire the rose,
Because of the thorns that you see?

Success never greets man who retreats,
From the hum in the old apple tree.
Are you afraid to enjoy the sweets,
Because you fear the sting of the bee?

The harder the jar on life's rugged way,
The sooner you'll score in the game you play.
No matter how cheery the dawn of the day,
The sunset is dreary when hope fades away.

Don't try to abide the other man's stride,
Better that you have a stride of your own.
Your bark will abide the return of the tide,
If you can but guide it alone.

North winds bleak and biting,
Screaming over prairies wild,
Drifting snow uninviting,
All along the landscape piled.

Blizzards fierce and freezing,
Filling men's hearts with alarm,
When they see their huddled cattle,
Lowling and shivering in the storm.

Herdsmen's hands and feet frozen,
Their faces grim and pale,
Struggling through the night to,
Protect the critters from the gale.

Then comes the dawn's cruel awaking,
There within the herdsmen's sight,
Are cattle lying all around,
That have perished in the night.

Of't in winter's fading twilight,
Steed and rider both are chilled,
Often the story goes unspoken,
When the rider's lips are stilled.

OH STAR OF THE NIGHT

Oh star of the night, gem of the sky,
Inspiring light shining on high,
Emblem of peace 'mid sorrow and strife,
Wayfarer's guide over the billows of life.

Guide of the wise over Judea's plain,
Herald of the Christ who in glory will reign.
Through the ages lighted the way of right,
With inspiring rays, oh star of the night.

Oh star of the night, vigilance keep,
While safely our bark rides storms of the deep.
You've stood at the helm, gave radiant light,
Thou sentinel of God, oh star of the night.

Oh where is the moon?
It's hiding from me.
It's shining somewhere,
I know it must be.

Chorus

Oh where is the moon?
Oh what can I do?
Where ever it is,
You are there too.
Find it I must,
Oh where can it be?
I know you are there,
Waiting for me.

Darling, I'm coming,
I'll find you right soon.
I'm lonely tonight,
Oh where is the moon?

OLD HOMESTEAD, YOU'RE MINE

I thrill to the call of the homestead,
The happiest of my years I recall.
The house, the lane, and meadows,
And the vines near the high waterfall.

Chorus

Golden ears glowed in the corn field,
Yellow pumpkins held fast to the vines.
Fragrance flowed down from the mountains,
Mother sang lullabies at twilight.
Father groomed and took care of the kine,
Young swains wooed in the moonlight,
And sang, old homestead, you're mine.

Honeysuckles bloomed in springtime,
Morning glories crept over the wall,
Violets grew wild like the daisies,
chrysanthemums bloomed in the fall.

My ship at anchor was riding one day,
I was romancing when my eyes chanced to stray,
To a girl at the organ, her heart was so gay,
I met her that night on the shores of Biscay.

She smiled to a picture when she sat down to play.
I tried not to intrigue her, my eyes wouldn't stay,
Away from the organ on the shores of Biscay.
I asked her to marry me, she then turned away,
She gave me the impression she would never betray,
The man who betrothed her on the shores of Biscay.

I have now weighed anchor, I'm sailing away,
away from my darling and the shores of Biscay.
I've tried to forget her but my thoughts go away,
Go back where I met her on the shores of Biscay.
I can see her tonight in a dream far away,
There in the moonlight on the shores of Biscay.

ONWARD

Two hundred years and Washington's name,
Lives gloriously, prophetic and sublime.
and places a garland of studded jewels,
Upon the passing stream of time.
We behold its brilliant setting as we,
Trace the mile stones one by one.
Back through history's illuminant pages,
To where our nation was begun.

We pause for a moment and backward look,
Out over the expanse of by gone years.
Before us arises a vision of the past,
Too deep for mortal tears.
The tense hour came when freedom's call,
Rang throughout our fettered land.
Loyal and wise men, and courageous too,
Must fight to free our shackled hands.

Though far removed as we count time,
From the day our freedom was won.
We remove our hats and bow our heads,
In memory of George Washington.
Though he has passed on; and now mingles,
With the brave in that blessed land afar,
His memory still beckons us onward, onward,
Press onward for evermore.

One hundred years and Joseph's name,
Lives gloriously prophetic and sublime;
And places a garland of studded jewels,
Upon the passing steam of time.
We behold its brilliant setting as we,
Trace the mile stones one by one;
Back through history's luminous pages,
To the day when the Messiah's work was begun.

For a moment we pause and backward look,
Out over the expanse of by gone years;
We behold a vision of the past,
Too deep for mortal tears.
The tense hour came and Joseph stood,
As did the Prophets in days long past.
God-tongued and unafraid he declared,
That an angel had flown from heaven at last.

Though far removed as we count time,
From the day when Joseph the Father's favor won,
We remove our hats and bow our heads,
In memory of God's annointed one.
Though he has passed on and now mingles,
With his own in that blessed land afar,
His name still beckons onward,
Press onward for evermore.

OUT OF A DREAM

Sweetest dreams oft' fade away,
Bluest skies oft' turn to gray,
But out of a dream one day,
Into my life you came to stay.
Now skies are all blue,
Your love, Dear, is true.
What love, Dear, has done,
I will never undo.
I thought it never could be,
Out of a dream you came to me.

A mother watched her children,
One pleasant summer's day.
They were playing quietly,
Their hearts were light and gay.

She smiled upon her offspring,
With a loving mother's pride.
Her heart was filled with ecstasy,
When she called them to her side.

Her voice was kind and gentle,
But betrayed a hidden tear.
She asked her children sweetly,
If they loved their parents dear.

She told them of the gracious Master,
How he performed his noble part.
Explained to them his teachings,
Instilled them in their hearts.

When evening shadows lengthened,
At the close of each long day,
She had them kneel about her,
While she taught them how to pray.

oft' she whispered to her husband,
Deep feelings within her breast.
Tell me, Dearest Husband, tell me,
Have I done my very best?

With heartstrings almost breaking,
For he loved her more than life,
He pressed her to his bosom,
And answered, Yes, God bless my darling wife.

Tell me Mama, why my eyes seems so queer,
I can hardly see the light
Shadows rudely fall,
It seems so strange tonight.

I guess I'm going to leave you,
I heard somebody call.
The room is getting darker now,
The shadows are so wide and tall.

Please Mama, don't cry so hard,
I guess I will be all right.
See, there's no leaves on the trees at all,
It soon will be Christmas night.

When Santa comes again, Mama,
And brings presents to one and all,
Just tell him where I've gone,
And give him back my doll.

