



MEMORIES

by

**Eleanor
Roberts
Baltzell**

1956

© 1956 by
Eleanor Roberts Baltzell

FOREWORD

THIS LITTLE BOOK of MEMORIES has been such a pleasure to me to prepare that I have put it into print for the pleasure of anyone interested in the Poetry of Everyday Life.

ELEANOR ROBERTS BALTZELL

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
May, 1956

Printed for
ELEANOR ROBERTS BALTZELL
361 North Craig Street
Pittsburgh 13, Pennsylvania

THIS WORLD

In eons of the Long Ago,
Of countless realms of time,
The Mind of the All Highest
Conceived a thought sublime.

A thought of mystic wonder
Of a world in beauty born,
In the splendor of a sunset,
In the glory of a morn.

We do not know the reason
For our Maker's wondrous plan,
But we know we bear His Image
And his love for every man.

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER

The carillon at Valley Forge
Rings through Freedom's Air,
It chants the thanks of a nation
For the answer to a Prayer.

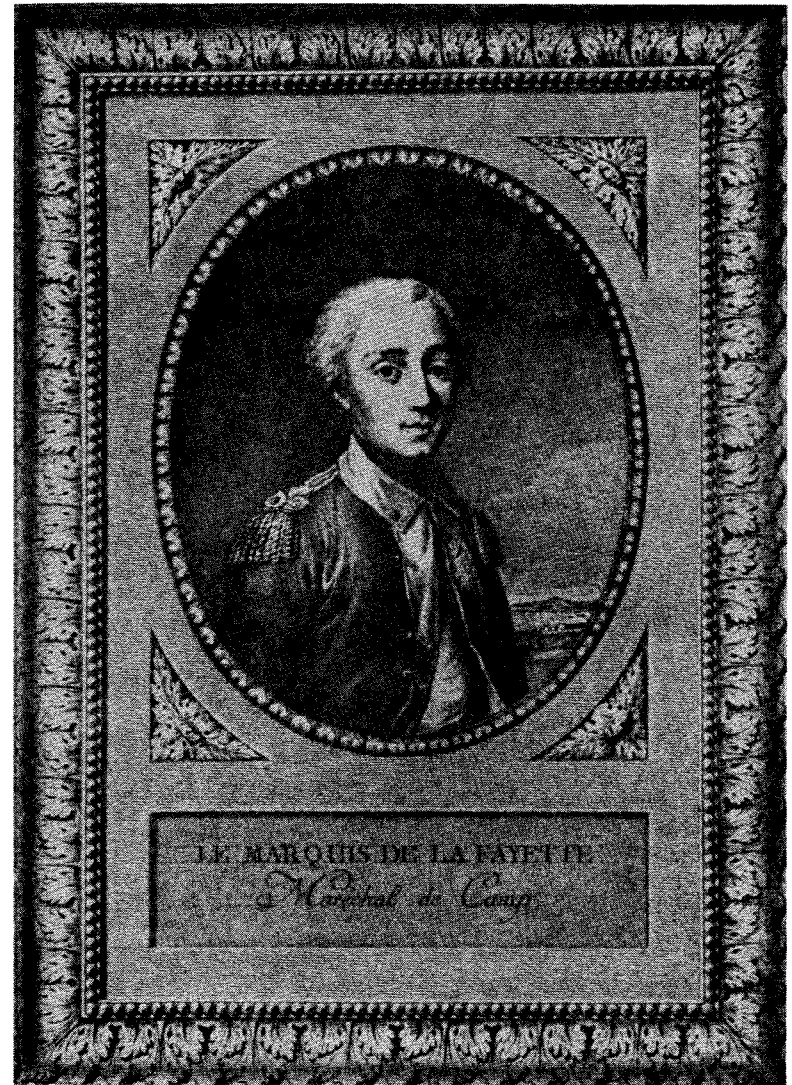
A Prayer that forever echoes
Down the corridors of Time;
The faith of a noble leader
His trust in a Power Divine.

For the sunrise of a nation,
For the souls of valiant men,
Who passed through Golden Portals
To that Land beyond our ken.

O valiant hearts we praise Thee
We grasp from your parting hand
The weapons to guard this Freedom
Our Heritage! Our Land!

