ROSE – ROSEN

Cyril Gordon Rose
Old Hook Road
Westwood, New Jersey

November 19, 1946

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park
New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Sometime ago my sister in England sent me the inclosed, concerning President Roosevelt.

The thoughts expressed are so beautiful and in keeping with my sentiments, that I thought perhaps you would like to read same.

Words fail me to express adequately in what high esteem I hold the late dear President Roosevelt.

Sincerely yours,

Gordon Rose

C. G. Rose

[illegible] Roosevelt

[illegible] the grandeur of [illegible] pressed the fight
Great heart of a great people [illegible] with enfeebled years
It was a glorious flame that [illegible] and triumphant, prince among the peers
Blazed so resplendent at this tragic [illegible] strove for Freedom, Truth and Right,
To scotch the Teuton menace, brand their [illegible] who kept a shining goal in sight.
And hearten peoples woefully oppressed [illegible] firm on earth and head among the spheres.
We mourn thy passing! Yet thy well-earned rest [illegible] Praise be to God! Nought is here for tears.
Was over-due. A spirit so sublime [illegible] kindled this bright torch in our dark night
Known not such measure as of years and hours [illegible] That, down the future, shall a lustre shed
But makes the goal and gains the victory [illegible] Luring to broader freedoms, nobler ways.
With sheer intensiveness of noble powers [illegible] Be there no sombre requiem for the dead!
In utmost consecration. Such renown [illegible] This quality our lives our dole of days.
Shall lend a lustre to thine honoured name [illegible] Baltimore, grateful, lays upon his tomb
As matches even Lincoln's deathless fame [illegible] and memories of an immortal bloom.

LEWIS H. COURT