

Alma B.Ward



My Own

The Poetry of Alma Ward

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ALMA B. WARD

Mother stood by the car, ready to go
On one of those trips, she enjoyed so.
Her poems relate her thoughts from within
Now we can share them, as her kin.

- DJW



This little booklet of poems written by Alma B. Ward is printed in Memory of her. Thanks to Dorothea Manos and Dorothy Partridge for their help in preparing these poems for print to share with my family.

- Donna Jerene Ward

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- Donna Jerene Ward

MY OWN

It's not too late to mention
If thirty-four years have passed,
How I loved my dream boy shyly
And I'm sure our love will last.

For our home I thank thee Father,
Its comforts and its joys,
But most of all its pleasure
With our family of girls and boys.

We tolled and lived happy together,
And many days I know would pass
When we never would have the pleasure
To visit as lovers chat.

But it is well worth waiting
For love to pile up heaps and heaps
Then to pour it out profusely
To this one I love so deep.

So now we sit together
In our little love nest quite old.
And I stroke the shining silver curls
Instead of the younger ones of gold.

Our travels in the South land
Is an inspiration to give
And to bring our minds together
On what and how to live.

The earnings we have collected
Is a monument we know,
But our family and friends are
Loftier than hills of gold and sand.

Let me love and love eternal
Dream boy of ripened age my own,
And spend many more years together
In our dear old country home.

Dedicated to My Husband (Galen Ward)

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Dedicated to My Husband (Galen Ward)

EVENING IN LIFE

Most twenty years have lingered on
Since Daddy crune to our house, able;
His footsteps once so strong and firm
Are growing somewhat snort and feeble.

His interest changed from finance care,
To love of grandchildren he fell heir,
But now he has seen them grow
To man and womanhood just so.

His record for ill days of his life
So kind so sweet and cheerful, too,
But God has given him body and mind
And physical strength to carry him through.

Of late he sits in his easy chair,
The silver shining in his hair,
Reading sacred literature, then a prayer
That he a crown may sometime wear.

The fourth generation are crowding his feet
With pretty blue eyes and brown,
But the happiest days he ever sees
Are when these little ones are around.

As he has reached his years four score,
He still hopes for a few more,
To see this war-torn world of powers
Have peace, sweet peace in his last hours.

The gloom that passes our minds in thought
But we need not tarry there long,
For we know when the time for him has come,
He'll be one of God's own on the throne.

Dedicated to "Papa" (M. Ross)

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Dedicated to "Papa" (M. Ross)

MISUSED PRIVILEGE

The riches of our country
Is as asset as we know,
But the use of our wealth unwisely
Is another path to hoe.

One can spend for education
The earnings saved for years;
If there' a no interest in knowledge and study,
Life's energy may be wasted in tears.

Strength of body sometimes conquers
The desire for a college career,
Then a home is plainly inevitable,
And common sense is the wise way, my dear.

One's senses and brains are embedded
In a strong body to protect it through,
All the dangers in life's vocation
As we surely will find this is true.

So use your earnings wisely
My children of this modern age,
But you'll find that the spirit of truth
Will be the most valuable wage.

Dedicated to Lucille Howard

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WHAT NIGHT WINDS BRING

Oh the lovely flowering shrubs
Touching lightly the windowpane,
They bring to our attention
The rhythm of refrain.

The night winds blow so gently
Their fragrance off the bloom
And sends one to dreamland,



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FEDERATED

After the busy hours of summer
Yet the cares we dare not drop
Have rolled into autumn labors,
Surely club work stands at top.

How we love the fragrant incense
Of the flowers, fruits and trees,
But there is something more to club work
Than just to be at ease.

But our love, and sincere groping
To the frivolous life ahead,
And one smiles with admiration
At the one who wisely said,

"Silver rain that wets the roots in summer
And the sunshine's mellow glow
Promises beds of wheat and clover
To starving nations as we know."

Let us pledge ourselves most truly
To this work, and all that's good,
That we will lean together
And do all the things we should.

