
SELECT POEMS

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

Edited by
MARK G. WOODWORTH

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Introduction

George W. Woodworth was my great grandfather.



George W. Woodworth (April 29, 1863 – December 13, 1944)
was a Wisconsin farmer and poet whose life and work were

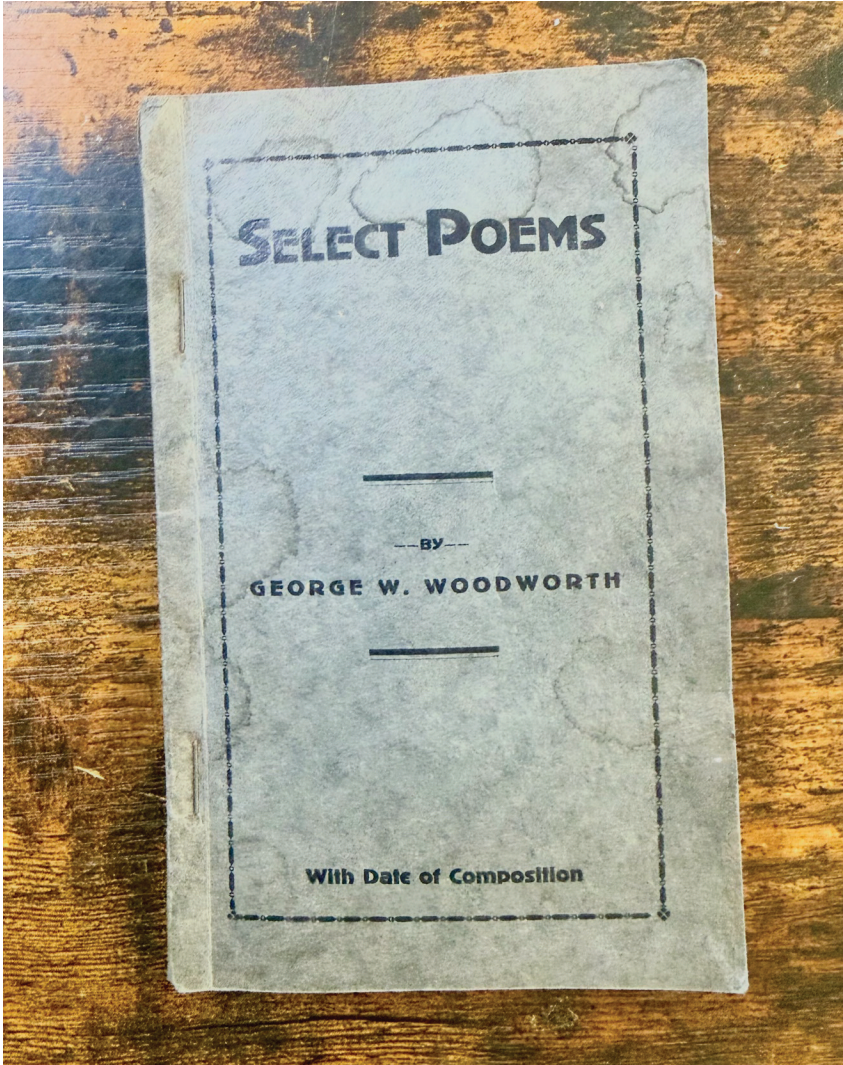
closely tied to the Woodworth family farm in the Mequon–Cedarburg area of Ozaukee County.

Raised in a rural setting, he spent his adult life engaged in agriculture while writing poetry that reflected everyday labor, faith, community life, and the social concerns of his era. His poems, many dated between 1909 and 1920, appeared in local publications and were later collected in *Select Poems*.

An early devotional poem written in his youth, *A Juvenile Prayer* (January 1, 1881), was chosen by his family for inscription on his tombstone, reflecting the enduring importance of faith in his life.

Remembered locally as both a pioneer farmer and a poet, Woodworth represents the tradition of early Midwestern rural writers whose literary work grew directly out of lived experience.

I have included within this volume everything I can discover of George W. Woodworth. My parent's possessions included the tiny softcover volume of his "Select Poems," published in 1924.



More recently, I found a letter that I believe is annotated by my late grandmother Nettie Woodworth, who was the family genealogist. I have scanned the letter (below).

There also appears to be a volume by GWW named 'Memorial Poems' (1924). This may be a subset of the poems in Select Poems.

His father, Rev. James W. Woodworth, (1813-1893) published

Introduction

“My Life and the Way the Lord Led Me.” Self-published in 1878, a copy of which was also in our family library.

Note: Formatting issues left me in a quandary, with little control over stanza appearance (indents, capitalization). A free .docx file, ebook, and pdf of this text is available on the family website to any interested party.

www.markgwoodworth.com

The Letter

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

George Woodworth was just 15 years at the time. In the diary of his father I note son George unhappy about farming, religion & life in general. He decided to strike out on his own to see the easier world. His father gave him a gun & bade him well. Blessed him & told him he could return North Fork Wis. May 3rd '81, ^{anytime}.

Dear Brother,

I did not go to Green Bay as I intended but kept on up the Central. I reached Menasha on Weds, and staid the next day with the Kells. My feet were then badly blistered, but I did not like to stop over Sunday - as invited to do - so kept on. I cannot describe the misery of that day's travel and the next, nor the diurnal scenery through which I passed for most of the distance. I stopped Saturday and waited till the Thursday following; then started out and blistered my heel - my four outside toes being already blistered very badly, but nearly well. I staid over night with a family of Indians, who all got nearly or quite drunk and kept up a howling, moaning and singing nearly all night. The next day (Friday) I reached the Wisconsin and stopped

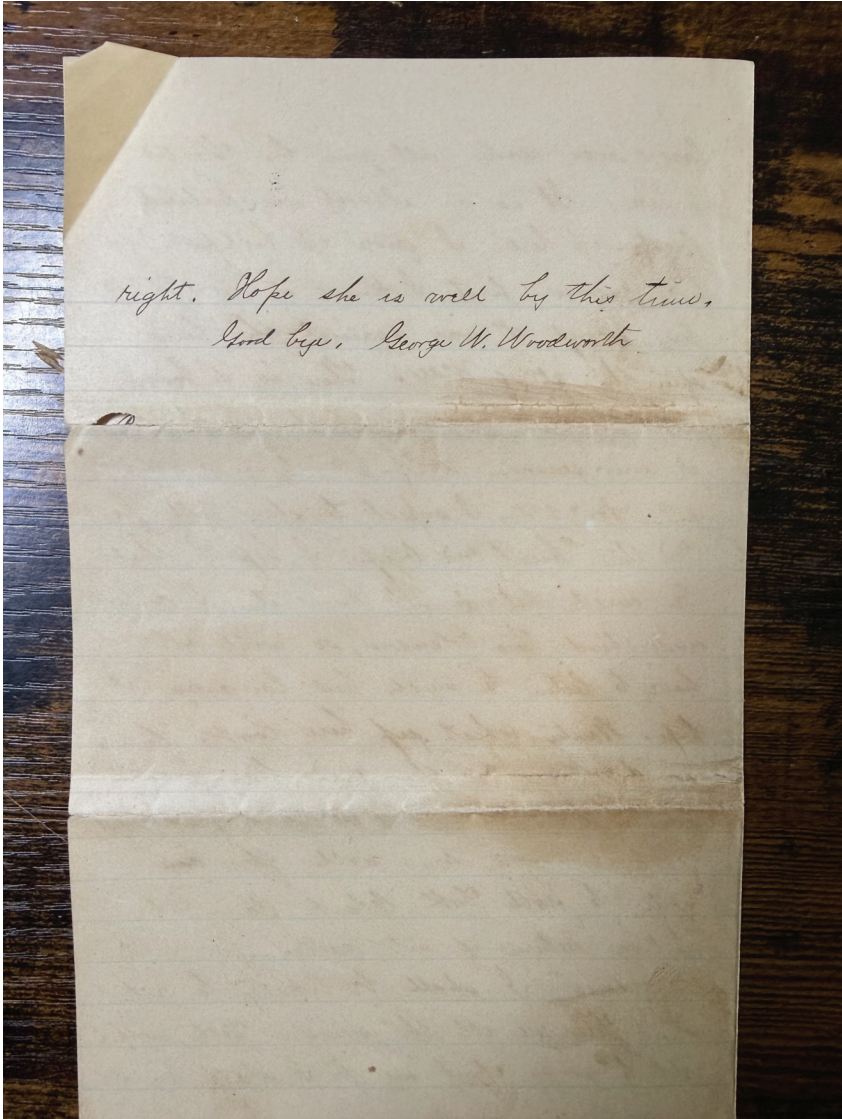
Select Poems

over Sunday. On Monday I had the good
 fortune to join a gang of about 33 Poland-
 ers and to get with them a fine ride there
 within 12½ miles of Chippewa Falls. We
 are working on a new road - put through
 last fall - which joins the Wis. Cen. at
 Abbotsford - 4 miles below Dorchester. We get
 11 shillings per day but have to pay 3⁰⁰ per
 week for board. I commenced work today.
 It is not bad, but rather easy. I mean
 to stick to it for two months or more if
 possible. We have lots of rides on cars
 and hand-cars, and get fine board. About our
 complaint: I was slightly troubled on Tuesday
 after starting. I feel very well for the
 most part now; but have lost four or five
 pounds - maybe more. My face is covered
 with scabs arising from picking off pimples.
 It was so somewhat when I started,
 you know. I just got across that
 bridge in time: - it went away that night.
 I believe in Supper you lost lots of fencing.

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Snow was nearly all gone by the 20th
 up here. It is an almost uninhabited
 forest up here. I gave up trapping for
 two reasons - first, I knew it would not
 pay; second, it was against the law
 after the 1st of May. There is a bounty
 paid for some animals which can be taken
 at any season: wolf - 6⁰⁰; lynx or wild-cat
 3⁰⁰; fox, 2⁰⁰. I expect to stay till fall
 and then hunt and trap. I hope I shall
 be cured, but do not know it. I cannot
 understand these Okandans, so will not
 have to listen to much bad language. I
 hope. Winter wheat up here looks fine.
 so does rye and the grass has grown
 four or six inches. Did your feed last?
 Hope you are doing well. You can
 write to North Fork, Clark Co.; but
 put on "Returns if not called for within
 15 days". I shall be likely to get
 it. Tell me all the news. Tell mother
 not to worry about me for I shall be all

Select Poems



The following penciled note appears at the top of the first page and was written later. It is not part of the original letter text:

GEORGE WOODWORTH WAS JUST 18 years at the time. In the early life his father made an unhappy choice farming, religion & life in general. He

decided to strike out on his own to see the easier world. His father gave him a gun & bade him well. Blessed him & took him. Home he never returned.
North Fork Wis. May 3rd, '81.

LETTER TEXT

DEAR BROTHER,

I DID NOT GO to Green Bay as I intended but kept on up the Central. I reached Menasha on Wed. and stayed the next day with the Hills. My feet were then badly blistered, but I did not like to stop over Sunday—as I wanted to do—so kept on. I cannot describe the misery of that day's travel and the wet, nor the dismal scenery through which I passed for most of the distance. I stopped Saturday and waited till the Thursday following, then started out and blistered my heel—my four outside toes being already blistered very badly, but nearly well. I stayed over night with a family of Indians, who all got nearly or quite drunk and kept up a howling, singing and swearing nearly all night. The next day (Friday) I reached the Wisconsin and stopped over Sunday.

ON MONDAY I had the good fortune to join a gang of about 33 Polander's and to get with them a free ride train within 12½ miles of Chippewa Falls. We are working on a new road—just through last fall—which joins the Wis. Cen. at Abbotsford—4 miles below Dorchester. We get 11 shillings per day but have to pay 3.00 per week for board. I commenced work today. It is not hard, but rather easy. I mean to stick to it for two months or more if possible. We have lots of rules on cars and hand-cars, and get

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fine board. About my complaint: I was slightly troubled on Friday after starting. I feel very well for the most part now, but have lost four or five pounds—maybe more. My face is covered with scabs arising from picking of pimples. It was so somewhat when I started, you know. I just got across that bridge in time—it went away that night I believe. Suppose you lost lots of fencing.

SNOW WAS NEARLY all gone by the 20th up here. It is an almost uninhabited forest up here. I gave up trapping for two reasons—first, I knew it would not pay; second, it was against the law after the 1st of May. There is a bounty paid for some animals which can be caught any season: wolf—6.00; lynx or wild-cat—3.00; fox—2.00. I expect to stay till fall and then hunt and trap. I hope I shall be cured, but do not know it. I cannot understand these Polanders, so will not have to listen to much bad language, I hope. Winter wheat up here looks fine, so does rye, and the grass has grown four or six inches. Did your feed last?

HOPE YOU ARE DOING WELL. You can write to North Fork, Clark Co.; but put on “Return if not called for within 15 days.” I shall be likely to get it. Tell me all the news. Tell mother not to worry about me for I shall be all right. Hope she is well by this time.

GOOD BYE,

George W. Woodworth

Grave Stone



GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

APR. 29, 1863 — DEC. 13, 1944

**Pioneer and Poet, who through toil and strength,
won the entire fabric of his life here on the Woodworth**

Farm; whose cherished soil now enfolds his mortal remains.

“A Juvenile Prayer” (below) is engraved on the tombstone of George W. Woodworth, where it appears beneath the heading “Author of Eternal Truth.” The poem is his own composition and reflects his early devotional faith, which his family chose to memorialize on his grave.

*Author of Eternal Truth,
Guide me in the days of youth.
Guard me by Thy Matchless might.
Lead my wayward steps aright.
Father, let Thy wisdom shine
Into this dark soul of mine.
Give me manhood, faith and love.
Fit me for the life above.*

Jan. 1, 1881.

EARLY POEMS

True Friendship

Should other friends deny thee,
When fortune hides her smile.
This one would still stand by thee
And soothe thy grief the while.
This heart would mourn thy weeping,
This soul thy sorrow share ;'
'Midst trials ever keeping
Thy mind from vile despair.

JAN. 1, 1881.

The Stoic's Sermon

Arouse, my friends, and suffer not yourselves
To pine and die, base melancholy slaves.
Such was I once, and such might have remained,
Until the dark death angel bore me hence,
Had not the light of reason burst the gloom
Which long had shrouded my benighted soul.
I saw the folly of despondency,
And then resolved that, come whate'er there
might
Of life's vicissitudes or earthly woes,
I still would be the same in ease or pain ;
Alike unmoved amidst triumphant gleams
Of fair success in what I undertook ;
Or when the clouds of failure hovered o'er
My purposed path, and hid the star of hope.
Why should we droop and wither, like a
plant
Of tender birth beneath the orb of day?

