

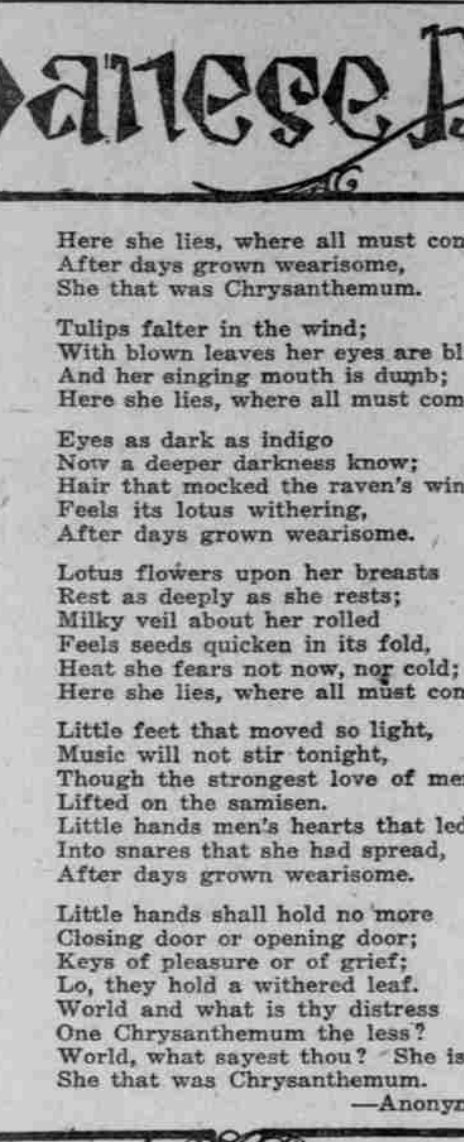
MORE OLD-FAVORITE POEMS WITH MILITARY DRAIN HEARD

Several Requests Are Complied With by Lovers of Poetry and Others Are Sought—New Contributors Are Noted.

Do you remember the old song that contains the following lines: "White wings, they never grow weary. They carry me cheerily over the sea." We have a request from Ethel L. Hunter, of Milwaukie, for the full text of the song, and would appreciate a correct and complete copy from some of our readers.

And the lonely picket guarding On the low Potomac's shore. Of the clash and roar of cannon, And the cry of wounded men, Of the slain and slayer of slaughter In some Southern prison pen.

Here she lies, where all must come, After days grown wearisome, She that was Chrysanthemum. Tulips falter in the wind; With blown leaves her eyes are blind And her singing mouth is dumb; Here she lies, where all must come.



Mid all the great folks standing by, Tell which is he? "I'll tell you how," The King replied, "You've only now To notice who, in all this crowd, That lowly bow, or shout aloud, Keeps on his hat, while others bare Their heads, and gaze with reverent air."

Now had they got in Paris quite: The rustic riding on the right. Whatever boorish life can teach, In manner, motion, look or speech, That simple, out-there, displayed, When he in Paris entry made.

THE CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS. Oh, they marched through the town, With their banners so gay, And I ran to the window, to hear the band play— I peeped through the blinds very cautiously then.

THE DYING SOLDIER. A waste of land, a sodden plain, A lurid sunset sky, With clouds that fled and faded fast In ghostly gloom, and a tree, whence a field upturned by trampling feet, A field up-plied with slain, With horse and rider blent in death Upon the battle-plain.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET. O'er a low couch a setting sun, Had thrown its last strong agony, Where, in his last strong agony, A dying warrior lay— That stern old Baron Rudiger, Whose name had never bent, By wasting pain, till time and toil Its iron strength had spent.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD. BY TENNYSON. Home they brought her warrior dead; She nor the old man's cry, All her maidens watching, said: "She must weep or she will die."

THE KING AND THE RUSTIC. In Henry's reign—the darling King, Whose praises still the Frenchmen sing— A peasant once, with idle song, Was riding happily along.

THE RUSTY SWORD. BY GEORGE M. VICKERS. In a little roadside cottage, half hid by shrubs and vines, A woman, old and feeble, on a faded cushion sat.

THE AMERICAN BOY. FATHER, look up and see that flag! How gracefully it flies! Those pretty stripes, they seem to be A rainbow in the skies.

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