

SONG OF BLACK SAND

The dun deer dies by lick and spring;
The eagle cries, death high a-wing;
And in wait God lies for everything.

By many a gate Death's house is won;
Scalplocks hang straight when life is done;
And God lies in wait for everyone.

The sorriest clod may understand
How Death's dark rod cowers all the land;
But in wait lies God to guard Black Sand!

VOORLOPERS

The road is long across the waste
And they who made the road are sped;
Yet their strong spirit knew no haste ---
Their children wrought when they
lay dead.

Lord God, give us that we may know
The surety our fathers felt;
Faith, that the forest winds will blow
The dust of towns where we have knelt!

From "A Son Of The Cincinnati"