We are not things, but men, of noble worthy
And framed to execute some high resolve.
Our duty is to bless our fellow-kind,
And, in that act, be doubly blessed ourselves ;
For any deed of good which we perform
Will be a source of peace in after years.
Full happy they who, when they come to
leave
This "vale of tears," where care and sorrow
bloom,
Luxuriant amid the fields of Time,
Can glance along their backward track and
see
That seeds of kindness, sown by them in love,
Have made the walks of life seem fairer far :
And if, besides, some nourishment they gave
The tree of knowledge, whose wide-spreading
boughs
With a resistless and unceasing force
Press heavenward, they have not lived in
vain.

APRIL 25, 1883.

The Home Of My Childhood

In all my wanderings I have not found
A place as dear to me as my old home,
Though time has changed the scenes that
Once knew,
And wild Neglect her dingy mantle cast
O'er what remains of childhood's loved
resorts.
Each time-worn building totters in decay;
Gone are the woodland walks I used to
tread;
Man's ruthless hand has felled each cherish-
ed tree,
And left nie but the wrecks of what hath
been.
White tomb-stones stand where dust returns
to dust;
And brambles rise where flowers once did
bloom,
And forms of beauty smiled on either side.

The heedless stranger here for years has ruled.
And 'midst those lovely scenes Destruction stalked.
Such is my childhood's home, the sacred spot
Where first my infant eyes beheld the day.
Can mem'ry draw no veil before the past ;
Or can the future still no solace bring
To him whose roving footsteps now return?
Can love's endeavor not repair those scenes.
And beauty to that home again restore?
The brooklet yet pursues its babbling course ;
The river rolls its restless waters still ;
And on the further shore the greenwood waves ;
My native woodlands, to w^hose silent shade
I loved to flee when boyhood's sorrows pressed,
And life a burden seemed. No playmates cheered
My drooping spirits in the hour of grief ;
But Nature was my comforter and friend,
And 'neath her care my childish fancy grew.
Far dearer to my mind than tongue can tell
Was the calm stillness of the forest's depths.
How sweet to watch the inmates of those shades !
The nimble squirrel sported 'mid the boughs :
The woodmouse frisked among the rustling leaves,
Nor feared for danger from a well-known friend.
To me the forest teemed with fairy forms,
And in each object beauty met my gaze.

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These fair companions of my youth remain,
And shall the clouds of gloom my brow o'er-
shade?

Away such thoughts ! thrice welcome still
my home.

JUNE 10, 1888.

For An Album

May contentment, that jewel of measureless
worth.
Endear to thy heart thy abode upon earth.
Remember that wisdom is better than
wealth :
Riches and pleasure compare not to health.
In Life's earnest struggle, one purpose hold
fast ;
Let no obstacles daunt thee, hope on to the
last;
Let thy future be guided by thoughts of the
past.

JULY 15, 1883.

Hope's Star

(FIRST SPEAKER)

HOW OFT HAVE I sunk in despondency's surges,
While the lash of time's waves seemed like
funeral dirges !
No land was in sight and no lifeboat was
near me;
Hope's star fled my vision and nothing could
cheer me;
Wild storms of adversity burst o'er the wave,
And the future seemed dark as the path to
the grave."

(SECOND SPEAKER)

We all must encounter some tempests of
sorrow ;
And each from the other can sympathy

borrow.

Today may be darkly o'ershadowed with
sadness ;

Tomorrow be beaming with sunshine and
gladness ;

So why, 'midst the tumult of ocean and air,
Should we droop in despondency, yield to
despair?

As we manfully buffet the hurricane's might,
A light through the darkness meets dimly
our sight;

'Tis the beacon of hope, which again lends
its ray

To lead the lost mariner over his way.

(BOTH)

BLEST STAR, o'er life's ocean our pathway to
guide,

A friend to the friendless whatever betide,
Thou hast raised me from sorrow, from pain
and despair.

Full many a time, when o'erburdened with
care;

And no more shalt thou leave me to droop
on my way ;

But strengthen me still with thy soul-cheer-
ing ray.

FEB. 12, 1884.

Sorrow And Wrath

How vain are our tears, and how vain are
our curses,
To right the prone structure of fortune's
reverses !
The brain should be cool and the eye be
unclouded,
When the mist of misfortune our bark has
enshrouded ;
For the rocks of destruction then wait on
our path.
And our ruin is fostered by sorrow or wrath.
Away with your anger ! Away with your
tears !
And let hope be your guide through the
oncoming years ;
While reason and will, by base passions
unmarred,
Shall scatter the gloom, which your progress

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

has barred.

MAR. 8, 1884.

The Soldier's Farewell

November's winds are howling, the days are
dark and drear ;
The withered leaves are falling, and death
is busy here.
Death blights the scenes of beauty that
smiling Nature gave —
Prepares the fading flowers for winter's
chilly grave.
When all around is dying and life is veiled
in gloom.
The lonely soul is sighing for refuge in the
tomb.
My country's voice is calling, and I must
heed that call,
Though in the war's confusion my bleeding
form may fall.
Farewell, farewell, my woodland home ! I
leave my mother's grave
To strike for God and Union, where glory's

banners wave.

The rebel flag is floating ; I go against the
South

To face her gleaming sabres and dare the
cannon's mouth.

Accurst the chain of bondage where vice
and anguish reign !

The blood of slaughtered legions must wash
away the stain ;

For Freedom's sword shall conquer and
slaves shall be no more ;

While on the plain of battle their masters
writhe in gore.

The despots of oppression deserve no better
death

Than in despairing conflict to spend their
parting breath ;

So down with ev'ry traitor ! our country's
boast shall be

An undivided union, its watchword — "lib-
erty."

NOTE — The above was written, as if by
my brother Watson P. Woodworth, who was
in Co. I, 2nd Wis. Cavalry and died at Mem-
phis, Tennessee
— G. W. W. June 1, 1884.

Love's Inspiration

Time rolls his course ; shall ties of love decay
When distance parts us from each other's
sight?
I think of thee where'er my footsteps stray,
And but for hope my life were darkest
night.
At the sorrow and the anguish.
Which my spirit must endure,
Almost fainting as I languish
'Neath this curse I cannot cure,
I have laughed in wild derision ;
Stern resolve I cherish still.
Bound that naught shall cloud my vision,
Or subdue my stubborn will ;
Yet despondency before me
Strews obstructions in my path ;
Could thy beaming eyes watch o'er me,
Vain would be the demon's wrath ;

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

For love's magic spell can strengthen
Fainting mortals for the fight,
Though opposing shadows lengthen
Into dark and dreary night.

SEPT. 15, 1884.

The Hermit's Reply

They ask me if I am not sad
Because no kindred form is near ;
But is there naught can make me glad
Save human creatures with me here?
I roamed among my fellow kind
Where hundreds, thousands met my gaze ;
And each, to other's presence blind,
Pursued his solitary ways.
Companionship in vain I sought ;
The world grew hateful to my sight ;
I found myself alone in thought,
And chose to be an anchorite.

SEPT. 8, 1885.

The Marriage

In view of the numerous marriages celebrated lately, the river-side poet submits a description of the first wedding which he attended, wherein the bride and groom quite calmly took part in a little "stabbing affair."

WE GATHERED in from far and wide, from
scenes of daily action,
The bridegroom and his lovely bride the
center of attraction.
Before the altar and the priest, while we
looked on delighted.
Or undispleased to say the least, their mutual
vows they plighted ;
And when the nuptial knot was tied, upon
their knees they fell,
And bowed their consecrated heads beneath
the marriage bell.
"Father of Light," the curate cried, while

all grew very still, ‘
"Long may Thy peace with these abide —
long may they do Thy will."
Our hearts responded to that wish, our lips
joined in the prayer.
"Joy to them both, unmarred," we said :
"long live the bridal pair."
And then we shook them by the hand — tho'
some did more than this.
For through the sounding hall was heard the
music of the kiss.
By such exertions overcome, we longed to
break our fast ;
So to the festal hall below the couples gaily
passed.
High praise to her whose cunning hand con-
trived that sumptuous board,
With fruits, and cakes, and rich ice cream
so bounteously stored.
A gay and smiling, handsome group we sat
around it there.
And vowed that never wedding feast could
with this one compare.
Yet think not that this pleasant scene was
free from signs of strife,
For here a tragic deed was done by this new
man and wife :
With burnished blade of tempered steel
grasped in each stern right hand.
And grim resolve upon each brow, right
face to face they stand !
With bated breath and pallid cheeks no
motion dared we make.
'Tis done ! the awful deed is done ! they've

Select Poems

stabbed the wedding cake.
For twenty minutes, more or less, we ate
and drank and smiled ;
Or with our softly-flowing speech each other's
thoughts beguiled ;
And then we hastily forsook the empty plate
and cup,
To join again in pleasant talk in regions
higher up.
At last the trying moment came — the parting
of the friends.
"Farewell," we fondly did exclaim ; so here
the story ends.

OCT. 25, 1885.

Milwaukee River

Alone within my narrow tower
I sit at midnight's solemn hour,
And watch the silv'ry moonbeams play
Along the river's shining way ;
But, on the margin of the stream,
The trees prevent the moonlight's gleam.
Here lies the meadow, spreading wide.
With shades of bush and tree allied ;
While on the further margin stands
The darksome stretch of forest lands.
The scene displayed before my sight
Might thrill an artist with delight;
And, as I watch it from my door,
I love my childhood's home the more.
My dear old home it still shall be,
The fairest spot on earth to me,
Linked with the dreams of vanished years,
With boyhood's mingled hopes and fears.

. . .

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

NOV. 24, 1885.

Hopes Of Heaven

When this weary life is over,
Then my soul shall calmly rest,
"Mid the lovely scenes of Eden,
In the bowers of the blest —
By the Jordan's crystal waters,
Where the trees forever bloom,
And the strains of sacred music
Banish ev'ry thought of gloom.
There is respite from affliction,
When we reach that distant shore;
There our earthly cares and sorrows
Shall molest us nevermore ;
There the wicked cannot harm us,
Nor the curse of foul decay ;
No diseases shall alarm us ;
All our griefs shall pass away.

DEC. 10, 1885.

Suicide

Foul is the act which frees the slave
By self-directed blow,
From wrestling with life's stormy wave
When adverse tempests blow.
There's honor for that lofty soul,
Who braves the fiercest strife ;
And risks, while pressing to the goal,
The precious boon of life ;
And, if his heart's dear blood outpours,
For truth or country shed,
His name survives, the world adores ;
He is not really dead ;
But he who throws his life away.
As worthless to retain,
Shall mingle soon with other clay,
Forgotten, false, insane.
Whate'er befall us, let us still
Life's darkest dangers dare ;

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

And conquer with unyielding will
The powers of despair.

MARCH 23, 1886.

The Misanthrope

He feels alone, tho' 'round him words are
spoken.
And forms of humans flit before his sight ;
The gloom that wraps his soul remains un-
broken
And life seems dark as everlasting night ;
He cannot see beyond the dreary present
Rewards, which are in store for those who
work —
For those who smile at things he deems un-
pleasant.
Rejoicing in the duties he would shirk.

APRIL 20, 1886.

A Storm At Night In The Mountains

Wildly the tempest roars !
Fiercely the water pours,
While from the thunder cloud
Lightnings are flashing ! .
Here, on a narrow ledge,
By the abyss'es edge.
Watch I the torrent's might
O'er the rocks dashing.
In the dark shades of night,
Screened from all human sight,
When the black tempest howls.
Love I to wander;
Watch the swift lightning flash,
Hear the deep thunder crash.
And, midst the jarring strife,
Lonely to ponder.

MAY 2, 1886.

For An Album

You have asked me for a line.
And what better can I do,
Than to wish your star may shine
Ever fair and bright for you?
That, whatever life you live.
It may be without a blot.
Like the book to me you give,
Where I write "Forget me not."

SEPT. 4, 1886.

Kind Words

There's no music we can borrow,
Or of human or of bird,
That can cheer the soul in sorrow
Like a kindly spoken word.

SEPT. 10, 1886.

Meditations

If you would with pleasure ponder
On the scenes the past has known,
Scatter mirth where'er you wander.
Strive to bear your griefs alone.

DEC. 8, 1887.

Advice

If there be one whom thou canst call thy
friend.
Guard well thyself so thou shalt not offend,
A thoughtless word or deed may break the
chain.
And true devotion strive to mend in vain.
One moment may undo the work of years,
And leave this world in truth a "vale of
tears."

APRIL 30, 1888,

Cheer Up

There are some things we should not lend,
And one of them is trouble.
Go. share your joys with ev'ry friend,
And thus your pleasures double ;
But keep that word from others' ears.
Which, if it should be spoken,
May break the heart of him who hears.
Nor mend your heart now broken.
We should not by our look or voice,
Or even by our actions,
Show that our hearts do not rejoice.
That life has not attractions;
For, as a cloud o'erspanns the earth
And all beneath it covers,
So grief, that in one mind has birth.
O'er all around it hovers.
And yet, as darkness ever flies
Before the beams of morning,
Man's soul above his griefs should rise,

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

His very ills adorning.
As sunlight on the sable rim
Of night's cold mantle shining,
So reason gilds the woes of him
Who thinks not or repining.

DEC. 8, 1887.

Death

What is there in death to dread?
When this weary life is sped,
If we nevermore shall rise.
Nevermore shall open our eyes.
But, within our dungeons deep.
Find a never broken sleep,
Still the end of life is blest,
For it gives eternal rest ;
And if, on another shore,
We shall wake to sleep no more ;
If, amid the starry spheres.
We shall roam through endless years,
Learning more of nature's laws,
Nearing the Eternal Cause,
Is there aught in that to dread?
No, thrice happy, then, the dead.
Then at death we should not sigh.
For 'tis better far to die.

. . .

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

JAN. 7, 1888.

Resignation

As time rolls on I cease to grieve
For that which once my heart oppressed ;
Hope beams again, and I believe
That all has happened for the best.
'Tis better far it seems to me,
To laugh, although we may not win,
Than long for what can never be.
Or sigh for that which might have been.

FEB. 4, 1888.

Clouds And Sunshine

Changing like an April day,
Hopes will come and pass away.
Friendships fade or love decay,
In this world of care;
But the summer's sun may shine,
With its rays of joy divine,
Often, ere life's day's decline.
Banishing despair.

APRIL 15, 1888.

