

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1908

The FOURTH and its PATRON SAINT

the BOY



HERE'S a look of joy on the face of the boy
 Who is counting his nickels and dimes,
 For the Day draws near—'tis nearly here—
 The happiest of happy times.

When bombs jar things, balloons take wings
 And fireworks light the sky,
 The boy is there with his annual scare—
 He's in charge of the Fourth of July.

Since Liberty's bell first pealed the knell
 Of the chains that monarchy cast,
 The boy has raised Cain, has caught the refrain
 Flung on from the mirrored past.

The day has been his, without query or quiz,
 It has echoed his loudest licks.
 Young South, young North whooped up the Fourth
 In the spirit of Seventy-six.

We've all been boys, and we love the noise
 Of the nation's natal day;
 Our hearts go out to the riotous rout
 And the smoke of the mimic fray.

So we yield the stage to the younger age
 On this day of no restraint;
 'Tis the boy's own day, we bow to its sway—
 The Fourth and its patron saint.