I can't take her with me,
Some one has just told me so,
But Santa always comes to us,
No matter where we go.

I know he will bring her to me,
Oh dear, I love her so.
Just let me kiss her bye bye,
For I'm ready now to go.

Give my story book to Bessie,
You won't be doing wrong.
And hang Sister's little stocking,
Where mine has hung so long.

See, some one has come for me,
Can't you see them standing there?
Kiss me for I'm going now,
And remember me in your prayer.

We'll go tonight where lights shine bright,
 'Till long past the middle of the night.
 We'll dance and sing while the cymbals ring,
 'Till long past the middle of the night.

Chorus

'Till long past the middle of the night,
 'Till long past the middle of the night,
 I love to swing, but it won't mean a thing,
 'Till long past the middle of the night.
 We'll swing and sing, we'll sing and swing,
 'Till long past the middle of the night.
 I love to swing, but it don't mean a thing,
 'Till long past the middle of the night.

PERHAPS

Perhaps if you knew how much I love you,
 And dream of you, Darling, each night,
 Perhaps is you knew of my loneliness,
 When I turned the light out at night.
 Perhaps if you knew all of the longings,
 And what a joy your presence would be,
 Perhaps if you feel as I do,
 You will wait a while longer for me.

PERISHED

You said you would return at sunset,
 Darling, how I have worried and cried.
 I fear that you are adrift on the ocean,
 Or asleep beneath its cold tide.

Father in Heaven, look down from above,
 Please have mercy tonight while I bow.
 If Donald has perished in the sea,
 Please, God, let me go to him now.

Only last night in lover's lane,
But tonight out in the rain.
Then I'd give my life for you,
But tonight you wouldn't do.

Chorus

It was only a nightmare and a bad one,
Resembling a romance but a mad one,
The nights were always fair,
The moon was always there,
But another came your way,
Then you threw my heart away.

Now our phantom dreams are over,
Down lover's lane we'll stroll no more.
Last night we longed for June,
Tonight beneath a crimson moon.

PLEDGED

Last night as we sat in moonlight,
And gazed at the stars above,
I pressed you close to my bosom,
And pledged my undying love.

In turn your heart's crystal pool,
Reflected that love back to me.
As the moon receives again light,
It sheds upon the restless sea.

I spoke and your heart recorded,
The full meaning of my words.
You blushed, your eyes glowed,
Your soul with emotion stirred.

I waited a while then received,
An answer to my fervent plea,
Your lips parted, you smiled,
Then pledged yourself to me.

The more people I meet,
The more I will tell.
O'Baby, you're great!
O'Darling, you're swell!

You were made for my arms.
Eagerly they wait.
You have rare charms,
O'Sweetheart, you're great!

Down the long lane,
To lovers' retreat.
Kiss me again,
O'Angel, you're sweet!

PREHISTORIC

Long before the dawn of recorded history,
Man lived and was a part of a great scheme.
He loved, he hated, he fought and fell,
Then vanished like his tragic dream.

He hunted for food through forests' retreat,
With club and spear both incomplete.
Near and far along the wind-swept shore,
And felt the sand give beneath his tired feet.

He loved as he wooed and won in prehistoric ways,
He basked in the golden sun and sung,
His sweetheart's praise,
As others had done long before his days.

If, in a far-flung vision, I was made to see,
And understand the whole of this display;
I'd go on dreaming, my query then would be:
What of the many ages long before his day?

Remember the code of the straight narrow road,
My Son, when you start out on your own.
Nothing is won from a deed never done,
Or garnered from seeds never sown.

If you would be wise forget not to rise,
And begin your task with the sun.
There's room at the top for those who nevr stop,
And glory too, when the task is well done.

Build to your name if you would have fame,
Be yourself, no other person will do.
Build to your own is a maxim well known;
Nobody else is building to you.

The wise and the great join hands with fate,
Not trusting in theories unknown.
They plow deep, they sow, they reap,
And gather riches from the seeds they have sown.

They have no fears for the coming years,
Food they have piled high on their shelves.
Much to give just as sure as you live,
And plenty to keep for themselves.

THE RIGHT MAN

We now have need of a mighty man,
To redeem our land from the Truman Clan.
They've vetoed the right to stand up,
And fight for the common man.

We've got the man, we've got the plan,
The best our land has ever known.
We'll put the skids under the Truman Kids,
And put Tom Dewey on the throne.
Come on, boys, let her glow, boys,
While the Trumanites wail and weep.
We'll take the prize before their eyes,
And bury the spendswifts in the deep.

Hippa hurrah! Boys, come on, Boys!
We are all going to get our share.
Enjoy the fun, we've got them on the run,
And we are going to keep them there.

Life is something more than just living,
Something more than just to live and wait.
It seems to suggest a lot of giving,
As we trudge along the road of fate.

Man may not with fate agree,
Still he is something more that he seems to be.
A spark, an influence rife,
A magnet anchored on the sea of life.

Man's unwillingness to give,
May portend his willingness to fight and live.
We yet have to reckon with his will,
He, at length, discovers his strength, And begins climbing up the hill.

He tempers his stride to the flow of the tide,
No matter which way the wind blows.
There are thorns ahead to shorten his tread,
No matter which way he goes.

Echoes resound to the steady pound,
Of his measured, eager tread.
He does his best, oft' longs for rest,
As he ambles up the long trail ahead.

Soon his tomorrows merge with his yesterday,
And his flowing locks of brown,
Are woven into silver threads,
Somewhere along the way.

Life's shadow lengthens and the current,
Grows swift and wide.
He beholds the fruit he craves,
Just beyond the surging tide.

As he faces life's eventide,
With its shadows and winter chill,
He meets many coming down,
While he is going up the hill.

Golden lights still appear,
Above his silver crown.
When his feet have grown weary,
And his trek on earth is done,
We know that he will march again,
Out there beyond the setting sun.

Enthralling, awe inspiring, and impressive,
These great expanses of crumbling stone.
Hewn and fashioned by the hand of ages,
The only hand that they have ever known.

Time-inscribed on their stony pages,
Is the history of the far distant past.
Not fully understood by the sages,
Are the secrets which they are holding fast.

They form great bulwarks where seas rage,
And withstand the wild surge of the blast.
Unrecompenced for service on life's stages,
Or for the part they have played in the cast.

In the distance they rise in ridgid spendor,
As they pierce the sky in their upward flight.
To their deft shadows valleys surrender,
And snow crowns their majestic heights.

They are first to emerge from darkness of night,
By mellowing dew they are kissed at dawn.
They sparkle with beauty when encircled by light.
And the last to be darkened when the day is gone.