The Building Of The Stone Boat

It was a stormy winter's day,
The men were drivin in ;
And yet they thought to idle stay
Would surely be a sin.
So, after sitting still awhile.
And scratching of his head.
The youthful master, with a smile.
Unto the servant said :
“Lord bless me, John, I have a tho't !
Why now you need not wonder !
This is no time for doing naught,
We'll build a boat by thunder !
A boat by horses to be drawn.
To slide along the ground ;
The timbers are already sawn,
The planks are new and sound.”
So, while the wind without did roar.
Safe from the sleet and drizzle,
Jake used the hammer or did bore,

John plied the wrench and chisel.
While sound of building never fails.
The master workman tall
Amused the boys by telling tales,
And, meantime, made a maul.
Tims busily the day was passed.
And merrily as well ;
And, though the sky was overcast,.
Their spirits never fell
Why should it not be always so?
When sorrow dims our way,
'Tis better far to banish woe.
And evermore be gay.
Though all around our path be dark..
If reason lights the soul,
The star of Hope will guide our bark
When stormy billows roll.
If usefully our time is spent.
With willing heart and hand :
We have no reason to lament,
Our lives are truly grand.

JAN. 19, 1889.

Our Educational System

When banded wisdom lifts her voice
And scatters her opinions,
The good have reason to rejoice
Throughout those blest dominions.
For ignorance and sin must sink
Before the sword of learning ;
And those, who at her fountain drinks
From folly's ranks are turning.
There is no nobler, higher cause
Than that of education.
It thrives beneath our country's laws
The glory of the nation.

FEB. 23, 188a

Were There None
To Care For Me

What is life, what is it giving,
That I still should wish to be?
It would not seem worth the living
Were there none to care for me.
Fortune waves her golden tresses,
And her winning smiles I see ;
But in vain are her caresses
If there's none to care for me.

THOUGH THE WORLD were my possession
I must stoop to fate's decree,
And must languish in depression,
Were there none to care for me.
At the shrine of fame and beauty
Thousands humbly bow the knee,
But I pay my highest duty
To the one who cares for me.

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

Yes, life's burdens will weigh lightly.
And my thoughts will happy be,
While the flame of love burns brightly
In one heart that cares for me.

JAN. 26, 1891.

Health

Here lies within the grasp of man no greater
source of wealth.
Than that which springs from joy of life
produced by perfect health.
For our daily bread is surely not
a curse,
Since idleness breeds discontent, disease and
pain or worse;
While regularity of work, with wholesome
frugal fare.
Will keep the body at its best, and free the
mind from care :
Then who shall say that Fortune's smiles
are for the rich alone,
When on the couch of luxury their restless
spirits groan
But give me health, and all the frowns of
Fate I will defy:

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

And never from me shall be heard the burden
of a sigh.

FEB. 14, 1891

An Old Man's Counsel

Let not Despair usurp the throne, where
Hope should reign supreme :
And be not guided in your course by phan-
toms of a dream :
Nor blindly wander here and there a fol-
lower of chance :
But rather tread a beaten path, though slow-
ly you advance.
For wisdom seek, and friendship prize above
the state of wealth ;
And venture not, for paltry gain, the treasure
of your health.
Let manhood be your study, and improve-
ment be your aim ;
Inertness may be peace, but I would not re-
main the same.
'Tis knowledge sways the minds of men,
and holds the world in awe:
All nature is prepared to serve the one, who

knows her law :

And who would be a sordid slave, a stupid,
brutal clod,

When, if lie chose, he might approach the
glory of our God?

Ambition, it may be a curse, if justice guides
it not ;

But honor to the soul that strives, and would
not be forgot !

And highest honor be to him, the impulse
of whose mind

Is only to succeed, that he maj' bless his fel-
low kind.

Then let us all, within our sphere, for better
prospects try,

Respecting, helping those we meet, and stif-
ling ev'ry sigh ;

So onward, upward, ever gay, in pleasure or
in pain.

Our lives shall be a proof that we have lived
them not in vain;

Our labor shall be happiness, and, when
our eyelids close,

Contented thoughts shall fill our dreams and
sweeten our repose;

And when above our pallid brow, the angel
Death shall wave

His sable pinions, we shall not be frightened
by the grave;

But calmly looking o'er the race, which we
below have run,

Shall hope to hear our Father say, "Well
done, my son, well done."

Reward complete of perfect joy, and ever-

Select Poems

lasting rest,
Shall be our own, when we shall reach the
haven of the Blest;
And well can we afford to scorn our earthly
load of care.
Supported by the thought that we shall have
no burdens there.
Our lamp of life has brightly burned to cheer
our fellow-kind ;
Our memory shall linger still in ev'ry loving
mind ;
Thus death shall have for us no sting, no
victory the grave ;
But all triumphant shall we pass across the
Jordan's wave.

FEB. 17, 1891.

New Year's Day

Before me lies the spotless leaf,
Where entry I must make,
Of good and ill, of joy and grief,
Of triumph and mistake.
I fain would hope each page may look
Some brighter than the past ;
And that when time shall close the book.
No blot may dim the last.

JAN. 1, 1892.

Sweetheart

Sweetheart, I have known you ever,
Angry words we've spoken never.
Though we parted, my endeavor
Could not teach my soul to scorn.
I have struggled to forget you,
Wished that I had never met you ;
Still I could not but regret you,
Could not help but be forlorn.
I have wandered, I must own it ;
If it grieved you, I bemoan it ;
Had not wronged you liad I known it ;
But I thought you loved me not.
Can your heart, at last relenting,
Pardon me in truth repenting,
And for errors past lamenting?
Sweetheart, let them be forgot.
Sweetheart, I no longer doubt you ;
Care not what I hear about you ;
I am sad while I'm without you ;

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

For your love alone I pine.
Will you now accept this token,
Trust the words which I have spoken,
Mend the heart your frown had broken ;
Will you, darling, now be mine?

JULY 30, 1892.

Dreams Of Bliss

Longing to know the secrets of the night,
Imagination strives to pierce the gloom ;
Forsakes slow Reason, plunges from her sight,
And pictures glorious life beyond the tomb.
Oft, in my dreams, I've trod the airy deep
With joy's triumphant steps, from earth
set free ;
High o'er the foaming surge and rocky steep
My willing feet sought out the way to Thee.
Happy to leave this cold and dreary prison,
In slumber had my spirit stole away ;
But, when hope's star above my path had
risen.
It faded soon before the dawn of day.

JAN. 21, 1895.

WAR POEMS

War In Europe

O'er Europe's fields, the bugle call
Is sounding wide and far;
While rival nations, great and small,
Assemble for the war.
With wrath the soldiers' bosoms burn,
But women weep and wail :
"My loved one goes; will he return?
Will tears or prayers avail?"
Already, on the borderland,
Is heard the dying groan ;
While, in the cottage by the strand,
The widow mourns alone.
The mother sorrows for the son,
Whom she shall see no more ;
His race of life is quickly run,
He welters in his gore.
And lovers who, with tender sigh,
But yesterday did part,
Have fallen now alone to die,

And leave a broken heart !
Already thousands of the brave
Have met a bloody fate ;
Their loved ones weep beside the grave,
Their homes are desolate.
And thousands more go madly on
To meet the self-same doom.
"Revenge for comrades dead and gone !
We'll join them — in the tomb!"
The wild beasts roam in search of prey
Across the desert plain ;
But Man is fiercer far than they,
And harder to restrain.
On land or sea, or in the air,
There's nothing like the human ;
While some ungallantly declare
Man is outdone by woman !
The cavemen fought with clubs and stones,
In ages long gone by ;
And gnawed the flesh from foemen's bones,
Or sucked the marrow dry.

AND, later on, with bows and spears,
With swords and knives and lances :
They showed the wisdom of their years
To win proud Beauty's glances.
War then was sport and maidens smiled
Upon the lucky winner ;
To slaughter spurred by love beguiled.
Was ev'ry gallant sinner.
Wild were those days, when pride of
strength
Became the ruling passion ;

Select Poems

And though some law arrived at length.
Still fighting is in fashion.
We slam and jam men to the wall,
Nor heed the golden rule ;
If any does, then him we call
Philanthropist, or fool !
Thus, though we truthfully may say
Some do the Master's will ;
Yet, in the minds of men today.
The savage lingers still.
As "Christian" nations, great and small,
Rush, frenzied, to the fight ;
The devils all, in Satan's hall
Are dancing with delight.

AUG. 9, 1914.

The Conquest Of Belgium

This poem, written at the beginning of the world war, was meant to arouse sympathy for outraged Belgium, and contempt for the Kaiser's claim that he was forced into the conflict. The author has no desire to offend any persons of German extraction, who are doing their part in the great cause to restore the rights of weaker nations, and to maintain our own against military aggression. —GWW

ABOVE THE BELGIAN porticos

The German banners wave.
And thousands of the bravest foes
Lie silent in the grave.
Those mutilated bodies cry
To heaven for redress.
While widows weep and lovers sigh.
God pity their distress !
Defenders of your native land,
O, have you died in vain !

Or shall the bold invader's band
 Be driven back again?
 Shall not the friends of right, allied,
 Force William to restore
 The ground for which those heroes died,
 In trenches wet with gore?
 The towns in desolation laid,
 And ruined worlds of art.
 Demand the sympathy and aid
 Of ev'ry Christian heart ;
 An unoffending people shorn
 Of fruits of honest toil ;
 Their hard-earned savings from them torn,
 A mighty neighbor's spoil.
 Because the nation would not yield.
 Or let the Germans pass ;
 But sought to make itself a shield
 For friendly France, alas !
 Down, therefore, with the Belgian king.
 And make his people slaves ;
 Destruction on their cities bring,
 And fill the land with graves !
 "Compelled to fight !" the bull exclaimed.
 And jumped the pasture fence.
 O, surely he could not be blamed
 For such a just pretense !
 Why should he wait to be the prey
 Of nations in alliance?
 No, rather should he start the fray
 And bid them all defiance !
 Comment :—
 Delusive world, where pain and woe,
 Hate, fear, distrust, vexation.
 Are sure to be our lot below.

Select Poems

The curse of all creation !
The coward clings to this sad life.
However bad it be ;
But heroes face the fiercest strife.
Nor dread eternity.

OCT. 12, 1914.

The Submarine

"I am the warships' greatest dread,
I plunge 'neath the angry waves ;
And safely rest on the ocean bed.
Where thousands have found their graves.
"When the foe is near, I can rise to spy.
And my periscope will show
Where the vessels float, which are doomed to
die
By my unexpected blow.
"O, the dreadnaught sails o'er the ocean wide,
And laughs at the stormy sea ;
It shakes the shells from its armored side ;
But the dreadnaught mocks not me !
"Deadly and foul is the stroke I deal.
Which the ringside rules abhor :
But it cools the pride, which our foemen feel
In the sinful game of war.

. . .

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

JAN. 22, 1915.

Under The Waves

At rest on the ocean's slimy bed,
The shattered hulks, with their prisoned dead,
Sleep in their gloomy graves.
None shall gain by their cruel fate,
Sunk by envy and greed and hate,
Under the cold sea waves.
Self-defense is our native right.
A tyrant rules by the law of might.
Making the weak his slaves;
He seeks by terror to quell his foes,
But fury fights for the cause of those
Under the ocean waves.

MAY 15, 1915.

The Breakup Of The Ice

Along the river's rushing tide
I watched the crowding ice cakes glide ;
But many stranded on the side,
By fierce contention driven ;
So, down the stream of time, thought I,
The struggling hosts of men pass by,
While some are cast aside to die,
Though bravely they have striven.
Awhile, perhaps, in peaceful motion,
The floes may seek the lake or ocean,
As men, at times, may show devotion,
And live their lives aright;
But, in the river's winding course.
They press each other with such force
That warfare seems their last resource.
And so they madly fight.
Locked in a death grip now they strive.
While reinforcements fast arrive.
And grinding ice cakes seem alive —

They soon must force a way ;
The waters rising more and more
Rush wildly on with dreadful roar,
Destruction spreads on either shore —
The river can not stay !
How many times, perchance, again,
The ice cakes, or the sons of men.
May meet in mortal conflict when
They crowd within the bend !
Though thousands perish by the way,
The remnants Qt each frantic fray.
Crumbling and worn, in sad decay,
May reach their journey's end.

FEB. 21, 1915.

Be Prepared

When, o'er mad Europe's ruined fields,
Some conqueror the scepter wields,
His victory complete,
We may be asked, against our will,
His empty treasury to fill
That famished men may eat.
Be prepared.
Perchance in near-defenseless state,
We gather wealth for those who hate
Our country and its laws.
Beware how enemies at heart
May seek with us a fight to start
However slight the cause.
Be prepared.
When, louder than the tempest's roar.
War's thunders roll from shore to shore ;
And, underneath the wave.
The glory of our navy lies ;

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

We then may rub our dreamy eyes
And see our nation's grave.
Be prepared.

JUNE 10, 1915.

The Home Army

Have you read of that noble army, which labors all the day
That the strong and valiant soldiers may gather in proud array ; .
Steadily toiling and saving, with heartache in their breast,
Those weary people slaving that sturdy men may rest?
May rest in the grimy trenches, while facing a watchful foe.
Each trying to deal the other a swift and deadly blow.
They sing of their wives or sweethearts with voices loud and gay ;
Hurrah for their country's glory, and fire her wealth away !
The aged fathers and mothers have given their manly sons
As food for the worms or fishes, as food for

the foemen's guns.

They have given their lifelong savings to
vanish in smoke and air ;

Destruction and Desolation are grinning at
their despair.

Why are the women toiling, with cripples,
and girls, and boys?

Is it that men may squander their earnings
in useless noise?

Heroes of earth's confusion, wake to the
trumpet call ;

Honor the great home army, which carries
the cost of all !

JUNE 20, 1915,

Air Fiends

Down on the slumbering city fell
The bolts of death from their dizzy height.
It seemed that the devils were loosed from
hell,
As the flames shot up through the gloomy
night.
Shattered bodies and scattered limbs !
Innocent children torn asunder !
Sing, O Christians, your sacred hymns!
Where is the love of God? We wonder.
Surely not in the minds of men.
Who indiscriminate slaughter wreak;
For savage beasts of the woods or glen
Will not through malice destroy the weak
Hunger impels the brutes to kill ;
Through need, alone, do they seek to slay ;
But humans, claiming to do God's will,
Have shamed the world with their deeds

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

today.

OCT. 17, 1915.

Poland

Far away in that land where the war's desolation
Has left the poor people to starve or to freeze ;
The groan of the tortured, the wild execration,
Is heard in the forest, is borne on the breeze.
Strong men have been slaughtered, the infants have perished.
The crippled and feeble are driven afar ;
Weak women, bereft of the loved ones they cherished.
Have suffered the worst by the ravage of war.
"Why were we created?" they cry in their anguish,
"To slave for the rulers, that they may be great?"

