

These are Mostly Poems
of Courage in time of need.

Please return all this 'if you cant use it
thank you

"

"

1
By Nora Robbins-

Feb. 1944

On a tall and ~~lonely~~^{lovely} mountain

Neath clouds dark and threatening

I Stood in the wind and rain

And ~~gazed~~^{LOOKED} with heart felt longing

Ont the wide and ~~lonely~~^{LOVELY} plain

It ~~spread~~^{LAY} far benethe me

With it's beauty rich and sweet

But the lovelist of all to me

Was the Mountain at my feet.

There's Mt. Liniai and Nebo

And many others the names

I do not know

But I like best of all

The one on which Moses with God

Did go-

He died there and God buried him

I imagine, when the light grew dim

In the twilights soft glow.

But where his graveis-

I guess we will never know.

But just that it is somewhere

On Majestic old Nebo.

2
"Brother"

By: Snibber-June, 1941

I have a brother and he's a dear
Just last week he was here
Yes, he's just grand
Such a very fine man
So Handsome, good, and true
Nothing mean could he do
Yes, he's in the service now
Working for his Uncle Sam
Thats an honor, not as I am
Flys the ships up and down
Then he circles all around
And takes them way up high
Oh Father of land and sky
Be with him on every trip
And always safely land his ship.

"

"

3
Who is Herman?

Why he's my brother
And I only have one other
And one sister
Oh shes so sweet
We think she can't be beat
I'm the eldest of us all
But don't compare at all
With the rest don't you see
For I'm only me, just me.

4

" " " "

By: Snibber-~~1944~~

There's a secret voice within me saying
 Don't sleep tonight, spend it praying
 The worlds at war and Satans ruling
 Dear God don't let it continue
 So please stop the war that Satons brewing
 Fill the world with love oer flowing
 Save the lost-preserve the just
 Make this a world of love and trust
 Help us to be Christians true
 To live for you in all we do
 Love our enimies-help those in need
 Save us from all hate and greed
 And grant oh Father one thing more
 I pray at this the dawn of another day
 Grant Oh Father all war shall cease
 And send to the World-Love and Peace.

5

" " " "

By: Snibber-1939

Father let me walk with thee
 Let me always a true deciple be
 Help me live so folks may see
 I am a Christian tried and true
 And strive each day thy will to do
 Tho the way is rough and lonely too
 Help me Oh God to travel through
 Until I cross the river wide
 And am safe at last by your side.

4

"Snow"

By: Snibber-1939

Snow, snow, beautiful snow
 Your's so lovely and I love you so
 Please tell me why you must go
 We all love you didn't you know
 You are so welcome, don't you see
 Come spend the winter here with me
 Stay on the ground, house, and tree
 And sparkle and shine just for me
 Yoursuch good cheerful company.

7

"Prayer"

By: Snibber-1939

Father, I thank thee for thy care
 For all thy blessings in which we share
 Help me, Father, to be kind and true
 And in all things ~~to~~ glorify you
 For thou knowest our every need
 Guide us in our every deed.
 Then we know we will succeed
 In being ~~x~~ Christian ~~s~~ tried and true
 And at last come home to you.

8

"

"

By: Snibber

I care not for my self, Dear Lord
 But please keep my loved ones safe
 From sin and evil and danger
 And all temptations too
 That might lead them astray
 And save all that pleases you this day
 Only be thou near to ~~us~~
 And keep us all from sin.

9

" night "

By: Snibber

The night is dark

There is no light

Nothing —

The night is dark

No more, no more day

Nothing

All, all, all is dark

But hark! What is that?

A lark!

Oh sweet the lovely song

Oh, I was so very wrong

Now it's day, O lovely day

The song has chased the

Night away

So the morning follows night

And all is light, light,

Eternal light!

10

" Rest "

Tho my home is humble

Humble as can be

It is a refuge of quiet

And peaceful rest for me.

" Cross "

11

Father, I am sorry I sinned today (I was at cross)

Draw near and hear me as I pray

Oh please grant me another day

Forgive my sin and give me grace

To live for you in any place

Give me strength and give me power

To live for you, every hour.

in any place.

12

"

"

By: Snibber

Oh glorious morn of Easter
Sweet as the roses breath
Tho in shame he died for us
He triumphed over death
Oh! to be more like him
And to do his will each day
Until at last he calls me
Oh!happy, Glorious day!

"

"

13

This has been a long, long, day
For at home I had to stay
I wanted so much to church to go
But it seems that God didn't will it so
Tho I'm tired and lone and blue,
There's just nothing I dan do
But be glad it is not worse.

