

Grosse - Gru

389 E. 48 St.  
Bklyn. 3. N. Y.  
Dec. 4, 1946

~~Secret~~  
My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

May I present  
you with a poem, which I  
have originated, in honor of  
the late President?

I've always held  
such confidence and thought  
so highly of the man, that  
I had to put it in writing.

I sincerely hope  
that you keep this poem,  
as a remembrance.

Yours truly;

Sheila Gruner

You took your oath, of office in 1932,  
For President of your country, for the red, white and blue;  
You served us well for twelve long years,  
In spite of many hardships and fears;  
The only president in office so long,  
But with a man like you, we never went wrong.

A man like you, so great and wise,  
The news of your death, took us all by surprise;  
Why did it have to happen to you,  
You, who served your country so true;  
Now, there you are sleeping in the ground,  
A peaceful slumber, without a sound;  
You worked so hard, and need that rest,  
So God put you to sleep, for he knew best.

Although, we lost you, we cannot cry,  
For so great a man, can never die;  
And in our hearts, of locked up sorrow,  
We'll think of you in another tomorrow;  
You were taken away, from a world at strife,  
Where our fighting boys, lost their life;  
You tried so hard to make us free,  
To bring our boys, home from across the sea;  
We won this War, we are glad to say,  
Because we know, you'd want it that way;  
And when our troubles, have all passed by,  
We'll pray for you, so great a man, never can die.

By: Sheila Gruner  
389 E. 45 St.  
Bklyn, N.Y.