

Original Poems
by
Frederick Charles Bush

The hasty guy is every ones foe
When he drives a car along the road
So watch out for him where'er you are
And dont be one to bear his load

Watch where you go, and watch that guy
For though he may put on fine airs
He does not think of you one bit
And for you he ~~has~~ has ~~not~~ any cares.



It is fine to keep out of danger;

To be not careless or hasty;

To wisdom ~~is~~ not to a stranger

If we wish for complete safety.

Don't run into a busy street
Without watching the traffic go by,
When cars rush along, ^a life may be gone;
So of haste it pays to be shy.

Don't have a golden crown washed on you

In this age of reckless speed

When for haste there ~~really~~ is no need

It pays to be alert and wise

If you'd live on earth and not in the skies

'Tis fine to wear a golden crown

But it sure must hurt to be knocked down

When you are on foot, by a racing car,

That leaves you dead and goes ~~—~~ a far.

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WE'RE SURE OF MANY THINGS

"We are sure of nothing but taxes and death".
This statement is simply a waste of good breath,
For we're sure of much in this wonderful world.
We are sure that tomorrow the sun will rise,
Spreading his golden rays across the skies.
Tho' dark clouds may obscure them, they sure will be hurled.
We know that the sun when his days course is run,
Will sink to his rest in the fair golden west,
And the moon and the stars will shine thru the night.
We know that the seasons will come in their turn,
That ice will be cold and that fire will burn.
That no man can change a thing Nature decrees.
We know that the rain will make grass bright and green,
For all of these things we have frequently seen.
And Nature repeats with such wonderful ease.
We know that what has been, still is and will be.
Tho' we see them not, others living will see.

RINGS

There are rings on which the Fairies dance,
And rings where the clowns in circus prance,
There are rings to decorate the ears,
And rings that form round the eyes from tears,
But there are also bubbly rings of soap
And diamond rings that revive girls hope.
There's the wedding ring both engraved and plain,
But either will serve to change her name.
There's rings that are blown from a cigar or pipe,
And fade away like a page from life.
But of all the rings that please us best,
Is the family ring where we sure find rest.

TRUTH VS. FALSEHOOD

If in this life your aim be Truth,
Truth, pure in word and undefiled,
Can you to falsehood ever give
An answer gentle, soft and mild?

Can you, when error's head be raised,
Carefully pick the words you use,
If you, in truth, say what you mean,
As down the stream of life you cruise?

Can you, with Truth your aim in life,
Kill a big lie with honeyed tones?
Or will you bring the lie to earth
And crush it as with cobble stones?

A statement's either false or true,
A part of either, we should shun.
A fraction of a lie's a lie'
If partly true, it's also one.

A pretty falsehood is a lie,
Behind which cowards often crouch;
A brave man's not afraid to hear,
The liar cry "He's got a grouch".

For me, my motto e'er shall be,
To strike each lie I find, forsooth,
And folk may say when I am gone,
"He hated lies; he loved the Truth".

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WORK AND SUCCEED

Watching the birds that flit about,
From dried branch to withered stem,
Seeking the food they crave so much,
Which the cold snow hides from them,
Filled with the hope that they will find,
If they faint not by the way,
A tiny bit to tide them o'er,
'Till there comes a brighter day;

I turn my head from lazy men,
Who find it too cold to work,
Begging for what they ought to earn,
From others who will not shirk,
A duty, but who bravely fight,
For all things that their dear ones need.
The birds just work, why cannot man,
Learn from the birds and succeed.

THOUGHTS

This lesson I've learned in my short life,
That I think is worth revealing;
More sorrow is caused through want of thought,
Than through malice or want of feeling.

In warfare the private runs the risks of battle, and the general wears the medals. In private life the rich man donates, to charities, the money which he skimps from the wages of his employees.

THOUGHTS

Not the heart but the brain is the seat of the mine
And the mind realizes ev'ry emotion,
On its surface there floats, all the things that we know.

As straws and great battle ships rest on the ocean
The heart is supreme in poetical writings,
They name it the jewel box in each fond lovers breast,
The brain's the resort where emotions are tested,
And it gives birth to thoughts wide as east from the west.

How mistaken to say then "Love burns in my heart",
Or that "Hatreds sore canker my heart eats away".
'Tis the thoughts in the brain that make us or mar us
The brain is the lamp that lightens our way.

GATES OF HEAVEN

Before the Heavenly gate, there stood
A soul who longed to enter in'
But Peter asked him of the good
Done during life, and of his sin.
The soul tried hard to think of deeds,
Of goodness, he had ever done,
But only sins could he think of
Yet Peter smilingly said "Come,
"Tis not the good deeds openly done,
Nor money or things publicly given'
"Tis little kindnesses long forgot
Which open wide the Gates of Heaven".