Come thou lovely lady, blossom
In your years of strength and pride;
Let the world know you are living
In your country and by her side.

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MY VICTORY GARDEN

Many serve in our country's army
And on the seas of blue,
So I'm sure my work in the garden
Is the service that I can do.
I may not, get a medal of silver
Nor a nationally known uniform,
But I know when I'm canning for winter
My family with health I'll adorn.

So I rise early in the morning
While the leaves are dripping with dew
And pursue my way to the lengthy rows
To slay noxious weeds not a few,
Always wishing to serve my country
And knowing no work we should scorn,
It's no warmer to work in my garden
Than for daddy to work in his corn.

My pleasure in working with nature
To furnish my family with food
Gives me a great satisfaction
To reap a bountiful gift from above.
At evening I sit in the twilight
Looking over the Victory garden I claim
And feel my efforts for freedom
Are one of the endless chain.

Midsummer 1943

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Midsummer 1943

TO THE END OF THE ROAD

I promised myself
A long, long trip
To the south many years ago.
This materialized pleasure
Has just come true
On a trail to the end of the road.

The streets are so full
Of the southern folks
With the dark faces all mixed up
That I hardly can tell
The folks I know so well
On this trail to the end of the road.

The white sands of the gulf.
And the shells I found
And the oysters in the shell
Is a sight to behold,
Without mentioning so
The pines by the side of this road.

The viaduct long
Under the river so deep
And long busy bridges we pass
Made the distance short
And the visit most deep
As we came to the end of the road.

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But the return was fun
By the light of the street
To loved ones left at home,
And the fish we ate
Would stop a freight
On our return from the end of the road.

I promised myself,
As I know I should,
Never to wear any flower so great,
As the uponica I wore
On the lapel of my coat
on this trip to the end of the road.

The early morn fog
And the moss in the trees
On the Alabama trail
Are some of the things
I must keep in mind
From the trip to the end of the road



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CANADA

The altitude high; the sun shining low,
With the morning light I'm all aglow
With strength and energy; So Papa let's go.

Happier folks I've never known
Than the ones we've found in this frigid zone,
Lots of wool covers and fancy wood fires
To make our food good not using our tires.

Gallons of gas, high as they are
Go farther here than where we are,
So baby in blanket and bottle in bag
We motor across prairie, coupons to grab.

Winds in the streets here blow 40 per,
My goodness, a fur coat I've wished for.
The stores are filled with good things to eat,
That's what keep Canada folks on their feet.

Quite late in the morning we rolled out of
bed,
Warming our noses and covering our heads,
Finding breakfast table wonderfully spread
With cakes and bacon of which we are fed.

A good time with neighbors
And plenty to eat
What made these Canada folks
Very hard to beat.

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Two weeks at Jack's with his family
Bring wonderful memories back we see,
From the different branches of the family
tree
Has been so interesting to Papa and me.

So we visit and visit every night
Till we get things talked up just right,
Then roll in bed without any fright
And snore and snore with all our might.

We go, we come, we wash, we eat,
We work some, yes, but that's a treat.
The things we do, and the things we say
Is a pleasure we hope to the folks on our stay.

Let the weather be good and the stamps hold
out,
No wheels come off, and gas make a drop,
So we can see more trails, a different route
On this trip we've made so round about.

2000 miles from loved ones at home
We speak of them daily wherever we roam,
Hoping they're able and rearing to go
As Papa and I are feeling just so.

Dedicated to Clayton Ross Family
Ryley, Alberta, Canada

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Dedicated to Clayton Ross Family
Ryley, Alberta, Canada

YES, I HAVE BEEN THERE

The West coast is wonderfully alluring
With its glamor and colors so gay,
Yet the hearts of dear ones are aa tender
As anywhere in the world today.

I love it so dear,
Wish it might be here,
Yes, I have been there.

The oak leaves soar down so gently
Among the tree-roses and ferns
That give an air of dignity
To beautiful surroundings out there.

I love it so dear,
Wish it might be here,
Yes, I have been there.

