Harf - Harn
"A Good Man"
(Franklin Delano Roosevelt)
1882 ___________ 1945

The city streets were silent, the populace shocked and grieved, Stunned, at first not believing, that the Nation stood bereaved, From the eyes of old and young alike, the tears un-heeded ran, And their lips poured forth this tribute, "He was a good man."

Through the roar and din of conflict through the glare of battle's flame, Over turbulent and angry seas the sorrowful tidings came, And strong brave men stood silent, and white beneath their tan, With heads bowed low they whisperd, "He was a good man."
Workmen paused in war plants, and stilled the clang of steel, In shuddering dry eyed grief, that only such men feel, They bared their heads in silence, then softly it began, A rustling whispering chorus, "He was a good man."
Across the mountain fastness, across the fertile plain, Where workmen felled the forest, and farmers sowed their grain, Where delved the toiling miners, where wrought the artisan, The whisper grew in volume, "he was a good man."
In stunned benumbed abeyance, such as world felt sorrow brings, From the lowliest of hovels to the palaces of kings, From king and priest and ruler, from saint and charlatan, The reverent words re-echoed, "He was a good man."
At Christmas Time
May old joys gather round you
On happy Christmas Day.
And new joys come to join them.

A long, long while to stay;
May Christmastime be merry,
With hours all too few —
And every day bring gladness.

When New Year comes in view.

Marie De Forest