Like beasts to be driven to death, or to
languish
In sorrow and pain? O, unbearable fate!"
The struggle for freedom — our forefathers
fought it.
Our country remembers how hard it was
won.
Dear liberty ! Poland still vainly has sought
it;
But found in a desert her "place in the
sun."
Sad victim of those who have ruined your
glory,
And left you to perish that others may win,
Humanity weeps at your pitiful story :
The Good will befriend you, God punish
war's sin.

JAN. 11, 1910.

Poland Reborn

Burst are her shameful bonds at last —
Aroused her hope and trust;
For those who wronged her in the past
Are humbled in the dust.
Though desolated and forlorn.
Again she shall arise ;
In freedom's struggle now reborn
With gladness in her eyes.
Dismembered, crushed by tyrant's might,
For many weary years ;
At length, from out the gloom of night,
The glorious dawn appears.
Arise, fair Poland, free and grand!
Renew thy strength again ;
For justice shall uphold thy hand
Among the tribes of men.

DEE. 5, 1921.

Our Country's Need

O you, who roam o'er the waters wide.
Can your eager eyes discover
A land more worthy her children's pride
Than the one with our flag above her?
Brave hearts, oppressed by the tyrant's hand,
Have found it a refuge ever ;
When justice, sought on a foreign strand,
Was sought with a vain endeavor.
Now shall we be dreaming, when murder and
shame
Are hovering close in our border ;
While enemies jeer at Columbia's name,
And dare us to call them to order?
Awake to the danger, arouse and prepare,
While time and our riches avail us !
There lives not a nation, which ever would
dare,
Were we **READY**, in war to assail us.

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

The "Cradle of Liberty" still shall be
The object of true devotion ;
Kept, by the arms of the Brave and Free
Safe, 'mid the world's commotion.

FEB 14, 1916,

Sympathy

Fervently praying or sighing,
Dreaming of those o'er the sea,
Many of whom may be dying,
Do you condemn it in me?
There are the friends of my childhood,
Now to maturity grown ;
There, in the shade of the wild wood,
Often we lingered alone.
Though from my kindred and lover
Far have I wandered away,
Vainly I sought to discover
Friends that are truer than they.
Mingling in war's wild Confusion,
Gallantly striving to win.
Victims of some one's delusion.
Who is to blame for the sin?
Selfishness, pride and ambition,
Seeking for power and fame,
Brought on the world this condition,

Poverty, ruin and shame.
Desolate, sad, but unyielding,
Now is the land of my birth ;
Still are her faithful sons wielding
Weapons for rulers of earth.
Weep for the slaughtered and wounded,
Weep for all victims of greed ;
Pray that the wicked, confounded,
Get what is justly their meed.

FEB. 27, 1916.

The Bandit's Plea

(Inscribed to Villa)

When first beyond the green Azores,
Columbus' footsteps trod;
The natives welcomed to their shores
The white man as a god.
Alas, poor fools ! they could not know-
That they would be his slaves;
That musket-shot and sabre-blow
Would fill their land with graves !
To Mexico the Spaniard came;
He seized the Aztec chief ;
He scourged the land with sword and flame,
With crimes beyond belief.
There, stretched upon a bed of coals,
Brave Montezuma lay ;
His spirit, to the home of souls.
Went proudly on its way.
He scorned to tell his cruel foe
Of kingly treasure hid.

What should a righteous God bestow
 For sins which Cortez did?
 And then Pizarro, in Peru,
 The Inca's riches sought;
 He drained the realm of gold, and slew^
 All, who against him fought.
 By skill, by treachery and force
 He won the Inca's land ;
 Removed each menace to his course.
 And ruled with iron hand.
 Dark were the deed's Pizarro wrought,.
 Until Armado's steel,
 At last with venom'd fury, taught
 That tyrant heart to feel.
 Rape, ruin, robbery and slaves
 Came where the white men trod ;
 They strew'd the land with native graves,
 All in the name of God !
 And was it the Almighty's grace
 Which aided, then, their plans
 To .subjugate a noble race,
 The true Americans?
 Four hundred years in bondage held,
 But frequent broils have shown
 The Aztec spirit still unquelled ;
 And time shall yet atone !
 Again the peons shall be free —
 Avenge those deeds of shame,
 On foes of civil liberty.
 Who bear the Spaniard's name.
 No more their avarice shall drain
 My country of its life ;
 Unless, upon the battle plain,
 We perish in the strife.

Outlaw and patriot am I
And history shall show
How bravely heroes can defy
A despicable foe.
Turn back the pages, and disclose
The truth of your belief;
Good David, as the record shows,
Was once a bandit chief.
Condemn us not for bloody deeds,
Which yours have far out-classed.
Talk not to us of Christian creeds;
We judge but by the past!

MARCH 14, 1918.

Bandit Hunting

Over the mesa's wild expanse,
Our galloping gringos go ;
On polished weapons the sunbeams dance,
And greasers flee from our swift advance,
For our deadly aim they know !
We chased them far from the borderland,
Though the natives frowned in wrath ;
Whenever the bandits dared to stand.
They were beaten back by our gallant l)and
Till they feared to cross our path.
For years the robbers had held their sway--
They thought that we dared not fight ;
They lived by rapine, their hearts were gay,
For the hand of Vengeance seemed far away,
And they dreaded not its might.
Souls indignant were moved at last
By the bandit's deeds of sin ;
The days of their lawless rule are past —

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

On their heated trail we are pressing fast.
And the cause of right shall win.

JUNE 15, 1916.

Submarining

The Germans with their U-Boats sail
Around the British shore;
They love to pinch the lion's tail
And hear his angry roar ;
They dream not that the trick may fail —
Then they must pay the score.

JAN. 1, 1917.

The Destroyer

Proud, perjured ruler of a mighty race,
Your deeds have lilled the earth with woe
and pain.
Time's healing hand can never quite efface
The marks which your ambition made in
vain.
Millions of victims in your battles slain,
And mutilated remnants still on earth,
Widows and orphans, what has been their
gain?
The world shall curse the hour which gave
you birth.
Hushed are the sounds of melody and mirth,
For sorrow, cold and hunger, all endure.
What is there left in life that can allure
When, loved ones gone, we suffer here alone?
"And is your soul unmoved by tear or groan?"
"And dare you wage this ruthless warfare
still.

Destroy the noble works which men have
reared?
Must nations bow to your imperious will?
Are you, then, more than heaven to be
feared?'
Has there no vision to your mind appeared
Or those who, like yourself, have fought for
fame?
With utter selfishness your eyes are
bleared.
"What did they win besides a hated name?
Their power faded, yours must do the same."
With sneaking submarine and Zeppelin
You waste and slaughter, but you cannot
win.
Blind bigot, for this ruin who must pay,
When your exalted hopes have passed away?

FEB. 6, 1917.

To The Red Cross Nurses

Our hearts unite in your noble plan,
Whatever our race or creed ;
For the love of God is the love of Man
Expressed by a kindly deed.
Tho' nations war for their selfish ends,
And savagely strive to gain,
You Red Cross Nurses are always friends
To victims of woe and pain.
Angels of mercy, you watch and pray,
Untarnished by deeds of sin;
You chase the gloom from the world away ;
O why do they bring it in?

MAY 25, 1917.

Terrorism

Where can the peaceful mind repose,
In this enlightened age;
When cruel and designing foes
Such ruthless warfare wage?
Down from the long untroubled sky
The bolts of death are hurled
As when the Titans did defy
The ruler of the world.
Then Jove, in anger, slew the great.
For questioning his might;
The flaming lightnings showed the bate
And fury of that fight.
Destruction rages ev'ry where,
In warfare of today;
On earth or ocean, and in air,
He holds relentless sway.
Fierce, indiscriminate and wild,
He hurls his darts around;
For man or woman, maid or child,

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

No safety can be found.
Great God, shall means like these prevail,
And win a hero's fame?
Shall Freedom's children blanch and quail
At deeds of deathless shame?

MARCH 31, 1917

Our Boys In France

Over the wave our children brave
Have gone at humanity's call;
Heady to give, that right may live,
Ready to give their all.
In La Belle France, where the foe's advance
Had blighted the joys of life;
They turned their guns on the cruel Huns,
And joined in the awful strife;
Land of the West, your gallant breast
Has nourished a race of men,
Whose eager feet will scorn retreat.
And dash to the fray again.
Rod by rod, o'er the bloody sod.
The invader's host recedes;
While the shell-torn earth attests the worth
Of desperate valor's deeds.
By the trenches deep shall widows weep,
Or mothers kneel to pray.

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

For the distant ones, whose dauntless sons
Have helped to save the day.

SEPT. 6, 1917.

The Progressive Instinct

There dwells within the mind of man
A spark of pure celestial fire,
Which, since his race of life began,
Has lit the way to something higher.
In the dark ages of the past,
Contending with wild beasts of prey,
His savagery was unsurpassed —
Yes, he was fiercer far than they.
But, as his gloomy soul would sigh,
Dissatisfied with life like this,
He dreamed of a sweet by and by,
Of peace and joy, or endless bliss.
So in his restless, fevered mind,
He sought a way to break the fetter,
Which bound him to the brutal kind —
In fact he longed for something better.
Inventions gradually came.
As the result of cogitation.
Which brought to some undying fame.

And roused the craze for domination.
The lower animals subdued.
Progressive mortals fought each other;
With selfishness and hate imbued.
Enslaved or sacrificed their brother.
Great nations rose, which favored art,
Or other things their rulers prized.
Exalting idols of their heart,
And making subjects civilized.

O, YOU, WHO WOULD YOUR "KULTUR" spread,
You have ignored God's holy plan;
And, by the lust for conquest led.
Impaired the brotherhood of man!

DEC. 31, 1917

Our Volunteers

Responding- to the country's call,
They freely offered her their all
And sought beyond Atlantic's Wave
A victor's wreath or hero's grave.
No thoughts of luxury and ease
Possessed the minds of such as these;
But, like the errant knights of old.
They scorned the lure of sordid gold
And strove in battles hard and long
To right oppression's cruel wrong —
Their recompense an honored name.
Inscribed upon the scroll ur fame.
And consciousness that their release
Would give them everlasting peace.
They dreaded not the toil and danger.
For fear was to their soul a stranger,
And, in the fury of the fight.
Their war-cry was "For truth and right!"

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

Let poets sing in future years
The praises of our volunteers.

SEPT. 28, 1918.

The Absent

Little woman, are you lonely?
Do you worry night and day.
Doubting, praying, thinking only
Of your dear one far away?
Ah! those trembling tear-drops stealin:
Down your pallid cheeks declare
Flow the woe which you are feeling
Drives you almost to despair.
Waiting, watching, longing, sighing,
For a word that does not come;
Till your wearied hopes are flying,
And your lips are cold and dumb!
Can you not. in God believing,
Trust to Him your absent one;
And, whate'er your cause for grieving,
Humbly say "Thy will be done?"

JAN. 26, 1919.

Thanksgiving Day Prayer

O Thou who o'er a wicked world
Hast kept a watchful eye.
While mortals death and ruin hurled
From land and sea and sky;
We thank Thee that the right has won,
Supported by Thy grace,
And all the nations "in the sun"
May safely find a place.
The proud blasphemer boasts no more
That God has been his friend;
His dream of conquest now is o'er,
His power at an end.
Out of the ruin he has wrought
Shall Glory rise again,
And fellowship, which Thou has taught,
Unite the hearts of men.
The world has suffered much of wrong,
Of agony and pain;
But now the weaker shall be strong —

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

They have not fought in vain.
O help us, Lord, while we rejoice,
The erring to forgive;
And, since at last they hear Thy voice,
As brothers let us live.

NOV. 24, 1918.

MEMORIAL POEMS

Grandfather Graybeard

Now he has gone, the aged and the bent!
No more his feet shall tread this "vale of
Tears,"
Earth claims again the dust she long has lent,
And God calls home the spirit worn with
years.
No more that eye shall watch the children
play,
That ear no longer listen to their mirth;
That kindly voice drive grief no more away,
That hand no longer smooth the cares of
earth.
How were they pleased his aged knee to
climb,
And listen to the tales he loved to tell!
Tales of the by-gone years, the olden time,
On which the children's fancy joys to dwell.
And they will miss him now and wonder

why

His kindly face no more is present here;
 As yet they know not what it is to die,
 Nor dream that death forever lingers near.
 And older ones will miss a much-loved friend,
 By time, or kindred ties so long endeared;
 But know they all must meet that common
 end —

He has hut reached the haven we have
 neared.

On life's rough sea his bark has long been
 tossed;
 But now in safety gains the destined shore;
 The goal is won — the ocean has been crossed,
 And time's rude waves shall toss that bark
 no more.

When death, the tyrant, comes to seize his
 prey,

And waves his sable pinions o'er the land,
 We grieve to see our loved ones snatched
 away,

And in our eyes the glist'ning tear-drops
 stand.

How brief the span of human life extends!
 How swiftly sinks our sun adown the west!
 Yet we should grieve alone at leaving friends.
 For death shall give us what we long for
 —rest.

Rest from the cares that ever crowd our way,
 As fortune leads us blindly there or here;
 For, since our infant eyes first saw the day,
 Our lives are spent in mingled hope and
 fear.

One hope there is should banish ev'ry care,

Select Poems

Should dry the tears and bid the sighing
cease;
It lifts the drooping mind from vile despair,
And points to heaven, the abode of peace.

NOV. 28, 1884.

Reunion

Though death for a season may sever the
ties,
Which join friends and lovers together,
while here;
The spirit within us shall quicken and rise,
Again to unite with the ones we hold dear.

NOV. 28, 1884.

The Village Schoolmaster

Friends of my youth, of school-boy's happy
days,
My brow with sad regret is overcast;
I mourn for Schneider as my fancy strays
Among the faded land-marks of the past.
Dimly I see him rising to my view.
With whiskers dark, or sandy — I forget;
A lengthy figure, and a heart as true
To his fixed course as any I have met.
Grave was his aspect, yet his soul was kind;
He loved the good and therefore petted me;
For I was of a studious turn of mind —
I beg to be excused for flattery.
Do you remember how he opened school?
He seemed to understand the way first-
rately,
Assorting us, the wise one from the fool,
And laying down the laws — they pleased
me greatly.