Evening twilight falls so suddenly
In a picture of clouds I adore,
Makes the West a golden sunset
Through the mists of the ocean roar.

I love it so dear,
Wish it might be here,
Yes, I have been there.

The rugged, winding trail of burros
And the shade of redwood trees
Made the mountains, lakes and valleys
Fit for a body of nerves to ease.

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Wish it might be here,
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A month on the ocean surfside
Watching tidal waves come and go,
Talking with sailors and fishermen
Is a thrill as the breakers roar.

I love it so dear,
Wish it might be here,
Yes, I have been there.

The call of loved ones sometimes prompts
us

To do a long wished for desire,
How happy one is to think of it now
When things turn out as they are.

I love it so dear,
Wish it might be here,
Yes, I have been there.

Dedicated to Lucille Ward Howard



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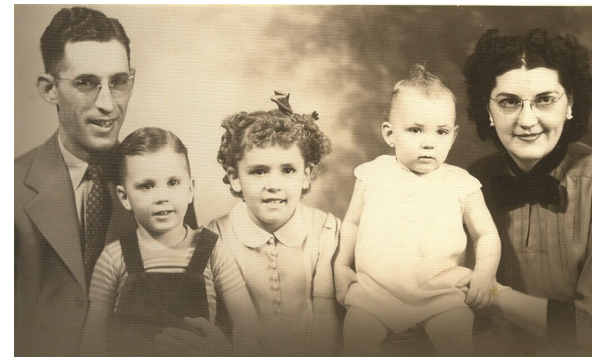
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A PARENT'S TASK

In checking all deeds of parents dear
The world must not criticize year by year
The mistakes made frequently lest a fear
One might misguide and cause many a tear.

There's father with office, and other work;
He must never be known a day to shirk,
But must every day store something on earth
Beside riches, a home with all it's worth.

Then mother bringing her child to earth
Must give her bodily strength to a birth
Of a healthy child of a million worth
To be one of the little ones around her hearth.

And mother with her kind and reasonable
way
Must guide her home from day to day,
Teaching companionship, if she may,
To her darling children in their play.

May baby grow up to be a great joy,
Without any misfortune to annoy,
A life of kindness in full to enjoy
And grows to manhood this strong baby boy.

Dedicated to Lucille Howard and Baby Terry

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Dedicated to Lucille Howard and Baby Terry

OLD TIME FRIENDS

Only late in life do we understand
What it means to meet and shake the hands
Of those we've known for many years,
Holding in our hearts a friendship dear.

The plans to meet as months advance
Has proved eventful, and a chance
To relate the doings of the younger ones
All mixed up with an evening of other fun.

Ah! the music sweet, that we always blend
With the other feasting of the old-time
friends,
Eliminated any place for woe
And shortened the time before we must go.

Now a spoke is out of the broken wheel;
How very sad these friends all feel.
So now a tribute must be paid
Before away our friend we've laid.

Only late in life do we understand.
Why such as this? In this fair land
But He who reigns the realm above
Has called this one, by His precious love.

Dedicated to Dr. Ossie Freed Huxley,Iowa

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Dedicated to Dr. Ossie Freed Huxley,Iowa

MY BOAT RIDE

See the "City of Dora"
Moored at the sunny dock,
Waiting for her passengers
To make the vacation trip across.

The sun is high on Lake Dora
And the waves are rippling low;
We're off for a marvelous boat ride
Instead of a sleigh ride in snow.

Much as I don't like water,
My fear's are most forgot,
But I'm glad to near land again
As I finish this trip on the boat.

Though the canal was wonderous,
The ferns on deadwood trees,
The cypress shadows in the deep,
I wish we could collect some knees.

A fishing trip in the morning,
A picnic at noon day hour,
Made Jan. 30 a happy one
With Mr. and Mrs. Myer.

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Myers
Corwith, Iowa

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Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Myers
Corwith, Iowa

JUST A PEBBLE

Drifting along the seashore
On sands of ebb and tide,
Memories go back to days gone by
When my ship was hard to guide.