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REGRETS

When I look back and mark the misspent years,
And, thinking what I might have been, shed tears
For that which I am not,
“Tis bad for me if idly I repine
And hide my candle so it cannot shine,
For it might help a lot?
But if I brace myself to win the race;
Bestir myself and with a smiling face
Determine yet to win.
No matter what the obstacles may be,
Though mountainous they may appear to me,
If I with faith begin,
I'll conquer though the whole world stand arrayed
Against me and attempt to make afraid,
The spirit that is me,
And what I might have been I yet will be
And worldly plaudits will acclaim that “He
Is what he wished to be”.

GIVE THANKS BY GIVING.

One day in the year for Thanksgiving we keep
And give thanks to God for the harvest we reap,
For clothing, for food, and very much more,
For the duty and pleasure of helping the poor.

Then think, ere you sit at the rich, festive board,
Of the blessings bestowed by the hand of the Lord;
And if you still wish him to add to your store,
Win his smile of approval by helping the poor.

CAPTAIN I MUST BE

I am the Captain of my soul,
(Small ship on life's great sea)
For I alone am in control
He gave command to me.

Above me stands my Admiral
To whom I bend the knee
While I'm in charge of this one ship
Its Captain I must be.

His sailing orders I've received:
I cherish them more each day.
He gave them to every captain
To guide them on their way.

But He's the Lord, High Admiral,
Over ev'ry ship at sea;
To sail my ship as He commands
Its Captain I must be.

(A reply to William Ernest Henley's Poem “Invictus,”
ending with the line, “I am the Captain of my soul.”)

UNTITLED

It is fine to keep out of danger;
To be not careless or hasty;
To wisdom be not a stranger
If we wish for complete safety.

Don't run into a busy street
Without watching the traffic go by
When cars rush along, a life may be gone;
So of haste it pays to be shy.

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A SMOKER'S THOUGHT.

The bowl of a pipe is the whole big world
To the burning tobacco therein.
The lighted match, when once applied,
Makes it glow with vigor and vim.
And like a man's life it glows while it lives
And casts out its feeble ray,
Till the tobacco's reduced to ashes at last
And its smoke is wafted away.

Oh! How many lives like the tobacco
Go out after a pitiful glow
And nought leave behind, to impress the mind
Or a single good action to show.
They are gone for ken and the world jogs on,
No better for the lives of a day.
Like the smoke from the pipe, no more alight
Their lives have just faded away.

A few good actions and kindly words said
Builds a monument stronger than stone
Long remembered, through the good man be dead
And is sleeping his last sleep alone.
The tobacco is ashes the pipe cold,
And its last smoke has drifted away.
But the scent that it made still hangs around
So we judge of its goodness that way.

CLOUDS

See how the pearly clouds above
Gaze down upon us here,
And sometimes smile with crimson glow,
Or drop a furtive tear.

At times they madly whirl about
Wind-driven, by tempest torn,
Or lie at rest, as oft one sees
A baby newly born.

But when the lightning flash
And the thunders loudly roar\
'Tis then their eyes are hidden
By tears which from them pour.

When winter comes they pile them up
Like castles great and tall,
And frozen tears that we call snow
Float lightly as they fall.

Back of the clouds, both dark and bright
Is always night or noon
The sun by day to give us light
At night the stars and moon.

The silver lining's always there,
Though hidden from our sight;
The clouds must be, or we'd not see
The beauties of the light.

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THIS CARD I PAINT FOR YOU

Flowers I cannot buy for you
As oft I've done before,
For tho' I still have credit
How could I pay the store?
Yet I thank God, who gives me power
To write a verse and paint a flower.
This card I paint for you.

Therefore accept the best I have,
Sweetheart, so good and true,
And know dear girl, if I'd the wealth
Much more I'd do for you
Who stood by me in Sunshine's hour
And still stands by in storm and shower.
This card I paint for you.

Oh! Darling, may our true love last,
Thru until the end
Of time, and in eternity
May our spirits blend.
Know, dearest heart you are the flower
Inspiring me, in this dark hour
To paint this card for you.

Tho' flowers I cannot buy for you
As in days now gone
Your Love for me and mine for thee,
Is not wrent or torn.
Then now, dear love just let me say
Because to-day is Mother's Day
This card I paint for you.

SIDE LIGHTS ON MOTHER'S DAY

LIGHT

"Yesterday a sweet bouquet
And potted plants were given
In commemoration of Mother's Day,
It seemed they came from heaven.
My children each one gave to me a flower and a kiss;
I'll ne'er forget while life shall last that day of joy and bliss".