Washington's Prayer was answered
When LaFayette appeared
With Rochambeau and that noted Fleet
The power of France was feared.

For Cornwallis saw the writing
On history's walls of fame
And England lost an Empire
When the French Fleet came.



LE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE

DOCTOR FELIX REVILLE BRUNOT I

Foster Brother of
Marquis de Lafayette

Arrived in the American Colonies in 1776

Medical Advisor
to Washington's Staff
and also to Fort Pitt

Settled in Pittsburgh in a Medical Career

Office on Liberty Street near Union Station

Residence "Hill Top" overlooking Penn Ave.

Summer home on Brunot's Island in the Ohio River



Summer Home of Doctor Felix R. Brunot on
Brunot's Island in the Ohio River

FELIX REVILLE BRUNOT II

Grandson of Dr. Felix Reville Brunot I

1828 - 1898

* * *

Married Miss Mary Hogg of Brownsville

* * *

Mr. Brunot was important as a promotor of important Pittsburgh institutions and business enterprises. He was

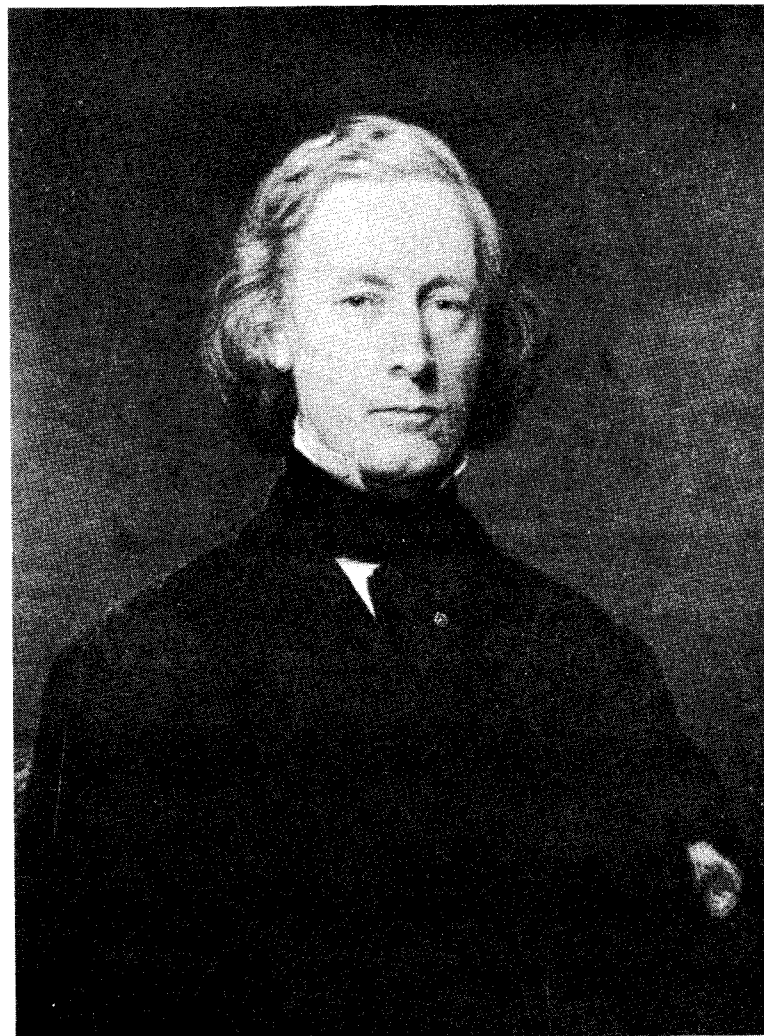
Director: Western Pennsylvania Hospital
Allegheny General Hospital
Monongahela Navigation Co.
Bank of Pittsburgh
Safe Deposit Co. of Pittsburgh
Allegheny Cemetery

Trustee of the University of Pittsburgh

President, First U. S. Board of Indian
Commissions

Organizing Member: Allegheny Telescope
Association

Active Member of Episcopal Church



FELIX REVILLE BRUNOT II

A FLAG IS BORN

Out of the mists of yesterdays,
Thro' endless skies of blue,
In Sunset reds, and white of stars,
A Flag is born for you.

A Flag of colors from the Skies!
Hold high that banner Free!
Until the sacred Stars and Stripes,
Shield all Humanity.