There was hustle and bustle, and hurry
And the work must be done with pride,
For this was the women's club day
On the ship we must go for a ride.

Well, the welcome for mother and little one
In our little town homes for me,
Is a sweet memory of our club women
About the year of nineteen twenty-three.

It has always been an interesting pleasure
To be one of an advancing group,
And so we listened and studied
our government from the standpoint of truth.

Club women that stay by our stands
Must be high-minded, courageous, and wise,
And anchor their ships to barriers
Deep in the sands of time.

JUST A PEBBLE

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Deep in the sands of time.

GRAMPA'S LITTLE GIRL

Little tiny baby girl
Blue eyes and hair so straight,
Much as mother wanted curls,
She must have ordered them too late.

Grampa doesn't mind a bit
If she always has her way;
No matter what she does, she's it
On any occasion or any day.

Such a boss, that little lassie
Can manage her cousins, Yes she can,
Loves them dearly and is not sassy,
Not even to the little man.

Her love for "Bill" was not so great
When with his horns he struck severe;
Her goat, that goatsteak was his fate,
She chews on him without a fear.

She's the kind of a questionnaire
That gets one places in this world,
But Grampa, is so proud of Jennifer
No matter if her hair doesn't curl.

Dedicated to Jennifer Gay Bell

GRAMPA'S LITTLE GIRL

Little tiny baby girl
Blue eyes and hair so straight,
Much as mother wanted curls,
She must have ordered them too late.

Grampa doesn't mind a bit
If she always has her way;
No matter what she does, she's it
On any occasion or any day.

Such a boss, that little lassie
Can manage her cousins, Yes she can,
Loves them dearly and is not sassy,
Not even to the little man.

Her love for "Bill" was not so great
When with his horns he struck severe;
Her goat, that goatsteak was his fate,
She chews on him without a fear.

She's the kind of a questionnaire
That gets one places in this world,
But Grampa, is so proud of Jennifer
No matter if her hair doesn't curl.

Dedicated to Jennifer Gay Bell

OUR FAMILY NAME

We're waiting with great anxiety
For the time to arrive this fall,
When we can be Grandma and Grandpa
To the greatest babe of all.

Yes, we are looking forward,
With this dear little mother of his,
To health and wealth and happiness
For the boy she has wished for, for years.

Dedicated to David Ward before his birth

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A STAY AT THE DORM

Time comes and goes so rapidly
When class hours are measured by gong,
And everyone stepping to music,
It's pleasure to watch the throng.

The hurry and scurry of noises
And the racket of shoes on feet
Is joy to a mother visiting,
A weekend here is a treat.

So many dear faces to look at
That one sees in no other place
But where knowledge is stored in abundance
To educate the young of our race.

As you start your life's vocation
Duly sworn in on the teacher's staff,
You'll find after exploring the ocean
You'll be your own best student at last.

I am happy to leave you this greeting,
Sophomore class of forty-three,
Won't it be grand to be teaching
In a land, and to children free?

Your days at Waldorf are now numbered
Choir trips you will never forget
Nor the chats, and spreads, together
With teachers, and parents you've met.

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But such is life to the 'teen age,'
Of boys and girls happy and gay
God grant that this measure of joyfulness
Shall never be taken away.

May your reunion each summer
Continue for many years to come
And your playing and eating together
Prove that your friendship is one.

Dedicated to Donna Ward
(Second year at Waldorf College)

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Dedicated to Donna Ward
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I'm not a scribbler by trade,
Just want to give night school some aid;
I'll venture with luck
And use some of my pluck
To join Mrs. Jensen's brigade.

You may think I'm foolish indeed
To try to keep up with her speed;
So I'll do it and run
But not with a gun
And venture my poem to read.

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PEACE TIME

When short days begin coming in winter
And we just cook breakfast and dinner,
We think of the ways
We can enjoy these days
And let night school be our inventor.

