

WILLIAM C. KENYON - POET LAUREATE OF MAYNARD

William C. Kenyon was basically a Poet, but made his living working in Textile Mills in New England and Virginia. His poetry was not classic but exuded feeling and emotion of the common man - that could be understood by the common man.

The years that he lived in Maynard brought forth from his pen around fifty poems. No doubt he wrote poems before coming to Maynard (of which we have no record) and after he left (of which we have one, composed eighteen years after his departure from our fair town). For a Poet does not come full blown into this world - and does not cease his endeavors in mid life.

Our research (inadequate though it is) reveals that his Father was of English origin and the Mother Irish. He was born in Rhode Island. He married Eva Wilson (a relative of Pres. Woodrow Wilson) in 1895 - Had one daughter, Lucy, that died eight days later. She is buried in Bellingham, Mass. His sojourn in Maynard starts in 1908 or before (a dog license in 1908 is issued to him). He left for North Bellingham around 1919-1920, then to Ettrick or Suffolk, Virginia around 1930. He was of a tall, thin frame - a wool shearer in the Mill - living on Elmwood Street. We believe he was a member of the Maynard Cricket Club. Our Historical Society has a prized photograph in its possession of Eva and William Kenyon with Mr. & Mrs. William Byron.

The Poems composed in Maynard were printed in the Maynard News - a Weekly. The last poem in 1938 was written in Virginia in Memoriam to his Wife Eva.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS -

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Birger R. Koski
Maynard Historical Society

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Now stop boys and listen to a New Year Toast,
For those glasses that glisten have revealed a real ghost -
The ghost of dead faces, now long passed away,
Of people and places, of a far away day;
The ghost of the pleasures I knew as a boy,
Of the childish treasures and innocent joy
That lived in my heart and seemed to me
As the soaring lark, as wild, as free,
As full of perfect melody,
As human heart can hope to be.

Yes boys, 'tis a picture of childhood and bliss,
Of the joy and the rapture of Mother's warm kiss,
A picture of freedom from all earthy care,
When God's earthly kingdom was smiling and fair,
And the bright sun shining with a deeper glow,
And a silver lining to every woe.

So fill up the glasses, and gaze at the wine,
While we listen for voices of that far away time:
And the mind slips backward and sweetly dwells,
On the days of childhood, and New Year Bells
That rang for us in the long ago,
When life was young, and hearts aglow
With hope and love and the joy of living,
And a mother's care forever giving
Her all, her very best,
Sweating and toiling, with little rest;
That we might protected be
From want and poverty.

How well I remember how gentle and tender
She nursed me as a child,
And again tonight I long for the sight
Of Mother's loving smile.
But years have rolled on apace,
Silvered the hair and furrowed the face,
Made feeble the step and dimmed the eye,
But still those dear lips will ever try
With loving voice and welcome smile
To tell each dearly beloved child
That on this Happy New Year Day
Though eye be dim and hair be gray,
Her heart is just as young and fresh,
And full of loving tenderness,
As when there lay in childish glee
Her first born babe across her knee.

So drink to your Mother
With hair gleaming white;
May bright spirits hover
Around her tonight.
As her dear lips murmur a prayer for thee
And all of her children, wherever they be;
For life's greatest blessing, the truest the best,
Is a Mother's affection, a Mother's caress.

William C. Kenyon

JAN. 17, 1913

KING ALCOHOL

Cold the winds blow, as swift the snow
Falls on the wintry breeze,
While ice and sleet as winding sheet,
Enshroud the leafless trees.
As down the street with unsteady feet,
There reels a country bum,
He has given all to King Alcohol
And life is nearly done.

He staggers on through the bitter
storm,
In that little country town;
He has fallen now, in the drifting snow
On the cold and frozen ground.
But the village cop soon picked him up,
And bore him off to jail,
Where no one came to learn his name,
Or go the old man's bail.

The jail was cold, the man was old,
Was old and weak and grey,
So death crept in, a silent thing,
And none were there to pray.
In that country jail, the old heart
failed,
With never an earthly friend,
With never a priest to gave him peace,
So sudden was the end.

And they took away his lifeless clay,
And laid it in the ground.
Just one more tool for old alcohol,
In a little country town.
And men will pass with careless laugh,
On next election day,
And vote for rum and village bums,
And alcoholic sway.

Will vote to increase the broken peace
Of many humble homes,
Where joy has fled and reigns instead
King Alcohol enthroned.
Will vote to bring a wave of sin,
Of folly, vice and crime.
Will vote to see insanity replace the
sober mind,
Have not the faith that you are safe
From Old King Alcohol.

Throughout the land he holds command
His curse is over all.
He guides the wheels of automobiles,
To fatal accident.
The dead and the maimed of railroad
trains
Attest his cruel strength.
He never sleeps but onward sweeps
As fire or pestilence,
He throttles men and dishonors them,
And gives no recompense.

He lives and thrives on human lives,
He plucks the fairest flower,
He is so strong that babes unborn
Feel his gruesome power.
He brings the blight of appetite,
And takes away the will,
Ambition's crown is overthrown,
And aspirations stilled.

He fills our jails with men who fail
To rightly estimate
The wrong desires and quenchless fires
Indulgence doth created.
Yet men will stand on sea or land,
And fight a foreign foe;
Will face grim death 'til final breath,
To deal a fatal blow.

But will not fight their appetites,
The greatest foe of man,
But drift along 'til strength is gone,
And souls forever doomed.
Oh what shall avail to cause the scales
To fall from off men's sight
When will they stand hand in hand
And rising in their might.

Vote for the relief of a nation's grief,
Over her fallen sons,
Vote as men who seek to defend
Their country's threatened homes.
For men are weak and seem to seek
The crimes of rum to hide,
Lest some one see their sympathy,
And secretly deride.

Brave men are we, to silent be,
Nor hearken to the call,
Of little ones in many homes,
Attacked by alcohol.
For deep in the heart of the moral part
Of every thinking mind,
The knowledge dwells that rum is Hell,
Consuming all the time.

Then how shall they, on Judgment day,
When comes the final test,
By deed or word before the Lord
Atone their thoughtfulness.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

JAN. 17, 1913

So walk in the distant woods, or on
 yonder shining hills,
 For there in their solitude, God is
 smiling still;
 And somewhere over yonder, up there
 beyond the skies,
 Souls in countless number, dwelling in
 Paradise,
 Are sending messages wireless, the
 mighty spaces through,
 Whispering in the darkness, to human
 hearts below--
 Bidding us endeavor, while yet remains
 the light,
 The bonds of sin to sever, 'ere there
 falls the night.
 Pleasing with us daily to walk the
 narrow road,
 That bye and bye will surely, upward
 lead to God.
 For fast the hours are fleeting, age is
 creeping on,
 While death is ever seeking to claim
 us as its own;
 And after we are weary, at the closing
 of the day.
 But however dark and dreary, duty
 shows the way,
 'Til bye and bye there passes, the
 weariness and pain.
 And suddenly there flashes the star
 of hope again;
 And the precious sun is showing its
 face to all the land,
 Its gracious gifts bestowing, on every
 child of man.
 Its rays of warmth dispelling the
 coldness of the night,
 The fears of darkness swelling, with
 blessed beams of light;
 While the rivers and the streams, the
 Heavens up above,
 Proclaim the perfect scheme of God's
 eternal love.
 Then let us cease to murmur, forgetting
 present pain,
 While life's mysterious river bears us
 on again--
 Bears us on to labor, to seek by honest
 toil,
 And earnest true endeavor, the prizes
 of the world.
 For only through great striving, can
 man hope to possess
 The joys of righteous living, good
 health and happiness.

And through our worldly blindness, the
 thought will often come,
 That only human kindness, and the
 good that we have done,
 And not financial power, or rank or
 high position,
 Will avail us in the hour of final
 dissolution.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

March 28, 1913

Friday, June 6, 1913

THE IMMIGRANT AND THE FLAG

Many men of many nations throng our
town and city streets,
Hardy men of lowly station, from be-
yond the mighty deep.
They have brought their wives and
children, from those foreign lands
oppressed,
To our rugged old New England, all her
bounties to possess.
God has led them o'er the waters, in
the hollow of His hand,
And New England's sons and daughters
bids them welcome to our land
For our country's reputation, over there
on foreign shores,
As a just and righteous nation, lures
the stranger to our doors,
With high hopes and aspirations, they
are earnest in their quest,
For a home and occupation, and a life
of usefulness.
And it is our sacred duty, as true lov-
ers of this land,
Lovers of its strength and beauty, they
shall see and understand
That the flag of this great nation, is
a thing most dearly prized,
For'twas born in tribulation, and the
blood of human lives,
That it is a sacred emblem, something
more than simple rag,
That it stands for truth and freedom,
that it is our country's flag.
Men have lived and fought, and suf-
fered, for the flag, that yonder
flies,
And its principles have conquered, for
its lives, it still survives,
And we thank our God, the Father,
that this country was made free,
That they sank in Boston harbor, those
few pounds of British tea.
Some would trample on that banner,
gladly see it torn and rent,
But our nation's men of honor, die for
what it represents.
For the spirit of a Lincoln, lives within
its silken folds,
Breathing hope to all the nation, and
defiance to the world;

Bidding us go forth and labor, with the
strength at our command,
For the uplift of our neighbor, and the
equal rights of man.
Though we meet financial trouble,
though our politics prove bad,
Still will we hope on and struggle, we
shall not condemn the flag.
And we claim the right to perish, not
to bluster or to brag,
For the love that still we cherish, for
our ideals and our flag.
And we hope our foreign brothers, com-
ing from those distant lands,
Soon will be most ardent lovers, of the
flag of Uncle Sam.

William C. Kenyon

Maynard, Mass.

Friday, June 6, 1913

THE IMMIGRANT AND THE FLAG

Many men of many nations throng our
town and city streets,
Hardy men of lowly station, 'from be-
yond the mighty deep.
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Still will we hope on and struggle, we
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Soon will be most ardent lovers, of the
flag of Uncle Sam.

William C. Kenyon

Maynard, Mass.

Friday, July 4, 1913

OPTIMISM

Now we are a hopeful nation,
And we are going to try
To view each situation
With an optimistic eye.

It's a thought that I have cherished,
And it's what I still surmise,
That our industries will flourish
And the country still survive.

We elected Mr. Wilson,
Now let us be content
For him to guide the nation,
As our honored President.

And we'll give three cheers for Wilson
Every night before we sleep,
When his tariff reformation
Cuts in two the price of meat.

There will be a great thanksgiving,
In our cities and our towns,
For he'll cut the cost of living,
And he'll keep a cutting down.

"Til potatoes will be plenty,
And all of them be sound,
And our pockets never empty,
When the rent man comes around.

All our babies will be thriving,
And consumptives take on flesh,
There will be a joy in living,
For our fresh eggs will be fresh.

We will be so glad and merry
Over wages we will draw,
But will make a might struggle
To defend our native land.

There'll be lots of wheat and cotton,
All the cornfields they will thrive,
And divorces be forgotten,
By our rich men and their wives.

There will be no more murders,
There will be no suicides,
And boys obey their fathers,
As a bridegroom does his bride.

All our big reformatories,
All our prisons and our jails,
With their melancholy stories
Of the men and boys who failed.

Will throw open wide their portals,
And will let those sinners pass,
And will hand each erring mortal
Fifty thousand dollars cash.

All the gypsy moths will perish,
And will vanish from the earth,
And the farmers will rejoice
And forget to swear and curse.

All the gardens will be growing,
With no weeds at all in sight,
While the farmers will be hoeing,
By their own electric light.

Each husband will endeavor
To be faithful to his wife,
And affinities forever
Disappear from social life.

All those special privileges
That our Teddy tells about,
The trust, that robs and pillages
Will soon be down and out.

And each man will own an auto,
An airship and a yacht,
And the angels they will want to
Come and share our earthly lot.

William C. Kenyon
Maynard, Mass.

Friday, September 12, 1913

"REMORSE"

Say boys, do you believe at all
That you will live in another world,
When this life shall be done?
Or do you think it is all a myth,
The tale of another life than this,
The tale of a life beyond?
Did you ever know the fear of death?
Have you ever had to fight for breath
Of felt that death was nigh?
Did you ever lie the whole night
 through
With death a-hovering over you,
And you afraid to die?
Did you ever see God face to face
And plead with Him for a few years'
 grace
That you might make amends,
And vow the rest of life to give
In earnestly striving so to live
As not to fear the end?
Or lie through nights of bitter pain
Praying for health and strength again,
And the rising of the sun,
While your heart, it ached with the
 vain regrets
Which every wasted left begets
When life is nearly done?
Why do you wait 'til there comes the
 day
Which is never very far away
When God shall call you home?
Why do you wait 'til the final call
E'er you determine once for all
To serve but God alone?
O, why are you so blind and weak
As only temporal things to seek,
While youth is speeding by?
Seeking those pleasures of but a day
Which in a moment slip away
And do not satisfy.
For earthly pleasure born of sin
Is but a transitory thing
And does not long endure.
Why don't you see and realize
That the life which fully satisfies
Is a life that's clean and pure?
Some day you will wish and wish in
 vain
That you might live your life again,
When close to death's grim portal,
For you will see life just as it is,
And know just how you should have
 lived
To gain a life immortal.

For e'er you pass through the open
door,
Which leads to that mysterious shore,
Naught will be concealed.
Down there close to the border land
Where sooner or later all must stand,
All will be revealed.
Just e'er the setting of this life's sun,
Just e'er your earthly race is run,
Just e'er a mortal dies,
Your youthful days and boyhood
 scenes,
As pictures thrown upon a screen,
Will pass before your eyes.
And you will cry in vain remorse,
O, for the days forever lost,
For the golden days now gone,
O, the good that I might have done,
While I wasted the hours, one by one,
When I was young and strong.
No more will you doubt there is a God,
Or longer doubt His holy word
Or think it can't be true.
For suddenly your sight will clear,
And you will see Him standing there
A'beckoning for you.
O, bitterly then will you repent
Of all the years that you misspent,
While life was rushing by.
And you will cry O, God, forgive,
O, let me a little longer live,
For I am not fit to die.
For then you will see, when close to
 death,
After a life of wickedness,
How thoughtless you have been.
Then you will know when it's all too
 late,
That mortal man cannot escape
The punishment of sin.
Then why so eagerly grasp and cling
To houses and lands and temporal
 things
That soon shall pass away?
Forgetting in your greed for gold
That still will live the human soul
When the body is but clay.
For the body mortal is barely born
E'er it is rotting in the ground,
And in the grave shall lie.
But the human soul will still live on,
Immortal in a world beyond,
The soul shall never die.

"Remorse" (cont.)

The soul within the body lies
Reflecting its beauty in the eyes,
And on the human face.
And man should guard it all the while
Keeping it pure and undefiled
As a jewel in its case.
And man should think no evil thing
Lest he shall cause his soul to sin,
For on the thoughts it feeds.
And all man's thoughts it will betray,
Revealing them from day to day,
Through his good or evil deeds.
A man's soul is a precious thing,
And he should strive to keep it clean,
For man cannot afford
To tarnish his immortal soul,
Through carnal pleasures of the world,
For the soul returns to God

WILLIAM C. KENYON

Maynard, Mass.