SHADOW

"Yesterday was Mother' Day,
And my old heart is breaking,
For preparing for those who failed to come
I spent the morn in baking.
And when the day was gone, I cried for all had been in vain,
They know not how neglect can fill a mother's heart with pain".

REMORSE

"Mother' Day is fled and gone
And I forgot to get her
A token of love, no matter how small,
Or write a loving letter.
I'm sorry, for I know how she watched for such a token,
And when she failed to get it how near her heart was broken"

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WHAT IS LOVE?

“What is love?” a young mother asked
Of her little girl dressed in blue.
“Love” said the dimpled five year old
“Is what I gives lots of to you.”
“What is love?” asked a big school boy
Of the girl whose books he carried.
“Perhaps it’s love you---feel for me,”
Thus the girl his question parried.
“Oh! What is love?” the grown man cried
Folding her to his beating heart
“Why love” the fair maid then replied
“Is just a wound from cupid’s dart.”
“This seems like love, but is it true?”
A husband asked of his young wife.
“My love is true but what if you
Grow tired of me in later life?”
Why then, as mother asked of me
I’ll ask of little baby Lou
“What is love dear?” and she’ll answer,
“Love’s what I gives lots of to you.”
There is no love like mother’s love
For the tiny tot that’s on her knee,
Her love contains no selfish thought
It’s boundless as the open sea.

HOWARD BLEASDALE

He had a kindly word for all, Whom he met by the way;
He journeyed on thru shine or storm, And did his best each day.

“Twis hard for him to get about; One foot would scrape the ground,
Yet thru it all a pleasant smile, He gave to all around.

Men loved him for his simple life, His unassuming ways--
His jokes and stories, all well told, and clean and pure always.

His faith in God and man was shown, By all he did and said--
But now, alas, his friends all grieve, For, he, good man, is dead.

His great love for his family, Was known by every friend--
Yet he was left, by all his kin, Alone to face the end.

No relative stood by his bed, To ease the pains of death;
None of them were with him when, He drew his final breath.

“Vengeance is Mine,” the Father said— He knows what they shall
pay,
Who failed to love and cherish him, Whose death we mourn today.

His like we shall not often see: His memory we revere,
And often when we think of him, We’ll drop a silent tear.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

MORE THAN ASHES

The coal being burned in the open grate
Has a heart that is ruddily bright;
Its yellow flares, like golden hairs,
Cast out a flickering light
That shines on the carpet, table and chairs
With high lights, half tones, and shadows dark,
That hints of the blackness to come
With the death of the last spark.

So with the life that burns in our bodies;
In youth when all Nature seems springily,
Lips laugh with glee, cheeks glow with health,
Feet dancing then so lightly.
Old age creeps on and our blood is less warm,
Our eyes get dim; thinned are their lashes;
Cheeks grow white, our hairs turns gray; then
We and the coals are ashes.

But something escapes from the open grate
Not found with the waste in the ash pan;
And something lives of him who's gone
That's not found in the dead man;
For just as the ashes, the soot and dirt
Fail to account for all that was coal,
That which we place in the grave does
Not include man's living soul.

Fred C. Bush (1926)

PEACEFUL REST

Why, around this grave, stand ye
With such mournful looks of misery?
‘Tis but clay ye've laid beneath this sod,
The man ye knew has gone to meet his God.

These once weary feet their last slow step have trod;
These once tired eyes have closed in sightless sleep;
The poor, weary body is lying now at rest,
Freed from those cares, which oft have made it weep.

No aching heart is lying in this grave;
No fevered lips for cooling water cries;
No prayer for morning to come and end the pain,
Comes from the sleeper who in this bed lies.

No complaint that the mattress is too hard,
The coverings thin or the night winds bitter cold,
Comes from the sleeper in this bed
When the funeral bell its solemn note has tolled.

But rest for the weary, a long, silent rest,
When heart-aches are ended and the last good-bye is said,
Rest, Peaceful rest, is then the sure reward
Of those who sleep in this, the Lord's own bed.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

ETERNITY

How glibly we speak of eternity
Yet do not know what it means,
Our thinking of it is in terms of time;
An ocean enlarged by streams.
Yet artificial time can never explain,
And each ocean has its bounds,
But Eternity was, it is, will be
Constant aeons of rounds

Without beginning of days or of years;
Forever, how vast the thought.
The mind cannot picture Eternity;
No glimpse of it can be caught.
Shut out the sunlight and the starry skies;
Stop the clock' sit in the dark,
Eternity then may faintly be felt
By us, just a tiny spark.