THE FLAG SPEAKS

Ring down the causeway of our years
The Ensign of our Nation sounds a call,
A trumpet note of triumph over fears
For freedom lost, for Country, for our all!

We hear, in our two oceans, ceaseless surge,
We see, in all our forests, stately trees.
And e'en the winds of Heaven bring to us
This message of the Flag, on every breeze.

Awake! — America — Arise,
A newer day fades out the night.
Fling wide, across the world's gray skies
Your shining stripes of red and white.
And above those gleaming bars
In Azure fields of Heavenly blue
The orisons of all Thy Stars
Beseech Almighty Grace for you.
Almighty Grace — that you may give
To wavering Nations Courage new,
Their cross to bear — their right to live
Their Faith in Prayer — In Fields of Blue.

* * * *

Dedicated to
The Monongahela Valley Chapter of the D. A. R.

THE ARMY SONG

All hail our Country's noble Army,
Many millions strong,
Who guard our homes and little children,
And lead the people on.
The Army! The Army!
The Army leads us on.

From frozen lands and southern sunshine,
From East and Western Sea,
Our army's onward march for freedom,
Will always ever be.
The Army! The Army!
Will always ever be.

With mighty weapons of the future,
With our grand Flag unfurled,
We raise the Sacred Torch of Freedom,
The hope of all the world.
Our Army! Our Army!
The hope of all the World.

HYMN TO THE D. A. R.

O Daughters of the Spinning Wheel
the Distaff and the Stars,
Who hear the shot that roused the world,
still ringing down the years.
Keep ever bright that Sacred Torch
your Father's and your own.
The Torch of Freedom, God's own gift
to mortals, traveling Home.

Across your land, from sea to sea,
from every distant shore,
The cry of men for Freedom's Gift
will echo evermore.
O heed the call, of fettered souls
still struggling to be free
And raise aloft your Country's Flag,
the Flag of Liberty.

NATIONAL D. A. R. SONG

The Spirit of Seventy-Six is our might,
Our Emblem the Star blazoned wheel,
The Torch of our Fathers, we keep burning bright,
Our object, this Great Country's meal.

From Ellis Isle, to the far Golden Gate,
In lands over many a sea
Our Starry Wheel, tells the old story straight
Of that Torch — of man's liberty.

Of life as free as the flight of birds,
As sure as the course of a star,
May Heaven guide all our deeds and our words,
And bless us — The D. A. R.

TO PENNSYLVANIA

O Pennsylvania — thou whose call
did sound across the sea
A summons to the souls of men
to worship God with thee,
And share the freedom of thy hills
thy fertile, watered plains
And, underneath, the hidden wealth
of priceless mineral veins.

Who softly cradled in thine arms
life's holy gift to men,
The Magna Carta's fairest flower;
it bloomed for William Penn,
And flung its fragrance o'er our land,
o'er mountains, vales and plains
The fragrance of a newborn world,
a world where freedom reigns.

Thou Keystone of the Colonies!
thy creed of brother love
Solves every earthly problem,
with wisdom from above.
O glorious Pennsylvania!
our trust to thee is given
To guard thy children's heritage,
and guide their steps to Heaven.

* * * * *

Prize winning song of Music Contest
conducted by the Pennsylvania State
Society Daughters of the American
Revolution.

PENNSYLVANIA'S PINE FORESTS

O Stately Pine!
Thou symbol of Eternity!
With evergreening-verdure
Lifted to the skies in Praise
Teach us thy Faiths;
In a returning Spring,
Thy perfect trust;
In our Creator's Plan,
That all our aspirations
Like thine own
May point forever
To the Home of Stars
O Stately Pine!

SUNSET ON THE TURNPIKE

A dream of Pennsylvania,
A silver ribbon—drawn
Across the miles of smiling hills
Forever leading on.

Stately pines and dogwood
And frosted maple trees
Flaming a farewell promise
Of springtime's dainty leaves.

Light from God's own lantern
Daily guiding the way,
Mid scenes of breathless beauty
Until the close of day.

When it enters the shining Portals
Of the Glory of the Lord
Bidding us to follow
Where the Lamps of Life are stored.

