

Nancy Hanks.

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volume (see and)
(Macmillan 1914)

Prairie child,
Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
Nourished you?

Brave and mild,
^{Sage & sweet}
Sweet and soft
Mind of light,
Heart of fire —
A ^{thing} ~~soul~~ all valor
And ^{brave} glad desire.

Rolling plains
Of billowy green,
Far horizons,
Blue, serene;

Lofty skies
The slow clouds climb,
Where ^{twining} burning stars
Beat out the time —

These and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Baffled longings,
Hopes untold —

This first manuscript
sent to Rev. Wm. L. Barton
Harriet Monroe

Chicago
July 14, 1926

Presented to
the Library
Feb 1909
and in this
volume (bound
1880-1890)

Heavy shadows
From the clouds
Drops of rain
What waters of wonder
Bewildered you?
Rough and rocky
Sweet and soft
Rains of light
Heart of grief
A heart all vain
One year hence

Presented to
the Library
Feb 1909
and in this
volume (bound
1880-1890)

Heavy shadows
Of heavy years
For brighter
These answers

Presented to
the Library
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Left a chair
The above leaves behind
When burning stars
Dust out the time

There are the answers
Of future hope
Of future hope
Hopes untold

Gave to you
A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters
~~And down~~ ^{Brave} desire.

Oh,
And when youth's rapture
Went out in pain,
And all seemed over,
Was all in vain?

Oh soul obscure,
Whose wings life bound
And soft death folded
Under the ground;

Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew,

To you at last
Our praise, our tears —
Love and a song
Through the ^{nation's} ~~middest~~ years!

Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise,
~~A flag at the grave,~~
~~And a wreath of bay!~~
A battle flag
And the victor's bays!

Harriet Monroe

~~made of~~
Gave to you
A heart ^{soul} of fire,
Love like deep waters
Wind-driven desire.
life obscure
soul imprisoned
Oh valiant ^{soul} youth
Whose wings life bound
And soft death folded
Under the ground,

Dear to you
A heart of fire
And a hand of power
Which shall lead us
Through the darkest night
To the dawn of day
And the light of truth
Which shall guide us
Through the storm of life
To the harbor of peace
And the land of rest
Which shall be our home
Forever and ever
Amen

Nancy Haubel

Prairie child,
Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
Nourished you?

Rolling plains
Of billowy green,
Far horizons,
Blue, serene;

Lofty skies
The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
Beat out the time:

These and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Baffled longings,
Hopes untold,

Gave to you
A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters,
Brave desire.

Ah, when youth's rapture
Went out in pain,
And all seemed over,
Was all in vain?

O soul obscure
Whose wings life bound
And soft death folded
Under the ground,

Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew:

To you at last
Our praise, our tears,
Love and a song
Through the nation's years!

Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise,
A battle flag
And the victor's bays!

Harriet Tuomee

First published in the
Lincoln Centennial Number
of the Century Magazine—
February, 1909. Later in the
author's book of poems, You and I.

Henry Thoreau

Oh when gentle night
Shall come in
And all around
The old in nature

O soul serene
When night is here
And soft stars
Shine in the ground

Waking day
Still and true
How good in nature
And never known

To you at last
Our power returns
Love and a song
Through the winter years

Winter of the year
Our tears, our power
A little sleep
And the winter's day

Henry Thoreau

When the
Day is long
And all around
The old in nature

When the
Day is long
And all around
The old in nature

Waking day
Still and true
How good in nature
And never known

To you at last
Our power returns
Love and a song
Through the winter years

Winter of the year
Our tears, our power
A little sleep
And the winter's day

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