Even tho' we are old and gray-headed,
We still have a brain imbedded;
We're ready to learn
From all angles and turns
The lessons so efficiently blended.

There is nothing more pleasant and fair
Than the friendship we gain while there;
We powder and paint
Do everything but faint
To be there in time on our chair.

The true sense of adult education
Is the outlook on life's elevation;
We do it for fun
But must encourage the young
And help them to find their vocation.

Now the snows are beginning to melt
And work piling up on the shelf,
So the joys of our school
We'll exchange for a tool
And help balance the wheel for our self.

Dedicated to the Gilbert, Iowa Evening School

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LITTLE DREAMER

How lovely is the dreamer
Of a fair and painted land,
When two interested schoolmates
Very teasingly, hold hands.

Soon the clouds, drop mists of sweetness
On the picture quite still aglow,
And the little sighs and gesters
Are all reasoned out just so.

Then the way of sole conveyance
Must be allowed by mom and dad
And the visits while together
Are everything sweet, not sad.

So, time goes on so rapidly,
Yet so long are days and weeks,
That the pleasure sweethearts wait for
Seem to pile up heaps and heaps.

How lovely is this dreamer
Of the fair and painted land,
When he holds a heart of sweetness
In his arms of iron band.

Dedicated to Mary Alice Dykes (Cooper)

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OLD PURSE

It is true, if I may remember,
That months will easy measure your age.
Then, your straps were black and shiny,
And your leather sides flat as a page.

And your size very much embarrassed me,
Though a gift I must recognize;
The giver would have been disappointed,
If I had made mention of your size.

Pals we've been to each other,
Collecting as we've traveled far,
Till your contents were so numerous
I must debate just what they are.

And a pillow you've even served me
When my head so tired from sights,
Gave me rest, peace, and comfort
Thru' the noisy hours of night.

You have been my right hand pardner,
Even tho' your bulk was weight,
Acting both as nurse and doctor,
Helping me before too late.

Anything you care to mention,
Dear old purse, your folds have held,
Supplies from bedroom, bath and kitchen,
No other purse could be excelled.

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Now we've traveled over hills and desert,
East and West, from sea to sea;
So I think you've served your purpose,
Going these 10,000 miles with me.

So I'll gently relieve you of your baggage,
Let your pockets collapse with fame,
And ever remember your kindness to me,
And get another purse from whence you
came.

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came.

LEAVING

We are leaving dear old homestead
Before the winter snows may fall,
Deserting your shelves and closets
Of the antiques if that's all.

How we'll miss your floors and windows
And your cozy nooks and dew,
So we'll dedicate your pleasures
To the ones who are moving in new.

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THOUGHTS WHILE A HOSPITAL PATIENT

Well, I've joined the realm of convalescence
In this big hospital room for four;
What a wonderful place to come to
When general health calls for more!

Tho' I feel so sorry for those about me
Having to hear all my snores and nays,
Still I know they are just like I am,
Ready to give and to take without praise.

The sleepless nights, yet how restful
When I know things are going ok.
But oh, the anxiety of home folks
For their blessed souls do I pray.

How every mite of strength is lended
And a patience that never tires,
As they wait every day for an ambulance
or a well mother to arrive at the door.

As the hours roll on through the corridors
Roommates moving one by one home,
Suppose we'll never be together again,
No matter how far we may roam.

Here's to our Nurses on duty
With vigilance, and heaps of tender care;
How they can stand it is more than I know

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The powder and all in the air.

As the afternoon sun is setting,
And our pessimist Grandma is gone
Well, I'll just turn over and giggle and ponder
At the tho't of black cats, and her charm.

I guess one of life's lessons is sickness—
To teach us to lean strong on God's hand,
The one who can lead us on safely
To the fountain of health in this land.



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CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Last night I saw that little lad
Leaning at ease on his mother's breast,
His big eyes shining so brightly
And as blue as the skies out West.

Last night I heard that little lad,
Beside his sister, older yet,
Managing her at his desire
With only a few of baby threats.

