

SPEH-SPIB

Spencer

JANUARY 30th., 1947

This is the birthday of a man of greatness
Leading all other greatness in the war.
Oh, don't you hear him bidding us re-ignite
And carry on the flaming torch he bore ?

"The fight has only started, Men and Brothers!"
His voice comes back to us from far ahead --
Is it an echo of our own convictions ? --
"It is not I, but you yourselves are dead!"

"Through all the storms that threatened to destroy her
Our ship of state rode free, and will again;
And all the world will ride to freedom with her,
But you must 'quit yourselves like living men!"

"There is no time to lose! A foe more deadly
Confronts you now than any you have known.
A foe that needs but breathe and in that instant
All creatures under heaven are turned to stone."

"I led you once, and still my spirit calls you
To follow on. The road is daylight clear.
Join hands in fellowship; abandon hatreds;
Determine love shall take the place of fear!"

Hazel W. Spencer