

CHANL - CHAP

— Library

801 Diehlman Ave. S. E.  
Mansfield, Ohio  
Aug. 26, 1946.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I know that a poem is a small tribute indeed to pay to a man who was too gracious for arrogance, too noble for jealousy, and too close to God to let small human hates touch him. However, will you accept "Requiem" from one who thought a great deal of the late president?

Meanwhile, you have my prayers for your continued well-being.

Respectfully,  
(Miss) Nell Chapman

REQUIEM

In memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

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The world had steeled itself for death that day,  
Anguish was an old, familiar fright....  
It was not strange to see  
Eyes dulled by misery,  
Or hear of one more heart that broke  
Beneath the crushing yoke of gathered tears.  
Death was no alien thing,  
For those were desperate, and trying years.

But we had not become innured to pain.....

As if to test the measure of our strength,  
Across the shuddering earth, there came  
At length,  
A tense, hushed message,  
Stammering a name.....  
"We interrupt, - - We interrupt," it said,  
"The world must know,  
The president, -- is dead."

We heard, and stood in awe and unbelief,  
He, who with matchless fellow feeling  
Bore a troubled nation's grief,  
Lay still in death.  
The tired heart,  
Too burdened with the common weal and woe  
Had ceased to beat, to know, to feel  
The country's sorrow.  
The voice that millions knew to say, "My friends,"  
To rich and poor alike,  
Of it, we could no longer borrow faith.

O let him lie!  
If there be regions where the valiant dead  
At last, may rest,  
He will not lose the trail.  
He'll find, unerringly, that haven of the blest.  
For steadily, by night and day,  
The blazing light of battle stars  
Upon his breast,  
Will guide him on his way!