Time in its flight will bring about changes,
Understood by the Master we know.
They will flow down these high mountain ranges,
And exalt the deep valleys below.

A blushing young maiden,
Was singing a song,
When a romantic young cowboy,
Just happened along.

He sprang from the saddle,
And gave her the rein.
She smiled as she mounted,
To the dashing young swain.

Her eyes then swept over,
The prairie so wide.
Just wait for a moment,
And I'll ride at your side.

Soon the sun was setting,
At the close of the day.
In their hearts no regretting,
As they rode on their way.

Shadows were lengthening,
On the fast dimming trail.
Night's stillness was broken,
By the coyote's mournful wail.

He saw her lips quiver,
When she drew a tight rein.
Again her eyes swept over,
The fast dimming plain.

Don't be fearful, Darling, he said,
There's a light straight ahead.
Shining through a window,
It's the Parson's he said.

Now there's a babe in a cradle,
Curly locks on its head.
A kiss for each chubby finger,
Another for the day they were wed.

Rose of Sharon, flower of destiny,
Always travailing to import;
Always bestowing love's message,
To sad and lonely hearts.

Rose and Sharon, blooming ever,
Far away on a distant shore.
Forgotten? Oh, no! Never!
Your beauty we will still adore.

Rose of Sharon, pride of ages.
Growing, glowing in the sun.
Oft' invading where hopes fading,
Making two hearts beat as one.

Rose of Sharon, gleam of centuries,
Assembling, trembling in the breast.
Fading never, carrying ever;
Messages to the one we love best.

SHE WENT STEPPING

My sweetheart went a stepping.
She went stepping every night.
She would step into a step-in,
And step out on the quiet.

Chorus

The day that we were married,
I told her stepping wasn't right.
But she stepped into a step-in,
And went stepping out that night.
When I told her that I objected,
She said she was only stepping light.
Then she stepped into a step-in,
And went stepping with all her might.

Then I got the knot untangled,
And told her that she was free.
That she could keep on stepping,
But she could not step with me.

The way is enshrouded with darkness,
Your footsteps have led you astray.
No voice from heaven to guide you,
No light to show you your way.

Some of you used to be like that,
Some of you scarlet in sin.
Some of you boastful and greedy,
Some of you decaying within.

Some of you used to be childish,
Some of you unmanful and cruel.
Some of you masters of evil,
Some of you dwelt in the haunts of the fool.

But now you are a witness for Jesus.
You have cleansed your soul of all sin.
You have put on the robes of the righteous.
And the peace of heaven is within.

SLEEP LITTLE LADY

Love may be bright as stars at night,
Or as blue as the depth of the sea,
Bring hope or fear or joy or tears,
But love brought my baby to me.

Chorus

Sleep, Little Lady, sweet be thy rest;
Quiet as the dawn, from east to west.
Sleep, Little Lady, close to my heart;
Sweet, so sweet, in heavenly rest.
Sleep, Little Lady, shut your bright eyes,
Angels are watching down from the skies.
Lullabye, Baby, peaceful and quiet,
Mother will watch through the long night.

Last night in a dream as I lay asleep,
I climbed an elevation and gazed into nature's eternal deep.
Looking far across a broad and fertile plain,
I saw a vast field of golden grain.
I cleared a mist from before my eyes and took another look;
There it was, already for the reaper's hook.

All day long my eyes swept that vast domain.
I waited and watched, I watched in vain;
For reapers, but no reapers came,
To gather in the sheaves of ripened grain.
The sun sank low and the night drew nigh,
The air grew cold and the wind began to sigh.

Again, across that field, I cast my eye,
And saw a dark cloud gathering in the sky.
Lightning flashed and thunder pealed,
As a storm swept across that golden field.
The storm raged all night and through the day,
There was no grain left when the storm cleared away.

This we behold life in its sad refrain,
Unless we, when the harvest is ripe,
Gather in the sheaves of golden grain.

SLUMBER NOT

Oh squalid unit, why defy the light,
That bursts upon you now?
Why grovel here; why don't you try,
To fit your hand to the waiting plow?

For you there's much yet to do.
Break now those searing bands,
That make of you a stupid schrew,
And make useless your shriveled hands.

Yonder is the field, where the harvest,
Waits the reapers at each silvery dawn.
Arise! Make haste ere the setting sun.
Casts a shadow and you have nothing done.

Behold life's banner gleaming there,
Above yon ramparts each fateful day.
Awake! Your part of life's burden bear.
Slumber not; arise and haste away.

You smiled when first we met, Dear.
Then your heart was free of pain.
Then came a day when tears fell,
But tonight you smile again.

Chorus

You smiled through a veil of tears,
When first our cradle rocked.
Again tears of joy fell, Dear,
When our first baby walked.
Smiles and tears, tears and smiles,
All through the passing years.
First, tears behind your smiles,
Then smiles behind your tears.

Oft' times tears mean sorrow,
But they linger just for a while.
They vanish, Dear, each tomorrow;
Like shadows when we smile.

SOME DAY SWEETHEART

Some day the mists will roll away,
Some day our hearts will cease to pine.
Some day I'll claim you for my own,
Some day, Sweetheart, I'll call you mine.

Chorus

Some day, Sweetheart, I'll call you mine.
My dreams are ever coming true.
There comes a feeling so divine,
When my thoughts go back to you.
Tonight I see your tear-dimmed eyes,
As I did the night we had to part.
I know that teardrops never flow,
From a cold or arid heart.

Some day, Sweetheart, I'll call you mine,
And take you in my eager arms;
There kiss away the lonely tears,
That have effaced your vaunted charms

Defeat is sure in the making,
When our courage has fled.
Success? Yes, for the taking,
If we build to the years ahead.

Be fruitful, not fearful!
Bare to the world a strong arm.
Don't try to pass the world by,
With your back turned to the storm.

Doleful and deadly,
The depth of the deep,
Where the soul of the sinner,
Will sure fall asleep.

All hope is soon lost,
When mortals bend low,
With a bow of the head,
As they yield to the foe.

SPRINGTIME IN MY HEART

It is springtime in my heart.
It's calling and longing for you.
Always wanting and yearning,
Always dreaming and scheming too.

Chorus

It is springtime in my heart.
The fragrance of violets blue,
Daisies, pansies, and roses,
Each one is blooming for you.
Petals around me are falling,
As the gentle zephyrs start.
Dreaming, scheming and longing,
It is springtime in my heart.

Darling, with my arms 'round you,
In moonlight and sparkling dew,
I would be in my blue heaven.
Sweetheart, I'm longing for you.