PITTSBURGH RIVERS

Nowhere, in this land, is a gift so replete
As Pittsburgh's good fortune, where two waters meet.
By Washington Heights their union is blest,
As they mingle at Pittsburgh, then speed to the West.

A Saga of Sorrows! were Colonial Years,
When Pittsburgh's bright skies rained terrified tears
Which we try to forget, by such remedies
As Tablets of Bronze, and Memorial Trees.

And along all our Rivers, close to each brim
Bright flowers now chant, a great votive hymn
To Old Fort Pitt's Block House still guarding alone
"The Cradle of Pittsburgh"! Our Waters! Our Own.

THE FORT PITT BLOCK HOUSE

Built by Colonel Bouquet in 1764.

What! Tear Fort Pitt's old Block House down?
The Cradle of our dreams!
And throw it to the thoughtless crowds
Intent on modern schemes.

Fort Pitt! The refuge of the West
From torture, fire, and sword;
And this, "The Block House," was her eyes
To watch the river's ford.

Up-root her fine memorial trees?
Destroy each glorious scroll?
Which tells of victories men won
And how they paid the toll.

The Cradle of Futurity,
And all Triangle Gold
Was rocked, within old Fort Pitt's walls
And saved, within that fold.

Beware the fate of nations past
Who scorned their source of power
They faded, from the world of men,
Forgotten, -- e'er their hour.

* * * * *

Dedicated to

Mrs. William J. Crittenden, President of the
Fort Pitt Society Daughters of the American
Revolution of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

GERTRUDE SPRAGUE CARRAWAY

TO GERTRUDE

North Carolina's heart was thrilled
When her Daughter's Star was born
To lead a host of valiant souls
To the Sunrise of a Morn;

A Morn of hope for a future,
For a new world free from war.
A world of fields, as yet, untouched;
A dream of the D. A. R. !

* * * * *

Miss Gertrude S. Carraway
President General, National Society, D. A. R.
New Berne, North Carolina.



President General
National Society
Daughters of the American Revolution
1953 - 1956

AMELIA NEVILLE OLIVER
Mrs. William J. Crittenden
Charter Member National Society D. A. R. No. 520
Pittsburgh Chapter No. 7

TO AMELIA

Sweet Spirit of the D. A. R.
Whose early memories shine
Like radiance from a friendly Star
Across the sea of Time.

A radiance that will linger
Like sunshine after rain
Or long forgotten music
Of a stirring old refrain.



Regent
Pittsburgh Chapter
1932-1934
President
Fort Pitt Society
1940-1956

PANSIES

Some say the thoughts of Angels
Are left in a pansy bloom
Like golden threads for mortals
To weave in life's drab loom.

Close to God's earth we find them
And from this source of power
We think we see in their beauty
A miracle come to flower.

Oh, little purple pansies!
In the clang and clash of wars
You bring us thoughts of peace and love
From far beyond the stars.

Thoughts that keep us steady
Through agonies of strain
And faith in forgotten sunshine
That often follows rain.

EDITH DARLINGTON

Mrs. Samuel A. Ammon

National Member No. 593
Pittsburgh Charter Member No. 6



Regent
Pittsburgh Chapter: 1900 - 1909
President
Fort Pitt Society
Daughters of the American Revolution
of Allegheny County
1900 - 1919

Planned and sponsored Pennsylvania State Law
No. 156 which protects all historic buildings and
lands from condemnation in Pennsylvania by
right of eminent domain.

HER GOLDEN HAIR

In memory sweet of other years
When life was young and days were fair,
I seem to see, through misty tears,
The yellow gleam of my Mother's hair.

I hear her lovely voice in song
In laughter gay and reverent prayer,
Our skies were bright as we danced along
Like the golden gleam, of her sunny hair.

At the end of a path of shining strands
I see her standing, free from care,
With smiling eyes and beckoning hands
And a great white light on her golden hair.