We mention it lightly, "tis but a word,
Its meaning eludes the mind;
Yet Eternity is a mighty truth
That will leave mere time behind.
Eternity is, always was, will be
When the suns no longer shine
To give life to the artificial thing
That we, poor mortals, call time.

TIME

From rocks that are quite slimy
To walls that are more shiny
And upward to things in the pale
May be aeons of eternities.
Yet if in progression's scale,
No matter how eternities prevail,
Time ne're can be known to fail
If things in sequence run
There must be time.
For yesterday holds what was
But is now a dream.
Today we fail to hold an ever rushing stream.
Tomorrow is not and for us may never be,
This instant of time is all we know of eternity.
Truthfully I wrote "Time is,
It never was, nor will be,"
For time alone is a calculable entity.
Because we know of time,
Its past, its present, and that it still will be,
We must admit that except as time we know nothing of eternity.

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ON YOUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY - 1924

(Written for Mr. and Mrs. John Ackerman)

“Tis fifty years ago do-day
Since you, my friends, were wed.
And fifty years is a long, long time
To share in board and bed.

Folk learn to know each other’s ways
Pretty well in fifty years
Crowded with hopes, with smiles and joys,
Sadness, sorrows and tears.

“Tis not all rosy, every day,
Thru such a length of time;
Clouds will gather, things look black,
When the sun forgets to shine.

But ‘tis when the days are darkest
And life looks dull and drear
There comes a change, the sun pops out,
We are filled with bright good cheer.

You’ve passed thru all the storms of life
And now have reached the shore
Are settled down, high and dry
To wander in storms no more.

But this is your Golden Wedding
Real Gold without alloy
Gold of the finest texture
Golden Argosy of Joy.

Continued

ON YOUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY, continued

Then let’s sing of the Golden Wedding
Of your continued Golden Bliss
Of the Gold threads in your bedding
Of many a golden Kiss.

May you both live long and prosper
As you fully deserve to do
We show at this Golden Wedding
Our Golden love for you.

(John and Sarah Jean White Ackerman married
April 25th, 1874 SLC)

OGDEN, UTAH.

Like an orient gem of purest ray serene,
In a setting of silver, is Ogden seen.
The hills to the north, with their mantle of snow,
In the sun’s setting rays with carmine glow;
While the canyons and ridges which lie to the east
Make for the artist a poetic love-feast.
Thy streets, wide and open; so spotlessly clean.
Like the bed of a pure mountain torrent, still gleam.
Oh, Ogden! I love thee, thy hills and thy rills;
Each fibre within me for thy beauty thrills,
Till my heart is aglow, with thy beauties and worth,
Fair city, the gem of all on God’s earth.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

“PEACE BE STILL”

We read, on the Sea of Galilee,
In a ship, the Master chanced to be,
And a storm arose and all were filled with fear,
But the Master slept.

The storm increased, brought dread and death and wreck,
And all aboard screamed as big waves swept the deck,
But the Master slept.

No longer could their frightened souls endure
Without some mighty help their fears to cure,
But the Master slept.

“Waken! Master, or we all must drown;
The sail is gone; the ship is going down”.
And then again they wept
For the Master slept.

Then He arose and gazed upon the sea:
Storm tossed; wind driven. No more He,
The Master, slept.

Looking kindly on those who before Him kneeled,
These wonderful words from His lips pealed:
“Peace be still”.

The storm then broke,
The waves subsided in answer to His will
And those wondrous words of His:
“Peace be still”.

Continued.

“PEACE BE STILL”, continued

Oh, weary hearts, that throb with sorrow and pain,
Waken the Master! You will not call in vain.
He, whom the sea in storm did at once obey,
Will touch your hearts and smooth your storm away.

Waken the Master--before him bend the knee:--
Your storm will subside, and calm as Galilee
His wondrous Peace your weary soul will fill
As He whispers, “Take comfort, and
In My Peace be still”

IF I, WERE A PREACHER If I, were a Preacher, I'd try to reach
To the soul of the Magdalene
I'd rise to her level to hear Christ speak,
As He did, about her again.
I'd place myself on the mourners bench
Bow my head at his Holy Name,
Claim as brothers the lowest of men
And not feel any sense of shame.
I'd eat with the lowly; sleep with the poor;
Feed them both body and soul.
But if I did these things the world would say,
I was the Christ, come to make them whole.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

POEM ON THE SACRAMENT

Thanks for Thy goodness brings us here today
To offer praise to Thee our God and stay;
To sit at Thy table where the emblems are spread,
Water for Thy blood spilled,
 for Thy flesh broken bread.