You came into our midst a stranger,
Unheralded and unknown;
Lived with us for a while and then died,
We learned to love you as our own.

We knew not whence you came,
Or why your eyes were wet with tears.
Your brow so tragic and furrowed deep,
Your once stately form bent with years.

We now lay you away as tenderly,
As would those who knew and loved you best.
May angels guard you on your way,
To that land of love and peace and rest.

SWEET DREAMS GOODBYE

Another night, another dream,
Another hope, another scheme.
Another care, another sigh,
When morning comes, sweet dreams goodbye.

Goodbye, sweet dreams, the night is through,
Farewell, sweet dreams, goodbye to you.
You've charmed my heart with smiling eyes,
You've bourne me afar to bluer skies.
To the land of dreams, where lovelight gleams,
And romance beams on a love that's true,
I hope that soon we'll meet again,
Farewell, sweet dreams, goodbye to you.

Some sweet day, when the twilight fades,
And shadows fall across the glen,
I'll pillow my head through the starlit night,
And dream, yes dream, of you again.

STUTTERING JACK

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There lived a lad with his Ma and Dad,
They called him stuttering Jack.
He stuttered to his sweetheart dear,
And she promptly stuttered back.

Do..do..do..you love me, Sue,
Do..do..do..do..you?
I do..do..do, I love you true,
I do..do..do, I do!
Let me wh..wh..whisper to you, Sue,
Co..co..come and sit down by my side.
Ki..ki..kiss me long and sweet,
And sa..sa.. say you will be my bride.

If you do..do..do, I'll love you too,
Oh, those smiling orbs of black.
My dr..dr.. dreams will soon come true,
If my heart don't jump the track.

TAG ALONG BLUES

You say there is nothing wrong,
In a dream you glide along.

You tell me that I'm perfection,
But you have another connection.
In your affection, I tag along.
With your promises you bought me;
Now that you have got me,
You have forgot me; I tag along.

I don't belong in your love song.
You don't love me,
You push and shove me,
You feel above me; I tag along.

Old farmer Brown, he went to town,
And bought a billy goat one day.
He went outdoors to do his chores,
The old goat met him on the way.

He begged and pled, then turned and fled,
He went to his little wife and said,
I cannot feed the hungry swine,
Or milk the cows out in the shed.

She first felt bad and then got mad.
To him she sang this little note:
You can stay in and wash today,
And I will tame the billy goat.

Quietly out of the house she went;
With pride and grace she went apace,
Unlike a lamb there stood the ram,
Unafraid she met him face to face.

She tossed her head and boldly said,
Billy, you had better not begin;
Or you will lose your self-respect,
Likewise the whiskers on your chin.

She hustled in, the fight to win,
Saying, Billy, I will never stop.
She made fur fly, she blacked his eye,
And made his spin just like a top.

She bended low to land a blow,
That would the tide of battle turn.
She did not surmise his wandering eyes,
Would look so far astern.

The goat so sly, then winked his eye,
As he grinned from ear to ear.
She gave a yelp, he got her scalp,
When he landed right back here.

You know your stuff, you are too rough,
Will you be good now, Billy, please?
Then you can stay and eat your hay,
And I will fan the breeze.

I was a Texas Ranger,
And a roving cowboy too.
I loved a Texas maiden,
As so often cowboys do.

We rode the range together,
In the twilight pale.
I told her that I loved her,
As we rode the Texas trail.

One day I had to leave her,
It was late one afternoon.
We stood there all alone,
Beneath a Texas moon.

I leaned from my saddle,
And kissed her goodbye.
And then left her weeping,
Beneath a Texas sky.

Before my ride was over,
I heard one fateful day,
That my sweetheart was ailing,
And soon might pass away.

I left the range that evening,
And rode all through the night.
I reached her side at daybreak,
Her eyes were serene and bright.

She said, I have longed for you.
Then tears like dewdrops fell.
Her tender voice betrayed,
A love no tongue can tell.

Life's sweet stream was ebbing,
Life's bright star was low.
I held her hand and wept,
Her life was ebbing slow.

Shadows fell across her brow,
As I sat there by her side.
She whispered, I am going now.
Then faintly smiled and died.

When the summons comes to me,
That robbed me of a bride.
Dig my grave where she lies asleep,
There bury me by her side.

The old home in the valley,
And the years that have gone,
The enchantments of night,
And the silvered glow of dawn.

The mellow glow at twilight,
The sparkling drops of dew,
The gate and winding lane,
And the place where I met you.

The moonblanched forests,
And the lake, deep and wide,
The nights we used to row,
Upon its silvery tide.

THIS GRAND OLD HEART OF MINE

In my grand old heart now lingers,
The dawn and twilight combined.
Life's surging seas and shadows,
Are but fading echoes of the mind.

Chorus

Silver threads some say are omens,
Forgetting life's firm decree,
That says; Not June or December,
But love's sweet melody.
Though silver threads are gleaming,
And shadows and light entwine,
Sweet flowers still are blooming,
In this grand old heart of mine.

Love's sweet dream endures forever,
Life's golden stream flows on.
The rich glow of life's sunset,
Is the glory of love's early dawn.

Author's note: This song has been set to music and is copyrighted in my name.

We live today in a world bedimmed,
By seeds which we in darkness sow.
We bow our heads in acknowledgement,
As recurrent emotions ebb and flow.
Emissaries of darkness now advance,
As by prophets long foretold.
We sigh and our hearts are saddened,
When the love of our friends grow cold.

The legions of death and darkness,
Tighten the death-grip of their hands.
Soon blood will flow like a fountain,
The sword will be unsheathed in the land.
The hordes of oppression are advancing,
The skeptic steals forth from his den.
The wise cries halt from house-tops,
Scribes do their best with their pen.

Bleak winds of grief and passion,
Gives birth to the the darkest hour of life.
Heart-locked by furious reaction,
Our passiveness gives zest to the strife.
We visualize depths with waning hopes,
Morbid lust shuts out Celestial light.
The immensity of the soul is appareled,
In eternal silence and perpetual night.

Veiled hopes of our carnal perceptions,
Like needles of light sift through clouds of deception.
Pictures of beauty and visions of light,
Are lost to our senses in the depth of the night.
The curse of delerium hangs over our lives like a pall.
During the years of our mortal interim,
We then sink to the depth when we fail.

Back into the eternal with a stain upon our soul,
Lost to the supernal, long before we reach our goal.
Searing are the dregs that human conscience slay,
Like a torch cast 'mid tinder, to burn our lives away.
We seek for the water of virtue and find that the fountain is dry.
Then like flowers of the sun-parched desert,
We fold up our petals and die.