JAILS, GOLD AND POVERTY

November 14, 1913

If jails could make men cease to think,
or cause them to forget,
Could they but break a single link on
the chain of man's regrets,
A host of sinners wan and weak would
creep behind their gates,
And few if any e'er would seek, their
portals to escape.
But jails can't hide the vain regrets,
the misery and shame
Which every wicked life begets, when
life is near the end;
Nor take away the discontent in all
his later days,
Of the man whose youth is so misspent
in selfish, evil ways-
That he fails of Christian purity, while
life is rushing by,
To hold as his security, when death
shall hover nigh.
Nor can they make men cease to give
their bodily passions sway,
Or teach them that the way to live
is so to live each day
As though the rising of the sun, which
gives each day its birth,
Is going to be e'er night shall come,
their final day on earth.
For all the jails and laws combined,
with all the power of gold,
Can ne'er content a tortured mind, or
cleanse a tainted soul.
But never is soul so stained with sin,
or mind so quite defiled,
But that God can make them clean
again, and pure as a little child's;
For God can take the human soul, how-
ever black it be,
And make it pure as virgin gold
through all eternity.
And he can raise the human heart from
an abyss of despair,
And make it sing as sings the lark,
with never a thought of care.
'T was not alone for righteousness, for
the happy and the good,
Who sit in well contented homes, that
Jesus shed his blood.
Nor was it for the rich and proud, who
rise from sleepless beds,
And stagger underneath a load of
wealth inherited.
They never feel the need to pray,
"Give us our daily bread,"

Nor have they ever toiled a day, that
little ones be fed.
The rich have never sacrificed one bit
of earthly gain
That poor discouraged human lives
might break the ugly chain,
Which binds them, victims to the greed
of those who think it right
To use their brothers votes to feed
ambitious appetite.
They do not care when down the street
there tramps a hungry throng
Who cannot pay the price for meat, to
keep their bodies strong.
Nor if a thoughtless, careless world,
and the injustice of fate
Are forcing men to sweat and toil, for
a wage inadequate
To keep alive the spark of hope within
the human breast,
But beats men down with measured
stroke, to a state of helplessness.
They never know the sense of wrong
the working man must know,
Whose energies and strenght are gone,
whose life itself must go
In toiling for the wealthy few, with
power in this free land
To force the laborer to do whate'er
the rich demand.
They never have to plead for coal,
when a winter day has sent
The Northern gales to shriek and howl
through a fireless tenement.
No child of theirs lies cold and gaunt
upon a naked floor,
Because the wretched wolf of want is
knocking at the door.
Their little ones are never sad as those
of working men,
Who often go so poorly clad their
playmates sneer at them.
Their children never shrink in shame
from the public schoolhouse door
Because of garments which proclaim
we are the children of the poor.
Their homes have never been assailed
by want and misery
Nor have their virtues ever failed
because of poverty.
They cannot see a woman's heart, or
the tears so often shed,
When forced from virtue to depart to
paths of vice instead.

Not always is the mind depraved, or
do evil thoughts abide
When human appetites doth crave their
needs be satisfied.
For some of earth's poor humble slaves
with honest hopeful minds,
Have battled hunger many days, ere
they committed crime.
And some unfortunates, who fall and
pay the awful price
Which nature does demand of all who
tread the paths of vice,
Are hired by wicked, wealthy men,
with passions uncontrolled
To lives of earthly sin and shame and
misery untold,
Are hired away and cast aside as dead
leaves from a tree,
Are cast upon the ebbing tide and
borne away to sea.
'Til hosts of victims wan and weak,
with no place whence to go
Are left upon the city streets to
wander to and fro,
And not alone from humble homes does
Satan gain recruits,
But from the rich unhappy ones, he
plucks the fairest fruits.
For all like sheep have gone astray,
and sinned against the Lord,
And some of those who loudest pray
shall never see their God.
'Tis not possession of much gold that
mortal men require
To make them useful in this world or
fitted for a higher,
When death shall take you by the
hand, and God demands your soul,
If you but love your fellow man, 'twere
better far than gold.
'Twas not for gold or wealth of land,
or any earthly prize,
But 'twas for love of fellowman that
Jesus sacrificed
His life upon the cruel cross and lay
within the grave,
That sinners souls should not be lost,
but be forever saved.
It was for those lost in the mud of
sin and misery,
That Jesus gave his precious blood,
and died on Calvary.
'Twas for the fallen and the weak,
whom men have cast aside,
The black, deserted, lonely sheep, that
Jesus bled and died.

December 26, 1913

CHILDREN

One night our boy made me provoked,
when he ran down the path,
And threw a stone at me, which broke
a pane of window glass.
I put him in his little bed, and spanked
him with my hand
Until the sobbing youngster said "I'se
papa's ittle man."
Of course I could no longer scold, but
hugged him 'round the neck,
For he is only three years old, and we
must not forget,
That little children full of fun are
born for use to love,
And as we deal with little ones, so
God will deal with us.
And think of what this earth would
be without its boys and girls,
I don't believe you'd care to see such
a lonesome, lonely world.
I'd rather join a gypsy band and live
in tents awhile,
Than spend my life in mansions grand,
without a little child.
We know they run and shout until
their neighbors they annoy,
But don't a house seem deathly still,
without a girl or boy
To scamper up and down the stairs and
litter up the floors,
To drive the cat right off the chairs
and chase her out of doors,
To catch their toes beneath the rugs,
and get some ugly falls,
To be picked up and kissed and hugged,
but never to be mauled,
For little children aged three, a whip-
ping sadly dread,
So we should very patient be, and
sometimes talk instead.
Our youngster often worries me and
gets me feeling blue,
For he can very naughty be, but so
can I be too.
So if you have to punish them, as
perhaps sometimes you may,
Just think how patient God has been
with you from day to day.
He never flies into a rage, as earthly
parents do,
Nor beats you on the face and head,
'til you are black and blue,

He never tells you things untrue, 'til
faith in Him is dead,
But comes and softly pleads with you,
and gives you daily bread.
Just think of all the years He's plead
for you to take His hand,
Forsake the thoughtless life you've
led, and be a real man.
The way He leads is always best, and
if we really try,
We will find truth and righteousness,
and Heaven bye and bye.
He knows that we are very weak,
while he is great and strong,
And promises if we will creep into
His loving arms,
That we will find the sweetest peace
which mortal mind can know.
That He will cure our human grief
and happiness bestow,
And when our spirits do ascend, to
Heaven up above,
He will not cease to be our friend, nor
harshly punish us.
He loves the children of this earth,
on every land and sea,
And never asks who gave them birth,
nor what their parents be?
They are the music of the streets, the
sunshine of the home,
And life would be not half as sweet,
if children were unknown.
So never beat a little child, but let it
run and play,
And when you're angry, wait awhile,
'til wrath has passed away.
I'd rather live in savage lands, among
the natives wild,
Than trust my life with any man who
beats a little child.

William C. Kenyon
Maynard, Mass.

January 2, 1914

FATHER TIME

The onward rush, of Father Time
Is solemn, swift and strong,
Again we hear the church bells chime,
Another year is born.

Old Father Time is ne'er subdued,
But rushes on his way,
For him all things must be renewed,
And all must pass away.

We sometimes think him rough and rude
Because he won't delay,
But slowly creeps into our blood
And makes us old and grey.

He knows that we must him obey
So, argues not a word
But wears the thread of life away,
And sends us to our God.

But we won't fear old Father Time
Nor passing of the days,
For we believe the sun shall shine
For us beyond the grave.

So drink his health in ruddy wine,
We'll live the lives of honest men
And know no dread or fear old Father Time
in sunshine or in rain.

But always bear this thought in mind
That let him do his worst
For every year he leaves behind
Another will come forth.

Now fill the glasses up again
And drink to this New Year,
We'll live the lives of honest men
And know no dread or fear.

Of what the future may bring forth
Of sorrow or of pain,
'Tis not for long we dwell on earth,
So drink just once again.

And give a long and rousing cheer
For those brave hearts and true,
Who smile and welcome each New Year
And bid the Old adieu.

Without regrets or vain remorse
For years forever gone,
Who count those hours as never lost
Which they have spent in song.

So sing a song my joyful friends,
Of comrades that we know,
Who always gladly lend a hand
In trouble here below.

Wo nobly fight and struggle on,
And never own defeat,
But bear the prick and pain of thorns
That they at last may keep.

The ever blooming roses rare,
That blossom sweet for all,
Who earthly burdens bravely bear,
And rise each time they fall.

So farewell old year, welcome New,
May you prove fair and bright,
For joyful hearts and sad ones too,
Will welcome you tonight.

William C. Kenyon.

Maynard, Mass.

January 16, 1914

SCRAMBLED EGGS

Last night my wife got mad and said,
I'd like to have a good, fresh egg,
For I prefer good eggs to meat
But those we buy I cannot eat.
The papers say cold storage men
Have got good eggs, and lots of them,
But that they keep them packed on ice,
Until they fetch a fancy price.
Yes, I said, and I guess that's true,
But I don't want their eggs, do you?
There are good eggs of many grades,
But what we want are eggs fresh laid.
And fresh laid eggs this time of year
Are scarcer than hens' teeth, my dear,
And if you'll listen, I shall try
To tell you just the reason why.
One cold day in zero weather
All the old hens got together,
And all decided that they must
Combine their flocks and form a trust.
Those durned old hens made up their
minds
To lay few eggs in winter time,
And although a hen endeavors
Twice a year to change her feathers.
'Tis only wasting precious time
To try to change an old hen's mind,
And that's the reason why some men
Will sometimes call their wives old
hens.
Because some hens and some men's
wives
Are flighty creatures all their lives,
And some men's wives and some old
hens
Will never pay good dividends.
But what the old hens do must go
For my old hen has told me so.
And that's the real reason why
The egg demand exceeds supply.
And prices are so plaguey high
We can't afford just now to buy,
A dozen eggs to boil or fry.
But don't you worry, fret nor cry,
For if the old hens don't all die,
But just increase and multiply,
We shall have fresh eggs bye and bye,
About the middle of July.
And we've decided, wife and I,
To salt down eggs, both wet and dry,
Until we have enough laid by,
Our taste for eggs to satisfy.
She and I are going to try
To salt a whole year's egg supply.

William C. Kenyon

Maynard, Mass.

January 16, 1914

COST OF EGGS

Last fall I read of the profits large,
From keeping hens in your own back-
yard.
That article fully explained
How any man with any brains
By using sense and taking pains
Can make big money in the poultry
game.
It said most any old hen will lay
A good fresh egg most every day,
And a good, big, handsome profit pay,
If she is kept in the modern way.
The instructions were so quite complete
My interest, it grew so deep
That I could neither rest nor sleep,
Thinking of good fresh eggs to eat.
So I told my wife if other men
Could make a living keeping hens,
Just think what fools she and I had
been,
That we hadn't kept a flock of them.
And said I thought that I would go
Up to the little town of Stow,
About a mile away or so,
And see some poultry men I know
And try if I could buy a flock,
Of Leghorn hens or Plymouth Rock.
For I thought we might as well as not
Keep some fowl on our back lot.
So I went to an old Stow farmer man,
Who owns a little patch of land,
One-half stone and the other half sand,
And told him all my poultry plans.
He was one of those old poultry men
Who has more time than cash to spend,
And told me more about a hen
Than I ever wish to hear again.
He told me different kinds of feed
That I should give to different breeds,
And just how much of grain and seeds
Different kinds of poultry need.
He took me around awhile and then
I bought one dandy looking pen
Of one old rooster and ten old hens.
And paid one dollar apiece for them.
I built a coop twelve feet by four,
With a shingled roof and hard pine
floor,
Two big windows and an airtight door.
And that cost fifteen dollars more.
I fed those hens both corn and wheat,
With green ground bone and scraps of
meat,
But though I dream, each night I sleep,
Of selling eggs at five cents each,
I told my wife the other day

I don't believe those hens will pay,
For I don't seem to know the way
To make them scratch, or sing, or lay.
So last night she got mad and said,
I care not what's the price of eggs,
'Tis cheaper far the price to pay
Than keeping hens which will not lay.
For by the time those hens have laid
About one dozen good fresh eggs,
Those eggs will cost us at the least,
A good big dollar bill apiece.

William C. Kenyon
Maynard, Mass.

January 30, 1914

"COLD SNAP"

If I had plenty of money,
I would go and build a home
Where it is always warm and sunny,
And the cold can never come.

Where there's never zero weather,
With a bleak and biting wind,
But it's summer time forever,
And the woods forever ring.

With the mocking birds a-singing,
Their sweet songs of home sweet
home,
And the bees are busy bringing
Sweetest honey to their combs.

Where the soft and balmy air
Is ever laden with perfume,
And there's music everywhere,
From the cradle to the tomb.

Where I shall never hurry
To get the fires alight,
Nor be awake and worry
Over furnaces and pipes.

Where the roses bloom forever,
And no blizzard ever roars,
And frost and ice can't gather
On the knobs of people's doors.

Where I can go to bed and sleep
From darkness until dawn,
And the cold chills will no more creep
Down my back the whole night long.

Where our wives will ne'er entreat us
To go shut the water off,
And there are no measly meters
To be bursted by the frost.

I never more shall grumble,
In the summer at the heat,
For I just begin to tumble
That old summer's hard to beat.

I should like to see the daisies,
And hear a bluebird's song,
For this weather raises blazes
With my chilblains and my corns.

I have nailed each window shutter,
'Ere there comes another storm,
But I still eat frozen butter,
For I cannot keep it warm.

I have sprinkled tons of cinders
All along the garden path,
And I nearly froze my fingers
Putting in a pane of glass.

For I couldn't heat the putty,
So the sticky stuff would stick,
And although I am some plucky,
I had sense enough to quit.

Now my back it is so lame,
I can hardly get my breath,
And I daily suffer pain
With a cold upon my chest.

If I can only live 'til spring,
I will never swat a fly,
But will gladly shout and sing
While I watch old Winter die.

For we had what the natives call
A genuine cold snap,
And I guess we, one and all,
Hope it never will come back.

William C. Kenyon
Maynard, Mass.

February 20, 1914

LICENSE A TAX--That Poor, Hard-Working Laborer's Pay

Say, let us have license, been dry long
enough,
It costs us too much for a drink,
This paying two fares and losing out
time,
Is too hard on poor workmen, we
Think.
Just see what we miss, license helps
run the town,
Our trade the storekeepers need,
Keep the money at home it aintt just
the thing
To spend it away we've agreed.
We don't like to be seen coming home
late at night,
Displaying the bargains we've made,
If we only get license we can drink as
we please.
And give our own dealers the trade.
Last night I was late, came near get-
ting left,
I was short, had to borrow my fare,
Spending more than I ought, but had
a good time,
For the loss, did not grumble or care.
I got home about twelve, sleepy tired
and cross,
Wife and children I was glad were
abed,
Stole in very still, was soon fast asleep,
Laughed to think that nothing was
said.
My suitcase was safe, I looked out
for that,
Knowing Sunday I'd just be all right,
Would slip out quite early while the
rest were asleep,
Have a drink before it was light.
But I long overslept, it was near nine
o'clock,
Then the kids such a racket did make.
Did not know where I was or what
the noise meant,
When at last I bewildered did wake.
Breakfast is ready, come hurry up dad,
We are so hungry we can't longer
wait,
Did not hear you come in, where was
you so long,
We wondered what kept you so late.

Knew not to do, I dressed mighty
quike,
Just wanting my regular drink,--
Sit down to your breakfast don't
wait for me,
I will go have a wash at the sink.
Slip out the back way, went for the
suit case.
Looking around saw no one in sight,
I just had a good drink, and then
hurried back,
It gave me a great appetite,
The mother was blue, feeling sadly
depressed,
She tearfully calling me down,
Never saw her so hopeless, never feel-
ing so sad,
As she held up her shabby old gown.
Now what can we do; with three chil-
dren to feed,
To keep them neat looking; I've tried,
You can sure earn enough to supply
all we need,
Can decent warm clothing provide.
She made me so mad I just said to
her,--
Understand I intend to be boss.
I did not once dream when I married
you,
You would turn out so fretful and
cross.
You promised the boy a new pair of
shoes,
That he might go to meeting today.
I wanted them all to Sunday school
go,
Now at home they surely must stay.
I have something on hand, we are
planning a strike,
Today at a meeting I'm due,
We don't earn enough we are asking
a raise,
If denied we'll sure put it through.
You've been pleased with your work
the pay is all right,
Let drinking and gambling alone,
Just give me the money the rum sel-
ler gets,
There's where the wages have gone.

That Poor, Hard-Working Laborer's Pay -2-

Your employer complains, the boss he
finds fault,
Says your work is not suiting at all,
Unless you do better, as he well knows
you can,
You will have a significant call.
Of your family he thinks, if you are
thrown out of work,
Consider just what you will do,
I worked for him myself, there's
where we met,
Now the question is just up to you.
Now, just keep at work, let the strik-
ing alone,
Quit drinking, it is gaining on you,
Spend our money for home, you'll
see quite a change,
Then better work sure you will do.
Then what need you care if the town
does go dry;
No longer your appetite's slave,
The money you spend to help booze
sellers live,
For your own children be sure you
will save.
Well, what could I say, she told me
the truth,
Her charges I could not deny,
I felt conscience stricken her talk was
so plain,
To do better I told her I'd try.
I will stop where I am, will start life
anew,
I promised her this then and there,
I would throw away poison never to
use it again,
For herself and the children would care.
I plainly can see what help license
gives,
The town's obligations to pay,
The money they get is only a tax,
We poor foolish laborer's pay.

