

Miller F-2

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THE DEATH OF OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

April 12th, 1945

On the twelfth day of the month, April
Was heard a tremendous thunder peal
That the greatest and noblest heart became still.
Everybody, like a dagger piercing his heart felt
When he heard the sad news about President Roosevelt.
A man, who was good, bright and very clever
Suddenly left his beloved country forever.
A man, to his sickness and weakness did never yield
Fell like a brave soldier on the battlefield.
Day and night, one thing occupied his mind
How to make secure the world with peace for mankind.
Stretching out to everyone his warm hands
Uttering the sweetest words "My friends"
The great leader, who really knew how to lead
Everyone alike, no difference between race and creed.
A man who saved his country, first, from depression
Second to keep far away from us any aggression
Third, to keep the policy of being a good neighbor.
He asked the people for toil and hard labor
And when things reached to the highest of height
And victory was so near to everyone's eyesight
Everything looked already so shiny, so bright.
Suddenly it was turned into darkness of the night
By the loss of the leader, at the end of the fight.
To we, the people, it looks very wrong, not right
His bereavement now looks to be done for spite.
But his reward will be joy and delight
When his soul will abide with the eternal light.

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