Bless'd is the broken bread and sanctified,
And they who eat, in faith, are satisfied
That all the sins committed in a careless way
Are forgiven, for so Thou,
 dear Jesus, didst say.

Emblem of Thy spilled blood, water, we sip
Fills our thirsty soul as it cools the lip;
We thank Thee and praise Thee,
 our dear Savior and Lord
Who wast slain on the cross, be Thou ever adored.

Three days Thou slept, then didst rise from the grave
Thy resurrection is proof we are saved.
Thou didst suffer and die to attain Thy great ends
Thou, dear Jesus, our Savior,
 didst die for Thy friends.

ALL FOR SELF

This existence is but a dream.
We are but shadows moving in a mist
Meeting each other, exchanging thoughts
Intangible as perfume of the rose, sun kist.
We each one think that we and we alone
Are most important in the scheme of things
And every thought or act for others
Is based on the good to us it brings.
All for self, tho' we think the good we do
Is for Tom or Dick, for Mary, May or Sue.
But the world old adage is true today
"Get more for yourself than you give away."

HE DID IT! to (Cap't. Charles A. Lindbergh)
With a mere school boys lunch
 To carry him thru,
O'er land and wide ocean,
 The young hero flew
Modest, yet daring from
 The land of the free
He flew and the next day
 Was in gay Patee.

Miracles happen for
 See what's come to pass
Yesterdays "Flying Fool"
 Today heads his class.
Oh! My chest seems too small
 My heart to contain.
"He did it! He did it!"
 Pulsates thru my brain.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

FOREVER THINE

When I am gone and naught is left of me
 But memory;
When those who loved this mortal me,
 No more see
That which they each and all
 Thought was me,
I yet shall live; I yet shall be
 For I, like them are part of Eternity.
My love will linger round you still
 Forever thine,
And tho' you see me not my hand
 In thine will twine,
And, if danger threatens thee dear one,
 "Til all is done'
Know this, that love that is thine
 "Til death draws near
Will still be thine thru life and after death appears.
Thine as now, thru eternity and all that
 follows years
Yours dear love, while God Himself endures
No end to me; or you, as love all things cures.

WHAT WILL BE, WILL BE

A continent's Span, an Ocean's Breadth may spread,
"Twixt two whom Fate has said, "These two shall wed"

To reach her land, he tempts the treacherous sea,
The ship, it sinks and all are drowned, but he,

Upheld by Fate, supported by a mast,
Will float and reach the maiden's land at last.

He comes to her, brought by the power of Fate,
And each in the other sees their destined mate.

Thus, do not say there is no power in chance,
"Fate plays the fiddle to which we Mortals dance."

UTAH

I want to live and to make my home,
From this State I have no wish to roam.
For here the climate is so rare
I've failed to find its like elsewhere.
Its mountain streams and its Great Salty Lake,
Its sunshine that warms but does not bake,
Its winter snows furnish Christmas cheer,
Its rock formations make it dear.
Its fine fresh air that smells so sweet,
Its wondrous crops of things to eat,
All help to make me think we are
Lucky indeed, who live in Utah.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

THE GREAT LAKES

The mountain streams come dashing down
The canyons of our state,
The wild birds fly from tree to tree
From early morn till late.

The bees from flower to flower flit
Gathering honey sweet
The sky above is flecked with blue
The picture is complete.

The streams flow on through verdant fields
And pastures filled with kine
They meet and form a river which
Flows on so broad and fine.

And now the river weds a lake
Wide with water pure
With mountains mirrored on its face
Which from age to age endure.

And then the waters of the lake
Flow onward with no halt
Till they enter another lake
Whose waters are quite salt.

So 'tis here as in Palestine
The waters work the same,
Jerusalem there, and Zion here,
The same except the name.

THE MOUSIE'S FATE.

Once upon our office floor
Ran a mouse so lean and poor;
O'er his face there came a grin
when he saw a house of tin.

The house was large and all around
Were nice round doors above the ground
And inside he, it made him sneeze,
Could plainly smell some nice old cheese.

Around the house he quickly ran
As proud as an old gentleman;
"Within this house I'll bring my wife
And live the balance of my life"

Was what he cried as he looked inside
That palace fit for any bride;
He thought how pleased his wife would be
And how pleased he'd be her joy to see.

Such were his thoughts as he stepped within
That glorious palace, built of tin,
Out Oh! Alas, how can I state
That little mousie's awful fate

For as he stepped across the door
From inside came a frightful roar
And he was jammed against the jam
And hadn't time to cry out Dam.