We should not whisper, write or look to
others.
But give in school our tasks our whole
attentions;
And chew no gum, or cakes made by our
mothers;
For all these widened not the brain's di-
mensions.
Thus self-reliance, industry, control,
He pointed to as gifts of lofty birth,
Which trained the body and enlarged the
soul,
And were the gauge of manhood and of
worth.
O, what a man he was to speak and write!
How well he understood the rule of three!
And he could read 'most anything at sight,
Or change long useless rules to formulae.
The maxim which he most upheld in teaching
Was, "to do well whatever he did do."
Of this we hear so many fellows preaching,
But those who practice are but precious
few.
I loved him then but many did not like him;
I don't know why, unless they were un-
grateful.
John S — z said that he would like to strike
him:
And Mrs. Chambers thought he was 'de-
sateful."
Well, well! we all must have our own opin-
ions.
On any subject human or divine;
And each is monarch of his own dominions,

Select Poems

And so t'will me until the end of time.
He ran his course, and did some good — I
know it.
While he sojourned in Grafton's thriving
town;
And as for blame, let other folks bestow it;
I write his praise, though they may run
him down.

NOV. 21, 1885.

Father

Stern winter holds us in his grasp —
We feel his icy breath;
But one has felt a colder clasp.
That of the Angel Death.
Around the pale unconscious clay.
Our sobs of anguish break:
We mourn a father passed away.
Who lived but for our sake
A life of toil for us he spent:
His labors now are o'er:
His eyes are closed in calm content
To open nevermore.
"Peace to his soul!" we ever say,
And sound his virtues high.
Oh thus for us may others pray.
When we shall come to die!

JAN. 6, 1891

The Patriot's Death

Snatched from our midst by Death's relentless hand,
When fame a garland for his brow was weaving
Fit to adorn the noblest of our land,
All loyal hearts must now unite in grieving;
"Yet vain is grief unless it shall awaken
Within our minds a zeal to dare and do;
Like him in honor's cause to stand unshaken,
True to ourselves and to our country true."

OCT. 22, 1917.

To Ed –By Request–

My friend, once my rival, but never my foe,
The fetter is broken, which held you below.
Escaped from life's prison, where, sunk in
decay,
The hopes fondly cherished had withered
away
In the prime of your manhood, and recently
wed
To the girl of your choice, shall I mourn for
you Ed?
Love's dream you beheld. Shall I question
its truth?
Was it what you supposed in the days of
your youth,
Long- years ere fulfilled, when your wavering-
mind
Was hopeful or fearful? Ah, Love, thou art
blind!
Like the faithless chimera love's picture

deceives us;
We follow, through anguish the phantom,
which leaves us;
Exhausted at last on life's desert we sink;
But find not the fountain from which we
would drink!
Farewell then to hope, and farewell then to
fear;
When life is a burden, death claims not a
tear.

SEPT. 7, 1892.

My Father And My Mother

I'm here on the old plantation, alone at the
close of day;
Yet two, who have long been absent, have
come to me now to stay.
My aged father and mother are with me
again at last.
But the voices are silent forever that cheered
my heart in the past.
They had told me the path of virtue, had
spoken of hope and love,
Of angels, which lead our footsteps to the
heaven of rest above.
They taught me to shun temptation, to con-
stantly watch and pray,
But their counsel has been neglected, and
oft have I gone astray.
Wayward, and wild, and willful, I broke
from their tender care,
In my boyhood's reckless folly, and I wan-

dered here and there.

I learned in the world's hard college the lesson which time must show,

That only in love and friendship true happiness lies below.

O, had I but valued them justly, had I sought them with earnest care,

How oft had my soul been rescued from the burden it grieved to bear!

Misjudged, neglected, forsaken, by many whose friendship I sought,

The love of those who were truest, I valued it not as I ought.

They told me, my father and mother, and wept o'er my wandering years;

And now, as the past comes before me, I moisten their grave with my tears.

APRIL 13, 1893.

Little Gracie

Down to the river, dark and wide,
We watched our darling pass.
We saw her launch on the chilling tide.
Vainly we called alas!
Over that river we all must go
Into the dread unknown.
She has left behind her the care and woe.
Gone as a bird has flown.
Away from the sorrowful vale of tears,
Away from the toil and strife.
Which others must bear through the weary
years.
From birth to the end of life.
Faith tells of a region of pure delight.
On a beautiful strand afar;
And points through the shadows of death's
dark night.
To the heavenly gates ajar.

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

Then why should the tear-drops fall for one.
Who passes from pain to rest?
We hope, when our labor of life is done.
To meet in the home of the blessed.

FEB. 15, 1906,

In Memory Of
George W. Peckham

Farewell to the friend, whom I always re-
spected
For virtues which rarely seem present in
one;
Truth, dignity, kindness and strength were
collected
In George W. Peckham, whose life work is
done.
The thousands of scholars who claimed him
as teacher
Will miss an example well worthy of heed;
Impartial and earnest, a friend to each crea-
ture;
He strove to be useful in word and in deed.
In life's many battles he recked not of danger,
But fought with a purpose unflinching in
view.
And grief in misfortune to him was a
stranger —

He quietly rallied to dare and to do.
Broad-minded and gallant, these mottoes
he gave us:
To "live and let live" and to "work for
some end;"
Not trusting to piety, solely, to save us,
But being to fellowmen comrade and friend.
O wealth and position! What are you be-
stowing
To comfort the mind in the darkness of
night?
But peacefulness, joyfulness have we when
knowing
That ever our purpose has been to do right.

JAN. 13, 1914.

Tribute To Old Settler

In memory of John O'Leary, old settler
of Ozaukee county. Wis.

HE HAS GONE from our presence, whose peace-
ful existence
Betokened a heart that was tender and
true.
A mind which endeavored with patient per-
sistence
To bear with the trials which life brought
to view.
Enfeebled, for years, and bereft of the
pleasure.
Which hearing and vigor to others supply
The friendships of early days still could lie
treasure.
And memory lingered on scenes long gone
by.

Yes, oft o'er those fond vanished years would
he ponder.
While yet in death's borderland seemed he
to roam;
At last, as his weary mind ceased in its
wander.
His voice murmured softly, "I want to go
home."
And the hand which, in maiden love, smooth-
ed with caresses.
The wrinkles of care from his manly young
brow.
The same hand is holding his— still fondly
presses,
While her heart's burning passion laments
f. or him now.
At home! Free at last from the world's dull
dominions,
The long-fettered spirit has found its re-
lease;
Away from life's burdens on swift-flying
pinions.
It soars to the regions of heavenly peace.

MAY 29, 1914.

The Emancipator

Exalted in the minds of those
Who honor God's commands;
His fame unsullied by his foes,
Our Lincoln proudly stands.
Though lowly born and rustic bred,
From humble backwoods life,
He rose to be our nation's head
When enmity was rife.
Our Henry Clay was then no more.
None lived who could control
The minds of men who madly swore
The negro had no soul.
The thunders from the cannon's mouth
Awoke the North from dreaming;
While foemen hurried from the South
With weapons fiercely gleaming.
We know how gloomy were those years,
When countless hearts were aching,
And countless eyes were dimmed with tears

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

Before the dawn was breaking!
With love for all our hero still
Stood dauntless through the fight.
Whate'er his faults, his steadfast will
Was ever to do right.
Now o'er a fair and happy land
The Union banner waves;
It covers still a nation grand.
But not a race of slaves.

FEB. 7, 1915.

Nature's Tribute

When, from its worn tenement parting in
gladness,
The world-weary spirit has taken its flight;
The brows of the watchers are clouded with
sadness,
And fast-flowing tears are bedimming the
sight.

THOUGH REASON and faith may unite in de-
claring
That joy for the righteous awaits at the end;
Yet nature demands from the hearts now de-
spairing,
These tokens of grief at the loss of a friend.

HAVE WE WRONGED THE DEPARTED? Ah, then
our lamenting

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

Is bitter indeed as we vainly implore!
Too late the petition! Too late the repenting!
The words of forgiveness can reach us no
more.

MAY 6, 1915.

Tribute To Teddy

Sturdy and brave was the man who has
left us,
Wise and far-seeing the mind he possessed.
Great is our loss, for his passing bereft us
Of counsel and power which ranked with
the best.
Friend to the suffering, foe to aggression,
Purely American, honest and true.
Firmly opposed to all forms of oppression,
Theodore Roosevelt, we're mourning for
you.

JAN. 9, 1919.

Comrade Of Old

Friend of my childhood's days, together we
Roamed through our native woods long years ago;
Or shouted loudly in our boyish glee,
While swimming, skating, tumbling in the snow.
How free from care, how reckless was our mirth.
As down the hill we speeded like the wind!
When, later on, we wandered o'er the earth.
We sought to leave our sorrows far behind.

THE SPIRIT of adventure we possessed:
The rough world daunted not our hopeful hearts;
For courage high beat in each manly breast;
We feared not in life's play to act our parts.
We were not strong in body, but the soul
Refused to yield to weariness or pain;
Still pressed we forward to our cherished goal;
And time declared the struggle not in vain.
We made our way against fate's cruel odds,

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

And won at least some laurels in the fight;
The credit was not ours alone, but God's,
Who guided us through darkness into light.

SAFE IN THE harbor of eternal peace
Your bark has anchored now, its voyage o'er;
My spirit only waits the glad release.
Which soon shall join true friends forevermore.

JULY 15, 1915.

My Erring Friend

I cast a flower in the grave,
Of one misfortune snatched away;
Nor e'en a tortured moment gave,
Wherein to grieve, wherein to pray.
They called him heartless, wayward, wild,
Apostate from the Christian's creed;
But I, who knew him from a child,
Aver he was no slave to greed.
Free-hearted as the knights of old,
No sordid passion ruled his breast.
Quick to discern, in action bold,
He was a friend to the distressed.

WHOE'ER HAS KNOWN the blighting grief,
Which unrequited love bestows,
On those who vainly seek relief.
Can sympathize with others' woes.

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

God is our judge. I seek to cheer
The lonely heart, the tortured mind;
For ev'ry struggling soul is dear
To him who loves his fellow kind.

OCT. 17, 1915.

Memorial Day

Hang out the flag, for which our fathers fought;
Perchance their spirits watch it where it waves!
And may our children heed the lesson taught.
While decorating our brave soldiers' graves.

COURAGE, which dared to face the cannon's mouth;
Which met, unblanched, the gleaming bayonet;
And kept us still united, North and South;
Such courage we must honor, not forget.

FREEDOM AND JUSTICE all true men desire;
For these they struggled on the gory field;
Their noble deeds should patriot hearts inspire
Our sacred rights to keep, and never yield.

. . .

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

REST, then, our guardsmen, who for duty died;
Life is at best a transitory flame;
But those who gave it are their country's pride.
Scatter the garlands, tell each hero's fame.

MAY 31, 1916.

In Memoriam

Mustered out from the ranks of life,
A veteran soldier goes,
Who held his ground through the din and
strife,
Which every mortal knows;
And, more than most, when a rebel host
Our country's flag assailed;
He did his part with a willing heart,
"Till the Union arms prevailed.
On the bloody field, with a rapid tread,
'Mid the screaming shot and shell.
His youthful feet in duty sped,
Through the smoke and flames of hell;
And, often, since, in our village street,
His comrades by his side,
He bore the banner in summer's heat
With a soldier's manly stride.
Honor the dead who did their part
Our nation's life to save;

We think of them with a grateful heart
When we see "Old Glory" wave,
For loyal hearts and willing hands
Are needed much today;
And the young must answer the stern de-
mands.
Since the old have passed away.

JUNE 10, 1917.

Our Heroes

Another year has passed away;
Again we greet Memorial day,
And realize more truly now
The depth of grief which parents feel
When, with a careworn, wrinkled brow.
Beside their soldier's grave they kneel;
For we, ere long perchance, may know
An equal weight of cruel woe.
Across Atlantic's stormy wave,
Our own and other's rights to save,
Sons, brothers, lovers now are sailing.
The choicest of our youth we gave.
And some have found an ocean grave,
The sneaking submarine prevailing.
Indignant manhood heaves a groan,
But vows that vengeance shall atone.
Grief for the brave that are no more
Shall answer with the cannon's roar
The ruthless foes, who think that might,

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

And deeds of horror can destroy
The zeal of those, who for the right
Abandon homes of peace and joy.
Remember we our sacred trust.
While honoring the soldiers' dust.

MAY 26, 1918.

The Neglected Grave

She sleeps in a country graveyard with never
a word to show
That sweetheart, or wife, or mother has
crumbled to dust below.
She came from a distant city to answer her
lover's call;
For her doting maiden fancy imagined him
best of all.
And he was kind and loving as ever a wife
could wish,
Lively, and good, and cheerful, an excellent
sort of fish;
So the years rolled by with pleasure, though
probably touched by care;
For children can drive their parents quite
frequently to despair;
And worrying over troubles will thin and
whiten the hair.
Alas for the dreams of girlhood, or dreams

of her later years!
They vanished away like the sunshine when
clouded by grief and tears.
I wish not to lengthen the story, but hasten
it to the end;
She died, and her darling husband was
wedded to her best friend.
The children scattered or married and thus
she was left alone.
The spot ungraced by a marker of even
the cheapest stone.
So much for a life's devotion! So much for
the love of men!
She pictured him fond and faithful hut
would she trust him as then,
If back to the old conditions her spirit
could come again?

MAY 7, 1919.

At Rest

When on the placid features of the dead
I gaze with mournful heart, but stifled
sigh,
Thinking, the while, of all the toil and dread
Which she has known in weary years gone
by;
Would I recall her spirit? No. not I!
Sweet rest is now the merited reward
Of one. who fervently has served the Lord.
This is the truth I verily believe,
Since God is just and merciful as well.
Not for the righteous should we ever grieve,
If in eternal happiness they dwell;
And He may spare the erring — who can tell?
Those who have sought the narrow way to
find,
Though stumbling oft, their vision being
blind.
Bar not the gates of heaven to the soul

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

That reckons ev'ry fellow creature dear;
And strives with earnest faith to reach the
goal
By patiently performing duties here.
Gorgeous for him life's sunset may appear.
Lighting his crossing to the golden strand,
Just on the border of the Promised Land.

OCT. 21, 1918.

HUMOROUS POEMS

The Good Die Young

Stranger, when passing by this marble pile.
Pause, and bestow a tributary tear
For one whose bosom knew not hate or guile,
Whose soul was mild, yet felt no craven
fear.
Fair were his eyes as the ethereal blue,
and smooth his cheeks as newly-frozen ice;
As yet no whiskers o'er his features threw
That kindly shade which often shelters
vice,
He needed not a mask, as many do,
To hide the looks they can not well re-
strain;
His heart was pure, his friendship tried and
true;
Nor word nor deed could give another pain,
How seldom do we chance on earth to meet
One like to him whose bones here slumber-
ing lie!