Last night I planned for that little lad
A layette of spotless white;
I've looked for him for months you know
To carry on our name quite right.

Last night I felt that little lad
Close up to his mother's heart,
Growing much stronger every day-
A supreme piece of heavenly art.

Last night I heard that little lad
In a chorus of wee ones dear,
Competing in a gentle way
With his daddy's voice I hear.

Last night I loved that little lad
With tender grandma care;
I must not plan on him too much
All the dangers of his getting here.

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Last night I loved that little lad
With tender grandma care;
I must not plan on him too much
All the dangers of his getting here.

Last night I dreamed of that little lad,
Unborn in the world today;
God Bless his, and his mother ' s life,
Whenever his birth may be.

Dedicated to Frances Larson Ward
(before David's birth)

IN TIMES LIKE THESE

Can we ask the Lord to help us
To the peace that our hearts desire,
When our tho'ts are so far from his teaching
And our living away below par?

Do we have evidence shining about us
In our families of loved ones at home,
And do we take time to serve Him
Bowing down with simple prayer and a song?

Let us think this thing solemnly over
With inspiration taking hold of our souls,
Leaning on the Christ for the help that we
need
And conquer Satan as in times of old.

Dedicated to Rev. Otis Smith. 1941

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THIS YEAR

This year of all years
As life goes on unimpaired,
The hills of labor, once climbed,
Are now mountains richly heired.

Life on plains of quiet grazing,
Cattle resting from a weary day,
While rabbits trail the dusty paths
As in pursuit of rabbit play.

Over the meadow distant
The fervor of new mown hay
Is perfume to the farmer
Whose time is not wasted away.

The canyon roar of waters
Falling the stairs of rocks sublime
Show color for the artist
That never will change with time.

No water on the desert
Tests the thirst of passersby;
The camel and the cactus
Is the desert's sound reply.

In the sleepy hollow ledges
Where the birds and bees nest out,
Rest, rest, thou weary lover
When the creek is full of trout.

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In the sleepy hollow ledges
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Rest, rest, thou weary lover
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Oh the waters of the ocean,
Rolling high and low at tide,
Is the world' a most dangerous asset
our sailors agree with pride.

Sacred hills of lofty heights
Bear the message to the world
Of He who reigns in power supreme,
our Christian flag to Him, unfurled.

HIS WATCH

My watch is round, and flat, and large,
And I do not have a worldly charge
Who claims it now, for several years
Has found the watch, I lost with tears.

The mechanism of her works
Measured my time by hours not Jerks;
For two score years or more
No early bird need rap my door.

The sad thing of it all I claim
Was that my mind would not refrain;
My watch so round, so flat, so large
From all the years I had in charge.

Dedicated to Ezra Ward

Oh the waters of the ocean,
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IN THE OAKS

Around the corner and up the hill
Is a settling of oaks that gives me a thrill,
The leaves all scattered, the trees bare,
Is when I find myself there.

To visiting the folks I want to see
Who are so busy, they can't see free
To come to my house to visit me
And talk over good times while drinking tea.

We stop to think tho' as we grow old
It's not far off, as we are told,
That life's mark will end before we know
So pleasure must come along with dough.

The cows, the pigs, and chickens, too,
Can be put on the market and can say we are
thru'
For a six month rest we know is due,
The new outlook on life, we are prompted
too.

Only one knows what a reasoning brain
That Jack, can't be happy without refrain
From labor for years, his day and age,
But he must take a rest and see a new page.

The backtone can turn happy and gay
All built up from scenery far away

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The backtone can turn happy and gay
All built up from scenery far away

To work much better with health restored
Their business and money will come in galore.

This lovely home and hospitable air,
It's lots of fun for me to share
The pie, the peaches, the apples and jam
Can't see why folks are not as well as I am.

I am happy to leave a word of cheer
And it is lots of fun to share
A corner in this settling of oaks so fair
With folks and livestock to find there.

I hope to come back some future day
And travel these roads gravel, instead of clay,
To find where folks living happy at ease
With health and happiness all to appease.

