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On the Death of a Friend

Florence Whitehead

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Dear Mrs Whitehead.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

I have made a few changes in your sister's poem. Will you see whether she agrees to have it published this way?

When death came to our dear friend
On whom all nations could depend,
Shocked and grieved, we shed tears
To be remembered through the years.

He gave his life to win the peace
He worked so hard preserving peace
Forgetting God on him had lease
His friendship and kindness ~~was~~ *was* shared by all,
The great, the meek on him could call.

M. C. H.

One of our few leaders born
Who made it a practice not to scorn,
The weak, the helpless, and enslaved
But to them all his efforts gave.

A man whose efforts knew no length
A Sampson, a towering pillar of strength
One with whom the world has dealt,
A humanitarian was Roosevelt.

Unselfishly, he did his job
To quiet Europe's war-torn mob,
Always striving, hoping, praying
For the peace with lives we're paying.

Looking forward to a bright day
When freedom's light would cast its ray,
And all the world would again be free,
Just as we've always dreamed ~~it~~ would be.

Rest quietly, ~~my~~ friend, your work is done,
But ours is only half begun,
We'll do our best to carry on,
Trying ~~now~~ *harder* that you are gone.

The chief is dead, *yet* long live the chief,
~~But~~ *we* are compensated in our grief,
For ~~you~~ *he* has left a wondrous plan
To be completed by God and man.

~~(This should be the third verse.)~~ By Florence A. Whitehead

omit
omit

So it is NOT HARD for us to explain,
How one MAN won so much FAME,
The world will remember his sober FACE
IN which prejudice, there WAS NO TRACE