Oh man of courage, thou child of fate,
Thou pilot of a vanishing hope.
Hast thou become a slave to idle fancy,
And like others in the darkness grope?
The day is done, the shadows fall there,
Is naught but gloom and despair.
We acknowledge our faltering steps,
And bow our heads in prayer.

Oh Prince of Peace, the night is come,
The storm now bursts upon the sea.
Stretch forth thy hand, calm the storm,
As thou didst on the sea of Galilee.
Send forth rays of Celestial light,
And inspire again the minds of men.
Bring forth light from the darkness of night,
And come and dwell with us again.

THY ETERNAL WAYS

Calm and serene I bow my head,
As tonight I kneel beside my bed.
My heart overflows, sadness goes,
My empty cup now overflows.

My prayers tonight are not for me,
But for those whom thou hast sent.
Help them to administer thy decrees,
Until all revere thy covenant.

Give strength, Oh Lord, to weary feet,
Light their path with Celestial rays.
Until all in sweet communion meet,
And falter not in thy eternal ways.

Tonight I pledge my honored name,
To revere and love and pray.
And help others to do the same,
That none will be led astray.

Oft' I have waited by the river,
Where you told me to wait long ago.
Constant my vigil has been, ever,
As the murmuring stream below.

Chorus

I still remember and cherish,
My dreams of long, long ago.
Mists along my heart-strings gather.
As life's pendulum swings to and fro,
Love was born in life's morning,
And glows in the heart most sublime.
Like stars that have gleamed forever,
Will endure to the end of all time.

When twilight's last tints have faded,
Shadows will linger, I know.
'Till, at last, darkness will have invaded,
The valley of dreams below.

TO THE SEA

Tell me tonight, oh waves of the sea,
Your secrets of long, long ago.
Not of the high life on the land,
But of things many fathoms below.

What of ships and captains and all,
Who have sunk beneath thy cold crest?
And the many who were shipwrecked,
Who now lie on the bottom at rest.

Could it be that angry you grew,
When lashed by furious winds?
Engulfing all who voyaging would go,
Adding death to the rest of your sins.

I've watched your bosom rise and fall,
And harkened to your murmur and sigh.
Could it be that your are sorrowful now,
For those who at the bottom do lie?

Composed and calm you rest tonight,
Enriched by the moon's mellow glow.
Tell me your secrets of ages gone,
Mysteries of things fathoms below.

The silence of night slowly fell,
Over the day's loud clatter and din.
I had just returned from roaming about,
When a band of tourists came rolling in.

We've heard, they said, of fertile lands,
And of rivers that forever flow.
We've heard of wildlife in roving bands,
Away out here in Idaho.

We've traveled for miles and miles,
The grandeur of your state to view.
If you have the pep to save your rep.
We will leave it up to you.

Just pillow your head tonight, I said,
Then when morning breaks bright and clear,
I'll be your guide over prairies wide,
We'll travel miles and miles from here.

When morning broke from our dreams we woke,
And soon were far upon the plain.
Oft' times we would spy great deserts dry,
And then fields of golden grain.

Our journey through, and we all weary too,
Soon sought our cozy bed.
I gave a tip, I asked, What of the trip?
Between yawns, this is what they said.

Your canyon walls our heart enthralls.
Likewise your twilights's brilliant glow.
We were impressed by your clear waterfalls,
And streams flowing down from melting snow.

We were awe inspired by your mountains high.
Their boasted splendor is no sham.
We liked your fields of golden grain.
But didn't like the road to Magic Dam.

We didn't like your wearied lava beds,
Nor the coyotes that over them roam.
With a blink and a sigh, they said goodbye,
And went like h--- for home.

You're an uncut diamond;
You're lovier than you seem.
You're an uncut diamond,
Glowing in my dream.

You're an uncut diamond,
Set in a band of gold.
You are the sweetest story,
That love has ever told.

UP ALONG THE SANTIAM

Darling put your arms around me,
Hold me closely to your breast.
Shadows now are gently falling,
Shortly I will be at rest.

Happy years we've spent together.
Oh, I never can forget.
Darling, I have loved you ever,
And my heart is with you yet.
When in silence I am sleeping,
And for me you are pining, Sam,
Just recall those happy moments,
Far up along the Santiam.

Just out beyond the border,
Just beyond this veil of tears,
We will meet and love forever,
'Till then, adieu, my Samuel dear.

I've stood on the shore of the ocean,
And watched the waves murmur by.
I've stood where rain fell in torrents,
And lightning streaked over the sky.

Chorus

I've traveled the sands of the desert,
Where nature for ages has burned.
I've mingled with tribes that were hostile,
From whence but few have ever returned.
I've sailed away over the main,
Now I long with the deepest devotion,
To return to my country again.

I've wandered along among strangers,
Where the struggles of life never cease.
I've been a ward of the low and forsaken,
But now I'm seeking a haven of peace.

WE WILL GATHER THE SEEDS WE HAVE SOWN

When our labors on Earth are over,
And we ascend to realms unknown,
Will will join the ranks of good workmen,
And gather the seeds we have sown.

Chorus

We will gather the seeds we have sown.
We will gather the seeds we have sown.
In peace or tears, in love or fears,
We will gather the seeds we have sown.

Will we rest in peace there forever,
With never a care of our own?
No, in the field we'll be reapers,
And gather the harvest we have sown.

It may be wheat in the harvest,
Or tares we will gather alone.
We will bow to the will of the master,
And gather the seeds we have sown.

The way of true love is not always
Strewn with roses out in full bloom.
There're thorns, meadows and marshes,
There're tempests, sunshine and gloom.
It's pathway is fraught with angles,
Warmest of hearts, or sadness in bloom,
But no matter how many meadows or marshes,
True love will never repose in the tomb.

WEEDS

When I went on the farm,
Oh pardon my plight!
The weeds grew like magic,
My farm was a sight.

My corn was all stunted,
My spuds were a flop.
Nothing but weeds,
With seeds up on top.

Then along came the wind,
And scattered the seeds.
And up came a lot more,
Of the blooming weeds.

So I got me a plow and a hoe.
I rolled up my sleeves and let them go.
And dug up the ground,
Where the weeds grow.

I firmly resolved that,
I would never stop,
'Till I'd killed the weeds,
That destroyed my crop.

Now I have no reason to fear,
Starvation when winter is near.
I hold up my head when I walk down the street,
And greet with a smile everyone that I meet.

I can now rest in peaceful repose,
For I'm planting my crops
Where no blooming weed grows.