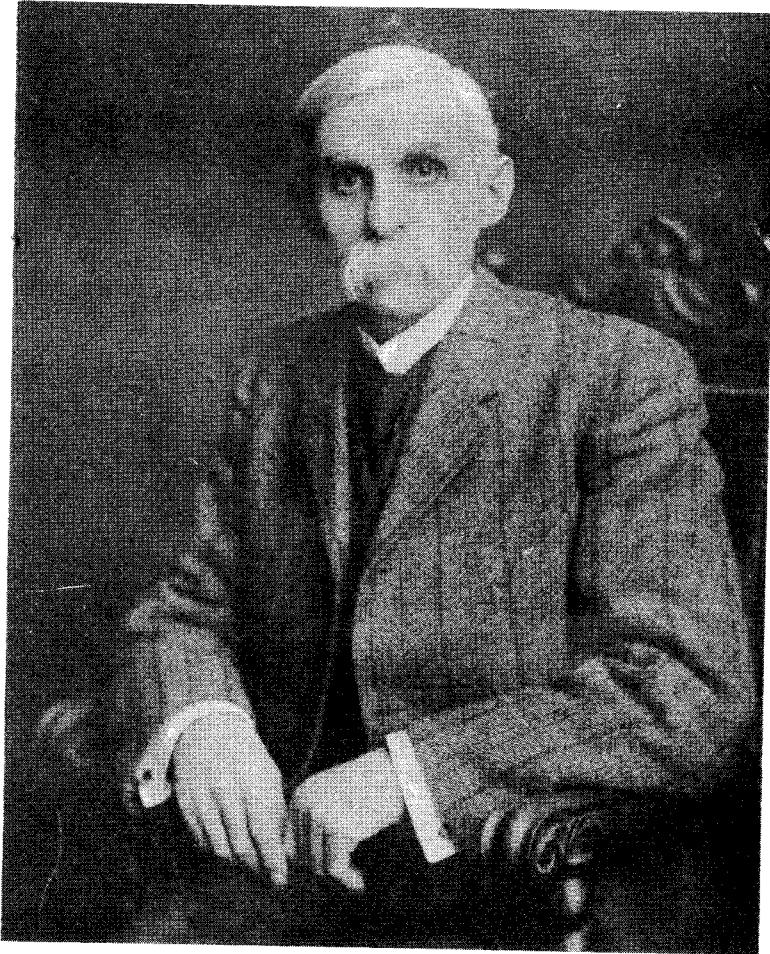
A BELOVED MOTHER



JULIETTE CHRISTY ROBERTS

Mrs. Thomas Paschall Roberts
of
Pittsburgh, Penna.

A BELOVED FATHER



COL. THOMAS PASCHALL ROBERTS
United States Engineering Service
Pittsburgh, Penna.

1843-1924

WORD PICTURES

Life of Thomas Paschall Roberts, II

We did not know him when he was a boy
When first he learned the charm of wooded hills,
And leafy glens—and wild birds' notes of joy
And broader visions of far distant hills.

But with the cadence of his mellow voice
He oft turned back, for us, the fleeting years,
And painted pictures with the brush of words
In vivid colors, blent in smiles and tears.

T'was thus we saw him by his Mother's knee
And heard her teach his infant lips to sing:
"A charge to keep I have" — "Abide with me";
Sweet childhood tributes, to his Heavenly King.

And then, we see a picture sweet and pure,
A boy of sixteen summers' waking soul,
To music turned by clever "Aunt McClure",
From whom he learned the song "Take Hence the Bowl".

Again the magic brush—a picture paints,
Of college days—Don Parker—"Fred and Cole"
Julia Watts—Lid Biddle! Some of them were saints
But all of them beloved, what'ere their role.

And then we voyage to a southern clime
And breathe the fragrance of Brazilian nights,
And sense the beauty of the harbor line
That Rio rims round Corcovado's heights.

Then homeward bound, once more 'neath northern skies
And life and love take up the Glass of Time
Till, in those silver sands we meet his eyes
And we are one with him in love sublime.

The years speed on—the pictures wider grow
Across the screen of our maturing minds,
"Vast mountains scaled" and "Harnessed rivers flow"
"The Glacial Epoch" — "flowers" of many kinds.

The mystery of each scintillating star,
The baffling subject of the milky way,
Along uncharted lanes his thoughts ranged far;
He pictured them, for us, like some great play.

He loved us—and these marvels he had learned
His every bygone hour, he fain would share
With us, while life within him burned
We entertained an Angel unaware.

And now—mid newer scenes—we try in vain
To catch a message from those stars above
To hear an echo of his voice again
To learn his sweet philosophy of love.

