Dec - Deg

IN MEMORIAM.....F.D.R.

(Dedicated to Eleanor Roosevelt)

Oh weep, poor World,
Have you not lost
Your kindest Friend?
His heartbeat stilled,
His Love for all Humanity
Is but a Memory.

The Poor Man's Friend,
He ever was
A bitter Foe of Bigotry;
And though benighted Prejudice
Is rampant as of yore,
We all must carry on the Fight
As bravely as before.

A Man has died,
A Man with Friends
A Billion more than enemies;
A Statesman Great
One honored everywhere;
A Benefactor of Humanity,
A Championof the Rights
Of the Oppressed
He was acclaimed
But still despised,
Belittled, ridiculed,
Lampooned and vilified
By his detractors;
For though a Human be as great as He,
There'll still be some,
Who, wrapped in utter selfishness,
Will doubt his magnanimity.

Let's hope and pray
The day will come
When all Humanity
Will be as One
In loving Brotherhood
And heartfelt Sympathy.....

de Ford Marquis

Copyright '47

Thank Library

537 Carson St.,
Norristown, Pa.
Jan 21, 1947.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

There is no greater Love for music than mine and of those who feel the way I do. I would rather sing or listen to music and hear others sing, than eat. So, therefore, about (2) Two months ago I had started on impulse to write songs. I have been writing songs since and have approx. 26 songs which are well liked and are being typed by my Attorney for Copyright with the "Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. – With this letter I enclose a song for the "memory" of The Late President of the United States. May he rest in Peace. And I wish you, To read it and accept it, First, Before I have it Copyright, I would like to hear from you as to whether or not, you like it. If you should and would like to have it printed in any way You would wish, You may

de Francisco

and you may have it to distribute among your good friends and it may also help "The March of Dimes" campaign.

I am waiting to hear from you, Mrs. Roosevelt, to know if you accept this as a help towards this Campaign or for your personal keepsake. I sincerely wish to be helpful to a drive for March of Dimes. Which your Beloved husband had founded. May we unite our minds to more & more thoughts toward this Campaign.

Thanking you Sincerely
I remain
Yours Truly
James De Francesco

March of Dimes

Our President, Who rests in Peace
Up in Heaven Above;
Loved by All- O'er the World
He bore All people's Love

He gave his thoughts, To Crippled Ones
And Little Children, Dear
The "March of Dimes," For those, To heal
Have given him Their Cheer

Don't forget those boxes, Folks
"that Collect your Dimes"
Remember Franklin Roosevelt
The man of Modern Times

We'll All Remember, that we gave
Our Dimes, We just don't miss
For a Cause, that is So Great
A Drive you can't resis(t)

words by: James De Francesco

537 Corson St.,
Norristown, Pa.
Feb. 3, 1947.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I wish to thank you for accepting my "Song" Lyrics of which I have dedicated to your Beloved Husband. And also, For sending it to the Library at Hyde Park.

I do wish for the whole World to read it as They too may Remember that it was Your husband who "Founded" The "March of Dimes"

I have also written a "Song-Lyrics" to his Everlasting Memory, But,

DeFrancesco

In Memory
Of:

Franklin Delano Roosevelt.
the Late,

President of the United States
of:

America.

By: James A. De Francesco

In Memory,
Of A Man So true
Who Served both Flag and
Country, too

In Memory Of The Life he
Gave
We pray each Day, By his
Grave

In Memory
Of A Victim, Of "Polio,
When Young
For No Other Phrases,
Above Him, Will be sung

All these Thoughts of Crippled
Children
Are Memories, In their Hearts
What Greater Grieveness, is there
When Death, tears Friends
Apart.

By: James A. DeFrancesco

I have decided to change this and not make a song of it, except, for a "Poem".

I wish too, for the world to read it because they have all loved him and still grieve for him in their hearts. Again, Thank you, and advise me as to whether or not, you think I should go on writing "Poetry" as I am only beginning to write and have written approx., forty. I am now waiting to hear from my Song writer

for the results, As to whether
or not a song I have
written will be "Published"
This song is "titled"
"Don't Say You're Sorry"
My best wishes that
you like this Enclosed "Poem"
"In Memory"
Of Your Husband.
Thanking You for
myself and One-hundred
thirty million Americans
For Your Faith In:
March Of Dimes
Sincerely Yours
James De Francesco.

537 Carson St.,
Norristown, Pa.
Feb. 20, 1947.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I do wish you don't think me of imposing on you but I just can't seem to put an end to my writing "Poetry"

It's more than that, I, myself, thought the world of your husband. Now, I am showing it to you by writing "Poetry" as I have been sending you.

I am thinking of paying a visit to N. York in the spring and would like very much to pay a visit to you. Please accept these "Poems" of Dedications, Which I send you.

WE W
FAIA
HOW
HAD

And I sincerely wish I was able to write one for each of the members of your family.

I am concentrating on starting a "Book" on: The late Presidents Worst Enemy: "Infantile Paralysis" I know very little about this Enemy of "Good Health." But I will learn more about it as I write the Book.

Thank you for your kindness in accepting this enclosed "Fala"

Sincerely Yours
James De Francesco

"Fala"

Your Master's Gone
To Heaven, Above
No More to be near
To Show you his Love

No Roar of the Motor
No "Whistle" you hear
But your Master's Spirits,
Are Always near

Fala, You Loved him
A Pet, He Loved you
On tours Far and Wide
You were There by His Side

The World, Knows you Miss him
For They Miss him too,
But God up in Heaven
Loves your Master, Too.

We Wish we Could Tell you
Fala, we Would
How Much Love your Master
Had Gathered on Earth

We Know there in
Heaven,
You'll be by His Side
And Travel the
Heaven,
Like Earth, Far
And Wide.

By: James De Francesco
537 Carson St.
Norristown, Pa.