Friday, March 27, 1914

"EARLY DAYS"

Take me back to fields and wood,
To the simple tastes and food,
The patient ways devoid of strife,
And lonely days of the farmer's life.
When I arose with the morning sun,
And grabbing father's rusty gun,
I crept into the dewy dawn,
To slay the crows in father's corn.
When I labored in the sunshine,
From the sunrise until bedtime,
And I rustled a heavy plough,
'Til the sweat stood on my brow,
And my back began to ache,
So I thought that it would break,
And I longed for night to come,
And the setting of the sun.
When I went to Sabbath school,
Feeling like a country fool,
Wearing homemade Sunday clothes,
With big freckles on my nose.
After Sunday school was over,
Limping through the purple clover,
To my home across the fields,
With stone bruises on my heels.
And at night I would partake
of new milk and Johnny cake,
Home made bread and new made
butter,
Just an old New England supper.
Yes, take me back to early days,
When I got but little praise,
For the work I had to do,
Though I did enough for two.
For I hoed the ripe tomatoes,
Fed the pigs and bugged potatoes,
Chopped the wood and mowed the lawn
'Til I wished I were not born.
And we planted many acres,
For there were no village bakers,
And no butchers on the street,
Peddling tough and tainted meat.
We never gave beef steak a thought,
But ate good codfish and salt pork,
And lots of eggs and juicy ham,
And sometimes we would kill a lamb.
And we children often plead,
For our mother's gingerbread,
For all the bread we children ate
Was home made bread our mammy
baked.
And she kept a full supply
Of big doughnuts and fat mince pie,
Of pickles and home made cheese,
And in the summer, beans and peas.

And most every good provider
Always had his apple cider.
And spent a little of his time
Making elderberry wine.
And when the minister would come,
Would offer him New England rum,
And although I do surmise
You will be somewhat surprised,
It was seldom he refused,
For he often had the blues,
And I've often heard him say
He could better preach and pray.
When he drank a glass of rum,
It seemed to loosen up his tongue,
And mother she would fly around,
And empty out the coffee grounds.
Put on an apron, clean and white,
And start the kitchen fire alight,
Take the teakettle and fill it,
Scour the teapot and the skillet,
From the cupboard bringing forth
Clean white napkins and tablecloth,
For in those olden days, you see
The parson always stayed to tea.
And sometimes, perhaps maybe,
Held the hostess on his knee,
At least, he did not hesitate
To praise my mother's Johnny cake.
But those good old days are gone,
And ne'er again shall they return,
But for them we will not sigh,
For we can now, both you and I,
From the markets right near by
All our food and fuel buy.
But I wonder, if bye and bye
Our willing lands can still supply
The ever fast increasing need
Of good foods with which to feed
Millions of hungry human lives,
Which now are here and shall arrive.
And who never put their hands
To a plough to till the lands,
But they stand around and wait
Just outside the millyard gate,
Praying someone may have died,
And left for them a job inside.
Eager for a life of toil,
Which benefiteth not the soil,
But is a menace to our land,
For when supply exceeds demand
Mill and factories are dead,
But the people must be fed.
It is then that socialism,
And that monster Anarchism

EARLY DAYS - 2

Sow their seeds of hate and fear,
Into every listening ear.
They fill the land with cries for bread,
And threaten human blood to shed.
But this fair land can never be
Ruled by hate and anarchy,
What we need is men of sanity,
With love of God and all humanity.

WILLIAM KENYON

April 24, 1914

A KNOCK AND A BOOST

Last night I walked out,
And I wandered about
The streets of this lively old town,
For I wanted to see
If perchance, there might be
A bit of excitement around.
And I met an old man,
Who, with stick in his hand,
Was plodding along the highway.
As he looked up and smiled,
Why I lingered awhile,
Just to listen to what he would say.
Now old comrade, said he,
You just listen to me
I have lived eighty years or more,
I have itched with the hives,
And had five or six wives,
And of children have buried a score,
But the things that I see
In your town amuse me,
Your fashions, your follies and your fads.
For your girls will all flirt
With a man, or a skirt,
And they care not a darn for their dads.
While your boys, as a rule
Play poker and pool
And visit your saloons and their bars.
Where they are not abashed
To spend their good cash,
While smoking cigarettes and cigars.
And we meet any day
Good people who will say
That the cost of good food is too dear,
They kick and they holler,
Then go spend a dollar
For poor whiskey or cheap lager beer.
While there's others who think,
If a man take a drink
Of anything but water or tea
His mind must be evil
And leagued with the Devil,
And he ought to be dumped in the sea.
But if he go to a church
And wears a white shirt
Every day of the days in a year,
He can travel the road
Of a rascal and rogue
And have nothing whatever to fear.
And there's little small souls
Who look down on the Poles
And pity the Italians and Finns,
And they'd be angels, no doubt
If they only could sprout
A tail and a small pair of wings.
They will throw a cold glance
At the poor immigrants,

And seem to forget, if they know,
That their own ancestors
Came across the big waters,
Not a great many years ago.
They seem to forget that
They're having a snap
Because their own forefathers worked,
And rested their heads
On featherless beds
And some of them had but one shirt.
The descendants now feel,
In an automobile
That they are made of pretty good clay.
And care not a rap
For poor "Mike" or poor "Pat"
But bid him to get out of the way.
They throw mud on your clothes,
And fine dust up your nose,
And compel you to take to your heels.
If they break a man's leg,
And they find him not dead
They care not a hang how he feels.
Well, well, Old Man, said I,
I shall bid you good bye,
And perhaps what you're said, is all true
So I'll lookout for the wheels
Of big automobiles.
But I'd like one myself, wouldn't you?
For I think that a man
Should do all that he can
To drive sorrow and dull care away,
And an automobile
Seems to make a man feel
Like a lark in the middle of May.
If some people are vain
Of their family name,
And feel above the rank and the file,
We should not condemn
But have patience with them
For they may be quite harmless, my child.
And you never can tell
What misery may dwell
In their vain and conceited, dull minds.
I would rather be humble
And feel safe from a tumble
It were better, by ten thousand times.
And our boys are alright,
When asleep in the night,
While our girls are the brightest of girls;
Be their eyes black or blue,
They are honest and true,
While their teeth are the whitest of pearl;
And they keep themselves neat,
From their heads to their feet,
With their hair all crinkled and curled.
And if you'll come here and stay,

A KNOCK AND A BOOST - 2

They will soon make you say,
It's the nicest old town in the world.
Our amusements are clean,
Our girls are a dream,
And our mothers are loyal and true,
While our hard working dads
Very seldom get jagged,
And do but little harm, when they do.
Our business men are smart,
And honest at heart,
They come at our beck or our call.
They are always polite,
And work day and night,
For profits exceedingly small.
We have two picture shows,
And good water that flows
Right off of our own Summer Hill.
Our churches are of wood,
But a power for good,
And we all are proud of our mill.
We have electric lights
To guide us by night;
Our police are patient and just,
While our physicians are kind,
And cure body and mind,
And when they do that it's enough.
We have just as good air,
As there is anywhere,
And we can be happy if we try.
I have lived here for years,
And I've shed a few tears,
But in Maynard I hope I shall die.

William C. Kenyon.

Maynard, Mass.

May 1, 1914

ANTICIPATION

Cheer up, my boy, and sing for joy,
And clean your old straw hat,
And loudly shout that winter is out
And spring is at the bat.

Yes, cheer, boy, cheer, for spring is
here.
And summer's on the way;
Soon you shall see the honey bee
And a real old summer's day.

And you shall hear the robins dear
Way down the meadow lane,
You shall see the leaves upon the trees
And wonder when they came.

And you shall eat but little meat,
And more of peas and beans,
And shall masticate a heaping plate
Of good old fashion greens.

And you and I shall, bye and bye,
Sit down as in a dream,
And fletcherize, good cherry pies,
And strawberries and cream.

And shall take a day, some time in
May,
To work around our homes,
And labor hard to clean the yard
Of about a millions bones.

We shall pick up sticks and stones and
bricks,
And throw them good and hard,
Yes, throw them hence, right over the
fence,
Into our neighbor's yard.

And we shall seek a cool retreat,
And often wonder where
A man might go and find you know,
A little breath of air.

We shall use our screens, and other
means
To fight the frisky fly.
And search the woods to find the goods
For a huckleberry pie.

We shall purchase ice and pay the price
Although it may be high,
For you can bet that we shall sweat
In the month of old July.

For the heat shall beat upon the street,
And on our bald heads, too,
And a friend shall pass, and he shall
ask
Is it hot enough for you?

And some shall scheme while others
dream,
And some shall weep and mourn,
And some shall work while many shirk,
But seem to get along.

And some shall go for a month or so,
To Newport, or Revere,
Or to see the swells and big hotels
At Narragansett Pier.

And some shall call for hats, and all
The cash that they can reach,
And quit the towns for sights and
sounds
At old Nantasket beach.

But most of us shall make no fuss,
But work, and eat, and sleep,
We shall cut our hair and underwear,
And bravely bear the heat.

So cheer up, and shout for joy,
And clean your old straw hat,
And sing a song that winter's gone,
And spring is at the bat.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

MAYNARD, MASS.

A Soldier Boy's Soliloquy

Tonight I sit back
In a Mexican shack,
Many, many long miles from my home
And I wonder if I
Shall be killed bye and bye,
In some treacherous Mexican town?
Shall I e'er again see
That land of the free,
Or my mother, so aged and grey?
I am sure she will be
always thinking of me,
And I know that for me she will pray.
My mother is true
Though Irish clear through,
While my father is a dear English dad.
But I forst saw the light
'Neath the stars and the stripes
And I'll fight for that blessed old flag,
And my brave comrades stand
Awaiting the command
To defend with their lifes that flag
That Mexicans have ripped
And have torn into bits,
And have called a dirty old rag.
And though thousands may fall,
We shall show the whole world
That back of that United States flag
There are millions of men,
Who will fight to the end
With no spirit of bluster or brag,
But with spirits of bold
As that spirit of old
That spirit of the days gone by.
We shall go on the field
With hearts strong as steel,
Determined to conquer or die.
We shall plant that old flag
On a Mexican crag,
And no Mexican bullet or shell
Shall prevent our advance
To the innermost haunts,
Of the land where our Haggerty fell.
Our citizens have crept
From homes that were wrecked,
And have taken their children and
wives
And stumbled through the night
In miserable flight
From Mexicans who threatened their
lives.
Shall wild Mexican rage
In this civilized age
Have it's cruel and half savage sway?
Shall our civilized land

Allow and outlaw band
Poor unprotected women to slay?
Our vengeance shall not cease,
And there shall be no peace
Till the Mexican people have learned
That Americans fight
For their flag and the right
And the banner is not be be spurned.

WILLIAM C. KENYON.

May 15, 1914

MAY 29, 1914

A PLEA FOR MOTHER

You may sing of kings and nobles,
Or of the heroes of war,
But my mother is my idol
She shall be my guiding star.

As the sun that shines above her,
Lights the earth and keeps it warm,
So do mem'ries of my mother
Flood my soul and make it strong.

Dissipating melancholy,
Driving doubts and fears away,
Leading me from paths of folly
To the straight and narrow way.

And I'll sing a song of mothers,
They have stood the test of time,
In the heavens up above us
There is naught that's more sublime.

Than their willing self denial
For the children they have borne,
Than their strength in greatest trial,
Out of sadness bringing song.

As the ever watchful eagle
Guards her eaglets in their nest,
So a mother guards the feeble
Helpless infant on her breast.

And as eagles scream with anger
At invasion of their homes,
Mothers scream when sudden danger
Menaces their little ones.

As wild foxes shrink in terror
From the hunters in their quest,
Mothers think with dread and horror
Of a child's impending death.

There is ne'er a living creature,
Birds, nor beast, nor savage wild,
That has suffered greater torture
Than have mothers for a child.

For the sake of little children,
And the love they bear for them,
They have crept through burning
buildings,
Leading on the bravest men.

They have faced wild, raging waters,
Fought the fury of the waves,
For the sake of sons and daughters,
Going down to ocean graves.

They have suffered want and hunger,
Standing o'er a baby's bed,
Closing not their eyes in slumber
Till the germs of fever fled.

And have crossed that silent river
Smilingly and unafraid,
Closed their faithful eyes forever,
For the sake of new born babes.

From the days of early pilgrims
To the nation's present strength,
They have trained the Nation's
children,
And have reared our Presidents.

From the cabin in the forest,
To the mansion of the hill,
'Tis the charm of mother's voice,
That is moulding manhood still.

Through their love of home and
husband,
And their instinct for the right,
They have solved homes hardest
problems,
Led by faith and not by sight.

Fighting for the Nation's babies,
Wearing strength and lives away,
Worthy of the highest wages,
Realizing scanty pay.

Never from their duties swerving,
Seeking naught of worldly praise,
Faithfully their children serving,
Mothers are the nation's slaves.

As years ago, our Southern slaves
Labored on, and sweat, and sung,
So mothers in these modern days,
Are now slaving for their young.

Many heroes die in battle,
Fighting for a bit of soil;
Many mothers die like cattle,
Stricken by their years of toil.

A Plea for Mother (cont.)

When long years of patient labor,
Years of earthly usefulness
Have robbed her of her strength
forever,
Made her sigh for peace and rest.

When her life is almost over,
And her hair is thin and gray,
Do not ever make your mother
Feel that she is in the way.

Go and put your arms about her,
Say to her, in accent kind,
That you cannot do without her,
That you want her all the time.

Tell her that you love and need her,
Make her feel that it is true,
Gently take her hand and lead her,
Just as mother once led you.

When in sickness, deadly fever,
Sets the blood with fire aflame,
Who, so skillfully as mother,
Nurses back your strength again?

Who, so patiently as mother,
Answers to each fretful call,
Praying that you may recover,
Thinking not of self at all.

Then it is that you revere her,
Then it is you understand
That it's Heaven to be near her,
That it's joy to feel her hand.

Pressed against your throbbing temple,
Smoothing back your tangled hair,
While her smiling face, all wrinkled,
Seems most beautiful and fair.

When your're battling with temptation
In the common rank and file,
It may prove your soul's salvation
To remember mother's smile.

And you never can disgrace her,
You never can bring her shame,
If in fancy you'll embrace her,
And will whisper mother's name.

For she trusts you so completely,
And her love, it is so blind
That she thinks you could not weakly
Bear an evil thought in mind.

She believes you'll not surrender
When your honor is at stake,
For she's sure you will remember
To be pure, for mother's sake.

Kneel and say a silent prayer
For your mother, kind and true,
Ask the Lord her life to spare,
Tell Him, make her happy too.

And there's naught so cheers the aged
Warms the heart and brings a smile,
As a kiss that's warm and fervid,
From a well beloved child.

All the angels now implore you
Commit not that modern crime
Of neglecting she who bore you,
When she's old and weak and blind.

For although you dearly love her,
You will never realize
Just how much you owe your mother
Till that dear old mother dies.

All of us are growing aged,
We are here for but a day,
Strength and beauty soon have faded,
Death is never far away.

When by old age overtaken,
Life is drawing nigh the end,,
Never let her feel forsaken,
Be your mother's faithful friend.

God will pay you in full measure
For each willing sacrifice,
You may make for mother's pleasure
In the winter of her life.

If you will not let her suffer
In her last declining days,
God will bless you all the future,
Endless years, beyond the grave.

From the mountains to the ocean,
From the prairies to the sea,
'Tis our mothers fond devotion
And their loving loyalty.

Their great faith and their affection,
That have been our sure defence,
That are still our true protection,
And the nation's greatest strength.

WILLIAM C. KENYON
May 29, 1914

JULY 24, 1974

PAYING THE PRICE

This life is just a struggle
From cradle to the grave,
Just full of grief and trouble,
And dreary rainy days.
For every little treasure
We gather on our way,
For every little pleasure,
The price we have to pay.