* * * * *

Dedicated in deep affection
to the memory of my Father

OJIBWAY NIGHTS

On The Detroit River

My Bed Light

Long since, across the sky, nights' curtains fell,
No longer, from my window can I see,
The river's sheen, the pathway—to the dell
The beauty of the gardens tapestry.

The deepening shadows, raise a nameless dread
Of dangers to my loved ones near and far
My vaunted trust in human faith seems fled
When—Lo! The night, holds forth, a shining
star!

Within the quiet darkness, oft I lie,
Upon a restless couch, in fear, and fright
And doubt, of a Creator's watchful eye;
I touch a key! A miracle! A light!

* * * * *

"River Front"
Ojibway, Ontario
January, 1934

THOMAS PASCHALL ROBERTS, III

O Noble Soul!

Whose patient life of sacrifice
Is a flame of golden memories
That lights a gleam of hope
For tired hearts.

A Light of Hope!

For us, whose faith in paths you trod
Along that "Avenue of Light",
Leading us—like little children—
Home to God.

A BELOVED BROTHER



THOMAS PASCHALL ROBERTS, Jr.

Pittsburgh, Penna.

SHADOWS ON THE GRASS

"Sometimes I see—
Long shadows in the grass",
Jewelled with sunlight
As along I pass,
Guiding my footsteps
Where my dear ones are,
Where Earthly sunshine
Fades into—a Star.
Years that have passed
Seem all—just idle dreams
Seasons have gone
Along life's silver streams,
Gone with the years
And sunshine—to that Home—
Where loved ones call me
Wait for me! — To come.

ELEANOR CHRISTY ROBERTS BALTZELL

Mrs. William H. Baltzell

Charter Member National Society D. A. R. No. 675
Pittsburgh Chapter No. 27



Treasurer, Fort Pitt Society, D. A. R. of Allegheny
County, 1898-1919
Treasurer, Pittsburgh Chapter, D. A. R., 1898-1901
Advisory Board, Pittsburgh Chapter, 1902-1905
Historian, Pittsburgh Chapter, 1905-1910
National Magazine Management, 1949-1954
Composer, State Song, 1941, "To Pennsylvania"
Author of "Memories"

THANKSGIVING

O heavenly Father, Whose almighty Hand
Doth paint the pictures in the skies:
The blush of dawn,
The golden glory of the rising sun,
The pageantry of clouds and sunset hours,
The evening Star, when day is done.
For this inspiring symphony of color and
of light,
Thy children thank and praise Thee for
the blessed gift of sight.
We thank Thee for the little singing brooks,
For murmuring trees and tinkling waterfall,
And, vibrant in a silver strand of sound
A bird's ecstatic call.
On high, we watch the 'Music of the Spheres'
Swinging in vast arcs of harmony,
The heavenly chorals of eternal years,
Until, within the silence of our souls,
In wondering awe and reverential fears
We sense a Universe attuned.
In deep humility we thank Thee.
O gracious Father, grant us grace to hear
An echo of those chorals round Thy throne,
The songs of angels and the praise of saints
We loved and lost, and who are now Thine
own.

* * * * *

Dedicated to the memory of Rev. Walter T.H. Cripps
Assoc. Rector Ascension Church, 1948.
He selected this song, "because he liked it."

EASTER EVE

On Easter Eve they saw the sun
Fade in a blackened sky
And daylight die, as one by one
The blood stained clouds swept by.

We watch again! That night of dread!
The darkest ever known
When He gave us—sacrificial bread
And we gave to Him—A stone!

We live in a world gone far astray
From the World He would have us know.
God help us all to see the Way
To that Home we now forego.

BAYBERRY CANDLES

On Christmas Eve
I wish, for you,
The Bayberry Legend
To come true--
That your candle flame
will hallowed be;
Joined to Christ's
Glorious Harmony
Of Light; as He passes
your window's gleam
And leaves His Blessing.
"This Christmas Dream".

Then, when the Old Year's
hours wax few,
On your window ledge
you burn anew
That Hallowed Light,
whose radiant cheer
Will guide you
through the coming year.

HOME LIGHTS

Through winter's cloak of misty gray
I think I see your home lights glow,
And all the somber clouds today
Fade in that warmth like melting snow.

And round the windows, open wide
Wisteria blooms and roses rare
And at the door step, lilies guide
My footsteps through the perfumed air.