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YOU DIDN'T RAISE YOUR BOY TO BE A SOLDIER.

You didn't raise your boy to be a soldier;
(The man who rhymed you first made some mistake)
You raised him 'til your head could touch his shoulder,
Then bade him go for Liberty's sweet sake.

You never raised your boy to be a soldier;
The homes of other lands to violate;
To leave you waiting, praying for his safety
'Till every fibre in you seemed to break.

You, Mother, raised your boy to be a soldier
To fight the dastard Hun on land and sea,
To crush the Hun's might that after the fight
This sweet fair world would throb with Liberty.

This war o'er at last, again his hand you'll clasp
Rest your head again upon his shoulder,
These words in your ears, with kisses for your tears
"Thank God, dear, your boy could be a soldier."

If he died o'er sea, where he went to free,
This thought will make your sorrow seem no blacker,
Your head held high, you'll whisper, "Boy, Good-bye,
I thank God I did not raise a slacker".

Fred C. Bush (All Rights Reserved)

ARBOR DAY

Plant a tree boys, girls plant a tree,
You may not live all its beauties to see;
But if you live, but for your own good
Tis better you died, than on this earth stood.

Plant for the future, whether words, acts or trees,
A farm, a chicken ranch, or a few hives of bees;
Some one will benefit, some one will gain
And, though the world may forget, God remembers your name.

Do good for others, do good with good will.
And your acts will be credits against nature's bill,
When presented to you no bankrupt you'll be
If you plant, for the future, just only one tree.

MOTHER'S DAY

This day has been set apart,
Greater than all others,
For the children of this hemisphere
To show their Love to Mothers.

You, my love, have shown how good
And kind a Mother you could be.
I ask you, wonderful Mother and wife,
To wear this little gift from me.

Your husband, Fred.

May 13, 1928

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THE LESSON OF THE FLOWER.

There grew a flower in the dark green glade,
Pure and modest as a maiden's eye;
It stood alone in the deepening shade
Yet bravely reached up toward the sky.

A broken hearted, weary tramp
Sat by the flower a while to rest;
As he gazed from his seat of green moss damp
A hopeful thought rose in his breast.

That flower, like he, was tied to the sod,
Yet it lived its life in the shady glade;
It stood upright before its God
And its perfect part in Nature played.

Deeply the lesson sank into the heart
Of the weary, tired, reckless man,
Who rose and with a dirt-stained hand
Wiped beads of sweat from his face of tan.

He cried "My wasted past shall be
Deep buried, like that flower's root,
And from that past my future life
Shall upward like that flower shoot".

He sipped no more of the red, red wine;
He lived to be loved by his fellow men
But the flower that raised him above the grime
Is faded as though it had never been.

THE CHILD

(see Virgil's Pastoral addressed to Caius Asinius Pollio, 40 B.C.)

The cries of the prophets of Israel of old
The Sibylline oracles which early foretold;
The poem of Virgil, called the "Pollio"
Prophesied a great truth as many know.
"The Child shall purge our guilt-sins out and free"
The wide world from dread; save both you and me.
Ye, who dare to doubt this Truth, grand and sublime
That Virgil wrote full forty years before the time
Of the birth at Bethlehem whose star did shine
To call the wise men from the East to bring
Their gifts to Him while heavenly angels sing.
All thru the ages one hope has lived supreme
"A Child Shall be born" that has been the theme
Spoken by Hebrew prophet, by Cumaean Sibyl spelled
Thru the Child alone could sin be dispelled.
"Twas not an idle thought of priestly Jew
For witches, known as Sibyls, thought they knew
And among the heathen men looked to see
The Child born on earth, to fulfill prophecy.
He came, that child, Son of the living God,
Did His Father's bidding, passed beneath the rod.
The Child was born exactly as foretold,
And only they deny who thru ignorance are bold.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

MY SWEETHEART.

I've heard of women, grave, and gay,
 With grace and beauty bright;
With lips like coral, teeth like pearls,
 And eyes of liquid light.
But I know one whose soft brown curls,
 Red lips and smiling eye
Are never used to break men's hearts
 And that is why I cry:

She's my little lovely darling,
 She's my sweetheart, bold and true.
She loves me without blushing,
 As so many best girls do.
She will sit without fear on my knee,
 Like a dove upon a bough
And whisper "I have got my book,
 So hear my lesson now".

Although she's only seven now,
 Her love is always shown
By her happy smile when greeting me;
 For I am all her own.
I'm her papa, yet her best beau,
 Can never more true love gain,
Than that she gives without a fear,
 Of future care or pain.