So take your weekly wages
And hand them to your wife,
For she must feed the babies
And you must pay the price.
We have to work and hustle
And never can explain
Why we should have the muscle
But seem to lack the brain.

We get up bright and early,
And labor for the dough,
Then take some little girlie
To see the latest show.
We hug her and we kiss her
And take her for a wife,
And you believe me mister,
We have to pay the price.

We have a little supper
And stay till rather late,
It's only a small matter
Of five or so a plate.
We get to feeling frisky
And make a big mistake
By drinking beer or whiskey,
Just for our stomach's sake.

Next day our heads are reeling,
Our stomachs are not nice,
We're coming to our feeling,
We have to pay the price.
When we are young and jolly,
Life seems to be sunshine,
And we think it folly
Saving cents and dimes.

Until we have to struggle
Through some rainy days,
Then we want to boodle,
Then we wished we'd saved.
So cut our midnight dances,
Drop poker, pool, and dice,
And take no further chances,
They are not worth the price.

If we save the boodle
When we are young and strong,
Why, we can lie back idle
When old age comes along.
We shall not have to hustle
For our daily bread,
For we can save our muscle
We can stay in bed.

You need not be miser,
But take a fool's advice,
And get a little wiser,
And try to save the price.
Just keep your business humming,
In clean and honest way,
For bills will keep a-coming,
And you will pay the price.

Just do a little thinking
About your wife and home,
And never take to drinking,
And leave the girls alone.
For girls are quite uncertain,
Although we know they're nice,
But if you keep on flirting
Why you must pay the price.

A man in a great city
Had much of gold and pelf,
But in his heart no pity
For aught but just himself.
He gave his wealth for evil
Himself to gratify,
And feared no man or devil,
Nor aught beneath the sky.

His time and money giving
To wickedness and vice
I think that man is living,
But he's paying now the price.

You've got to pay the price
And sometimes pay it twice,
You've got to pay for flirting,
With your neighbor's pretty wife.
You have got to keep on giving
For coal and wood and ice,
It's the penalty for living
And all must pay the price.

PAYING THE PRICE (cont.)

We have to work and hurry,
And hustle all our days,
We never cease to worry
Until we're in our graves.
We shall sweat and slave away,
Until the final call
And then shall have to pay
For having lived at all.

But if we'd live for others
And try to sacrifice
I think we'd find, my brothers,
This life is worth the price.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

July 24, 1914

A PROTEST

While the cost of food is soaring
Through all the blessed land,
Some people are deploring
The fact that Uncle Sam
Is in no situation
To ship across the pond,
And sell a foreign nation
Our precious wheat and corn.

Of all the necessaries
We need to live upon
Wheat from our Western prairies
Is the essential one.
And those people who endeavor
To speculate in wheat
Should be consigned forever
To a place of endless heat.

Yes, we long to see that hour
When the men who have the nerve
To boost the price of flour,
Shall get what they deserve.
Of course we know its proper
To sell our surplus meat,
To go across the water
For foreigners to eat.

But shall we feed Old England
And Germany and France,
When our own wives and children
Are waiting for a chance
At a good old beef steak dinner,
Of any size or sort,
And are daily growing thinner
Eating sparerib and salt pork.

No, we do not think it is fair
To boost prices here so high
That's it's only a millionaire
Who can now afford to buy
The necessities of life
For we have not got in hand
The cash to pay the price
The extortioners demand.

For it's a fact beyond belief
That in our own home town,
The price of all good beef
Is just forty cents per pound.
And you've got to pay a quarter
For three or four pork chops,
That are mostly all water
When you come to fry them up.

And some of our men of finance,
If I have the proper dope,
Should be made to do a high dance,
With their necks inside a rope.
For the men who rob our children
Of their meat and of their bread,
Should be hung from some high building
And left there till they're dead.

For as wolves on our Western plains
Tear the flesh from off their prey
Men who gamble in Western grains
Take our children's bread away.
As lions in their rocky homes
Among the mountain crags,
Drink the blood and crush the bones
Of helpless mountain stags.

So the men who hold up food,
Be it flour, or beef, or ham,
Take away the good red blood
Of the children of our land.
And those gambling pests must go,
For although they have much gold,
They are messengers of woe,
And a menace to the world.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

August 28, 1914

THE WAR

Two thousand years ago Christ came
Into this sinful world,
And sacrificed His life for men,
To save their precious souls.

Two thousand years ago He bled,
And died on Calvary,
In agony His blood He shed,
To save humanity.

He said to man, "Thou shalt not kill,"
But men dare disobey,
For stubborn man is sinful still,
And eager for the fray.

And once again God's smiling fields
With human blood are red,
Each rising of the sun reveals
More tender bodies dead.

Great nations loose the dogs of war,
That lust for human blood,
And then those thoughtless nations dare
To pray Almighty God.

For strength to crush the lives and
homes
Of brother fellow men,
To fill the earth with shrieks and
groans,
And curses without end.

Men dare to pray a righteous God
For strength to hurl great bombs,
That falling on the earth explode
And rend the flesh and bones.

Of terror-stricken, struggling men,
Who fix their dying eyes
Upon a human slaughter pen,
And fall, no more to rise.

As leaves are blown before the winds,
And disappear from sight,
Great ships are blown by hidden mines
Of deadly dynamite.

But when at last this war shall cease,
When men once more are sane,
A blessed, universal peace
Forevermore shall reign.

Among the nations of the earth,
No more shall flags unfurl,
For men shall realize the worth
Of peace in all the world.

The nations shall be civilized,
In fact as well as name,
The whole world shall be christianized,
Christ did not die in vain.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

September 18, 1914

Thoughts in the Night

Last night, when came the close of day
E're I lay down to sleep,
I knelt beside my bed to pray
The Lord my soul to keep.
When I made my nightly plea
For gift of daily bread.
These solemn thoughts crept o'er me,
while sleepless in my bed.

When my immortal soul goes free
Shall I be satisfied
Through all the great eternity
In heaven to abide?
Is there a city of pure gold
Up there beyond the skies,
Where no one can ever grow old,
And no one ever dies?

Is there beyond this vale of tears
A place of peace and rest,
Where I shall have no dread nor fears
Of suffering nor death?
Shall I awaken from that sleep
Which mortal men call death,
To live another life more sweet
Than I had hoped or guessed?

Is death no ugly grewsome thing,
Nor enemy of man,
But shall it some sweet message bring
To me from spirit land?
Shall death prove merciful and kind,
Does death provide for all
Great happiness and peace of mind,
In some much better world?

If ere the morning sun shall rise,
If ere the darkness flee,
Death takes my soul to Paradise,
Shall I contented be?
Is Paradise so wondrous fair
That I shall not complain,
No evermore wish nor care
To visit earth again?

Is Heaven such a perfect home
That earth cannot compare?
Do flowers have more perfect bloom,
Or greater fragrance there?
Do birds sing any sweeter songs
That greater pleasure brings
Than on the earth when daylight dawns,
A robin redbreast sings?

Shall I far greater beauty see
Than I have dreamed before,
When death delivers unto me
The key to Heaven's door?
The splendor which the earth reveals
To each observing eye,

The flowers of the woods and fields,
The waving wheat and rye.

The glory of the setting sun,
When day is nearly closed,
The moon and stars when night is come,
The crimson of the rose.
Shall I forget them when I die?
Are blossoming up there
In God's great garden of the sky,
Red roses far more rare.

Than ever grieved mortal eye
Or thrived on mortal care,
An inexhaustible supply
Which all may freely share.
Shall I meet friends I knew on earth
And call each one by name,
That mother dear, who gave me birth
Shall I see her again?

And shall I see a mighty King,
Who never lifts the sword,
But gives to all who follow Him
Protection and reward?
And somewhere from the darkness deep
A voice seemed to say,
Fear not, my child, but rest and sleep,
Until another day.

Then do the work you find to do,
Never seeking to know
When death is going to visit you,
Nor what death shall bestow.
So keep you conscience clean and free,
Be troubled not in mind.
No matter what your fate decree,
Be patient and resigned.

Keep ever free of greed and hate,
Of hope lay up a store,
If suffering shall be you fate
The Saviour suffered more.
Go live your life and live it well,
God's Commandments keep,
For no man knows and none may tell
When death your soul shall seek.

It may not be before many years,
Or it may be but few,
But when death finally appears
The Lord will care for you.

WILLIAN C KENYON
November 6, 1914

Belgium

Hushed are her laughter and her song,
Bathed in a crimson stain,
The neutral state of Belgium,
Is morning for her slain.

Her rich, but desolated fields,
With blood of heroes red,
A daily, grewsome harvest yield,
Of mutilated dead.

The ashes of her vanished homes,
Are scattered to the winds;
Her slaughtered sons, with mangled bones,
To shallow graves consigned.

Gone are her sacred works of art,
Destroyed by wanton hands;
Fond wives, from husbands torn apart,
Have fled her stricken lands.

Of all their little treasures shorn,
To grief and sorrow wed,
Her children flock; a homeless throng,
Asking the world for bread.

Above the crash of bursting bombs,
The roar of cannon blends,
With agonizing shrieks and groans,
From human slaughter pens.

And Belgium's most noble sons,
As history shall tell,
Stood bravely by their smoking guns,
While countless comrades fell.

Against a huge, invading foe,
Resistless as the sea,
They stood, and gave back blow for blow,
They fought most manfully.

Till, overwhelmed and driven forth,
Before the raging flame,
Which gave unto the winds of earth,
Liege, Antwerp and Louvain.

Brave Belgium, your bitter cries,
Of anguish and of death,
Have caused the world to realize,
That always, peace is best.

Americans have fixed their eyes,
On you, in your distress,
And earnestly we sympathize,
With one, so much bereft.

But when peace shall return to earth,
When battle flags are furled,
If men then realize the worth,
Of peace in all the world.

If nations are more civilized,
More humble and humane,
Your sacrifice of noble lives,
Shall not have been in vain.

God moves in mysterious ways,
His wonders to perform,
And out of Europe's evil days,
As sunshine out of storm,

A new age shall be given birth,
When God shall claim his own,
When Christ shall come upon the earth,
And Satan be disowned.

WM. C. KENYON
DECEMBER 11, 1914

DO WE NEED A LARGER NAVY?

Of national wealth we have a store,
We have gold and silver mines galore,
But there's no lock on the chicken coop door,
And we want a larger navy.

We know that it costs enormous sums,
To build big battleships and guns,
But by and by when trouble comes
We shall want a larger navy.

We have learned from the European war
How worthless national treaties are,
We shall break no international law,
But we want a bigger navy.

Our country shall never be overrun
And desolated like Belgium,
For every nation will be our chum,
When we have a great big navy.

Should we be compelled to strike a blow,
In defense of the doctrines of Munroe,
Say, Mr. Wilson, we'd like to know,
Could we do it with our navy?

Should that nation known as the Japanese
Suddenly wish to control the seas,
O, "Mr. President," tell us please,
Would we need a larger navy?

Or should they desire a few more lands
To use in their colonization plans,
And should try to pinch Old Uncle Sam's
Would we want a bigger navy?

We tip our hats to those diplomats,
Who are fighting like Kilkenny cats,
But to keep us out of just such scraps
We depend upon our navy.

Lest we wake up from our dreams of peace,
To be plunged in war and national grief,
Mr. President, it is our belief
We should build a larger navy.

We want big guns for every boat,
And the biggest navy that's afloat,
For no nation shall get our goat
Until they sink our navy.

We need to have a good big fleet
Of naval vessels armed complete,
With modern guns, not obsolete,
We want a real navy.

You may tax our whiskey and our rums,
Our sugar and tea and our incomes,
And we will gladly pay the sums,
But we want a first class navy.

WILLIAM C. KENYON.

December 25, 1914

Town Election

This week the voters had a scrap,
In our old Maynard town
And you can just believe me that,
They threw old license down
The anti's tossed their best silk hats,
To the center of the ring
And the votes fell right into their
 laps
Till they began to sing.

 It was a long way to no-license,
 'Twas a long way to go,
It was a long way to no-license
 And the voters all went slow,
 Good-bye, liquor business,
 Farewell to cocktails rare
It was a long, long way to no-license,
 But our heart's right there.

We voted for selectmen three,
It was some hot contest.
The candidates 'twas plain to see,
Could neither sleep or rest,
The speeches that they made were
 great,
The finest ever heard.
Strange tales to us, they did relate,
And we just took their word
They said the town was far from
 clean,
The lid should be put on.
I do not know just what they mean,
But something must be wrong,
They stood upon the street corners
And grasped our honest hands,
And politely did inform us
That they were just the brands,
Of politicians to elect,-
To fill selectmens chairs.
Our interests they would protect
And manage town affairs,
So that there never would be graft,
Of any sort or kind,
To tell the truth, they made us
 laugh,
And talked us, nearly blind.

WILLIAM KENYON

March 12, 1915

MAR. 17, 1915

One Road

It starts behind the gilded doors,
Of any nation's liquor stores.
It never leads you to success,
But often to disgrace and death.
It looks at first so cool and bright,
The heart is filled with pure delight.
The mind conceives the brightest
dreams,

And all the world much fairer seems.
Many smiling faces meet you,
Many smiling voices greet you,
And it is hard for one to think,
That there is harm in just one drink.
For you are happy for a time,
After drinking, one glass of wine.
But he who treads this path of woe
Will find, he has not far to go
Ere there will suddenly arise
From out the seeming, sunny skies
Huge, black clouds, obscuring the
light,

The way grows rough and dark as
night.

And from the dark, there comes the
moans,

The curses and the dying groans,
Of hosts of men, who drink and fall,
The victims of old alcohol.
And now he hears loud, bitter wails,
From a great nation's countless jails,
The last sad and despairing cries,
Of wrecked and wretched human
lives.

Lives that are stricken with the
blight

Of alcoholic appetite.
Those hopeless alcoholic slaves,
With minds distorted and depraved,
Who drink and drink until they lose
The best in life for sake of booze.
Who keep on drinking day by day,
Throwing their health and homes
away.

And never seeming to get enough
of the accursed, filthy stuff.
Daily going from bad to worse,
'Till life becomes a hell on earth.
And all because they did not think
There could be harm in just one
drink.

All this, and more, the pilgrim sees,
He sees the trembling hands and
knees

Of he, who men despise and shun,
The wretched, hopeless barroom bum.
He sees and cannot understand,
Why people in a christian land,
Have never recognized the truth,
That liquor is the bane of youth.
The germ of most insanity,
A curse to all humanity.

Causing suffering untold,
And never should be made, or sold.
And now, he sees the crumbling
bones,

Of drunkards dead, whose earthly
homes,

Were homes of comfort and of rest,
Until strong drink came creeping in,
Bringing sorrow and suffering.
Driving out to the wind swept street,
With broken shoes upon their feet,
Little children, who stand and weep
For clothes to wear and food to eat.
Making the hearts of mothers sad,
Turning innocent girls to bad.

Luring many a noble boy
From paths of righteousness and joy
To paths of vice and deeds impure.
And pleasures which do not endure,
Bringing disgrace to honest wives,
Killing the love in faithful eyes,
Rum is the devil in disguise.

Nothing prospers and nothing thrives
In homes where alcohol has crept,
But poverty, disease and debt.
And the pilgrim vows that never-
more,

Will he step through a grogshop
door.

He swears his drinking he will stop,
That not another cursed drop
Of alcohol of any kind,
Shall harm his body or his mind.
And then he learns what rum can do
To kill men's strength and courage
too.

For when at last he tries to stop,
Lest he become a drunken sot,
He finds his strength of will is gone.
And helpless as a babe unborn,
He struggles on a few more days.
His health is gone, his mind is
crazed,

A few more drinks, and then he
caves.

ONE ROAD (cont.)

He shrieks and groans and cries and
prays,
He calls on God, his soul to save,
And dies and fills a drunkard's grave.

WILLIAM C. KENYON.

March 19, 1915.