This is your home! Where roses climb,
Where love and sympathy abide
Like perfume in this dream of mine
Of flower rimmed portals, open wide.

* * * * *

Dedicated to

Mrs. Arthur St. George Ellis
Ontario, Canada

TO
MARGARET NELSON

The lilt of life's lyrics!
The music of the spheres
Expressing thoughts of harmony
And beauty thru the years.

Her charm of personality
Like fragrance of sweet flowers
Create a lively memory
Of music's happy hours.

* * * * *

Honoring
Mrs. John Evon Nelson
Regent
D. A. R. — 1940-1944

TO BETTY

I wander through the rooms you used to know,
I touch your treasures with a tender hand,
The spinet desk—beloved books—the slender bow
So mutely waiting here your quick command.

A lilting lyric from your clever pen
Enfolds me with it's haunting melody.
Across two worlds the lines float back again -
And thrill me - like a poignant threnody.

"Sometimes your words are in the falling rain
And I have heard them through the rustling leaves
Though sorrow comes with autumn's blight again
The thought of you makes rich life's scanty sheaves."

Another lyric - this one for the boy,
You held so close within your mother arms,
Filling his every waking hour with joy,
Guarding his slumber from the night's alarms.

"Oh don't you wish and wish that we
Could sail a boat out on the sea.
Then climb the moon path to a star
And ride the great white clouds afar.
Some say that they are far too light
To hold us kiddies safe and tight.
But often, when I lie and dream,
The finest kinds of ships they seem."

Oh you have garnered well life's scanty sheaves,
And with them left a trail of beauty here,
As onward—up that moon path—to your star
You mount the higher levels of your sphere.

* * *

Dedicated to:
Mrs. James Milnor Roberts
Pittsburgh, Penna.

EVENTIDE

Good night! Dear one
May angels guard your sleep
Till blush of dawn
A rosy vigil keep.
May daylight shine
Thro all your waking hours
Sweeping your heart strings
With a song of flowers.

Good night! Sweet dreams
In all this world of mine
Of all the stars
That in my heaven shine
You are a light
The guidance of my way
The light of hope
For happiness some day.

* * * * *

Dedicated to
Caroline N. Carlin
Pittsburgh, Penna.

TO
DR. E. STANLEY WEIMER
of
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

O busy nature, bound by hidden chains
Of ceaseless research
In uncharted lanes
To free the helpless from the fear of night
And give them hope
To see the morning light.

May many blessings crown your great career
Of work fulfilled
So wonderfully fine
That countless thousands
Watch nights shadows clear
And see the glory
Of the daylight shine.

GREETINGS
to
ALBERT HAY MALOTTE

O Valiant Heart!
To Christian worship born;
Who sensed the majesty of sound
In the rhythm of the stars,
The rotation of each morn.

To Him —
Our humble thanks we owe
For cadence of our greatest prayer
Our refuge in the storms of life
And trust in our Heavenly Father's care.

* * * *

Dedicated
to
Albert Hay Malotte
Hollywood, California

DREAM CLOUDS

Over the garden of my heart
In seas of heavenly blue
The dream clouds of life
Come floating by
Bringing me thoughts of you.

One of them carries your darling smile
Another your laughter gay
Memories of a cheerful hour
When you kept some tears away.

I send my dream clouds back to you
Through golden tinted air
Reflecting many pleasant hours
In which I was glad to share.

* * * * *

Dedicated
to
Mrs. Robert E. Davison
Ben Avon, Pennsylvania

CITY WINDOWS

City windows! — looking down
Along smooth lanes of a busy town
On endless waves of traffic borne
Unceasing—moving—night and morn
Clanging, shouting—shifting gears
Changing speed as the red light nears
Crashing ahead for the right of way
Trucks-limousines -in appalling array.
O city windows! look up, not down.
Forget the strain of the crowded town,
For over each lane of earth born desire,
Runs a ribbon of blue, through radiant fire.
And over the city's farthest line
The great blue skies are forever thine
And the promise of heaven's eternal care
Is ours, if we but look for it there.

* * * * *

Dedicated
to
Miss Agnes Morgan-Dean

Windsor, Ontario

TO A WHISKEY BOTTLE

Oh crystal cruse—that did so lately hold
Within thy gleaming grace a gift of gold -
The very spirit of the God sent grain -
A cure for human ills, an ease for pain.