Continued

MY SWEETHEART. Continued
God's blessing on my darling;
 May her future be as fair
As are the thoughts, so sweet and pure,
 That nestle 'neath her hair.
And may no man with evil heart,
 Ever lead her mind astray:
But may she be as pure through life,
 As she is sweet to day.

JOSH HOSKINS

Josh Hoskins ran away from home
 To sail the briny sea;
And on his voyage back again
 The ship was wrecked, but he
By clinging to a broken mast
 Was saved at last, you see:
Safe, except a hungry shark
 Bit his leg off at the knee.

Now Josh, he bought a wooden leg
 And stumped around the town
But strange to say, his corns still ached
 Tho' the shark his leg took down.
Now Josh will buy another leg;
 His path is full of thorns;
He's whittled the old one all away
 Trying to cut his corns.

Fred C. Bush
Moab, Utah

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

A SHIP BUILT FOR TWO - (To the Bride Elect)

To the Happy Days of Childhood
And to Maidenhood adieu,
For Cupid, the Roush Rascal,
Has shot his Dart at you,
And Childhood's Hopes have faded,
And your Dream of Love's come true,
And in voice so proud, you cry aloud,
"I'll now start Life anew".

From the Jolly Town of Spinsterhood,
You'll sail on the Stream of Love
In a Ship built for Two,
Your Hubby and You,
With the Honey-Moon shining above,
And you'll sail to the Sea of Wedded Bliss
And fight all its Storms
With a Smile and a Kiss;
And while Hubby holds fast to the Good Ship's Helm
No Storms that my blow shall overwhelm
Your Brave Ship built for Two.

Your Ship built for Two
Will of course hold more,
Another won't matter, nor will three or four.
The ballast you carry
Must be True Honest Love,
And if you run short God has lots more above.
Hold fast to the Ship then,
Your ship built for Two,
And may Happiness wait
In Life's Currents for you,
With contentment, the Cargo
Of the Ship built for Two.

KATHLEEN'S BIRTHDAY ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1926

Now our appetites sure are departing,
For our tummies are filling up fast,
And I vote that we boost the hostess
And hosts for this splendid repast.

For this is a wondrous occasion;
I think you'll agree it's a dream.
For Kate and the holy St. Patrick
Are both fond of wearing the green.

Kathleen's celebrating a birthday,
While St. Patrick is out of a job,
She's busy as fun playing hostess
But he's drove all the snakes from the bog.

We've eaten an excellent dinner
And enjoyed every bit we have ate
So let every one join in wishing
"Many Happy Returns" to our Kate.

May each year find her feeling younger
And acting as kiddish as now'
May she have lots of pep and real vigor
And no wrinkles appear on her brow.

Sure, I'm wishing a big wish for each one
Who's assembled around me here,
May you look as well and feel as swell
On St. Patrick's Day next year.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

VACCINATION CRAZY, EH! WOT?

They'll vaccinate the young men
Upon their arms so warm'
They'll vaccinate the babies
The moment they are born;
They'll vaccinate the maidens
On the ankle or the thighs;
They'll vaccinate the old men
A week before they die.

Another crazy has struck Salt Lake
Folks are asking "Did it take?"
When you go out
The news-boys shout
"Have you been vaccinated?"

They'll vaccinate the old maids
Upon their modest arms;
They'll vaccinate the sheep and pigs
Upon their separate farms;
They'll vaccinate your auto
And your license number too;
They'll vaccinate the polar bears
And the elephant in the zoo.

They'll vaccinate the roosters
And the hens upon their legs;
Two days before they're even laid
They'll vaccinate the eggs;
They'll vaccinate the table
They'll vaccinate the chairs;
They'll vaccinate the apples
And they'll vaccinate the pears.
Continued

VACCINATION CRAZY, EH! WOT?, continued

They're vaccination crazy,
They'll vaccinate the loon;
They'll climb up when its hazy
And they'll vaccinate the moon;
The sun, the stars, the universe
They are vaccination mad;
They'll vaccinate the sorrowful
And vaccinate the glad.

They'll vaccinate the dogs and cats
They'll vaccinate the fleas;
They'll vaccinate the cabbage head;
They'll vaccinate the peas.
They'll vaccinate the clothes you wear
Your razor, brush and soap
And if you want to hang yourself
They'll vaccinate the rope.