So long, Kittie, I'm going away,
And let you worry along,
I cannot rest, night or day,
The west is calling so strong.

Chorus

The trail leads out, winds about,
Far across the burning sand.
I'll be true, I'll send for you,
When I reach the Rio Grande.
It's wrong for me to be so free,
I knew it would make you cry.
These are tips yours are the lips,
That I cannot kiss goodbye.

Between we two, I love you true.
These words I cannot restrain.
A sad goodbye is a tear, a sigh,
It's only until we meet again.

WHAT'S KEEPING YOU, DARLING, FROM ME?

What's keeping you, Darling, from me?
The stars are shining so bright.
I'm so lonely, I want you only,
Where are you, Darling, tonight?

Chorus

What's keeping you, Darling, from me.
Oh how could you ever forget?
I loved you so, how could you go,
And sadden my heart with regret?
You were heaven sent, now you've went
And left me alone; How could it be?
Tonight I yearn for your return,
What's keeping you, Darling, from me?

What's keeping you, Darling, from me?
Your presence would erase,
The gloom of this place,
What's keeping you, Darling, from me?

At night when I fall asleep,
 And slumber brings sweet repose,
 I stroll through gardens sweet,
 Where the choicest flower grows.
 There petals, like dew drops fall,
 And shadows of love over me creep.
 Sweet dreams of thee come to me,
 At night when I fall asleep.

At night when I fall asleep,
 I follow trails up mountains steep.
 With awe I explore nature's eternal deep.
 Love's fond hopes over me creep,
 And tender sentiments along
 My heartstrings leap;
 At night when I fall asleep.

At night when I fall asleep,
 Love's sweet stream flows strong.
 I press you to my heart and say,
 Sweetheart, I have loved you long.
 Visions of home and a smiling face,
 Mirrored in memory deep,
 I caress and kiss you sweet,
 At night when I fall asleep.

Thorns and roses, both of these I know,
I know them well and where they grow.
Their love for me they will not bestow,
Until I am dead and lying low.

Like all the rest, I have done my best,
And after all is done and said,
Not a rose to give me sweet repose,
Until after I am numbered with the dead.

Folks shout and yell and groan as well,
And sock and soak and raise old Ned.
They peeve and grieve until I leave,
Then place roses on my bier when I am dead.

They groan and snort, I've broke their heart,
And demand recompence for tears they've shed.
They weep and wail until I fail,
Then scatter roses on my grave when I'm dead.

They dog and flog me over a log,
'Till my life is hanging by a thread.
They blow and blast 'til I kick my last,
Then bribe my ghost with roses when I'm dead.

WHEN MARY AND I WERE YOUNG

At night when the shadows sank low,
And we and our children were young,
No music was ever so sweet,
As that which flowed from their tongue.

At night when the children were home,
And Mary and I were young,
No music was ever so sweet as,
That which flowed from their tongue.

Now all of our children are gone.
They are spread from southlands to the sea.
Now when night shadows doth fall,
We're alone, my darling Mary and me.

There are no sounds of pattering feet.
Only visions of faces so bright.
No babies to dance on my knee,
Nor kisses from lips as the lisp goodnight.

Sweet memories of you, Dear, will not, cannot die.
Deep in my breast, tender sentiments still lie,
The one I loved in youth, I cannot now forget.
Dear to my heart, Dear, is the day that we met.

Chorus

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget,
Love's sweet dream that can never depart.
Affection's sweet little kiss still warm on my cheek,
Fondly vibrates along the strings of my heart.
I long for you, Dear, when shadows fall at night.
The smile on your face, your presence divine,
The message of love that glows in your eyes,
And your warm lips as you press them to mine.

Like wavelets on the crest of deep fountains,
Are the golden strands of your long flowing hair.
While silver threads of life's care and devotion,
In splendor undimmed are fast gathering there.

WHEN THE ROMEOS SMILE

Some people say that I ought to be,
A sugarplumb on a big peach tree.
I don't know and I can't see,
Why the boys always wink at me.

Chorus

It may not be the latest style,
To blow a kiss when the Romeos smile.
But listen to me, I'm not on trial,
And so indulge, just once in a while.

When I go out to win a prize,
I do like this, and wink my eyes;
For it is the trick which underlies,
Vamping of the soft-shelled guys.

When will the sun shine?
When will the birds sing?
When will the flowers bloom?
When will it be spring?

I've sat here by the window,
For hours I know.
Longing for springtime,
And the last of the snow.

Sometimes I grow weary,
Oh why don't the birds sing?
Why don't the flowers bloom?
Oh when will it be spring?

WHERE THE WEAKEST FALL ASLEEP

Say ye not that it's an idle dream,
That the path of life,
Leads not where festoons gleam,
But across a sea of strife.

The weakest mortal will hesitate,
To brave the serging deep.
But the strong in heart will rise,
Where the weakest fall asleep.

The feet of the strong will follow,
The tide as it's going out.
But the darkest grave will swallow,
The soul with a grievous doubt.

THE WHOLE

The thrill of quickening,
The pain of travail,
The joy that follows,
New life through the veil.

The beating of the heart,
The exhilaration of breath,
The stern rigors of life,
The benediction of death.

The laying of the shroud,
The flight of the soul,
The silence of the tomb,
Eternity comprises the whole.

When my hair is thin and silvered,
And I am going down the hill.
When I am not what I have been,
Darling, will you love me still?

Should I choose love's dream to abuse,
And my pledges forget to fulfill,
And my good name is on the wane,
Darling, will you love me still?

Should I disrespect the vows I made,
And forget those words, "I will",
And sweet dreams no longer last,
Darling, will you love me still?

Should I regain my former plane,
And life again with joy thrill,
Darling, could you forget the past,
And love me still?

WINTER

The night is dreary and cold, Mama,
It's winter, the ground is all white.
The sun did not shine today, Mama,
And the moon is not shining tonight.

I think of my kitty and Rover,
And the cows, horses and sheep.
Of larks and squirrels on the meadow,
And wonder where little birds sleep.

Hold me tight in your arms, Mama,
Away from all danger and harm.
I think of the snow and shudder,
Though in here it is cozy and warm.

Take me and rock me to sleep, Mama.
I always fall asleep when you sing.
Soon I will forget all about winter,
And dream only of flowers in spring.

He who resisteth the wisdom of God,
resisteth himself.

Much of the honor of this world now lies at rest
with the great who are dead.

Why that tears fall upon words that express the deepest feeling,
is not hard to understand.

Many men, like the model T Ford car,
have the reputation of getting there and getting back,
but they have to be cranked.