The Wail of the Wets

Yes, Maynard went dry, and we
wonder why,
For no one seems to know.
Now, just how quick can we make
the trip,

From here to Marlboro?
For spring is here and we want beer,
We don't care what you say.
So we ask of you, what shall we do?
After the first of May.
For then, no man can rush the can,
And buy a nice night cap.
We can only go to a picture show,
And let it go at that.
And just the same, it is a shame,
It surely is not right,
That we should work all day in dirt,
And the, go dry at night.
For I tell you what, when the
weather's hot

And you sit down at night,
With a good big pail of Sterling ale,
And smoke your old clay pipe,
Why you'll admit that that's a bit
Of comfort most supreme;
Your don't care a rap for any chap,
But smoke and drink and dream.
And you'll agree that troubles flee,
As birds upon the wing,
Or so you think when you take a
Drink,

Of whiskey or of gin.
Or if you'r weak, or cannot sleep,
When your day's work is done,
If you'll get up and take a sup,
Of good, old Medford rum;
You can rest your head upon your
bed.
And rest until dawn.
But when you awake your head will
ache,
"Til you wish you were not born.
So what's the use of this abuse,
Or all this foolish fuss;
You men to blame, should be
ashamed
Of what you did to us.
For we declare it is not fair,
That you should take away
Our rights to treat those friends we
meet,
In a truly, friendly way.
There'll be no place, where we can
chase,
No spot where we can go.

And sit us down in this old town,
And drink away our woe.
But each pay day we must take our
pay,
And hand it to our wives,
And then, no doubt, we will walk
about,
With teardrops in our eyes.
Not one drug store, will any more,
For friendship or for pay;
Though we wink and wick, sell us
a drink,
Upon the Sabbath day.
So we are mad, and also sad,
To think you'd sink so low;
For you said you guessed, that you'd
vote yes,
And then, you voted no.
And it's a fact, that by that act,
You will most surely lose,
Some faithful friends, ere this thing
ends,
Through robbing them of booze.
For any saloon is such a boon,
To men who work and strive;
That I do not know, should it have
to go,
How man could long survive.

William C. Kenyon

April 15, 1915

June 11, 1915

"BY THE ASSABET RIVER

Through our little town of Maynard,
Bearing waters black as jet,
Rushing onward to Old Concord,
Flows the river Assabet.
Never resting, never sleeping,
Through the years of nights and
days.
It is ever downward sweeping,
To the great Atlantic waves.
"Neath the waters of that river,
Rushing onward in its fight,
There are shadows where there never
Penetrates a ray of light.
There are places so repulsive,
To the vision of the eye,
That we do not care to view them,
And we pass them quickly by.
Places that are made unhealthy,
With the taint of slime and mud,
Just as human lives grow filthy,
When they wander far from God.
Down that river, there are floating,
Visible to mortal eyes,
Bits of driftwood that remind us,
Of poor, drifting human lives.
And that river swiftly flowing,
Down to meet the distant sea,
Should remind us we are going,
Swiftly to eternity.
Should remind us, there are shadows
Lurking near us all the time.
Places filled with moral darkness,
Filthy spots of vice and crime,
Sinful places of corruption,
Breeding germs of moral blight.
Dragging downward to destruction,
Under cover of the night.
Men and women who are drifting,
Ever onward with the tide.
Who are sailing down life's river,
Without compass, chart or guide,
Who are out upon life's ocean,
Drifting, drifting, too and fro,
With no thought or settled notion,
To which port they wish to go.
Men who never had an anchor,
Nor any haven of rest.
And who never find a harbor,
Till they reach the port of death.
People who have slipped their cables
Near a rough and rocky shore,
And are stranded and disabled,
In some public liquor store

Where the devil sits in glory,
And great power on his throne,
Sending forth his emissaries,
Bidding one and all to come,
Bidding one and all to enter,
And partake of life's great boon,
That most wonderful elixir,
Sold in every saloon.
Bidding one and all to enter,
But to leave all hope behind,
All of earthly aspirations,
Must forever be resigned.
All of goodness and of gladness,
All of purity and peace,
Are replaced with sin and sadness,
And regrets that never cease.
Those who enter soon must shoulder
Heavy loads of human woe.
Just how much they have to suffer,
Only drunkards ever know.
But no hell can ever offer,
Punishment that could be worse,
Than the never ceasing torture,
Drunkards pass through here on
earth.
But the voters here in Maynard,
Never can or shall forget,
That always the people prospered,
When the town was voted wet.
All the business men made money,
Failing not to salt it down,
And the homes were bright and sunny
In our liquor licensed town.
Men who came from distant places,
Just to shop and talk awhile,
When they saw our smiling faces,
Went and bought themselves a smile.
All the streets were brightly lighted
On each corner stood a cop,
And we never got excited
When a man was stabbed or shot.
Always, we could buy cheap whisky,
On the Sabbath if we tried,
But those men who bought and drank it,
Sometimes crawled away and died.
And we winked at one another,
With a careless laugh and nod,
When some poor, misguided brother
Drank until he lost his job.
And we saw his children suffer,
In their childish helplessness,
But we did not go and proffer,
Sympathy for their distress.

"By the Assabet River" -2-

Always we were gay and happy,
Never did we feel to blame,
When some fellow-man went batty,
When some neighbor went insane,
Through intoxicating liquor,
That we voted should be sold,
For the sake of filthy lucre,
For the sake of tainted gold.
And we thought we could not prosper
Without liquor license fees,
Could not pay the town expenses,
Many had such thoughts as these.
So we flung the barrooms open
We obeyed satan's command.
What cared we if hearts were broken?
What cared we if souls were damned?
Let them go down to perdition,
Let the devil take his toll.
We had no foolish ambition,
To save men's immortal souls.
We were not our brother's keeper,
We had no great love for him.
Thoughts of gold to us were sweeter
Than the thoughts of saving men.
What if sin and shame did flourish,
Undermining public health?
It was money that we cherished,
And we cared for little else.
We were hungry for the profit,
We were greedy for the gain.
Human souls might go to Tophet,
And in Tophet might remain.
If our pockets clinked with silver,
If our pockets were well lined,
With that great almighty dollar,
And those nickels and those dimes.
Often we had solemn warning,
That we were not living right,
But we clicked our heels till morning,
Danced and sang 'til broad daylight.

Never fearing any evil,
Never warned by sudden death,
We just shook hands with the devil,
Entertained him as our guest.
'Till one day we went home thinking,
Something made us meditate,
And decide, that liquor drinking,
Is a grievous mistake.
We arrived at the decision,
It was up to us to choose,
Either God and His religion,
Or the devil and his booze.
We thought of the generation,
That is growing up today,
That is going to rule this nation,
After we have passed away.
And we called our boys to us,
Taking them upon our laps,
And we then and there determined,
They should not be handicapped.
In the struggles that are coming,
Unto each and every one,
That their lives should not be ruined,
Through the influence of rum.
We took council with our conscience,
And we never shall regret,
That we voted for no-license,
By the river Assabet.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

Maynard, Mass.

June 11, 1915

"THE BANDSTAND CONTROVERSY"

The old bandstand, on private land,
Is guarded from its foes,
Watched o'er at night, by Thomas Wright,
It rests in calm repose.
And the public square looks bleak and bare,
Seems strange and almost weird.
And not so gay, since the evil day,
Our bandstand disappeared.
And each Wednesday eve the children grieve,
Their little hearts are sad;
For in vain they sigh, for the cheerful cry
Of "Pop-corn, five a bag."
For the popcorn man has got the can,
He also has the blues;
For his heart they broke and they
got his goat,
When the bandstand was removed.
And the village band don't understand,
What no one really knows,
Why the band should be so suddenly
And thoroughly deposed.
But no one blames good Abel Haynes
For the fact the gift he gave,
Should cause such strife, in our
village life;
Neighbors don't speak for days.
For our uncle Jack says the band boys
lack
The spirit to oblige.
He says that they must have their way,
And are not satisfied.
That the Finnish band should take a hand,
And have a chance to play;
And the hearts to cheer of the people
here,
Upon a holiday.

Jack says his dad was an English lad,
But Jack's for Uncle Sam;
For a Johnny Bull without a pull,
Is only half a man.
And Uncle John says he is strong,
That the Maynard band divide,
That bit of cash for this they asked,
And which the town supplied;
And that fact annoys our prudent boys,
Who play so zealously.
Jack says you bet that what they get
They guard most jealously;
And thus great wars are sometimes caused,
By little, simple things.
And Jack should know he's courting woe,
Who trouble once begins;
But don't you make a sad mistake,
Or ever take the chance,
To slap or hit, or dare to kick
Jack Thompson on the pants.
For any worm is apt to turn
And get the best of you;
So just go slow, and let Jack show
What he intends to do.
He says he's strong for all reform,
That his principles are sound,
And it's up to him to battle sin,
Wherever sin is found.
And we admire his youthful fire,
His pluck and fearlessness;
And in his fight to set things right,
We wish him all success.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

Maynard, Mass.

September 3, 1915

THE POWDER MILL EXPLOSION

Early upon last Sabbath morn,
Just ere the robin's morning song,
Just ere the light of coming dawn,
When peace and quiet reigns,
There came a crash and awful roar,
Such as I never heard before,
And wish to hear again no more,
So long as life remains.

As thunder after lightning flash,
There came a shock and roar and
crash,
That smashed out countless window
glass,
For miles and miles around.
It rocked each house and featherbed,
It filled poor sinner's souls with
dread,
And almost woke the silent dead,
Six feet beneath the ground.

People awoke to hear loud cries
Of "It's the work of German spies!
The mighty kaiser has arrived
And bombarded the town!"
But I knew naught but an earth-
quake
Could make this solid old earth
shake,
And cellar walls bend in and break,
And chimneys topple down.

I thought my earthly race was run,
That all my earthly work was
done,
That the end of the world had come,
And awful was my fright.
Knowing I shall not live it twice,
I feared to lose my sinful life,
But turning to my weeping wife,
I yelled aloud, "good night."

And out upon the floor I sprang,
And straightway my big toe
banged
Against an oaken door jamb,
And oh, it hurt me so,
I flung my window shutters wide
And gazing at the night outside,
I suffered so I almost died,
In misery and woe.

I heard the bricks of my chimney fall
And saw great cracks in my bed-
room wall,
But I scarcely noticed them at all,
So badly hurt was I.
No more exists that powder mill,
But oh, that pain, I feel it still,
And I believe I always will
Until the day I die.

WILLIAM C. KENYON
MAYNARD, MASS.

October 8, 1915

ONE SUMMER'S NIGHT

I strolled into a liquor store,
One sultry summer's night,
When I was feeling pretty sore,
And spoiling for a fight.
I drank a brandy and a gin,
And then a big cocktail,
And for a windup, started in
To pour down Sterling's ale.
I drank till I was almost blind,
Then started for the door,
But lost control of limb and mind,
And fell, upon the floor.
What happened next I can't recall,
Of course I was to blame,
But when I took that dreadful fall,
I must have gone insane.
It now all seems, like evil dreams,
We sometimes have at night,
When hobgoblins and ghostly fiends,
Chase us till broad daylight.
They say I struck the bartender,
With a big stick of wood.
I'm sure I do not remember,
I would not if I could;
I know they threw me in the street,
As you would throw old cheese,
And 'though I landed on my feet,
I stumbled to my knees,
And then I wandered round the town,
A most inspiring sight,
Till finally I sat me down
And tried to light my pipe,
For I was longing for a smoke,
It was my one desire,
Old alcohol had got my goat,
And set by throat on fire;
I fumbled all my pockets through,
But could not find a match,
So knowing not what else to do,
I lay flat on my back,
And gazed up at the distant stars,
Above my grassy bunk,
And wondered if Venus or Mars,
Ever went on a drunk,
Of if there is a grand saloon
Way up there in the skies;

And if the old man in the moon
Ever got paralyzed;
I whispered to myself and said,
When comes my final call,
I wonder shall I be found dead,
From drinking alcohol?
Or if I die while in my sleep,
And in a drunken state,
How shall I dare my God to meet,
And what will be my fate?
And shall I dare look on God's face,
And will He cast me out,
To suffer in that awful place,
Bill Sunday tells about?
If I do not my drinking quit,
Shall I be thrown at last,
Into that black, bottomless pit,
Where sinners' souls are cast?
I wonder does Bill Sunday know,
Or any other man,
Just where the souls of drunkards go,
And if their souls are damned?
When I am called down there below,
Can anybody tell,
Does any mortal being know,
That I shall find a Hell?
Does Billy Sunday preach Hell fire,
Believing it is true?
Or does he do it just for hire?
I only wish I knew;
For I believe it's all a bluff,
This talk of God's desire,
To torture, or to punish us,
With everlasting fire.
For while all men are bad, or worse,
And some men seem ordained,
To make a hades of this earth,
And ought to be restrained,
And some men from the day of birth,
Are destitute of shame,
And seem to love to lie and curse,
And take God's name in vain.
I cannot reconcile my mind,
To thoughts, that God who reigns,
Ever a single soul consigned,
To everlasting flames.
I do not know how long I gazed,
Upon the firmaments,
For I was pretty badly dazed,
And had no common sense;

But friends found me at half past three,
So I have been informed,
Lying beneath an old elm tree,
Trying to sing a song.
With blood fast flowing from my nose,
And all my money spent;
For when they searched through all my
clothes
They could not find one cent.
My eyes were blacked, my nose was
scratched,
My ears were full of dirt,
My collar and my new cravat,
Were torn from off my shirt.
They picked me up with tender care,
And bore me to my home,
For my good wife was waiting there,
To pick with me a bone.
My friends removed my clothes and shoes,
And threw me on my bed.
Then, never asked to be excused,
But grabbed their hats and fled.
And bye and bye such awful forms,
Came floating over me;
They seemed to have both hoofs and horns,
And laughed and danced with glee.
I stared at them and then sprang up,
And groped about my room;
I trembled like a beaten pup,
And hollered like a loon.
Ten thousand demons hovered o'er
And all about my head,
And awful were the oaths I swore,
Bitter the tears I shed,
A serpent huge, with fiery tongue,
Crept through my bedroom wall,
And when I did my best to run,
I could not move at all.
I only could stand still and moan,
And call upon my wife,
Who was talking through the telephone,
To come and save my life.
And then, the good old doctor came,
And I began to shout,
And beg of him, in Heaven's name,
To drive those devils out.
But Doc was very, very wroth,
And slammed me in a chair,
And said, "I'll knock your blamed head off,
If you get up from there."
He said, "You ought to be ashamed,
You are no earthly use,

For you've been drinking booze again,
Now what is your excuse?"
The day is long since passed and gone,
When rum was thought a boon,
When John L. Sullivan reformed,
John Barleycorn was doomed;
And tipping is not condoned,
By any class of men.
King Alcohol has been dethroned,
And drunkenness condemned.
For any fool who has the price
Can pour down rotten rum,
And dissipate and waste his life,
As countless fools have done;
But real men, with brains that think,
Live sober, useful lives,
Refusing to indulge in drink,
Because they realize,
That he who his good money spends,
Upon liquid supplies,
One day may have a host of friends,
But soon he's ostracised;
And thoughtful men of brains possessed,
The use of rum deplore,
Because it breeds unhappiness,
And drunkards by the score,
Because it stupifies the brain,
And leads the drunkard on,
Till he becomes a thing of shame,
And ridicule and scorn.
We shall not pass this way but once,
Nor can we tarry long,
Shall we remembered be as drunks,
When we are dead and gone?
No, not for long you linger here,
Tis but a while you stay,
And when you lie upon your bier,
In funeral array,
When you are cold and stiff and dead,
And ready for the grave,
Shall it of you, be truly said,
He lived and died a slave?
To appetite, all uncontrolled,
And passions that assail,
And lead men to the crowded goal,
Of human lives, that fail;
That fail of honor and success,
Because of brains benumbed,
And paralyzed through drunkenness,
And the effects of rum.
When finally, God bids you come,
And you are laid away,

Forever in the silent tomb,
I wonder, if they'll say
He never tried to do his best,
Nor evil places shunned,
But lived a life of selfishness,
Tis well his life is done.
Of all the virtues dispossessed,
Of strength and manhood shorn,
Through liquor and licentiousness,
His weak and wasted form,
Were better in the grave to rest,
Till resurrection morn.
The likes of him should welcome death,
And we refuse to mourn,
Because he sold his children's right,
To wages he had earned.
And left his home, night after night,
Until his wife's heart yearned,
For just one kiss and kind caress,
Upon her lips and hair.
For just that feeling in the breast,
That makes life bright and fair,
Until she longed for peace and rest,
To come into her life.
For just one hour of happiness,
At almost any price.
No, do not mourn for such as he,
Nor tears of sorrow shed.
We wonder at your sympathy,
Tis well, that he is dead.
And then the doctor, having preached
About all I would hear;
He for his battered pill box reached,
And sat down by my chair,
And plunged a needle in my arm,
I do not know how deep,
But it acted on me like a charm,
For soon, I fell asleep.
But when I woke up, I was sick,
So sick, I thought I'd die,
And I was so ashamed of it,
I could not help but cry.
I bellowed like a stricken calf,
I tried, but could not stop;
And if you feel, you'd like to laugh,
I think you'd better not.
O, I've often had a jag on,
And I've been upon a spree,
But upon the water wagon,
Is the best old place to be.
And I tell you what my boy,
If you take a fool's advice,
You'll stick to the reservoir,
All the days of your life.