"

"

14

She was a Christian
And no praise did she seek
She took the hurts
And said no word
Only turned the other cheek
She has gone home now
And we miss her so
But we will meet her again
When we too shall go
To our home above
There are so many already there
Mother, Dad, and ~~Babe~~ ^{Bud} dear
How I miss them all
Since they are not here

They are missing so much
Of grief and pain
I can not wish them
Back here again----

15 " THE TESTING POT "

By: Snibber

Life is a testing pot
Sometimes it is boiling hot
Some are made of metal true
And just a little heat will do
But some are molded of alloy
That takes white heat to destroy
All the dross and worthless things
That sin surely always brings
That is why the testing pot,
Sometimes gets so awful hot.

" "

16 None are perfect
No, not one
And have not been
Since the world begun
The fire burns but the dross
So there's never any loss
It's the chaff alone that burns
And so wisdom a person learns
While going thru the testing pot
Tho sometimes it is very hot.

" "

17

"

Old bed

"

I'm just an old iron bed
 So old it is said
 No one knows when I was made
 Or the burdens I have borne
 Tho I rested many a lad
 In the long long ago
 Some with bodies broken and torn
 But they loved their country so
 They could not but give their best
 But all I could do was give them rest
 And now no one remembers them or I
 For I'm just an old bed
 With a crest on my foot and head
 But what it means no one knows
 But this is how it goes
 There's a circle with a pilot's wheel
 Or so it seems to me tho I don't know
 Then there's a cross formed of a sword
 And a very long handled key
 While up above an Eagle soared
 So if anyone knows my family tree
 Please take time to write to me
 Tho I'm just an old iron bed
 But proudly crested at foot and head.

1930s

Fanner

"

"

18

I'll tell you farming is the bunk
 I've tried it till at last I'm sunk
 The cotton is as cheap as dirt
 I don't own a decent shirt
 The knees are out of all my pants
 And one can tell just at a glance
 I'm from the farm back in the sticks
 Where you find all the hicks.

19 " The Pioneers "

The pioneers were brave and reckless
But some of them were often neckless
Or their heads were nicely peeled
So they quickly up and died.
They couldn't help it if they tried
But that didn't stop the tide
On they went to the West
But wished they'd died
With all the rest.

20 " Punishment "

Trouble is a teacher
Strict and tall
None can avoid it
It comes to us all
So the parents spank the children
And God spans us all
And we are punished for *our*
Every sinful deed
And that my friends is
Just what we need.

21 " Time "

Just a few more years
And a few more tears
And life here will be no more
And there'll be no doubts
And there'll be no fears
Our griefs and worries will
Be in the past
And we'll go to a home
That will forever last.

22

"

A Friend

"

By Snibber-1942

I'm lonely today and my

Heart is sad

Because I heard

Without a warning word

That you were going away

And I hate so bad

To think ahead

Please change your mind and stay?

We'er not so bad

When you know us well

So please, don't go away

23

"

A Friend

"

I have a friend who lives near

And yesterday she was here

She brought her crochet along

And made mine over,

For it was wrong.

Bless her!

24

"

little things

"

Trouble is a goliath

Not just one little thing

But it is like Satan's demons

It is numberless and legion

You have to add a score

Of things and then make them double

Before you can truly and

Honestly call them trouble.

25

"

"

Worry

Worry is a cadaverous old fellow
 Wrinkled brow, a fierce frown
 Thin lips, sharp features
 It is nervous, restless, fault finding
 C*** s and quarrels continually
 With icy deep set blue eyes.

"

an question

"

26

Don't you know you little goose
 I pick the geese then turn them loose
 Then they grow* some feathers more
 Where the others were before.

"

Magayner

"

27

Expired! Expired! Is all I've heard
 Since September the twenty third
 First it was the Standard
 Then, all the rest in the land
 Until I think thats all I can stand
 So I guess I'll just have to
 My Royal Service to re-new
 For that's the BEST that I can do.

"

Travel

"

28

It's so hard to live right
 From day to day
 Tho we know that's the only way
 We'll ever reach our home on high
 Air comforts and pleasures here below
 Will just simply have to go
 One must take up our cross and follow him
 Tho sometimes the path is dark and dim
 The road is narrow and often steep
 We should sing and work and pray
 Do all the good that we can do
 As this world we travel through.

29

"

to Sir

"

Cecil. Cecil. So that's his name
I've often wondered, don't you see
Now you've written and told it to me,
It is pretty and might mean fame
But it's alright all the same,
If you like the fellow and he's good
And he's a Christian good and true,
Well, I guess he maybe would do,
But is he smart and does he work?
And does he the hard task never shirk?
If he's all this, he's awfully nice
And I'd not even think twice
I'd just grab him and to the alter go—
Or some other girl might, you know.

30

"

Listen or Heed

"

If I could but tell
The things I feel
Of God's love for all mankind
His every gift
The things we need
Goes far beyond
What we deserve
His word we often
Do not heed
But he loves us just the same
Don't you think we should be ashamed?

