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Poets Corner

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Poet's Corner

Nightfall

Slowly the great sun sinks to his rest,
 Flooding with color the glorious west;
 The little birds now are asleep in the
 trees,
 And gently is sighing the soft summer
 breeze—
 Twilight has come.

The long heated day is now over at last,
 Its trials and sorrows are all of the past,
 In the blue vault of heaven stars slowly
 appear,
 And the evening is quiet and grateful
 and clear—
 Night has come.
 —*Olive B. Smith, '17.*



Warfare

Battles fierce have swept the land,
 Marring Nature far and near,
 Bringing death to all so dear
 Checked alone by God's good hand,
 —*Myra Smith, '17.*



Passing of a Soul

Listen, listen to those bells
 What a mournful cadence smells!
 Some poor soul has passed away
 Far beyond life's night and day.



Autumn

Autumn is here! Autumn is here!
 Grasses are brown and leaves are sere;
 Buds to their winter homes are flying,
 Skies grow cold and flowers are dying.
 —*Marie A. Edwards, '17.*

A Message

O happy little birds, heigh—ho!
 Chirping ever as you go,
 Carry the message true to all
 That this season now is Fall.
 —*Kate Murphy, '17.*



The Blessed Ones

When the golden sun has vanished,
 And all Nature seems at rest,
 They, who all their cares have banish-
 ed,
 Are the souls whom God has blessed.
 —*Leon A. Berry, '17.*



Howardites

Many sons of dear old Howard
 Watch the seasoned squad come out
 Bid them bear that football forward,
 While they give a hearty shout.
 —*James W. Johnson, '17.*



The Monarch

A Monarch lives a life of mortal dread,
 For o'er his head there hangs suspended
 by a thread
 A sword, whose fall would mean de-
 struction swift and sure,
 His kingdom is not fixed, his seat is not
 secure.
 —*Don Goodloe, '17.*

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