

Meyer: A-2

[Meyer, M.]

Lucerne Park, Maryland

January 30, 1947.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Two years ago on that fateful afternoon of April 12th I, along with countless other people in this universe, heard the heart-breaking announcement that caused an entire world to mourn the death of one man.

Mr. Roosevelt was indeed dear to the heart of every American, and regardless of race, color, creed or party his death was suffered personally by each and every one of us.

I hoped to capture this feeling and

express it in my poem I wrote two years ago  
which I have enclosed.

Hoping I have at least partially  
succeeded I remain -

Very sincerely yours,

Mary Louise Meyer

Now, Commander Sleep-

O God! Look down on this world today  
With an understanding and generous love;  
Hear us, and our urgent plea for help  
In this hour of darkness, dear Lord above.

As we stumble amidst the death and pain  
Reach out, and with Your guiding light  
Aid us to rise up, to fight again,  
For freedom from fear, for justice, for right.

Our leader has relinquished his very life  
For his country, for all mankind;  
And putting an end to suff'ring, savage strife  
Now falls upon your shoulders and mine.

Still and white he lies-face pallid, lips drawn,  
Sleeping-he is now granted his sucease;  
Hushed and calm he lies-tired, taut lines gone,  
Dead-he is now granted everlasting peace.

He toiled long and hard, work without end;  
Building dreams he hoped one day would come true.  
Exhausted he fell, haggard, yet loathe to death  
He was ready when taps finally blew.

Kind words, worthy praise, drowned out by the din  
Of sarcasm, rarely reached his ears;  
Radicals, fanatics, with their rash criticism  
Though powerful, were the least of his fears.

Now Commander, sleep! Lay down your tools,  
Make the sea, the battlefronts, America, your bed!  
In every heart there breathes a phrase which says;  
"Our commander is living-though dead."

*Lill*

Mary Louise Meyer  
Severna Park,  
Maryland.