31

"Rain"

By: Snibber

I prayed for rain in my front yard
Where the ground was dry and baked and hard
Where as I stood in my zinnia bed
The flowers were withered and almost dead
The crops around me were dried and curled.
This is indeed a dry old world
With everything wilted and drooping it's head
It seems we're facing the drought we dread
Oh Father above, Oh God on high
Hear our plea and be thou nigh
Oh hear us we pray now once again
And please, Oh Father, send us rain.

32

" *Glorified* "

Jesus climbed upon the mount
He took Peter, James, and John
They grew tired for the walk was long
But the joy of that walk
They saw Jesus glorified
And Moses and Elia^s by his side
They heard God as he spoke
They were happy and afraid
But on the mount they would have stayed
But they had work to do
Just like me and you.

"Tapestry"

By Nora Robbins - 1968

I wove a tapestry lovely and sweet
With Colors bright, dark, and deep
The bright for happiness did predominate
The dark for sorrow, grief and hate
I'm glad the good over-ruled the bad
Just to look at my tapestry makes me glad.

34 " Life "

By A. Snibber- 1942

Life is a tapestry
Lovely and old
Woven in colors
Of blue and gold
Blue is for grief
Poinent and deep
Gold is for joy
Forever to keep
It covers the shadows
~~Thaxxmakexxnnxxwxxp~~
And makes one able
His Faith to keep
Tho lifes sorrows are
Poinent and deep.

"Tapestry"

By Nora Robbins

I wove a tapestry

Lovely and sweet

With colors bright

And Dark, and deep-

The bright for happiness

~~Pier and sunset~~

~~The dark for grief~~

~~Of inward & deep~~

~~A. J. Sullivan~~

35

"

Temples

"

The trees were Gods first temples
 And people worshiped there
 I'm sure there was never a Cathedral
 One half so fair.
 As God's lovely forest
 With trees large and small
 And the Lord God of Heaven
 He made them all
 Oh Father, how I thank thee
 For all thy blessings here
 And for all thy love and care
 And for every lovely tree
 In this world so fair.

36

" Forgetful John"

"

"I love you mother"

Said little John

Then forgetting his work

His cap went on

And he went out to the

Garden swing

Leaving his mother

The wood to bring.

copy

37

"

which?

"

The future is a canvas
 On which we all paint
 It may be very lovely
 Or just a dab of paint.

38

(This would be nice for the Forword in your book)

Oh let me live in every way

Always in all I do

To you Dear Lord, be ever true

That when I leave this life

I may leave my shadow here below

To lead others, your way to know.

O.K.

"An air of self confidence is one's best garment-

(To write Memoirs)

39

" The Wanderer"

I walk alone like Kipling's cat

I have no home or coat or hat

No place to sleep, no place to eat

No place to go to escape the heat

I walk the streets, the roads & lanes

But what do I get for all my pains

Just a walk alone and that is that

I walk alone like Kipling's CAT.

Con - I remember now
I did write this
when I was alone one day -
I was lonely -
and I was in a writing
mood -
I just wanted to sit &
brood -
but on paper - it
is such pretty good.
Oh! ? - mon
March 1977

40

Lord, be with me through this day

Lead me, guide me on my way

Give me wisdom, strength and grace

To do thy will in every place

Even tho the trials are great

Help me, Oh Lord, to never hate

The ones who persecute

But like you, to be mute.

41

" (Sister) R. with "

May God bless you, Sister Dear
 Love and keep you without fear
 Of this war with all It's woe
 Keep you safe wher'er you go
 And guide you always as you grow
 That you may grow more like him
 As your hair grows white
 And your eyes grow dim
 This, Dear Sister, is my prayer for you
 For you see, I love you too.

42

"Day"

Lovely

This is such a lovely day
 The dawn was white with fairy mist
 The flowers fresh as a baby's kiss
 Then a gentle breeze blew the mist away
 The sun and feathery puffs of clouds
 Play hide and seek in the sky
 And Oh! I wonder why, - can't I
 But all I can do is scribble this.

43

"Night"

The moon is high up in the sky
 And the white clouds are in a row
 All racing, skipping, dancing by
 Like a parade up there so high
 Laughing and playing as they go
 At we poor creatures as we creep
 On our way here down below
 And I know they must pity us so
 Oh! it makes me almost weep
 But I guess I'll go to sleep.

nite!

44

"

tired

"

I'm so tired of their

Go! Go! Go!

Just give me a desert

And a radio

I'll be so happy just

A sitting still

I'll rest myself from

Gab and chatter

No jangling phone to

Jar and clatter

And when I'm tired

Of the radio

I'll turn it off and

Quietness know

I'm so tired of their

Go! Go! Go!

Just give me a desert

And a radio.

Busy.
Some people are -
Too busy to live
Too busy to eat
Too busy to speak
To the folks they meet
Just go around with a
Snarl and a snap
All things lovely
Are just left out.
That's the way some
Some folks do.
Say my friend
Is that you?

I did not get this typed,
but want you to read it,