The world is full of jazz and cranks;
It's full of syncopation;
But let us keep these vaccine pranks
Outside of legislation,
Or they'll vaccinate your hydrant
And they'll vaccinate your well;
Then they'll vaccinate your heaven
And make life and itching hell.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

THOUGHTS

Not the heart but the brain is the seat of the mine
And the mind realizes ev'ry emotion
On its surface there floats, all the things that we know

As straws and great battle ships rest on the ocean
The heart is supreme in poetical writings
They name it the jewel box in each fond lovers breast
The brain's the retort where emotions are tested
And it gives birth to thought wide as east from the west

How mistaken to say then "Love burns in my heart"
Or that "Hatreds sore canker my heart eats away".
Tis the thoughts in the brain that make us or mar us
The brain is the lamp that lightens our way.

DON'T HAVE A GOLDEN CROWN WISHED ON YOU

In this age of reckless speed
When for haste there is no need
It pays to be alert and wise
If you'd live on earth and not in the skies

"Tis fine to wear a golden crown
But it sure must hurt to be knocked down
When you are on foot, by a racing car,
That leaves you dead and goes afar.

ONLY A DREAM

In this dream land that we call life
Is love, fond happiness and strife:
Shadows are we so dull and gray
In the light of the brightest day

"Tis not life that we now enjoy,
Be we sweet maid or happy boy,
Or be we young or bent with years
Smiling with joy or filled with tears.

The life we knew ere we came here,
Was full as cannot here appear,
For now, we cannot realize
The joys that in the real life lies.

For when we live, no more to die,
No more to grieve, nor more to sigh,
We then shall be just what we seem
And know that this was but a dream.

We lived before, we'll live again,
We're not awake, as we were then,
This dream will pass and we shall be
Awake through all eternity.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

TO SISTER LILIU

Faith

When all our world seems dull and drear,
Our hearts near stilled with haunting fear,
“Tis then our faith makes plainly clear
This truth that God is always near.
No sparrow falls without his ken,
He knows just where, He knows just when
And if ‘tis so our faith says then
How much more doth He watch o’er men.

Sympathy

How sweet to know that “God is Love”,
Our faith assures us this must be
And He will pour down from above
A wealth of love and sympathy.

Hope

Lift up thy head and gaze on high
No more let it be bowed with grief,
For the great God above the sky
Will surely bring thee sweet relief.

Life

And when again you walk the ground,
Thy spirits bright, thy body sound,
With strengthened faith thy soul will bound,
No happier girl than thee be found.

AUTHORS

Shakespear said “All men are players,
And all the world a stage.”
He might have said, all men are authors
And each man’s life a page.

When all have written on their pages
And God, the Editor-in-Chief,
Shall have them brought from all the ages
And turn them over leaf by leaf.

In presence of their several authors,
Gathered all before His throne,
As He comments upon their labors
Some will smile, but many moan.

Our blood is the ink’ our mind the pen;
Let’s write, each one, for Eternal Fame,
And let us not write that which we fear
Our God to see signed with our name.

UNTITLED

The hasty guy is every ones foe
When he drives a car along the road
So watch out for him wher’er you are
And don’t be one to bear his load

Watch where you go, and watch that guy,
For though he may put on his airs
He does not think of you one bit
And for you he hasn’t any cares.

Original Poems written by Frederick Charles Bush

THE FLOWER

A poor little lame boy, weak and pale,
On his way home from school, one day,
Saw a rose tree torn up root and branch
By a gardener cast away.

He asked the gardener for the tree
And was told to take it along,
His eyes lit up with a grateful smile
And his heart burst forth into song.

He tended the tree with loving care
And it grew up healthy and strong,
But the poor lame boy grew weaker still
As the bright days passed on and on.

He weaker grew and stayed in bed
No more could he tend to his tree
But a neighbor's girl two doors away
Came and watered it lovingly.

A day came when the Angel of Death
Came to set the poor boy's soul free
And also came the neighbor's girl
with a beautiful rose from the tree.

And when the lame boy's soul had fled
From the wasted and senseless clay
His heart was warmed by a bright red rose
From the tree that was cast away.

Continued

THE FLOWER, continued

Take heed, then, as you travel through life
And waste not a single hour
The care the lame boy gave his tree
Brought him that beautiful flower.

THE POETS AIMS

If I were a poet, I'd fathom the depths
Of sorrows, of heartaches and crimes;
I'd search the heights of sublimest souls
For comparison at frequent times.
I'd sing of the beauties of natural things;
Of the sweet smell of mountain pines;
Of the orient pearls that be hid in the depths;
Of art's beauteous colors and lines;
And deep down in the heart of sorrowing soul
Seeds of happiness I would sow,
And the heartaches I'd hasten to soothe and heal
With poetic fervor and glow'
And they who devote their lives to crime
I'd turn from their hideous ways.
For these were the aims of the poets of old
Whose words have survived to these days.