For when we're dead and in our graves,
We'd better not been born,
If we remembered are, as slaves
Of Old John Barleycorn.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

Maynard, Mass.

Friday, October 22, 1915

TWENTY YEARS WED

Beloved wife, so dear to my heart,
The way to me were drear and dark,
Without thy cheerful smile;
Our wedded life of twenty years,
Of mingled happiness and tears,
Seems such a little while.
Come nearer to me sweetheart mine,
And let me see the love light shine,
Within your eyes so true;
Draw the curtain, shut tight the door,
I want to hold your hand once more,
Just as I used to do.
Your lips are just as sweet tonight,
Your eyes seem just as young and bright,
As twenty years ago.
When you were just a country maid
Commanding me, and I obeyed,
Because I loved you so.
Do you recall one night in May?
It seems to me as yesterday,
When 'neath the moon and stars,
We fled with such impatient haste,
Down to our dear old trysting place,
Beside the meadow bars?
Long years have passed in rapid flight,
Since, whispering to me that night,
You said you'd bear my name,
And thou hast ever been to me,
Of greater worth than gold could be,
Or any earthly fame.
For thou hast been, beloved wife,
Through all those years of wedded life,
My pleasure, all the time;
Thou didst not leave me for a day,
But that the skies grew cold and grey,
The sun seemed not to shine.
And all the burdens I have borne,
The daily tasks by me performed,
Have seemed to be so light,
Because of knowing I should find
A loving helpmate, ever kind,
Awaiting me at night.
I do not dread the cold world's scorn,
For in my heart there is a song;
And there a song shall be,
Until that time when death shall come,
And take away my dearest chum,
The wife, God gavest me.
And better far than wealth of gold,
For any man to have and hold,
Were one good woman's love;
There is no gift of greater worth,
No richer prize, in all the earth,
Nor in the skies above.
For life was ne'er one-half so sweet,
Man's happiness were incomplete,
Without his own true mate

To greet him at the close of day,
To cheer him on his earthly way,
And share his earthly fate.
And wife of mine, come weal, come woe,
'Tis good within the heart to know,
You have one earthly friend,
Who will stand bravely by your side,
Through all the ills which may betide,
Faithful until the end.
E'er since the day thou became my bride,
Thy sympathies, so deep, so wide,
Which nothing can destroy;
Have been to me, in times of grief,
As wells of comfort and of peace,
A source of constant joy,
And all I am, or hope to be,
The credit wife, belongs to thee,
My victories are thine.

WILLIAM C. KENYON,

Maynard, Mass.

Friday, November 19, 1915

"SEARCHING FOR A TENEMENT"

Having sold my place
To the Widow Chase,
Who told me to get out--
I packed my goods
The best I could
And then I tramped about;
All up and down
This grand old town
Dejected and alone,
I walked the streets
For three long weeks,
Just hunting for a home.
And say, do you know,
If ever I go,
To heaven, when I die,
I shall ask the Lord,
Can He afford
A bountiful supply,
Of good tenements
Where the cost of rents
Is not way up sky high;
And no bed bugs crawl
Across the wall
And stare me in the eye;
Where no old floor,
Hides dust galore,
Nor deadly microbes lurk
Upon window panes
All cracked and stained
And covered o'er with dirt;
Where I can nap,
And no big rats,
Crawl underneath my chair,
Nor spider tries,
To murder flies,
And drag them to his lair;
And I can drink,
At the kitchen sink,
Without making repairs;
And there's no flees
Breeding disease
Beneath the cellar stairs;
Where the blessed sun,
Shines in upon
My faded, old art square;
And every room,
Receives the boon
Of sunshine, and fresh air;
Where no water crawls,
Beneath the walls,
But all the cellars dry;
And when it's night,
There's electric lights
To read my paper by.
And there's no hall,
So dark and small,
I cannot find my way;

But must grope about,
Until I'm out
Into the light of day;
And I can stand,
On a piece of land,
That's not such sacred ground,
That the owner thinks,
It such a mint
He builds a fence around,
That most hallowed spot,
That it may not
Invite some girl or boy,
Some lad or lass,
Upon the grass.
Its beauty to destroy;
And say, I wonder had,
When he was a lad,
Old Adam, any place
Where he could play
In dirt all day,
And no one feel disgraced;
Where he could romp,
And jump and stomp,
All over some big yard,
And no one say,
"Stop, right away!"
What makes you play so hard?
Now come in the house,
And shut your mouth,
You're such a dirty child,
The neighbors will think
Your parents drink,
And you are running wild.
God bless our boys,
With all their noise,
And bless the little girls,
For they are worth
Upon this earth,
Far more than precious pearls;
And there's something wrong,
Which needs reform,
And needs it right away;
When the boys and girls,
Of this old world,
Have got no place to play,
When they live in flocks,
In tenement blocks,
And early cause to see,
That they are slaves,
To modern ways,
And never can be free;
When they multiply,
And live and die,
Hemmed in, by brick and steel,
Where women and men
Are giving them
A pretty crooked deal

And tenements which
Landlords enrich
In city or in town
Should inspected be,
Often to see,
If they should be torn down;
And no tenement
Should bring forth rent
The owner to make proud;
Which at any time
Shall bear the sign--
"No children are allowed."
For who's to blame
That things have changed,
And lands and mansions large,
Are owned by the rich,
While tenements which
Provide a swell back yard,
Are built by the score,
To house the poor
Who slave in shops and mills:
Who work and live,
And scarcely give
A thought to God's green hills;
Who live their lives,
In human hives,
With rats and babies filled,
Like sardines packed
In the trembling shacks,
Which greedy landlords build;
Who work and strive,
And whose tired eyes,
Betray their doubts and fears,
As they gaze beyond
Each setting sun,
To future, hopeless years.
And they realize,
They may sacrifice
And labor all their days,
But the big expense
Of foods and rents,
Always will keep them slaves.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

Maynard, Mass.

November 26, 1915

ONE THANKSGIVING DAY PRAYER

We thank Thee, O Lord,
For the nation's hoard
Of accumulated wealth;
For the gifts of rain,
And vast crops of grain,
And for the nation's health.
And we thank Thee thrice
For the gift of life,
And for our fertile farms,
And that shop and mill
Is thriving still,
And there's no call to arms.
We thank Thee, O Lord,
With one accord
That peace with us remains,
That city and town
Are not battered down,
Nor swept away by flames.
We are grateful Lord,
That shot and sword,
Have not our people slain;
That no crimson fold
Of the nation's blood
Our hills and valleys stain.
We are thankful for,
The fact that war,
Which in this dying year,
Has with ruthless hands
Swept foreign lands
And left them dark and drear;
Has passed us by,
We know not why,
Through Europe's fate,
We have learned to hate
The wickedness of wars.
Or perhaps it be,
That we fail to see
How our national life,
Or our good name,
Can be sustained,
By plunging into strife.
The United States,
Still hesitates,
Thy vengeance to invite,
Through the sacrifice,
Of human lives,
Which never can be right.
We feel, O Lord,
We cannot afford,
To give Thee, such offense.
We dare not commit,
Those crimes for which
There is no recompense.

We dare not slay,
Nor take away,
The lives of mortal men;
For did not Christ
Lay down His life,
For sake of saving them?
In many ways,
The world seems crazed,
Great nations disagree,
And slay and kill,
Against Thy will,
Showing contempt for Thee.
Men secretly scorn,
Any sort of form,
Of worship in Thy Name,
They feel no need,
Of any creed,
And have no sense of shame;
With deadly designs,
They plant huge mines,
Beneath the ocean waves,
And laugh to think,
Of lives which sink
In premature graves.
The ocean teems,
With submarines,
Those demons of the sea,
Which lie in wait,
And demonstrate,
What monsters, men can be.
With minds of fiends,
They find new schemes,
To wreck their brothers' homes;
They train and drill,
Until with skill,
They break each other's bones.
They even fly
Up to the sky
With utter fearlessness;
From whence they throw,
To earth below,
Strange instruments of death,
They soar in crowds
Above the clouds,
Upon the wings of hate,
Cleaving the air,
With courage rare,
And rage insatiate.
And O Lord, Thou,
Who even now
With sad and tearful eyes
Art looking down
From Thy great throne,

One Thanksgiving Day Prayer (con't)

Must hear their fearful cries
And in humble way,
This Thanksgiving day,
Each minister and priest,
And every friend,
Of suffering men,
Is praying Thee, for peace.
May the nations pause
And study Thy laws,
And learn to obey them.
Upon bended knee,
We make our plea,
In Jesus' name, Amen.

William C. Kenyon
Maynard, Mass.

Friday, December 24, 1915

DICKY DEE AND SANTA

Our little boy, Dicky Dee
Is very good these days;
I must confess I think that he,
Deserving is of praise.
I told him that Old Santa Claus,
Don't love bad little boys'-
I told him so you see, because
Dick makes a great deal noise;
His disposition is not bad,
Nor stubborn is his will,
But he is such a healty lad
He just cannot keep still.
Each day he asks how long 'twill be,
Till Christmas will arrive,
And when I tell him, You should see
The longing in his eyes.
Out Dick is not so very large,
And often I have smiled
To see him trying, O so hard,
To be a model child.
He helps his mother sweep and dust,
And often we declare
That Dick is all the world to us,
For all he's such a care;
And when I think of children small,
Who have so small will power,
I wonder they are good at all,
For even half and hour.
Countless precious little ones,
All over this great land,
Waiting for Christmas day to come,
Are taught to understand
That if they stubborn are, and bad,
And want their own way,
Old Santa Claus will leave them sad,
Upon the Christmas Day.
Yet many of us now grown men,
Have learned to realize
That we are very much like them,
In our own grown up lives.
That if we disobey the Lord,
And hew not to the line
We shall receive no great reward
From Him, At any time
How often we, who are grown up,
From paths of virtue stray;
And think it only wretched luck
When we are made to pay.
And when my boy does hug my neck,
And says "he's papa's man,"
I often wish I could forget
How bad, I really am.

And sometimes when he hugs me tight,
I've wished that I could be
As pure within the Saviour's sight
As little Dicky Dee.
And if God grants me one wish
From Heaven up above,
Why I shall have a Christmas gift
Of little children's love.

William C. Kenyon
Maynard, Mass.

Friday, January 7, 1916.

ANOTHER YEAR

Adown the street with flying feet,
While cold the north winds blow,
And nature sleeps beneath a sheet
Of ice and sleet and snow;
There comes another new born year,
Bearing blessings to bestow;
Upon sad hearts possessed with fear,
Anxiety and woe.
It bids all men, stick to the race,
Until the Master's call;
Though frail and weak the only boat,
And bitter be the storm;
Still, we must not abandon hope,
But bravely struggle on.
For as the snow and frost and wind,
Which hem us in today,
Shall pass entirely from the mind,
When it again, is May;
So, bye and bye, shall life's storms pass,
Life's struggles all be o'er
When God's strong hand shall our's grasp,
And bring us safe to shore;
Old Father Time will us destroy,
He is so strong and bold;
But we will clutch each passing joy,
Time shall not make us old.
O big new year, deal kindly with,
The faults of all mankind;
Teach us just how we ought to live,
For often we are blind;
Full oft we know not where to turn,
Nor whither we should go.
Teach us the things we ought to learn,
The things we want to know;
May all mankind, by you be taught,
How victories are won.
And most successful battles fought,
Without the sword or gun.
Bring us, O new year, love and peace,
For many hearts are sad;
Remove all our present grief,
And make the whole world glad.
We know your time with us is short,
One year, it is not long;
But in it wonders may be wrought.
Through valiant deeds performed;
In it great problems may be solved,
The answers we may find
To questions, which so much involve
The future of mankind;

In it, upon the land and sea,
Upon the hills and plains,
The great truth may established be —
That God above still reigns.
And, as we travel down life's road
With you, O Father Time,
May each one bravely bear the load,
Which is to him assigned;
And nineteen hundred and sixteen,
Just one last boon of you,
Give to each man some noble dream,
And have each dream come true.

William C. Kenyon
Maynard, Mass.

Recollections

Brother we are growing old,
Our bodies soon shall mould
In the cold and silent grave.
But before we pass along,
We will sing one more song,
Of mother and of childhood days:
Yes, the race in nearly run,
Our lives are almost done,
And death is a hovering nigh.
So open wide, memory's door,
And let us sing again, once more,
Of mother and of days gone by.
When your thoughts backward turn,
Don't your heart sometimes yearn
For pleasures of the long ago,
In the days when we were young,
Living happily amoung
Those old friends, whom we used to
know?

Don't you often see, in dreams
Those familiar, childhood scenes
Of fields of clover and of corn;
Don't you sometimes close your eyes
And in fancy, hear the cries
Of old comrades, now dead and gone?
Don't you bother, even crave
The delights of those old days,
Of innocent and youthful joys.
Don't you ever wish, nor sigh,
For the days when you and I,
Were two bashful and barefoot boys?
Chasing each other about,
Round the house and in and out
The doors, of the crib and barn,
Where we climed upon the mows
And threw fodder to the cows,
Upon that old New England farm,
Do you brother, ever think
Of how sweet it seemed to sink,
That bucket in the cold home well,
And so sit there in the shade,
Drinking natures Lemonade,
From a cast-off cocconut shell?
What a wondrous reservoir,
And sorce of real joy,
Is a deep well of water pure.
It contains the elements
Which provide men with the strength
To labor long and to endure:
When the throat is parched and dry,
What can so soon satisfy,
What will give such sure relief,
As a draught of water cool,
From a bright, sparkling pool,
White pebbles gleaming underneath?

Brother wouldn't you like to strip,
And take just one more dip,
In the old river Pawcatuck;
Wouldn't you like to plunge right in,
For a healthy, morning swim,
In its waters, just for luck?
Do you brother, ever wish,
That we could once more fish,
The waters of old Watchug pond?
Where in days forever passed,
We caught the white perch and the
bass,
Of which we used to be so fond.
Do you ever think or dream,
Of that noisy little stream,
Whose waters went rushing in spring
Over rocks and fallen log,
Through the swamp, down to the
bog,
Where the blackbords used to sing?
In your mind can you trace,
That old stream, from place to place,
To the spot where the cowslips grew,
Right down close beside the brook,
In a sunny, sheltered nook,
By a bed of violets blue?
It was there in spring and fall,
That we heard the lonely call,
Of old bobwhite, at close of day,
And 'twas there that hawk and owl,
And red foxes used to prowl,
And devour their captured prey;
And 'twas there, we used to snare,
The grey rabbit and the hare,
And trap the muskrat and the mink.
And I remember the spot
Where the cattle used to stop,
When they came to that stream and
drank,
Standing in the mud knee deep,
To escape the torrid heat,
Coming down from midsummer skies,
Until suddenly they rushed,
Through the tangled underbrush,
To rid themselves of countless flies.
And in fancy I see now
That unruly bringle cow,
Who used to seem never content,
Until she had tumbled down
Half the stone walls in the town,
And had broken each old line fence,
Always, she was wide awake,
Watching for a chance to break,
Into some corn, or cabbage patch,

Where she would eat till she was
 sore,
 And then bellow for still more.
 I never saw that old cow's match,
 She kept roaming night and day,
 and at home she would not stay;
 We could not keep her in a yard,
 For a fence, or a stonewall
 Was no obstacle at all,
 When she wanted to be at large.
 She could outrun a deer,
 And knew no such thing as fear,
 And always was upon her guard;
 And the biggest ox or steer,
 Suddenly would disappear,
 When she lowered her head and
 charged.