He who aspireth to the top rung of the ladder,
must first build the ladder.

A noble deed is but the reflex,
of the noble heart.

Evil minded men, like empty fame, are remembered
only by the epithet on their tombstones.

When you give wise counsel,
It is as a drink of cold water to your soul.

WRANGLER JOE

Yippee ki yippee! Let her go!
Give him a hand, it's Wrangler Joe.

He gives 'em the reins, he lets 'em go,
Fans 'em on high, he's king of the show.
Where he's riding, the grass can't grow,
He never takes the siding, not Wrangler Joe!
The men all cheer and the women sigh,
They give him a hand, he's riding 'em high.
There was never a bronck that could throw,
The champ of them all, Wrangler Joe.

He rides 'em high, he rides 'em low,
He rides 'em fast, he rides 'em slow.
He gets in the saddle, he doesn't know,
If they are from above or below.

I left my home in the state of Main,
To wrangle steers on the western plain.
I went out west on the midnight train.

Yip Yip A-Hi-A

I got to the land of sagebrush and sand,
And got me a job as I had planned.
I went to work with my gun in my hand.

Yip Yip A-Hi-A

I rode the range on a crooked trail.
When shadows fell I would never fail,
To hear the lonely coyotes wail.

Yip Yip A-Hi-A

I rode the range for more than a year,
Got in a fight with a Texas steer,
He filled my soul with an awful fear.

Yip Yip A-Hi-A

He eyed me up with a withering glare.
His head went down, his tail in the air.
My heart came up, so did my hair.

Yip Yip A-Hi-A

He let out a bawl, I mumbled a prayer.
I reached for my gun, it wasn't there!
I sat down hard on a prickley pear!

Yip Yip A-Hi-A

I jumped to my feet in just a shake,
And landed square on a rattlesnake!
My eyes stuck out, I was wide awake.

Yip Yip A-Hi-A

I took to my heels and split the air.
My shirt was gone, my head was bare.
I ran right into a grizzly bear!

Yip Yip A-Hi-A

He bared his teeth and dug up the loam.
His fond embrace has ended my poem.
Give my regards to the folks at home.

Yip Yip A-Hi-A

These are clarions of truth and virtue.
Holding high life's gleaming torch.
Heralds of all tongues and nations,
Ever and forever on the march.

In their faith they never falter,
To their trust they're ever true.
Until their years are numbered,
And their good deeds are numbered too.

Then with joys and sorrows,
As unnumbered as Sahara's drifting sands,
Their hand for a moment falters,
And they throw the torch to younger hands.

Their hope, then their heart, lightens,
Like the flood-lights of the dawn.
They smile and softly whisper,
Carry on, you must carry on.

YOUR DREAMS AND MINE

If you dislike the dreams I dream,
And they cause your heart to pine,
You may dream our own sweet dreams,
And, Sweetheart, I will dream mine.

Chorus

If dreamland means to me, Sweetheart,
And to you, where hearts entwine,
Then I dream the dreams you dream,
And, Sweetheart, you dream mine.
If we two dream each other's dreams,
We will live in realms devine.
I will love the dreams you dream,
And, Sweetheart, you will love mine.

Our hearts will be a land of dreams,
Where lovelights forever shine.
I will be your fondest dream,
And, Sweetheart, you will be mine.

It was the glow in your eyes that made me love you.
It was the sweetness that hallowed your cheek.
It was moments when your lips trembled with emotion,
And the kind words you so often would speak.

Chorus

It was moments we spent together in the moonlight,
And your sweet voice as you sang to me then.
It was your warm lips when you pressed them to mine,
That charms the hearts of all men.
It was your smile in twilight's deep glow,
And love's sweet story that never grows old,
That whispers, Darling, I always will love you,
Though the warmest of other hearts may grow cold.

It was the suppressed tones of your fervent goodbye,
At the hour when the fondest of lovers must part.
It was those words, "Oh, Darling, I love you."
That found their way into the depth of my heart.

ZERO PLUS ZERO

I've a secret dear-o, I want you to hear-o,
So just come a little more near-o.
It's like this; not a word you must miss,
I'll whisper it all in your ear-o.

I know what beats the coldest of feet,
It's the heart of my o-dear-o.
I took a test, the temperature in her breast,
Was a way down below zero.

My lips, so to speak, froze fast to her cheek,
And her breath froze the end of my beak.
I realized then, like thousands of men,
That I was a dead hero.

APPENDIX #1

UNNAMED VERSE

We live in a cosmic age,
Where glamour is all the rage.
If our role doesn't bespeak our good,
We turn over the page.

The price was out of reach,
The children had no bread,
The mother lost her speech,
And their dad, he is dead.

Memories of that moon-kissed night,
I still cherish in hallowed esteem.
The ill that distraught was your tender thought,
And my reckless dream.

Along a dream of a stream,
We would stroll heart and soul.
Each the other's care we would share,
As we wandered here and there,
Oft times we would stray,
Until the close of the day,
And then we would say,
Goodbye, Sweetheart, Sweetheart.

In just a shake, he set the brake,
The car began to skid.
He allowed as how if he missed the cow,
He would run right over the kid.

On each anniversary our vows we'd renew,
We'd live again the past,
Our dreams that would last,
And remember our honeymoon too.

Your love is constant, Dearest, ever,
And your smiles forever glow,
Like the coming of the daisies,
From beneath the melting snow.

Constant in love as life eternal,
Or as the stars that pass at night.
Pure as the air of the mountains,
As it flows through morning light.

Tonight dimming memories linger,
As the silent moments flee.
There's a place I remember ever,
The place where you waited for me.

Though far from here I wander,
Be it over plain or deep.
In my dreams I'll ever come back,
And watch the place where you sleep.

Dreams of home and you, Dear,
Are so hard to restrain.
I bid them depart from my heart,
And soon they are with me again.

At night when shadows were deepening,
And daylight and darkness entwine,
We sat side by side in the moonlight,
And sang, "old homestead, you're mine."

Go away, I don't want to wake up!
I want to sleep for an hour or two.
You're rizzy, balmy and dizzy!
Go away, I'm not talking to you.

Go away and leave me alone!
Keep still and don't interrupt.
You make tired, you're fired!
Go away, I don't want to wake up.

At eventide in the silent blue,
By the countryside. I dreamed of you.
When I walked, I walked alone,
But not before Love's magic throne.
Soon I learned it could never be,
Unless, when I walked, you walked with me.

What shall we do,
What are we coming to?
When you love me,
And I love you,
To make our dreams come true,
What shall we do?