Didst thou once hear a high and clarion call
To hold thy restless mighty strength in thrall -
And like the metered voltage of the wire -
And cheery warmth of friendly household fire -
Ease life's tired traveller on his upward way
That leads to rest and peace of perfect day?
Didst hear that call?

Or didst thou loose those fearful hounds of hell
That lay in leash beneath that pungent smell,
And like the unchained lightning of the skies,
Or devastating flame where all life dies,
Didst rend and wrack a helpless weakened soul -
A world worn mortal, straining toward a goal.
Didst heed that call?

Where once the scent of rich bouquet arose
A lighted candle burns and bravely glows
As though before some penitential shrine
Its waxen grief drips down in melting line
Until thy crystal grace transformed appears
A thing of beauty, cased in pearls—of tears.
God save us all

* * * * *

OJIBWAY WINDOW PICTURES

On The Detroit River

Within a mighty river's stately bend
There lies a level plane of wooded land
Where tall trees wave—and graceful lilacs blend
Their beauty with the waters silver sand.

Upon this splendid sweep of shaded lawn
There stands a long and many windowed home
Oriented true, greeting the dawn
Dialing the hours, across the grass and loam.

East windows frame a picture of the morn
That lift the weary soul to heights anew,
To further effort—and to hopes new born
In bright fresh colors of the sky and dew.

The quiet garden, fields, and woods afar
Awake to life, when first the sunrise flings
Its golden farewell to a fading star
And casts a halo round all common things.

And in a northern window's ivory rim,
A yellow gravelled drive, sun-flecked sword;
An emerald carpet to the river's brim
Where silver beach and copper beech stand guard.

When evening shadows fall at close of day,
Across the northern skies the search lights flare
To guide the weary flier on his way
With flashing fingers through the misty air.

The southern picture shows a fairy land
Green velvet stretching nearly half a mile
Flanked by tall pines on either hand
That cast long shadows on the velvets "pile."

And where this verdant vista fades from view
Huge chimneys rise; fond hopes for future years
Whose smokeless outlines break in distant blue
"A Spanish Castle," blurred in human tears.

Then to the west—an ever changing surge
Of tree fringed waters—flowing deep and swift
A highway—where two nations needs converge
And share the treasure of a priceless gift.

Oh Western windows; as the sun sinks low
You frame a picture of my native shore
In poignant harmony the colors glow
Sweeping my heart strings with sweet dreams
of yore.

Ojibway, Ontario
1932

TO
MAUD
THE LITTLE CAPTAIN

Sweet little lady — with chestnut hair
Sailing your trim craft—on shifting seas
With shining decks—so clear and fair
And canvas stretched to life's changing breeze.

Firm little hands on the guiding wheel
Signaling cheer to each passing friend
Steadily keeping an even keel
As straight to the stars, your course, you bend.

Dear little lady, when close you fare
To that starry harbor of hopes fulfilled
May bells ring out and bright lights flare
And your welcome be oceans of joy fulfilled.

* * * * *

Dedicated
to

Mrs. William F. Morgan-Dean
1117 Victoria Avenue
Windsor, Ontario

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Some time ago—in a pretty town
A Christmas Angel fluttered down.
In her soft white arms, was a little boy,
Which she gave to us with our Christmas Joy.

And every year, she seems to be
The "Christmas Spirit", come to see
The family group, the Christmas tree
And that little boy, so full of glee.

* * * * *

Dedicated to the
Rev. John Bannister Gibson Roberts,
born on Christmas Day.

THE STAR

Oh Christmas Star!
That did so bravely shine,
Leading the Shepherds
To the Child Divine!
Shine once again
In this—our hour of strain—
Of warring lands
And battle cry's refrain.
Pull back, for us,
The curtains of the night;
Show us the Dawn
Of Peace, by Heaven's Light.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

At Christmas time the bells ring out
The joy of a world to cheer,
And holly blooms in bright festoons
In the windows far and near.
And in the Light of a Strange New Star
The shepherds watch is tolled,
And wisemen coming from afar
Bring gifts, to a child, of gold.

And as we ring life's curtain down
On memories sweet of early years,
We light the lamps of understanding,
The glory of a future
Free from earth born tears.