She was well fed morn and night,
 But her monstrous appetite,
 Seemed to be never satisfied,
 For after eating her meals,
 She would bolt across the fields,
 And go wandering far and wide;
 And she kept upon the go,
 Up and down and to and fro,
 What possessed her, nobody know;
 Until finally she died,
 And gave her body to the crows.
 Brother wouldn't you like to be,
 Once again beneath the tree,
 Where robin redbreast sang his song;
 That old gnarled and twisted pine,
 By the hill we used to climb,
 To the house where we lived so long?
 Would you ask a greater boon,
 Than to sleep in the same room
 Where together we used to sleep,
 And to hear once again,
 Upon roof and window pane,
 The sound of rain and of hail and
 sleet?

Often we have slumbered there,
 Underneath the rafters bare,
 Dreaming the happy dreams of
 youth,
 And 'though cold the north winds
 blew,
 Naught cared we, for well we knew,
 The old farmhouse was weather-
 proof.

Don't you sometimes long to see,
 That old homestead where we
 Were so happy and gay and glad?

Do you think you'll ever roam
 Back again to that old home,
 The best home boy ever had?
 For in bygone days of old,
 There were blessings manifold,
 In that home where we used to dwell.
 And I know that you must long,
 For the laughter and the song,
 Of those friends whom we loved so
 well,
 For they have gone forever now,
 And a stranger guides the plough
 Through lands which our fathers
 tilled;
 For the old home has been sold,
 For the sake of yellow gold,
 And the house is with strangers
 filled.

Yes, remorseless time in flight,
 Has deprived us of the right,
 To the home, which we once possessed,
 And though a home we should lack,
 We can never more go back
 To shelter in the old home nest.
 Though with no refuge supplied,
 We shall ever be denied,
 The privilege of peace and rest,
 In that snug and safe retreat,
 With its memories so sweet,
 Of bygone days of happiness.
 We shall never, nevermore
 Cross the threshold of the door,
 To that sacred, little old house
 Where our mother used to sit,
 Winter afternoons and knit,
 By those windows facing the south;
 Often we have watched her there,
 Smoothing back her thin grey hair,
 While we upon the lounge lay curled
 Thinking naught of mother's love.
 But we now know that she was
 The best mother in all this world;
 For most dearly she loved,
 And her thoughts always were of
 The thirteen children whom she bore,
 That they might live happy lives;
 She labored and sacrificed
 'Till a mother could do no more
 When our father's sudden death,
 Left her almost penniless,
 She asked only the Lord for aid,
 And with shoulder to the wheel,
 Such splendid courage revealed
 As only martyrs have displayed.

WILLIAM C. KENYON
 MAYNARD, MASS.
 FRI. JULY 21, 1916

With scant means at her command,
Night and day she slaved and toiled,
Poverty she braved and foiled,
That they might be kept clothed and
fed.

Rising with the birds at dawn,
She sang all the whole day long,
Those old time hymns and songs so
sweet;

Each day renewing the flight,
Persevering day and night,
Until victory was complete.
If her faithful heart concealed,
Grief to which she would not yield,
Of her troubles we never heard,
For she traveled down life's road,
Carrying her heavy load,
With a smile and a cheerful word,
Always old-fashioned and plain,
She was willing to remain,
With no silks or satins adorned,
Preferring a simple dress;
She found her life's happiness,
In her duties so well performed.
There never was a mother,
So devoted a mother,
Anywhere underneath the sun.
For through life's sunshine and rain,
Through its pleasures and its pain,
She always was her children's chum.
She never neglected them,
And wisely directed them,
By her counsel and good advice.
Into the world she brought them,
And patiently she taught them,
How to fight the battles of life.
If a son was in distress,
She would never think of rest
Until she had shared his grief.
If affliction assailed him,
But went quickly to his relief.
All the best days of her life,
She gave as a sacrifice,
To her children and to the Lord,
And we believe and we pray,
That upon the judgement day,
She shall receive a rich reward,
And ere we lie down to sleep,
Brother let us, I repeat,
Sing a song of our mother's worth,
Let us our voices raise,
In sweet songs of honest praise,
Of the mother who gave us birth;

Let us shed no bitter tears,
Of regret for vanished years
Of happiness, which we have known.
But while life we still retain,
Let us sing just once again
Of mother and of home, sweet home.

William C. Kenyon
Maynard, Mass.
Friday, July 21, 1916

When the whistle aroused us,
 I jumped into my trousers,
 And rushing down to the street below,
 I was not long in learning
 That the schoolhouse was burning,
 And making a magnificent show.
 The policemen on duty
 Declared they would shoot me,
 If I didn't get back from the hose;
 They grabbed hold of my collar,
 And compelled me to holler,
 By treading on the corns of my toes.
 But aside from all joking,
 It is sad and provoking
 To see a fine building burn down.
 And to think of the sorrow,
 There will be on the morrow,
 In the hearts of taxpayers in town.
 Harry Ledgard was napping,
 And dreaming he was packing,
 His finest and choicest cigars;
 And packing them quick,
 For a big business trip
 To the far away planet of Mars.
 I have heard that he said he
 Had his popcorn all ready,
 And was boarding a flying machine,
 When the smoke nearly choked him,
 And the whistle awoke him,
 And spoiled his big business scheme.
 Albert Smith too, was dreaming,
 And in all his dreams scheming,
 How to beat the high prices of meat.
 For 'though not over wealthy,
 He is perfectly healthy
 And likes plenty of good things to eat.
 He's one of the firemen,
 That bunch of live wire men,
 Who despise all hypocrites and snobs.
 Men of meat and of muscle
 And of get up and hustle,
 Who are always right onto their jobs.
 And their feats, most amazing
 We should never cease praising,
 For they risked their lives without fear.
 They labored and perspired,
 Doing more than required,
 And are paid thirty dollars per year.
 They kept pouring on water,
 But the fire grew hotter,
 Until the roof it began to fall;
 'Mid the crackling and crashing,
 Of big window glass smashing,
 And the roaring of flames over all.
 With great clouds of sparks flying,
 And the special cops crying
 To the people, to stand back there please,

I became so excited,
 And so badly affrighted,
 That I shook from my head to my knees.
 To hear the flames roaring,
 And to see the sparks soaring
 Far up into the darkness of night.
 May to some be inspiring,
 But I'm not desiring
 Any such a spectacular sight.
 And I could not help thinking
 When that building was sinking,
 Forever from our sight away,
 What a blessing it was
 That the Father above
 Did not have it burn down in the day.
 For had it been in daytime,
 And just before playtime,
 For those children upon the fourth floor.
 I am after surmising,
 It would not be surprising
 If of lives it had taken a score.
 For I am ashamed to state,
 There was no fire escape,
 To that schoolhouse and only one door.
 The idea seems absurd,
 But we often have heard
 Of such dangerous firetraps before.

WILLIAM C. KENYON.

FRI., SEPT. 29, 1916

INCONSISTENT MEN

You will hear men say, that eight hours per day,
Are sufficient for a man to work,
And that it's plain to see that in eight hours
he
Will have no inclination to shirk.
Yet those same men desire, any man whom they
hire,
To remember before he start,
That he must keep working, without any shirking,
From daylight, until long after dark.
And those same men buy meat, only three times
per week,
Because the price of meat is so high;
Yet tobacco and beer are never so dear
That they cannot find money to buy.
They will purchase gold bricks, and bet on
politics,
And smile every time that they lose.
But O, how they holler if asked for a dollar
By the wives whom they often abuse.
They can rise with the sun and tramp 'round
with a gun,
Hunting partridges all the day through;
But are no earthly good, to provide coal or
wood,
Nor to settle the rent when it's due.
They know all about war, though they never yet
saw
A big gun, now a high powered shell.
Yet they say this nation, can whip all creation
And part of Rhode Island as well.
They will inhale deep breaths and beat their
weak chests,
Until their heads begin to swell.
And sad havoc is wrought in those hard battles
fought,
At the bar of the village hotel.
Upon each Sabbath morn, they get up with the
dawn,
And polishing their Sunday shoes,
They go out of the door and you see them no
more,
Until they come home full of booze.
They have cash for cigars and to spend over bars,
But have nothing for down and out tramps,
And will not invite mother, nor sister, nor
brother,
For that would be a waste of good stamps.

INCONSISTENT MEN (con't)

And they buy automobiles, just to see how it feels,
To scorch around like fat millionaires.
Laughing in derision, at thoughts of collision
Or having to pay for repairs.
But after a smash up, when they use their cash up
Paying doctor's and hospital bills;
Why then you'll admit, that they look just a bit
Kinder sickly around the gills.
Their neighbors they knock and it seems they have
not
The least of respect for their wives.
For again and again, using language profane,
They tell them the awfulest lies.
They will sit up at night; watching prizefighters
fight,
Until the roosters begin to crow.
But if wifie declares she is going somewheres,
They will tell her that she cannot go.
They belong to a class who will freely spend cash
Treating girls to good victuals and wine;
While their wives stay home and feast upon a bone,
Which they purchased for half of a dime.
They pay but few taxes, for the real fact is
They have nothing of value or worth.
And with me you'll agree that such fakirs should
be
Driven off of the face of the earth.
For good jobs they resign and go off on a time
Asking nobody any advice.
And you will not deny that just how they get by
Is one of the mysteries of life.

W. C. KENYON

Maynard

Who's to Blame

There is muttering and growling,
 From old Florida to Maine;
 And a universal howling,
 That it is a wicked shame,
 That potatoes should be labeled
 To cost fifty cents per pack,
 And all kinds of vegetables
 Be so difficult to get.
 For it's coming soon Thanksgiving,
 And the people are aware
 That the present cost of living
 Is a serious affair.
 And why don't the nation's scholars
 Just explain the reason why
 We must pay so many dollars
 For the things we have to buy?
 Do they blame us for rebeeling,
 Now that we are forced to feast,
 Upon musty case eggs, selling
 For a half a dime apiece,
 Or that we decry the power
 Of those men who boost the price
 And make fortunes out of flour,
 The one great staff of life.
 If the President elected,
 'Mid such national applause,
 Or those gentlemen selected,
 To enforce the country's laws,
 Would just prosecute those jobbers,
 Who still speculate in food,
 And electrocute the robbers,
 They would do some real good.
 For it takes so much good money
 Just to purchase our meals
 That the neighbors think it funny
 If we buy automobiles.
 And when coal at any season,
 Costs us twelve dollars per ton,
 We have no sufficient reason,
 To keep buying Medford rum.
 Do you wonder that man ages,
 And is soon a total wreck,
 When no matter what his wages,
 He cannot keep out of debt,
 Or that all the world seems cruel,
 And this life, most dark and drear.
 When if he buy's food and fuel,
 He has nothing left for beer;
 When the most of all our eating
 Has gone up to such a height,
 That we leave off whiskey treating,
 It is time to say Good-night.

WM. C. KENYON.

Are you wanting underwear
 To protect you from the cold,
 Or have you the cash to spare
 For a ring of solid gold?
 Do you want a cross-cut saw,
 That is ready field and set,
 Or a nice, warm mackinaw
 To keep out the cold and wet?
 Do you need a fresh supply
 Of canned peaches or of peas,
 Or think that you'd like to try
 A slice of Limburger cheese?
 Would you buy a bed, that's clean
 And as soft and smooth as silk
 On which you can lie and dream
 That you are a Vanderbilt?
 Are you planning to procure
 From some reliable man
 A set of new furniture
 On the old installment plan?
 Must you have a pair of shoes,
 Or a lock for your door?
 If so, buy a Maynard News
 At Jim Ledgard's paper store.
 The News will tell you where to go
 To buy anything you need;
 Be it garden rake or hoe,
 Or a bag of chicken feed.
 In it you will find revealed,
 Information as to where
 To buy an automobile,
 Or have one put in repair.
 If you want to purchase land
 Or a farm like your dad's,
 Go to Ledgard's paper stand
 Buy a News, and read the ads.
 They will tell you where to find,
 Men whose business in life
 Is selling farms or every kind,
 Which are always worth the price.
 Farms in Acton, or in Stow,
 Or in Old Sudbury, Mass.
 Farms upon which you can grow
 Strawberries, or sparrow grass.
 He who likes a fine cigar,
 Or who good tobacco chews,
 Knows exactly where they are
 If he reads the Maynard News.
 And it tells you where to buy
 Good, fresh pork, By Armour packed,
 Or a beefsteak for the eye
 That your old woman blacked.
 It also tells who has for sale
 Smoked or sugar cured hams,
 And who sells salt codfish tail
 And fresh oysters and clams,

Or if you are lame and sore
 With lumbago in the back,
 It informs you at which store
 To buy your plasters at.
 If you ever aches and pains galore,
 If you'll buy a Maynard News
 And sit down and read it o'er,
 Information you may glean
 Of mankind's physical ills;
 Which though not a pleasant theme,
 Ought to save you doctor's bills.
 If you have defective teeth,
 Or losing your sight,
 And you want to get relief,
 Buy a News next Friday night,
 In it you are sure to find
 The regular weekly ads,
 Of a man who treats the blind,
 Or people whose eyes are bad.
 Other advertisements tell
 The address of expert men
 Who make good false teeth to sell,
 Anybody needing them.
 Men who long have realized,
 That no matter where we dwell
 It is wise to advertise
 Anything we have to sell;
 And the men who win success
 In a business enterprise,
 North or South, or East or West,
 Are the men who advertise.
 And I think you'd be surprised
 If you knew how much you lose
 When you fail to advertise,
 In the weekly Maynard News.
 For any cash you invest
 In a small ad, well displayed,
 Will pay you big interest
 By increasing your trade.
 So no matter what your line,
 Be it fruit or boots and shoes,
 Advertise it all the time,
 In the columns of the News.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

March 16, 1917

America and the Flag

America, thy fertile fields,
Beneath an azure sky,
An annual rich harvest yield
Of corn and wheat and rye
Upon thy boundless western plains,
Roam cattle, sheep and swine,
Whose rich, red meat the strength
sustains
Of millions of mankind.
Thy factories and shops and mills,
Are roaring night and day,
That countless orders may be filled
And promptly shipped away.
The vast accumulated wealth.
Of silver and of gold
Is the source of life and hope and
health
Of multitudes untold.
Dear native or adopted land,
We love thee more and more
Beneath thy starry flag we stand,
United as of yore.
And when thou art with danger
fraught,
When threatened with the sword
Sweet freedom hath thy people
taught,
To fear naught but their God.
Thy citizens have never lagged,
When defending the rights
Of their own beloved flag
The same old stars and stripes
That Washington flung to the skies,
While British cannon roared,
The flag that Grant so idolized,
And that Garfield adored.
The flag ou Lincoln lifted high,
In those dark, solemn days,
When first he heard the bitter cry
Of those black, southern slaves,
Whom he determined should not be
Like cattle bought and sold
And whom he set forever free.
In bygone days of old.
The flag that Spain learned to re-
spect,
Mid battle smoke and flame
When Dewey taught her to regret
The sinking of the Maine
The flag that freedom represents
And back of which there dwell
The spirits of dead presidents
Who loved and served it well.
That sacred flag, that long has
waved,
Dead heroes graves above

And which Americans still praise,
And have not ceased to love
America has just begun
The carving of the way
For greater freedom yet to come,
And that great glorious day.
When this world shall not be so
small
The whole world's destiny,
Shall forever more deny the right,
Of kaiser, king or czar
To bring upon this earth the blight
And miseries of war.
When nations shall forget their
hates,
And that they ever cursed,
These blessed old United States,
The paradise of earth.

William C. Kenyon
Maynard, Mass.
Friday, April 20, 1917

In the Air over there

We have read with satisfaction,
Of the bravery in action
Of our boys who are fighting over there;
And in our estimation,
There are not in all creation
Any braver hearted boys antwhere;
But we've come to conclusion,
That in all of war's confusion,
There's no fighters who will greater
 danger's dare,
Than those fighting , flying Aces,
With their smiling, Yankee faces,
Who are doing deeds of valor in the air.

