SMITH BROS - SNYDER

718 N. Rocheblave St.
New Orleans 19, La.
Nov. 1, 1946

SMYER

My Dear Madame,

Realizing the grief which surely came to you after the death of your husband, the late President Roosevelt, I have tried in my simple way to offer a consolation.

The wound of the heart is not so deep now, but like that of the nation, it shall never heal. Never has there lived a man of such ability and yet what character filled his soul!

I have enclosed a poem of my own composition which I have tried to make my very best. Long have I dreamed of the day when I would put the wants, desires, and happenings of realistic people into beautiful poetical compositions, called poems.

This is certainly not a masterpiece of any sort, nor what my favorite poets, Longfellow, Shakespeare, and Poe would call a good start. I have attempted, though I have failed, to express the nation's deepest feelings over the departure of so honored and great a man. There are forty-eight lines

to the poem representing each state.

My greatest ambition is to become a poet. I would sincerely appreciate any suggestions or advice you may wish to offer concerning my vocation.

I am fifteen years of age and a student in the junior class of Wc 35 High School.

Please forgive me for awakening sorrows once at slumber.

Respectfully yours,
Audrey Maria Smyer

Ode

Ah! Thou art gone from this abyss
To a life of far more sweeter bliss
Ye left us severed and full of pain
Just before thy greatest gain
So mind ye this we say to thee
'Twas painful as hard as seldom be
To suffer that dreadful, painful loss
But each one had to bear the cross
Which the scourged Christ hath sent
To remind us His back was bent
By every evil that is stood
And every sin by manly-hood
But didst leave one bright flower
On this earth good deeds to shower
She will guide us safe from harm
If we stand beneath her arm!

Yea now! sorrowful we stand
To the temper of a mournful band
Thou art gone from us apart
But lingers still in every heart
Of every nation, weak or strong
Which stands for right and never wrong

Both weep for thee, the young and old
They heard the cry thou hath sung
They tell the same great, truthful story
Of thy fight for greater glory
Not for self but for this nation
Which to save from all damnation
Sacrificed all pleasure and thyself
Though not as gay as the dancing elf
But for the struggle of thy years
Thou art high amongst the sears!

Summers far will come and pass
Whilst thy lie beneath the grass
Spring up the flowers will and bloom
To deck thine honored solemn tomb
The minstrel boy shall roam and go
The one that ye had lovēd so
Your battle cry shall rise and ring
Each time the nation cease to sing!
Blue waters will roll on and on
By the winds thou hath seen blown
O'er all four corners of the earth
To some peace-loving, gentle hearth
And deeds great; ye hath sown
Are springing up to be known
And O Captain! we love thee so!
Surely these things thou must know!

Lang. 1889