To work much better with health restored
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WAITING

As long as seasons are passing to you and me,
There'll be a sentiment of emptiness in life,
Since our worlds are separated by sea
And youth has advanced to maturity.

You'll hear the roar of bomb and gun
And suffer the danger, outrage, or retreat,
While we're waiting on this side with the sun,
We'll never hear the savage music, only
sweet.

But your advance of army will be your ut-
most thrill;
We shall hold time with a stiff embrace.
May invasions, whether by night or day, be
God's will
Till we are sure you have won the race.

We have no desire to save worldly gifts
To display on the walls of fame;
What we want is our soldier boy
To return in the prudence of man.

Dedicated to Waldo Fincham 1942

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Dedicated to Waldo Fincham 1942

DAKOTA LAND

Dakota Land, Dakota Land,
How I love to see your sand
Growing pastures and haylands
For the famous farmer fans.

Farmers love to make their bids
Not only on the cows, but kids,
For the jolly farmer kids
Who like to ride in snow on skids.

Dakota kids don't dare be slow,
Must take a little boat and row,
Then slip up shyly on their toes,
If they want to be a beaux.

Mothers don't care to use the tool
That prepares her wood for fuel,
But are proud of kids in school,
Long as they obey the rule.

Dedicated to Harlan Stensaas, Volin, S.D.

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CHANGING ABODE

The white house by the side of the road
Has been a very pleasant place of abode,
Kind of travel and the change of mode
We've seen from horse and buggy to an auto
road.

We've studied this moving from a to z
Knowing what a job it's bound to be,
But it's natural for us to want to know
How the city folks carry on and so.

We've served our purpose out here on the
farm,
Raising pigs and chickens, almost to alarm,
There is no use to live here unless we do,
For that's what it takes to carry us thru'.

As the family all grown and all on their own
And nobody here now to mow the lawn,
So we'll gather together the things we need
And go to town, where we won't see a weed.

We've had old neighbors, leave us no doubt,
But have given us nice things to remember
and talk about;
Many kindnesses done, with their busy hands,
While toiling and reaping on these acres of
land.

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Many kindnesses done, with their busy hands,
While toiling and reaping on these acres of
land.

We certainly hope you will miss us;
Now isn't that very queer
After living these many years
By the side of the road out here.

The new home that we have chosen
Distance away measured by arm,
Sure, will be just as hospitable
As the one we left on the farm.

So meet us and greet us
When and wherever you can;
Just remember, dear old neighbor,
We were once your farmer friends.

Dedicated to Our Old Home Nov. 1945

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Now isn't that very queer
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Dedicated to Our Old Home Nov. 1945

THE NORTHERNER'S LAMENT

Old boy, don't you know
It is twenty below
And the ink as I write is near freezing?
Do you think that guff
About flowers and stuff
That you write me about can be pleasing?
When my fingers are blue and the furnace
flue
Is red hot with fire that is roaring,
Is it kind, do you think
To use up all the ink
In your sunshine and flowers outpouring?
Don't you think it is rough
When you write me that stuff?
Do you think we feel any better,
When we all see our breath
And are freezing to death
And we open your confounded letter?
Can't you write anything
But the fragrance of spring,
Or are you just cruel, like Nero?
Don't you think it is a sin
When you just keep rubbing it in,
When we have to stay here below zero?

THE NORTHERNER'S LAMENT

Old boy, don't you know
It is twenty below
And the ink as I write is near freezing?
Do you think that guff
About flowers and stuff
That you write me about can be pleasing?
When my fingers are blue and the furnace
flue
Is red hot with fire that is roaring,
Is it kind, do you think
To use up all the ink
In your sunshine and flowers outpouring?
Don't you think it is rough
When you write me that stuff?
Do you think we feel any better,
When we all see our breath
And are freezing to death
And we open your confounded letter?
Can't you write anything
But the fragrance of spring,
Or are you just cruel, like Nero?
Don't you think it is a sin
When you just keep rubbing it in,
When we have to stay here below zero?