A faithful friend is fellowship too sweet
To last — 'the brightest soonest die.
And yet the death of one such lovely flow'r.
Although it throws a shadow o'er each
heart,
May stay harsh words or deeds in passion's
hour
By teaching us that dearest friends must
part.
And Wisdom's voice shall ever tell us this:
"As he forebore to give another pain,
So do ye all, and win, too, endless bliss.
Thus shall his life, his death, prove not
in vain."

SEPT. 1, 1884.

The Sleighride

When Destiny, with black and dreadful
frown.
Some warrior hero in his course cuts down;
When he who drenched the earth with human
gore.
Himself shall sink, to conquer nevermore,
Then sounds the harp with melancholy lays,
Poetic lines immortalize his days;
But when a gallant youth, of naught afraid.
Strives for that grandest prize, a charming
maid.
When, in the pride of beauty's early bloom.
She seems his own — then bursts the awful
doom —
How few would think a baffled lover's curses
Would e'er seek refuge in poetic verses!
Yet such is truth, a loving friend I had,
Who, in the vulgar phrase, had "got it bad."
He fondly pressed, and Fortune seemed to

smile;
 In fact, she smiled, but only for awhile.
 Upon a fresh and lovely winter's night.
 When Luna lit the sky with silv'ry light,
 My friend essayed to take a jolly ride.
 And, with his fair one seated by his side.
 Drove forth with swelling breast and beam-
 ing eye,
 And heart unburdened by the faintest sigh.
 Life seemed all joyous for the smiling pair.
 With merry voices rent the bracing air.
 Packed in the gorgeous robe, whose ample
 fold
 Defied the searching wind or winter's cold.
 Snugly they sat, at times their voices ming-
 ling
 In merry cadence with the sleighbells jing-
 ling.
 The courser pranced, and tossed his shapely
 head.
 And whisked his tail as swiftly on he sped.
 O lovely sight! the envy of each Fair,
 Who, as they passed, was tempted long to
 stare.
 And wish that she such "transport," too,
 might share.
 But pleasure's hours are all too swiftly past.
 And scenes like this too beautiful to last.
 Perhaps, with happiness too much elate.
 The driver guarded not against his fate;
 Perchance he leaned too much in that direc-
 tion.
 Lured by the charms which almost reached
 perfection;

Select Poems

Or, mayhap, some unevenness of road
Destroyed the balance of that precious load;
Or, as the ground the willing courser spurned.
Perchance too suddenly aside he turned.
But useless 'tis thus idly to surmise
The cause of what I saw with fancy's eyes.
The end was this — my hero's overthrow,
And with him fell his darling — in the snow.
Wrenched from the arm impulsively extended.
He lost his prize, and here my tale is ended.
Hero and heroine o'erthrown I leave.
To laugh or faint, to anger or to grieve.

DEC. 30, 1884.

The Dog Fight

There is a friend as dear to me
As almost any other;
And I had called one night to see
This maiden's little brother.
Beside a board with dishes crowned,
Where all had just been eating, M
My fair young friend this night I found
His evening- meal completing.
No sound there was, no spoken word
To mar his calm delight;
But suddenly a howl was heard.
The dogs began to fight.
It seemed as though the lad would choke.
Disturbed in act delightful,
As brawling curs the silence broke.
With yelps most truly fightful.
In peaceful mood the dogs had lain.
Beneath the loaded table;

And what had gone against their grain
 To state I am not able.
 The beastly nature well I know.
 Like others, can't be trusted.
 They fought, the supper-board below;
 The biggest lamp was "busted."
 With writhing forms, and grappled jaws,
 The angry curs contended:
 And scratched each other with their claws.
 While justice hung suspended.
 The dishes might have all been wrecked.
 In less than half a minute
 Had valor not the contest checked.
 Ere either brute could win it.
 Undaunted maid! she springs to save,
 (So dear her little brother);
 Dogs' tails in fearful aspects wave.
 There is ONE way — no other.
 Each grasps a tail, and braces back,
 To drag the curs asunder;
 Though strength they surely do not lack
 They CANNOT— for a wonder.
 It seemed an age that thus they held.
 Their comic situation.
 But blinded rage at last was quelled,
 I saw with admiration.
 Perhaps a soothing influence passed,
 Along each spinal column:
 Such gentle hands a spell can cast
 To make e'en brutes feel solemn.
 Yes, tans full oft. when words or blows
 Would add to the disaster.
 As frequent repetition shows

Select Poems

A kindly touch can master.

JAN. 31. 1886.

The Petition

B..... you know the charming maid,
Who keeps the. school?
I've angered her I am afraid —
Plague take me for a fool!
A fairer, fresher blooming girl
Is very seldom seen;
And thus to put her in a surl
I truly did not mean.
Now, if I humbly bow the knee,
Will she her rage forego;
And in her mercy pardon me?
My conscience tells me, "No!"
In vain for me it is to shed
The penitential tear;
The storm has gathered o'er my head,
And it must break I fear.
Yes, now her soul is stirred to wrath.
The lightning of her eye
Will strike me, if I cross her path.

And I shall surely die.
O, if some friend of mine will speak,
Ere it shall be too late;
And quell the rage she longs to wreak,
The prayer may save my pate!
B you always were my friend;
I know your heart is kind;
And, if your aid you now will lend.
It will relieve my mind.
My brain is paralyzed with fear;
Remorseful billows roll;
O, save me! save me! B dear
And may God bless your soul.

DEC. 5. 1887

The Prospective Lawyer

Young.has a legal touch.
His father told me so;
He told me that there was not much
That youngster did not know.
I'm sure that he will prosper well,
His head with law is crammed;
He'll plead the devil out of hl.
And have good Enoch damned.
His father's pride, his mother's joy,.
Lord grant he may succeed.
My blessing on the likely boy,
He has my heart indeed!
His cheek is full, his wit is bright,
His tongue will never tire.
No wonder he's his pa's delight.
He'll make a noted I r.

OCT. 5, 1888.

Two Publishers

The editor upon his chair
In pensive posture sits;
And rubs his furrowed brow of care
To liven up his wits.
He sends around the truthful news,
And eagerly we read.
He gives us noted people's views.
He's useful — yes indeed.
The gossip rambles up and down —
With hurried steps he goes;
And sacks the country and the town
Before his feet repose.
Then, if he does not know a thing.
His brain supplies the odds.
He makes his little welkin ring
With tales which shock the Gods.
The editor must have his pay —
On earth abides his treasure;
The gossip tells what people say,

And does it for the pleasure.
Now choose, my friends, between the two-
Nor let your minds be vexed.
Reward is sure for what you do —
In this world or the next.

FEB. 6, 1889,

The Child Of Nature

(Inscribed to Walter Briggs, who in the spring of 1891 built a lodge in Loomer's Woods, three miles south of this city, having been evacuated from the old toll-gate, which he had facetiously called "Louse-House Num-ber Nine.") —GWW

I WANDERED today through the forest wide,
When the moon-tide sun was shining;
And. The Child of Nature I there espied.
On the bosom of earth reclining.
A briar pipe in the month was stuck,
With the smoke above him wreathing;
And he lodged as pleasant as any duck,
As he calmly there lay breathing.
A shelter of leaves and sticks he had,
In the form of a shed constructed;
And his comrade true was a German aid,
By the Gypsy life seduced.
The Child of Nature reposed in peace,

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

With the boy he had befriended;
And they fed on cakes, which were fried in grease.
While a chorus of frogs attended.
Like a picture of fairyland it seemed,
And I wondered if I were sleeping;
Though the mid-day sun in his glory "beamed.
His rays through the thicket creeping.
O would that I, like that happy pair,
Were free from the burden of sorrow;
And could tranquilly snooze in the open air.
Nor dream of the cares of tomorrow!

APRIL 19, 1891

The Cow With The Iron Tail

(With apologies to all honest farmers.) —GWW

LET US SING IT, brothers, to the tune on
which the old cow died, key of B flat.
There's a nice little cow upon every farm;
She needs no feed and she does no harm;
When others go dry she will still avail,
And joyfully fill the can or pail.
Never a thing on earth could live
Without the fluid this cow does give.
It is found in food and whatever we drink;
In fact, in any old thing, I think.
People may color it up a bit,
By mixing other things with it,
Such as coffee, or milk, or tea;
Pure water is good enough for me.
So hurrah for the cow with the iron tail!

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

When others go dry, she will still avail;
And what we need she will always give.
That suffering mortals still may live.

JAN. 10, 1906

The Festive Frog

Since first the poet tuned his lyre,
And trained his voice to sing,
The theme quite often to inspire
Was spring, sweet, gentle spring.
The balmy air, the wild bird's note,
The flow'rs which gaily bloom,
Appealed to him whene'er he smote
The strings to banish gloom.
He seldom had a word to say
Anent the cackling hen,
But raved about the lark and jay,
The robin, thrush and wren.
The mocking bird and catbird sang
Their varied notes of praise ;
The blackbird's chatter wildly rang,
Or bluebird's plaintive lays.
The killdeer's cry, from far and near,
The startled silence broke ;
In fact, the things of which you hear

The poet's love awoke.
And so he sang with all his pow'rs
To celebrate those creatures ;
The charming birds, the fragrant flow'rs,
Were ever present features.
But he forgot the humble frogs,
Which chirp the livelong day,
Sequestered in the slimy bogs,
Yet gayest of the gay.
The daylight hours do not suffice
To tell their wild delight;
And so their votive accents rise
Throughout each balmy night.
Listen to that merry chorus,
Lively now as a piano ;
Then again a hush steals o'er us.
Hear the basso and soprano !
Voices rise in accents various.
Much melodious effort showing ;
Some seem solemn, some hilarious.
Sweeter all than roosters' crowing.
Raptured eyes, if you could spy them !
Frames which vibrate with emotion !
Can we still our praise deny them?
Where else find we such devotion?
Long neglected by the poet,
Sneered at in your slimy bog,
I will praise you, don't you know it,
Humble, happy, festive frog?

APRIL 17, 1914.

The Jitney Bus

When jitneys first began to run.
The people gazed in wonder :
They thought no blooming'
Could make them pay, by thunder J
Yet day by day the number grows —
It surely beats creation ;
And street ear magnates blow their nose^
And snort in sheer vexation :
We clear the tracks when blizzards blow.
To keep the cars a-moving ;
And haul a million tons of snow.
Our lore for people proving :
And now they take the jitney bus.
In such a deuced hurry,
it seems they do not care a cuss,
But think that 'we should worry' "

APRIL 4, 1915.

A Canoe Trip Up The River

On the Milwaukee river our day we spent,
And the summer sun sank low ;
We had eaten to our heart's content,
Of the fish we caught, you know.
We had paddled along, in our light canoe,
For a dozen miles that day ;
Or had waded the shallows and pushed it
through,
In the good old Indian way.
O, our skins were red as a lobster boiled,
For our bathing suits we wore ;
I tell you, boys, we had bravely toiled,
And we felt a trifle sore.
We had stretched ourselves for a peaceful
sleep,
When a cow began to bawl ;
And a little lamb to its mother sheep,
With a plaintive voice did call.
We had camped near a lonely bayou's side.

Where the marsh grass swarmed with
frogs ;
And the fierce mosquitos, in their pride,
Sang their war-cry in the bogs.
As the night came o'er us the chorus rose,
And our bosoms swelled with wrath ;
O, we could have coped with a thousand foes.
If they then had crossed our path !
Is there aught more sweet than a night in
June,
When the insects all get gay ;
And they raise their voice in a merry tune,
As they gather around their prey?
Then we struck to the left, and we struck to
the right.
And we struck at them all around :
O, I feel quite sure that in that fierce fight.
We had valiantly held our ground ;
But a wild young bull came up just then.
And tore through our canvas tent ;
So we took to our light canoe again,
And we hastily up and went.
We have drifted back to our dear old home
To the city's tranquil breast ;
And no more shall our eager footsteps roam
To the country for a rest.

JUNE 3, 1914.

Bryan, The Pacificator

Were I an orator, like Bill,
With winning smile, but stubborn will,
I'd tell the old old story.
If William's race of life were run,
I'd bet at least sixteen to one
That he had gone to glory ;
And, on that bright celestial shore.
He'd likely watch and wait some more
For comrades left below —
Poor sinners, who would rather fight
Than give away each sacred right
And kiss a tyrant's toe !

WHO CARES for Patrick Henry's grit !
He mingled fury with his wit,
And set the land aflame;
But, was the purpose of his mind
To benefit his fellow kind

And banish deeds of shame?
Ah no ! 'twas hatred spurred his tongue,
And seldom has his praise been sung
By men of honest name ;
But Bryan shall, with Henry Clay,
No doubt be coupled up some day
Within the halls of fame.

JUNE 10, 1915.

St. Patrick

Here's praise for his rivirince, howly St. Pat.
Who showed the ould divvil jist where he
was at,
Wise St. Pathrick !
Among the woild haythin, whin only a kid,
He. preached the pure gospil of love, so he did,
Brave St. Pathrick !
Fierce kings of Hibernia bowled to his will;
He taught thim 'twas betther to save than to
kill,
Good St, Pathrick !
The varmints assimbled to hear him one day-
He orthered thim all for a shwim in the say.
Did St. Pathriek.
Belave me or not, but the toads and the
shnakes
Can't be found in the fields, or the bogs, or
the brakes

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

Since St. Pathrick.

He humbled the pride of the father of sin,

And Oi'm hopin' that hivvin may sind us agin

The loikes of St. Pathrick.

DEC. 14, 1915.

The Revival

I hab jes come from de meetin',
Where I had a hearty greetin',
A reception really heatin'
From de breddren an' de sistahs ob my
own especial creed.
While dem gospel bells were ringin',
Sinnah's to de altah clingin',
Were a-prayin', shoutin', singin',
O, we had a very precious, joyful, lubbly
time indeed !
Gib me 'ligion dat's expressive,
When my feelin's get excessive,
An' am rumblin' an' a-tumblin' in de con-
fines ob dis breast.
When my soul am full ob glory,
Let me tell de ol', oP, story-
How de Sabior seeks to rescue eb'ryone
dat am oppressed.
Nebba min' dat honeyed preachin',

Nebba min' de bigot's teachin'
Dat de only road to hebben am de one
HE'S pointin' out :
Fob de essence ob salvation
Am— DE LUB FOR ALL CREATION ;
An' de people dat possess it dey hab got
de right to shout.
Dec. 15, 1915.

