

To My Sons

*Up with the coming of the dawn,
Til the busy hours of the day are gone;
Alive with the joy of carefree play,
Cheerily happy through every day . . .
Knowing the wholesome things of life,
Ignorant of sin, and shame, and vice;
Unconscious of life's artificial sham
That hides all the noble and pure in man!*

*These days that a boy of thirteen knew,
Held only beauty and glory, too.
And the hours were filled for the boy of ten
With the wondrous world of little men.*

*You are, today, the making of man.
You know its joys as none other can.
In the toilsome tasks of manhood that wait,
May you prove steadfast, strong, and great.*

*May you never forget the right
Til the solemn stillness of sunset night,
Of death, shall come and shall mark the end
Of your noble lives, my little men!*

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