

## To My Brothers -- Oscar and Axel Granlie

who I have grown to love more than all else, through the memory of comradeship and an understanding of my two childhood companions.

*Up with the coming of the dawn  
Till 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 --  
Till the solemn still of sunset night  
Of death, shall come and shall mark the end --  
Of your noble lives, my little men!*



from "Leaves of Yesterday", Copyright Elvina Granlie McNamara, written at age 15.

(This poem was also published with the title "To My Sons" in the book "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara, Triangle Publishing Company, Dallas, Texas.)