IN RELATING his experience at a colored Methodist revival, the author's purpose is not to ridicule religion ; but to emphasize his belief that the essential part of any saving doctrine is the love of humanity. Possessing that you are on the road to glory; while those, who harbor a feeling of enmity, or a Pharisaical contempt for others, derive little benefit from church-going or oft-repeated prayers. There is frequently a wide difference between piety and Christianity. "If a man hath not the spirit of Christ he is none of His."— G. W. W.

Blarney

What is it that we like to hear.
Which helps our gloomy spells to cheer,
Although it may not be sincere?
Blarney.
When you were but a little child.
What was it that your heart beguiled.
That won your favor so you smiled?
'Twas blarney.
When youngsters cut up like the deuce.
And scolding is not any use,
There's something, which excels abuse—
That's blarney.
Observe, when trouble is in sight,
How honeyed words will set things right,
And save the sorrow of a fight.
Try blarney.
Love sways the minds of young and old.
The tale is not too often told
That kindness wins more friends than gold.

Use blarney.
When Beauty's eyes on you were smiling,
With witchery your heart beguiling,
The words you spoke were not reviling.
But blarney.
O, love is sweet beyond compare ;
And truth's a treasure rich and rare ;
You think 3'ou have them both — beware
Of blarney !
Remember, as you join your hands.
In matrimony's holy bands,
That nothing else life's joy expands
Like blarney.
When, jolting o'er the rugged road,
We feel as though we must explode,
What is it lightens up our load?
It's blarney
And then, in business, you may sell
Some goods to those you flatter well,
Who meant to let you go to !
Try blarney.
So, if you wish to live in peace,
And slide along as smooth as grease,
Until you get your last release,
Use blarney.
But just remember this, by heck !
Full many fortunes go to wreck —
Yes, thousands get it in the neck
Through blarney.

JUNE 7, 1910.

Using The Accelerator

"It looks like rain," the farmer said
"Let's hustle in this hay."
The hired man just shook his head,
And answered : "Don't get gay."
'It looked like rain the whole blamed week,
We worked, to beat the deuce;
I think it's time that I should speak,
And tell you it's no use.

THOSE CURLY CLOUDS which you perceive
Are not a sign of rain.
Your scheme for hustling makes me grieve —
In fact, it gives me pain.
Such talk, old man, is like hot air —
It suits this time of year,
But doesn't get you anywhere ;
Why don't you try some beer?

"Where'er I go, I hear that cry:
'The rain, I think, will come !'
I'm rushed until I want to die ;
No wonder I'm a bum."

JULY 25, 1916.

The Copper's Tale

I am the village copper now,
Don't let that be forgot ;
For always, when there is a row,
I'm "Johnny on the spot."
But sometimes, underneath a tree,
I rest within the shade;
And children come and talk to me —
They're not a bit afraid.
I like the youngsters' lively ways —
They fill my heart with joy ;
And I recall the happy days
When but a barefoot boy.
One husky lad stood by my side,
Beneath that maple tree;
It seemed as though he would confide
Some awful woe to me.
"Sit down, my tired boy," said I ;
"This bench you, too, may share."
"I thank you, cop," he made reply ;

"But I am sore right there."
"Aha, my little man," I cried,
"So you have tried to skate !"
"O no, kind friend," the child denied,
"Mine was a -sadder fate,"
"If father whipped you like a cur,
He certainly shall rue it !"
"My mother gave the order, sir.
The old man had to do it."
My boy, my boy, it can' not be!
A mother's heart is tender ;
But. if she caused such misery.
The saints shall not defend her !
In ages dark the men would fight.
And I'm ashamed to tell.
Creation's lords assumed the right
To beat their mates as well.
Who dares it now? None, on their lives!
The women here are free ;
And children should, as much as wives,
Be guarded, seems to me.
Then cast the brutal rod aside,
And find some other way
The youngster's erring course to guide —
That law will come some day.
O, parents with the vision blind,
Though meaning well no doubt.
You foster hatred in the mind.
And crush the manhood out !

AUG. 25, 1916.

George Washington

George Washington, that hero grand,
Was thoughtless as could be ;
He took his little hatchet, and
He chopped a cherry tree ;
But he was honest as the day,
For, when his father hailed him,
He told the truth, or else, they say
The old man would have "whaled" him.
George grew to be a noble man,
Became both wise and careful.
He lived as only Honor can,
Was merciful and prayerful.
He fought the British, scorned their rage,
And crowned himself with glory.
They tell the youth of ev'ry age
That little hatchet story.

JAN. 9, 1917.

The Party Line

O listen to that joyful sound !
The telephone is ringing ;
The latest news from miles around
To us it now is bringing.
No more in isolated woe
The lonely folks are groaning ;
There is not much that they don't know
Thanks to their telephoning.
Before the instrument they stand, ,
Their useful views comparing ;
While anxious friends thruout the land
Are grinning, frowning, swearing.
We tell our sorrows and our joys.
And frequently get funny,
When talking to the girls or boys.
In accents sweet as honey.
"O, are you going to the play?"
"And were you at the party?"
"I cannot hear a word you say !"

"Now hold your horses, smarty !"
Some jabber often, jabber long,
Of unimportant matter ;
Impatient patrons think this wrong.
And mutter, "Can the chatter!"
What tho' the cakes and biscuits burn,
Or meat fries to a frizzle?
Whenever there is news to learn,
They make the wires just sizzle.
A social chat is very fine ;
And yet I sometimes question.
If talking on a party line
Is good for the digestion.

JAN. 16, 1917.

The Peaceful Obstructionist

He sits in the senate chamber, a glowering,
eerie elf.
Who, fearing contamination, prefers to flock
by himself.
"These people, with few exceptions, are
tools of the trusts," said he.
"They seek to embroil our country with
nations across the sea.
"Of army or navy measures we have not the
slightest need ;
And all of this agitation is simply the work
of greed.
Those slaves to the lust for money would
wantonly maim and kill.
There are only a few to save us, excepting
myself and Bill.

"BUT WE ARE A HOST, and we fear not, but

stick to our purpose true.
We can talk 'till the knaves are dizzy, and
wondering what to do.
A war of words in the senate, but peace on
the stormy deep,
For our ships shall stay in the harbor — I'm
putting the boys to sleep.
“Let the wicked slay and plunder, or trample
upon our rights,
Our conscience will still commend us for
shunning such awful fights.
The armor of truth shall save us, from
enemies over the sea.
I am going to manage this business to suit
my own self, believe me!”

MARCH 8, 1917.

The Pacifist

"O, tell me father, if you know.
What is a pacifist?
Is he a person who dares show
No spirit to resist?
If some disturber rose to say :
'Sir, you are my inferior !'
Would this war-hater run away.
Or offer his posterior?"
"Not so, my son ! That peaceful chap
Is often a fierce fighter ;
He'd rather give than take a slap.
Like any blooming Blighter.
Some chirp and wander up and down.
Like lost and lonely chickens ;
But pacifists, who win renown.
Are sure to raise the dickens."

JULY 11. 1917

Uncle's Friend

O listen now, fellows, and you shall hear
The tale of a man who was drinking some
beer.
He stood at the bar in a parlor of thirst,
Devouring some pretzels, some cheese and
some wurst ;
But once in a while he would earnestly say:
"Hurrah for our country, the good U. S. A.
I was born in a land, which lies over the sea ;
But I swear that this one is best suited to me.
I was poor and despised in the place of my
birth.
Where the nobles, so-called, were possessing'
the earth ;
But here I have wealth, and my vote can
command
As much as the vote of the best in the land.
We are equal and free, and we all should
endeavor

To keep for our children this freedom forever.
The friend of all peoples, America mine,
Your foes will do well to stay over the brine,
I'm a brother to all. who are honest and true.
I love the dear flag with the red, white and
blue,
Will you join with me boys, to protect Uncle
Sam?
Hurrah for our best friend ! I don't give
a
I am loyal, clear down to my toes, so I am."

OCT. 29, 1917.

The Wooden Wedding

I am constrained to write a song.
About the wooden wedding.
To which the neighbors, forty strong.
The other night were heading.
Just loaded down with cakes and pies,
With sausage, bread and cheeses,
They took the trenches by surprise —
Swept in like autumn breezes.
Not with the awful din of strife
The fortress' walls were ringing;
They welcomed all, you bet your life,
With shouts of mirth, and singing.
Of Louis' hospitality
No one could be complaining,
For surely none could ever be
More kind and entertaining.
With games at cards, with music grand,
With feasting, drinking, dancing.
The hours flew by to beat the band ;

And morning was advancing,
When Louis and his lovely dame,
Tho' wearied by their labors,
Performed a break-down just the same,
In wooden shoes, be jabers !
O, we had such a jolly time.
So excellently hearty.
I'm just compelled to put in rhyme
The story of that party !
I'm brimming full of love for all.
My homeward pathway treading;
And truly now, I can't recall
A better wooden wedding.

OCT. 31, 1917

The Volunteer Agricultkist

(Inspired by the city boys' move to the farms
to help win the war.)
"I want to be a farmer, and proudly would
I stand,
A hoe upon my shoulder, a pitchfork in my
hand ;
Yes, with that gallant army I'm going now
to fight ;
To feed the whole creation I'll try with all
my might.
"Perhaps a cow may kick me, or smite we
with her tail ;
But I will brave all dangers to fill the
milking pail.
O, when the country calls me, I will not be
a shirk !
I seek not rest or pleasure, but what I
want is work."

. . .

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

MAY 24, 1918.

A Peace Chant

Long injured and insulted by the Kaiser and
his minions,
Our great American eagle in anger spread
his pinions :
And, soaring o'er the ocean to the sunny land
of France,
He swooped upon those boasters, and he
grabbed them by the ;
He took them and he shook them — he gave
them a surprise:
Struck terror to their bosoms, and delighted
the allies ;
For soon the tide of battle turned; now vic-
tory is won.
And all the world should thank the Lord for
what our boys have done.

NOV. 11, 1918.

Rewarded For Service

In a front-line trench on a busy day,
An Irishman stood at duty ;
He stooped, at least so the papers say,
To capture a rampant cootie.
Over his head a German shell
Just then went whizzing through.
“Bedad !” said Pat. “I’d have been in
If it had not been for you.
“I meant to kill you, I do avow,
As surely as I’m a sinner ;
But I have not the heart to do it now ;
Go back and finish your dinner.”

JAN. 14, 1919.

The Fractious Cow

Base quadruped, I gave thee provender,
And stroked thee fondly with a gentle hand;
Then took my seat beside thee on a stool
While murmuring in accents tender "So" !
I did commence, and likewise, fiend, didst
thou.
Forward and backward, and from side to
side.
Ungrateful beast, thou movedst frequently ;
Then, with a sudden kick, o'erthrewest me,
The battered pail upsetting in my face.
I felt indignant, but my better self
Conquered the evil and I harmed thee not ;
I tied thee, though, so that thou couldst not
kick,
Or move as freely as thou didst before,
Then strove again to squeeze thy udder dry ;
But thou thy pent-up wrath couldst not re-
strain.

And showed thy spleen in sundry hateful
ways.
Oft didst thou smite me with thy ropy tail
Upon my cheek, and sometimes in my eye.
And yet I spared thee, thought my spirit
longed
For swift revenge upon thee, vicious brute !
Thou knowest not, thou dumb, deluded cow.
That I may sell thee to some sinful man,
Who will belabor thee with many blows ;
Or I can make thee into sausage meat
And chew thee, piece by piece for this offense.
Thou dost deserve it and thy doom is sealed.
I will no longer trust thee. Thou shalt go.

JAN. 27, 1919.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

The Little Mouse

A little mouse lived in our house
And ran around at night ;
We set a trap to catch the chap.
And mousie took a bite.
He squealed in pain, but all in vain
He strove to get away ;
He lost his breath and choked to death
Before the dawn of day.
While struggling there in deep despair.
This mousie might have thought :
“Ah. woe is me ! too late I see
The lesson mamma taught.”

MAY 7, 1909.

Remembrances

Par back o'er the wearisome stretch of years
My memory strays as I muse alone.
How many are gone from this "vale of
tears !"
How many of those that my youth has
known !
And some are distant who once were near,
And joined with me in my childish plays.
The pleasures then to our hearts so dear
Seem foolish indeed in these later days.
Amid the jostle, and din, and strife,
We struggle on in the world's hard way ;

WITH SELDOM A THOUGHT of the peaceful life
We led ill the years which have gone for
aye.
Farewell to the dreams of the days gone by I
Adieu to the friends who were with us

then !

We must not falter, nor droop, nor sigh ;

But act our part in the deeds of men.

Vet sometimes into the mind may stray

A kindly thought for a friend afar ;

A gleam of sunshine to cheer his way,

A night illumed by a brilliant star.

DEC. 10, 1911.

Cupid's Defiance

O, you who kneel at Cupid's shrine,
Farewell and go your way !
No longer serve a God divine.
But worship one of clay !
For men, exalted for a day.
Would rend love's cords asunder,
And break my once resistless sway,
While angels weep and wonder !
Great Jove forsook the higher life,
With mortal loves to dwell ;
And Orpheus, to claim his wife,
Defied the flames of hell.
O'er gods and men, and creatures all,
I hold eternal rule ;
And sooner shall the heavens fall
Than that some mortal fool
May curb the pow'r which I can wield,
And bind me as a slave.

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

My darts can pierce the toughest shield
That even wisdom gave.

JAN. 8, 1914.

The Aeroplanist

High o'er the prostrate world the birdman
flies.
The wonder of all creatures that behold.
Swifter than wind he dashes through the
Skies.
Beyond the clouds, unmindful of the cold.

DEATH STRIKES no terror to that dauntless
soul.
Which finds in danger but a wild delight.
Thrilling the nerves with joy beyond control.
So warriors feel the rapture of the fight.
Now, circling wide, in spiral course descend-
ing.
He soars, like eagle, with careening' wings ',
Then, with his life on one slim chance de-
pending.
Inverted speeds. Can eagles do such things?

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

O, no! the native monarch of the air
Must yield to us the rule of his dominions.
Man's restless intellect would not despair,
Though ages lapsed before he spread his
pinions.

MARCH 29, 1914.

The Widow's Son

Far away o'er the mountains his footsteps
are straying,
While she in her loneliness, lingers at home.
Her youngest and dearest, for him she is
praying
That God may protect him, where'er he
may roam.
He knows not the anguish his mother is
feeling.
She cared for him fondly since first he
drew breath. •
With fears for him now her dazed senses are
reeling.
Will he turn from his wanderings, save
her from death?
Alas for the pleading ! Alas for the mother !
The erring one listened not, came not
again ;
He followed a phantom — the love of an-

other—

The story is old as the story of men.