I remember,
What you said last December,
About the moon,
The romantic nights in June,
That always bring,
The oft-dreamed-of wedding ring.

The nose on her face,
Is like an Irish potater.
And she has a mouth,
That resembles a crater.

I get the blind staggers,
My head goes into a whirl,
My heart rolls and tumbles,
When I see the face of a girl.
What, is love, oh what is love?

Last night when I left her,
She wanted to say goodbye.
She asked me to forget her,
But I won't try - won't try.

UNNAMED

Tonight I am downcast and lonely,
My dreams are a long mournful wail.
Romance on the prairie has ended,
Love flashes S.O.S. on the trail.

Constant flows life's hidden stream,
Constant love's magnetic dream.
Mighty as temples where prophets speak,
Mighty as towering mountain peaks.

I have tried to be clever, but you
Have never given a clue,
That I am the one for you.
I have a feeling that I have been concealing,
Now I am revealing my love for you.

Hopeful day, the Christ has risen,
Loudly peals the joyful strain.
Proudly we will hail the day,
When Christ returns to Earth again.

Lost: one heart as good as new,
I lost my heart when I met you.
Lost or stolen, false or true,
I'll find my heart when I find you.

There's a sadness known but by few,
That lingers in my heart today.
My life is empty, Dear, without you,
It seems ages since you went away.

Up there in Heaven,
I will take all the blame.
Here I know you'll be happy,
I've written my will in your name.

I stroll through the garden,
The place where we met.
But my arms are still empty,
Darling, why don't you forget?

At eventide, in the silent blue,
By the countryside I dream of you.
I don't know who or where you are,
I'd be less blue if I could say, "oh, there you are."

It may be wheat in the harvest,
Or tares in profusion may grow.
We'll bow to the will of the Master,
And gather whatever we sow.

You are more to me today,
Than yesterday.
You are all to me,
That one could ever be.

There's nothing I can do or say,
That would add to or take away,
From your glamour, your cosmic charm,
Your thrilling smile, your lovely profile.

You are always the same to me,
You're what heaven intended you to be.
Come what may, it is love divine,
I long today to call you mine.

UNNAMED

Though you seem but a dream,
In a land far away,
Soon we'll meet, oh joy complete!
In love's retreat some day.

A fishing clout, a bunch of trout,
A string that's stout,
And a hook to pull them out.
A gramp with gout
His breath is stout,
He saw the stars come out.

Speak kind words to Mother,
Don't let harsh words occur.
You cannot get another,
Speak kind words to her.

Ere you say goodbye to me,
Let me kiss your burning cheek.
Your name to me will always be,
The dearest my tongue will speak.

It's a difficult matter,
To sit on a pin,
And make people believe,
That it never went in.

When you are far away,
And as happy as can be,
When you are day dreaming,
Won't you sometimes dream of me?

Our lovelight is our moonlight,
When the moon has gone down.
On love's throne, we're left alone,
When the moon has gone down.

When they told me that she was dying,
Away down there on the Rio Grande,
My song faded away unfinished,
And my banjo fell from my hand.

Again I gazed on the letter,
And saw that it was stained with a tear,
I had promised not to forget her,
And to return to her in a year.

Hi, Old Dear, are you going my way?
If you are, come and sit down beside me.
Just sit right here, you're a sweet little dear,
If my heart hasn't belied me.
Let me hold your hand while we swing,
With the band, your smiles will guide me.

Christ was born on Christmas day,
Over the manger a star glowed bright.
Often I've heard Mother say,
The shepherds followed it that night.

It rested above a manger of hay where,
In swadling cloth the Christ child lay.
From afar wise men saw the star,
And sought the new-born King that day.

Over the mountains and valleys,
Over the ocean so blue,
Broods love's mantle at twilight,
While I'm thinking of you.

UNNAMED VERSE

Lost two lips that match mine,
Two rosey cheeks , a smile divine.
I lost them on the road to bliss,
Return them to me with your sweetest kiss.

I dream of you and wonder why,
I feel so blue when you're so nigh.
It is my weakness, I must confess,
To dream of you and no one less.

A silver thread for each golden deed,
A hope, a smile, a tear,
A heartfelt care, a dream, a prayer,
When none but God is near.
So little in return for love we earn,
Or for the tears we shed,
Nor a kind word to a heart deeply stirred,
But often a wounded heart instead.

We sat that night in the fading light,
And watched for our star in the weest.
Like lovers sit by the sea at night,
And watch for the moon on its crest.

For a moment she met my longing gaze.
Her lips then leaped apart.
Soon mirthful strains of laughter,
Were dancing on my heart.

* *****

Dreaming of you in the moonlight,
Dreaming of you at dawn.
Dreaming of you at twilight,
After the day is gone.

Though many rest beyond the grave,
And loved ones far away may roam,
And others rest beneath the waves,
Some day we will gather home.

Over the mountains and valleys,
Over the ocean so blue,
Falls love's mantle at twilight,
While I am dreaming of you.

Then we would follow the trail,
Over the hill to the swale.
Then up where the columbine grew,
And kiss 'neath the shade of the vine.
Then over the hill to the dreamy mill,
Where love and adventure entwine.
We would visit the spot I have never forgot,
Where you said that you would be mine.

Down memory's lane i slowly wander,
That lonely trail teeming with tears,
Recollections of loved ones I ponder,
As memories awaken that have slumbered for years.

There was a sweet young thing named Sally La Bruce.
She had a face like a clam and a nose like a moose.
Always repining, her arms entwining the neck of a goose.

There was a man named Pete,
Who met a sweet young thing on the street.
She wore short dresses but her long curly tresses,
Hung down to her feet.

You're true blue and careful too,
Superficial, tempermental and sentimental too.

I once knew a hair-splitting old dame,
The guile in whose mouth burned like a flame.
She scared a wild cat to death,
And made a bull dog change his name.
She gave me tips to match her lips,
As proof of her affection.
I gave her a couple of blows to remove her nose,
So that I could make the connection.
I gave her a slap to close her trap,
But that afforded but little protection,
From north to south her ugly mouth,
Covered a quarter section.
I just couldn't begin, she was as homely as sin,
With a hooked nose and a silly grin and a grip for a rolling pin,
So I slammed the door and locked her in.

DOWN IN TEXAS OF COURSE

Where would you rather ride,
With your sweetheart by your side?
Down in Texas of course.
Where do the sweet you slips,
Wear cupid on their lips?
Down in Texas of course.

Where are their hearts the lightest?
Where do their smiles hold you the tightest?
Down in Texas of course.
Where do they dress the neatest?
Where do they kiss you the sweetest?
Down in Texas of course!