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[Daby]

Duluth, Minnesota
April 11, 1947.

Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt,
New York, New York.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

The day after your husband's death, I sat down to write you a letter. The radio was on as I wished to listen to the Comments. Instead of writing the letter, I dashed off these verses. I did not feel them worthy of sending them to you at that time. I am sending them to you now, for I feel that you may appreciate them more at this time.

I am a teacher in the public school, while I think you were the head of a private school.

With all good wishes

I am very truly yours,

Francis A. Daby
Hamilton Hotel

Handwritten notes in left margin:
The President is dead!
No longer can he take his friend by the hand.
No longer does he govern our fair land.
Another rules instead.
The President is dead!

The President Is Dead

-Frances A. Daby-

The President is dead!
No longer can he take his friend by the hand.
No longer does he govern our fair land.
Another rules instead.
The President is dead!

A Friend is dead!
Nations in grief do mourn him.
Enemies no longer scorn him.
They pay tribute instead.
A Friend is dead!

A Warrior is dead!
Close friends knew what he had to fight.
Trodden peoples knew he stood for right,
And their black fears fled.
A Warrior is dead!

A Father is dead!
The whole world sheds a silent tear.
Strong sons are bowed beside his bier,
Yet must look ever ahead.
A Father is dead!

The President lives!
And though our hearts with grief are rent,
Father, Warrior, Friend, and President,
To us his strength he gives.
The President lives!

April 13, 1945