Deluded, forsaken, he sought in carousing,

A respite from passion Which tortured his
mind ;

But seldom, if ever, he thought of espousing

The love of the truest one feeble and blind.

SHE KNEW NOT HIS SINFULNESS — mothers be
lieve not

The tales of disparagement which they
may hear ;

The mind of the trustful wrong deeds can
perceive not ;

It will not condemn, though the proof may
be clear.

Too late he will learn, or in ignorance perish ;

But you, who are wise, may perhaps think
of this :

The love of your mother seek fondly to
cherish,

For he who neglects her deserves not true
bliss.

JULY 3, 1914.

The Universe

When gazing on the starry field
With wonder and delight,
I long for knowledge unrevealed
To our encumbered sight.
Beyond the feeble gaze of Man,
Or telescope view.
Far reaches God's eternal plan,
Wide rolls the endless blue.
I doubt not that each central sun
Has planets like our own ;
Why should such stars their courses run
For our small earth alone?

ILLIMITABLE SPACE MAY HOLD

A million worlds or more
Some blazing hot. some icy cold,
And others peopled o'er.
There Youth and Maidenhood may sigh,

When love their mind entrances ;
Transfixed by Beauty's .beaming eye
Or Virtue's modest glances.
And there, alas ! may creatures fight
For power or for greed.
Sunk, like ourselves, in darkest night.
Estranged by caste or creed.
God of the Universe, to thee
I lift my humble prayer.
Anoint men's eyes that they may see
Their folly and repair.

SEPT. 6, 1914.

Scolders

O, creatures with the voice unkind.
Who wildly storm and madly rave,
You rouse a demon in the mind,
Which else would be love's willing slave.
Could you but speak with gentle tone,
Or show a touch of fond emotion ;
One, faithful heart would be your own,
And gladly yield a life's devotion.

NOV. 17, 1914.

Allies In Life's Battle

When youth and beauty join their hands,
In token of alliance ;
They vow to tread time's shifting sands,
And bid the world defiance.
"To love, to cherish and protect,"
The manly voice will swear ;
"To love, to cherish, and respect,"
Responds the lady fair.
So. on the threshold of their life,
The couple proudly stands.
O, may that husband and that wife
Remember God's commands !
The bloom on beauty's cheek may stay,
If love shall fondly cherish ;
And golden years may pass away
Before that bloom shall perish.
But. dark the aspect of the sky,
Above that lonely pair ;

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

When fades the love-light from each eye !
Then come the lines of care.

MARCH 30, 1915.

Life

"What is life?" said the weary slave,
As he toiled in the stifling heat;
"For me awaits but a narrow grave,
And now but a crust to eat."
"What is life?" groaned the millionaire^
As he worried about his wealth ;
His brow was wrinkled with lines of care^
He felt not the joy of health.
"Love is life," said the maiden fair,
When the mutual vows were plighted ;
She knew not the depths of the heart's de-
spair,
When the first fond hopes are blighted.
"Life is a dream," the weakling sighed.
"Life is a play," the actor said.
"Life is a battle," the victor cried;
"I have fought my way over heaps of
dead."
Snug, in his humble cottage home,

A fisherman told his wife:
"Darling, I never would wish to roam
For this is what I call life."
Out on the breast of the raging sea.
Safe from domestic strife,
A sailor shouted in fearless glee,
"My hearties, but this is life."
Watching the country road one day.
I saw the autos go dashing by ;
Youth and beauty, the brave and gay,
"This is life," was their merry cry.
Soaring aloft in the azure deep,
The birdman laughed, in his reckless
mirth :
"This is life; we have been asleep,
But now are lords of the air and earth."
"Deluded friends," the zealot said,
"Why is it that you can not see
That soon earth's joys and ills are sped,
And you must face eternity?
"True life awaits the good above,
Where God's resplendent glory gleams ;
Where spirits dwell in peace and love,
Which mortals find but in their dreams."

NOV. 13, 1915.

Try

There's a wealth of inspiration
In that little English word ;
Ev'ry tribe and ev'ry nation
Has perhaps, the sermon heard ;
For the prophets and the sages.
Of whatever race or clime,
Have been shouting it for ages,
Some in prose and some in rhyme.
Dreaming, waiting, grumbling never
Won the hero's lofty name;
But his resolute endeavor
Led him on to deathless fame ;
Yet the human mind keeps turning,
In forbidden paths to stray ;
Still for idle pleasures yearning,
With the thoughtless and the gay.
Little children, heed the teaching.
Others need the lesson, too.
Let the prophets keep on preaching,

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

Urging us to dare and do.
In this game of life we're playing.
Foolish 'tis to halt or sigh.
What's the use of all our praying.
If we don't get up and try?

NOV. 13, 1915.

Christmas

We praise the Prince of Peace today
While children's shouting, loud and gay.
Resounds throughout the land :
In hymns of love our voices blend,
And presents passed from friend to friend,
Fulfill the Lord's command.
How gorgeous are the trees tonight !
The little ones, in wild delight,
Are dancing 'round them now;
The joy of life is in their eyes ;
They view the gifts with glad surprise
Reflected from each brow.
Oh, could the spirit of this day
Be unconfined ; and, far away
Spread o'er the grand old earth !
Then would the tribes of men unite
In fellowship of truth and right,
And bless the Savior's birth.

. . .

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

DEC. 2, 1915.

The Patriot's Grief

Where the waves of the ocean, in restless
commotion,
Are dashing, and splashing the rockgirdled
shore,
I gaze on their madness, my spirit, in sad-
ness.
Is lulled by their tumult, their deafening
roar.
O, wild were the dreams which my fancy
had cherished,
As wild as the waves that are dashing
below !
My hopes, like those billows, are shattered
and perished,
And all that is left me is ruin and woe!
HIS CONSOLATION
'Tis hope which guides our fragile bark o'er
ev'ry stormy wave,
And still inspires the soul to be enduring,

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

strong and brave ;
Beyond the veil, if not before, shall freedom's
banner gleam,
And so adieu to what is now the phantom
of a dream.

JAN. 17, 1916

The Soul Set Free

Above the cold world's toil and care.
My spirit wanders free as air,
Yet often lingers near this spot,
For loved ones can not be forgot.
Perhaps some tears for me were shed,
When I was numbered with the dead—
'Tis nature's tribute to bestow
Sad looks and words on those who go ;
But why was faith to mortals given,
If not to cheer when death has riven
From wearied limbs the loathsome fetter.
Which keeps the soul from something
better'?

I loved my friends, I scorned earth's strife,
I did my best to brighten life,
Yet sometimes o'er my senses stealing
Would come a wave of mournful feeling,
Which reason vainly strove to quell —
What e'er its cause I could not tell,

The lights were dim, I failed to see
Why grief should have such hold on me.
Now freedom's joy is mine to know ;
I bid farewell to worldly woe,
And, like the wild birds, soar and sing ;
Yet mem'ry. even now, may bring-
Some sadness to this soul of mine.
Because of those who still repine —
The friends of earth that I have known.
Who o'er life's desert wander on alone."

FEB. 6, 1916.

The Friend In Need

The friend we always like to meet
Is he whose cheering accents greet
When, bending with our load of care,
The burden seems too great to bear.
His words of courage give our hearts.
Fresh vigor to perform our parts ;
His gladsome smile, and helping hand
Inspire our trembling limbs to stand.
When we have tried to do our best.
Despite the envy of the rest,
Whose galling gibes, our ears assailing.
Declare our efforts unavailing.
Sweet is the voice, whose accents tell
Our weary souls that we do well.

MAY 12, 1916

The Merry Springtime

When in the gladsome days of spring,
I hear the roosters crow;
My gloomy thoughts, like bats take wing,
And vanish, don't you know?
Hurrah for Spring, bright, merry Spring!
She heeds dame Nature's call ;
While flowers bloom and wild-birds sing.
She comes to cheer us all.
Forth, from the winter's dull retreat,
She steps in maiden pride ;
With winning smile and accents sweet,
She casts her veil aside.
O, charming Spring, we welcome you,
In gorgeous beauty dressed!
Forever shall your joy renew
The hope within each breast.

MAY 14, 1916.

The Bright Side

There are thorns with the roses,
And the way may be lonely;
But the brave heart discloses
Life's sunny side only.

JUNE 2, 1916.

Homesick

Out in the weary world, wandering lonely,
Far from the home that my infancy knew,
Comes to my mental eye one picture only —
Friend to me always, I'm thinking of you.
Yours was the voice that encouraged me
ever;
Yours the dear hand which could smooth
ev'ry care ;
Tender and pleading, you scolded me never;
Pressed to your heart, I forgot my despair.
Mother, dear mother, for you I am yearning !
O, were you still in that far away home,
Back to your loving arms would I be turning;
Never again would I leave you to roam !

JUNE 30, 1916.

A Vision

I saw a youth and maiden fair
Dazed by each other's charms ;
Their brows were free from lines of care;
Their merry voices rent the air ;
They feared not life's alarms.
I looked again — the scene had changed—
It showed a man and wife ;
But hearts once fond were now estranged,
And far apart the couple ranged —
They met in gloom and strife.
Love is a fickle, faithless god,
Who blinds the eyes awhile ;
Who makes the dreamy senses nod,
'Till time bestows the cruel rod
And drives away the smile!
Alas for those, who on death's brink
With halting footsteps stray;
When sorrow's bitter cup they drink.

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

And love's decaying embers sink
In ashes cold and grey !

AUG. 11, 1916.

Muckrakers

I heard a political roar ;
He ramped around the creaking floor ;
He shook his fist, and nearly swore ;
His collar from his neck he tore;
And then he ranted more and more,
Until I thirsted for his gore.
This was his lofty song : —
“I am the candidate to choose,
The knaves in office now abuse
The trust, which I would rightly use.
Why do you slumber, wherefore snooze?
Awake and listen to my views ;
I tell you what should be no news : —
The other side is wrong !”
Such was the import of the speech,
Wherein the rascal tried to teach
The lesson, which most scoundrels preach.
Some shallow intellects they reach;
But let me tell you, all and each.

That those who longest, loudest screech
Are very selfish elves.
The slanderers of all the rest
With virtue's charms are seldom blest ;
Imposingly they may be dressed,
Their language may be of the best ;
Yet all their show should not divest
Wise hearers of this thought impressed : —
They're none too good themselves.

AUG. 15, 1916.

Rabbit Hunters On The Plains

Where the sneaking coyote o'er the desolate
prairie is roaming;
And the jack-rabbit leaps from the bunch-
grass in hasty retreat ;
They gallop until their poor mustangs are
panting and foaming,
While hell owing hounds make a racket
that hell cannot heat!
Mad, terrified bunny, your innocent life they
are seeking.
While risking their own in a frantic, up-
roarious race ;
For a badger's or prairie dog's hole in their
course may he wreaking
Swift vengeance on those who may stum-
ble and fall in the chase.
Far away, in a gulch, where the long grass
a welcome is waving,
A haven of refuge you seek, and I hope

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

you may find.

The Father, who wishes each poor hunted
soul to be saving.

May rescue you, too, from the fangs of
the devil's own kind.

OCT. 1, 1916.

The Pastor's Admonition

My children, though it grieves my heart
To go from those I long have known,
Let not the trembling tear-drops start,
As if I left you here alone.
Another comes, whose voice may cheer,
Whose words may guide as well as mine
Your erring, halting foot-steps here
Within the way of truth divine.
In many sad, afflicted homes
The pastor tries to cheer the heart —
To smooth the path the spirit roams
Before the time has come to part.
O, let not enmity of race,
Of class or creed destroy the love,
Which leads you to the holy place,
Where you may learn of things above.

OCT. 1, 1916.

The Dependable One

Hurrah for the lad who is always on time,
Who never dishonors his dates ;
Whose watch word is justice, whose purpose
sublime
Relies not on freaks of the fates !
He fears not life's conflicts, he never will
run.
And yet he abuses no man ;
In spite of the gibes of each envious one,
He still does the best that he can.

OCT. 13, 1916.

My Mother's Prayer

"Meet me in heaven," mother said,
As I was watching by her bed.
She knew the time was drawing nigh
When, to its mansion in the sky,
Her soul would wing its joyous flight,
Content to bid the world good-night;
Yet wishing, hoping, that above
Again we might be joined in love.
Ah, mother, gladly would I give
My life on earth with you to live,
Where'er your present home may be ;
For you were all the world to me,
The one true friend that I have known,
And now I linger here alone!

MARCH 22, 1918.

Uncongenial Soil

He toiled in the garden, most fervently praying
That good might result from his diligent
care ;
But in that cold ground soon the seed was
decaying
Though nettles and briers found nourishment
there.
They stung him and pricked him unselfishly
working ;
And often he wondered in sorrow and pain,
How others succeeded, who seemed to be
shirking ;
While he in his willingness labored in
vain.
Alas for such toilers, if nowhere above them
Reward shall await them for what they
have done !

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

Humanity sneers that the Lord does not love
them ;
But who shall be judge at the set of the
sun?

JUNE 15, 1919

The Future Man

"A princely child, a bouncing boy, the finest
ever seen
Has come to take the sceptre from a lovely
household queen."
So runs the burden of a song my nephew
sent me —
A grandpa, who is quite as proud as anyone
could be.
He sees himself reflected in the image of
that son,
Who smiles upon a world unknown, a voyage
just begun ;
Who dreams not of the trials, which time
may have in store,
When, tossed upon the billows, the tempests
wildly roar.
God grant that little sailor shall weather
ev'ry blast,
And in the golden harbor his anchor safely

GEORGE W. WOODWORTH

cast.

O may he. like his grandpa, be healthy, good
and wise,

And look on life's vicissitudes with optimistic
eyes.

JULY 4, 1920.

Old Age

"Show me the road to the land of rest,"
A weary pilgrim said ;
"For my eyes are dim, and my heart op-
pressed,
Is fluttering faintly within my breast
As a light that is nearly sped.

"I WANDERED FAR and I wandered long
In the years which have gone by;
My voice was lifted in mirth and song,
For hope was high and the pulses strong,
And I scorned to droop or sigh.
"But fond ambitions have gone astray,
And my old-time friends are dead ;
While the cold, gray gloom of a winter's day
O'ershades the path, where my feet now
stray
With a halting and feeble tread."

Rejoice, good pilgrim ! The goal is near ;
And they, who have bravely given
Their lives in efforts to aid and cheer
Poor fellow-men in the valley here,
Shall rest on the hills of heaven.

MAY 18, 1918.