'Mid the awful conflagration,
Which has brought such desolation
To a land once, so beautiful and fair,
For the honor of our nation,
And mankind's emancipation,
They are manfully, performing their
 share;
Without slightest hesitation,
Leaving peaceful occupation,
And with little time in which to prepare,
With patriot's devotion
They have crossed the wide, wide ocean
To do battle with assassins in the air.

And they'll soon become a power,
That shall make the Kaiser cower,
And teach him of the Yankees to beware.
They will get the Kaiser's number,
And drive him back defeated to his lair,
As across the sea he sends them,
Uncle Sammy recommends them
As boys whom, no Hums will ever scare;
And 'mid European skies,
Side by side with thier allies,
They are proving to be heroes in the air.

And Uncle Sam will stand by them,
And by thousands will supply them,
To carry on the conflict, over there,
'Till the Hums have been defeated,
And the Kaiser has retreated,
In utter desperation and despair;
And may God see fit to spare them,
Our enthusiastic airmen,
And take them under his protecting care;
For although but few in numbers,
They are daily doing wonders
For the honor of Old Glory in the air.

WILLIAM C. KENYON.

June 28, 1918

MAYNARD'S WOOLEN MILL

Upon the river Assabet,
 Which flows by Summer hill,
 In the old town of Maynard, Mass.,
 Stands Maynard's woolen mill.
 A high, imposing structure,
 The largest of its kind;
 It answers well the purposes,
 For which it was designed.
 If is not a thing of beauty,
 Though planned with greatest skill;
 It was ugly when completed,
 And it is ugly still.
 But perhaps no other building,
 Ugly or otherwise,
 Which has ever been erected,
 Beneath New England skies,
 If more of a monument,
 To thrift and enterprise,
 Than Maynard's modern woolen mill,
 Of such adnormal size.
 It stands as an object lesson,
 Which all may read and know;
 That sometimes, colossal fortunes,
 From small investments grow.
 And that some, small enterprises
 Have lived and thrived and grown,
 Into the largest industries,
 The world has ever known.
 The old Maynard mill was founded,
 In eighteen sixty-two,
 And the tale of how its prospered,
 Would interest a Jew.
 From a small textile industry,
 Employing a few,
 Of the native population,
 It grew and grew and grew;
 'Til its yearly production
 Of precious woolen cloth,
 To thousands of inhabitants,
 Of this old Mother Earth,
 Is a comfort and a blessing,
 No man could estimate,
 Unless he were compelled to live,
 In Adam's naked state;
 And it is well to realize,
 That the town could not prosper,
 That Maynard could not thrive,
 Were it not for its busy mill,
 By some people despised,
 For it's the one, big business,
 Which keeps this town alive.
 Although it is not beautiful,
 Viewed with artistic eyes,
 And though the labor, it provides,
 By sluggards is not prized,

Maynard could not afford to be,
 Of its big mill deprived;
 For an occupation useful,
 It steadily supplies,
 To hundreds of indusctious,
 And useful human lives;
 Hundreds of ambitious mortals,
 Have come from foreign shores,
 And finding behind its portals,
 Behind those old mill doors,
 Profitable employment,
 For their willing hands;
 Have no desire to return,
 To their native lands,
 But are quite willing to remain,
 And daily operate,
 The cards and looms and spinning
 frames,
 Behind that old mill gate.
 There are many faithful workers,
 In that old woolen mill,
 Who have never spoken English,
 And some who never will.
 An enterprising company,
 Supplying all their needs,
 Regardless of their languages,
 Or their religious creeds;
 In exchange for their labor,
 The company has fed,
 Their families while living,
 And buried them when dead.
 It has supplied them with shelter,
 For many days and nights;
 It had provided them with water,
 And good electric lights;
 And about the sweetest sound,
 That a mill worker hears,
 Is the shriek of that mill whistle,
 It's music in his ears.
 It's a most unearthly noise,
 Which dogs and horses fear,
 But the hearts of the mill workers,
 It never fails to cheer,
 For it says, the mill is running,
 And that Maynard will boom,
 With a steady payroll coming,
 Each Friday afternoon,
 To the many mill employees,
 Who are waiting to spend,
 The regular weekly wages,
 Upon which they depend.
 Yes, it says the mill is running,
 And that cards and jacks and looms,
 Are melodiously humming,
 Sweet, harmonious tunes;

While they swiftly manufacture
The cloth for uniforms,
To be by our soldier lads
In foreign countries worn.
The need of the community,
For years it has filled.
And we should all be loyal,
To Maynard's woolen mill.
And never curse the company,
All through the whole day long,
But keep the old machinery
Humming its hopeful song.

WILLIAM C. KENYON

Maynard, Mass.

Yankee Courage

Before the war we often read,
About the old time brand,
Of Yankee courage being dead
In good old Yankee land;
And if old Uncle Sam should need,
A few good men to fight,
The Yanks would for exemption plead,
And show the feather white.
But since old Uncle Sam agreed
To prove his fighting skill,
And do the world a kindly deed,
By thrashing Kaiser Bill;
Our boys, fighting over there,
In Belgium and France,
Upon the land and in the air,
Making the Germans dance;
Have proved as noble and as brave,
As were those gallant Yanks,
Of Revolutionary days,
Who stormed the British ranks.
They've proved that Yankees still are
breb,
As brave as those of yore;
Who faced such hurricanes of lead,
In sixty-three and four.
They've proved that Yankees still are
born,
As brave as any man
Whoever donned a uniform,
For sake of Uncle Sam.
And when they go over the top,
Upon the other side,
The Germans seek a sheltered spot,
In which to safely hide;
For well they know, they stand no show
Out there, in No Man's land,
When at them, Pershing's Yankee's go
With bayonets in hand.
They know that when the Yanks have
gone,
Yelling like men insane,
The German batteries to storm,
In Freedom's holy name;
That they will fight and falter not,
Until the fight is won;
The conflict be however hot,
The battlefield upon.
They know the Yanks will carry on,
'Till Bill his throne resigns;
And Germany, her knees upon
Regrets her awful crimes.

The Lusitania was sank
Beneath the ocean waves;
And German brutes, the foul event,
Celebrated for days.
And our boys, with cheerful smiles,
Lest wives and sweethearts grieve,
Left homes and crossed three thousand
miles,
Of mine infested seas;
To get a chance to do their bit,
To end this wicked war;
And not a Yankee will forget
What he went over for;
They'll worry Fritz until he quits,
And for a refuge runs;
Thoroughly whipped, by Yankee wits,
And modern Yankee guns
They'll hammer at the German lines,
And never fighting cease,
Until the kultured Kaiser whines,
Upon his knees for peace.
And not until those parasites,
The Kaiser and his kind,
To humanity's sacred rights,
Are not so wholly blind;
And outraged Belgium and France,
Are permanently free,
Of German criminals and cranks,
Will our boys be,
Content to pack their old kit bags,
And seek again, once more,
The friendly fields and lofty crags,
Of the land they adore.

WILLIAM C. KENYON.

Friday, November 15, 1918.

BEREAVED MOTHERS

While outside, dead leaves are flying,
 And a north wind shrieks and moans,
 Mothers sad, are sobbing, sighing,
 In their desolate homes.
 Lonely mothers, now are mourning,
 For their brave sons, sacrificed
 In the conflict for the freedom,
 Of a host of human lives.
 Mothers who were the salvation,
 In its struggle with the Huns,
 Of the American nation,
 Through the gift of their sons.
 Sons who, with brief preparation,
 Grappled with the cursed Hun,
 With such grim determination,
 That swift victory has won.
 Weep not mothers o'er the slaughter,
 That deprived your sons of life,
 Over there across the water,
 In those days of mortal strife.
 But thank God they freed forever,
 Over there in foreign lands,
 Millions of brave souls from torture,
 At a brutal tyrant's hands;
 Thank God that they did not falter,
 That they died rather than yield,
 That naught else but death could conquer,
 Your sons on Flanders field,
 Giving and taking no quarter,
 Heeding not physical pain;
 Died your sons, each one a martyr,
 Died and won, undying fame;
 And the cause for which they perished,
 Underneath a foreign sky,
 Shall be ever loved and cherished,
 Not in vain, did your sons die;
 Nevermore shall king, or kaiser,
 Set a peaceful world aflame,
 Driving men to commit murder,
 Until millions have been slain.
 Nevermore shall earthly ruler
 By ambition made insane;
 Commit such foul deeds of horror,
 That mankind will curse his name.
 And no more shall mortal monster,
 With a mad, distorted brain,
 Cause the earth a reign of terror,
 For the sake of earthly gain.
 Weep not mothers, broken hearted,
 For the sons who marched away;
 For the heroes who departed
 From their homes with footsteps gay.

And who bravely fought and suffered,
 That mankind might be made free,
 And whose souls could not be conquered
 By the wolves of Germany.
 They have made the whole world wonder,
 At their love of liberty,
 And though buried over yonder,
 They shall not forgotten be.
 Nobly they performed their duties,
 Through them came the victory;
 And their deeds shall be recorded,
 Written down in history.
 And henceforth when mankind gathers,
 Upon land or on the sea;
 Your sons shall be called saviors,
 Saviors of humanity.
 Grateful nations will applaud them,
 And revere their memory,
 And a righteous God, reward them,
 Throughout all Eternity.
 And some day a watchful Father,
 In the heavens up above;
 Will restore each faithful mother,
 To the son whom she so loved;
 In the life of the hereafter,
 No kaisers or kings shall reign,
 God shall be man's only master,
 Earthly friends shall meet again.

Maynard

WILLIAM C. KENYON

We know he's caused,
Like plagues and wars,
In this land of the free,
Much woe and shame,
And want and pain,
And mortal misery;
Yet men now mourn,
John Barley Corn,
With genuine regret,
Since old John B.
By laws decree,
Has got it in the neck.

For old John will,
Like Kaiser Bill,
For fond friends never lack,
Friends so deceived,
As to believe,
That some day he'll come back.
But it is plain,
That not again,
For many days to come,
Will Tom or Pat
Go on a bat,
And sell his shirt for rum.

For rum and wines,
And good old times,
Will soon forever flee,
Will soon become,
Like Medford rum,
Only a memory.
And ale and beer,
Must disappear,
Will soon have passed away,
But gay coquettes,
And cigarettes,
Will still lead men astray.

But when you're gone,
John Barley Corn,
When you have taken flight,
And mortal Man,
No longer can,
Indulge his appetite,
Then men will feast,
Upon roast beef,
And eat no more tripe,
And with their wives,
Lead peaceful lives
Of perfect, pure delight.

No more will dad,
Go raving mad,
And his children abuse,
Because his wife,
Has not the price,
Of his accustomed booze.
For neversore,
Will daddy pour,
Down his protesting throat,
Liquids which burn,
And which would turn,
The stomach of a goat.

GOOD BYE ~~B~~
"JOHN B."

No more he'll roam
Away from home,
But stay right with his wife.
And eat his grub,
And praise the Lord,
And lead the simple life,
So good-bye John,
You lingered long,
And now that you have died,
The suffragettes,
And anti-wets,
Can take a long joy ride.

Maynard.

WILLIAM C. KENYON.

FRI. JULY 11, 1919

COOPY

While thinking upon the question,
Of the curing of man's ills,
I read that auto suggestion
Is a better dope than pills;
That it's not eating, nor drinking,
Nor the possession of wealth,
But daily, cheerful thinking,
That will lead mankind to health.

That if, when sickness assails us,
We will can all fear and grief,
And believe that nothing ails us,
And just stick to that Belief,
We shall soon be feeling better,
We shall very shortly find,
That sickness is just a matter
Of condition of the mind

That although we may be dying,
Of consumption in each lung,
If the fact we keep denying,
We may live until we're hung;
And that pain, often endured,
By mankind day after day,
Can be permanently cured,
By just willing it away.

So the day I sprained my ankle,
And I had been put to bed,
I determined that I would sample,
The truth of what I had read;
So although my limb was paining
Me more than tongue can tell,
I cut out all my complaining,
And just willed it to be well.

And I thought I'd soon be able,
To rush down the old back stairs,
And jump on the kitchen table,
And over the parlor chairs,
But when I awoke next morning,
And tried to get on my feet,
And without an instant warning,
Tumbled all in a helpless heap.

I arrived at the conclusion,
That healing by strength of will,
Is as much of a delusion,
As Maine's prohibition bill,
And I never from that hour,
For a moment have maintained,
That by using my will power,
I can cure an ankle sprained.

I have given up contending,
That man's will power affords
A successful means for mending,
Injured ligaments and cords;
And am putting my reliance,
Since I have some wiser grown,
In modern surgical science,
When treating a broken bone.

AUTO SUGGESTION
FRI. AUG. 1, 1919

WILLIAM C. KENYON.

Maynard, Mass.

W.C.K.

MY WIFE
by
William C. Kenyon

When at night, I would in slumber, A brief forgetfulness find
Of life's problems, without number, often come into my mind,
Thoughts of loved ones gone before, dear ones, who have passed away
And whom I shall see no more, Until comes the judgment day.

Thoughts of my wife and my mother, and of others, dead and gone,
Come to me and round me hover, haunt me all the whole night long.
I think of Eva, over yonder where I too am soon to be
And I cannot help but wonder, Will she be awaiting me?

Many hours, I've spent in weeping, many bitter tears, I've shed,
Since I left her, calmly sleeping, In old Blandford, with the dead.
Think you that I don't remember, two score years ago and more
When she, with affections tender, used to meet me at the door.

Of that humble cottage dwelling in the busy little town,
In which we, but few friends telling, Wedded were and settled down,
And where we, good health pursuing, and with love of nature filled.
Often left the tea a brewing, and climbed a New England hill,
Just to watch the red sun setting, over back of Maynard's Mill.

Near which, I am not forgetting, We had planned a home to build.
The mill in which we for years, pulling hard against the tide,
Overcoming doubts and fears, and misfortunes, bonafide.

In both bright and stormy weather, almost always in accord,
Fought life's battles, close together, and just trusted in the Lord.
And why did He, the Creator, of that home, the skies above,
Suddenly send death, to take her, from the earthly home, she loved.

She who when, grim death was nigh me, prayed the Lord my life to spare,
Came and stood faithfully by me, helping me my pain to bear.
She, who never would deny me, more than my real share,
Of what money could not buy me, her sympathy and her care.
She whose affection won me, and who served me long and well.

Waited day and night upon me, loved me more than tongue can tell
Has now crossed the silent river, her sweet spirit has gone West,
And henceforth, shall know forever, naught but peace and happiness.

I had wished that she'd outlive me, I for long the boon had craved
Of having her, always with me on my journey to the grave.
For she was to me a treasure, of incalculable worth,
Bringing to me hours of pleasure, and contentment upon earth.

And when she, from earth departed, leaving me henceforth to roam,
Here and there broken-hearted, with but few friends and no home.
On the day that God bereft me, of the best friend that I had,
Earthly hope and courage left me, and it seemed I would go mad.

Oh "Tell not to me your troubles", says a once pretended friend,
For I too, have had my struggles, and Mister, you may depend,
If you are one of the many in this troubled world today,
Who of friends have few, if any, and are helpless, old and gray.

Then you are, just one of millions, who need to kneel and pray,
For God's mercy and protection as you travel life's highway.
And tho' earthly friends, forsake you, If you'll still trust Jesus Christ,
Until death, shall overtake you, you shall see again, your wife.

You shall see again the hair, in which she took so much pride,
That she gave it thoughtful care, till the very day she died.
Her face will be bright and sunny, her cheeks of a rosy red.
While her lips, sweeter than honey, from bees upon nectar fed.

Will be asking, Have you missed me since they laid me 'neath the sod?
And do you want now to kiss me, and to live with me and God?
And tonight I shall rejoice, and forget that I'm alone,
For I'll hear again her voice, calling "Will, come home".

And I know, that my dead brothers, Five of them in yonder skies,
And my dead sisters and mother, bright and shining spirit eyes,
Always a watching over me, like good shepherds watch their sheep
And often standing before me, when I close me eyes in sleep.

In memory of Eva, by her husband, William C. Kenyon.

Written February 6, 1938.