

Mum's Rhymes

In preparing Mum's rhymes, as she preferred to call them, I have had only one objective in mind. To gather as many as possible and make them available to her descendants.

There are several ways that they could have been arranged. I chose to publish them as she herself had done. With random. I might have tried to choose only those poems that in my judgement were worthy of publishing but I not only lack the ability to do so but felt that it was not my duty.

This collection of poems reveals the woman and her home life, her hopes and aspirations, her loves and her fears. Above all it reveals her great love for God and His works and the rich testimony that guided her continually.

Harold A. Salway

The Visiting Teachers Prayer

Humbly, we Thy handmaidens, come to Thee today;
Praying for Thy guidance, in all we do and say.
Asking for a blessing on the work now to be done,
That we may feel Thy presence as we enter in each home.
Give to us Thy wisdom for all problems that arise,
Help us to be cheerful, and faithful, loving, wise.
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit as we enter in each door.
Help us bring peace and comfort and glorify Thee more.
Help us comfort sorrow, or guide the erring feet.
Encourage all that's good and brave as we our sisters meet.
Bring to us remembrance, as we our message teach.
And help us more than all of these, to practice what we preach.

Eva M. R. Salway

This is Mum's most famous poem. It was published in the Relief Society magazine and later printed on cards and distributed by the Relief Society to all the Sister throughout the world.

Harold Salway

A Child's Prayer

Dear God, it's Sunday, a tiresome day,
You know, if I could only play
A little bit with that dolly of mine.
Or romp awhile in the bright sunshine.

My Betty doll lies in her box,
Looking so sweet with her flaxen locks,
I peep at her, and wonder if she
Feels as dull and forelorn as me.

I walk about from room to room,
They all seem filled with Sabbath gloom,
Perhaps I'm a naughty girl, you see,
If Sunday seems so bad to me.

There's a long dull walk to the family Church,
Ma hisses "Hush" if I wiggle or quirk,
I can't sit still through the long, long speech
'Cos the floor of the pews beyond my reach.

Dear God, don't you like a child to play
Where there's nothing to do on your Holy day,
Or then, when in church I sit,
Dear God, do you mind if I wiggle a bit?

Eva M. R. Salway

As Thy Days May Demand

When loud and drear the storms spread o'er me
The road before me all unseen,
In agony of heart, my prayers went to thee
"Oh! Father God, help me to lean,
On thee, none else can succor me."

Then help would come in wondrous ways
As miracles for instant need,
For my demand was such in hardest days,
And thus my anguished soul was freed.
Needed help will come to those who pray.

Securely now my happy path is spread,
My prayers no longer are in agony,
Surely the answers come, so easy read,
I sing with glowing heart so thankfully,
"As thy days may demand, so Thy succor shall be."

Eva M. R. Salway

Baptism

By the River Jordan, John The Baptist stood one day,
Preaching and baptizing, teaching men the Holy way,
Telling of a Savior, that one day soon would come,
To rid the earth of Adam's curse, and guide His people home.

And as he talked and pleaded, He turned and gazed with awe,
For Jesus Christ the Savior stood on that Sacred Shore,
John said, with pointing finger, that plainly all might see,
"I need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?"

"Suffer it to be so now" humble the Savior said.
And the Spirit of the Lord came down, and rested on His head,
So Jesus led the only way a child of God may come,
To gather with the Blessed, in our Heavenly Father's Home.

Eva M. R. Salway

A New Life

Little Boy from far away
Entered this world a while to stay,
Did you rejoice? Was it your will?
Sent here a mission to fulfill?

Entered your mortal body here,
Given to parents loving care,
Will you hear, when life is run?
“Well done, thou good and faithful son.”

Eva M. R. Salway

All My Love

My Darling you're so far away,
So far away you roam,
I meant to tell you all I felt
Before you left our home.

There were so many things to do,
Many other things to say,
That I never really told you all
Before you went away.

My love for you is greater far
Then Rocky Mountains tall,
If there are mean and pretty things
T'will soar above them all

My love for you is reaching far,
To circle 'round your heart,
Nought can really sever it
For 'tis of you a part.

You never really left me,
For I know that you will always be
Faithful, Constant, True.

Oh, Hurry back, my darling,
I'm listening for your call,
For surely there's not words enough
To write and tell you all.

Eva M. R. Salway

Beyond the Veil

The dying thief, his Savior saw,
Suffering, As he,
Humbly and in faith he cried,
“Oh, Christ, remember me.”

Said Jesus in His agony,
His mission ne'er forgot,
“Today, with me in Paradise,
We'll share the spirits lot.”
And did He teach that penitent,
When agony was past,
The glory of the Gospel,
That he'd received at last?

And did Christ meet poor Judas?
Did the sinner hide away?
Afraid to meet the Savior,
His treachery did betray?

And did the Savior seek him,
And take him by the Hand,
And smiling his forgiveness,
Say, “I understand?”

For He taught there, the spirits,
Who afore time did sin,
The hope of resurrection,
And Joy and Peace within.

Eva M. R. Salway

Faith Without Works is Dead

Don't pray "God bless our Bishop,"
Then neglect to go to church,
And when he's most in need of you
Just leave him in the lurch.

And when you pray for others,
Do you ever think that you
Might bring about those blessings,
Even be a blessing too.

When you pray for friends and loved ones,
Struggling through the war,
Did you sit and write a letter,
And add one blessing more.

Oh pray for every blessing,
As if nought else could prevail,
Then work to give the blessings,
As if prayer were no avail.

Sometimes there's nought to do
But trust in prayer alone,
But mostly if you think a bit,
There's something can be done.

So let's be up and doing,
Let's get it in our head,
That having faith, is very fine,
But "Without Works" 'tis dead.

Eva M. R. Salway

Free Agency

(dedicated to an invalid Emm Brocton Salway)

Oh! Father, did I once forsee,
This life of pain allotted me,
And did I choose that it should be?
For man has his free agency.

So, was I free to choose my fate,
In that far pre-existent state,
For only in this way could be
That I'd fulfill my destiny.

One day I'll see Thy glorious plan,
The schooling on this earth for man,
When body perfect I regain,
I'll know this sorrow not in vain.

When I return to Father's house,
And know my mission here is done,
Oh! May I hear those blessed words,
"Well done, thou good and faithful one."

Oh! Father, grant me now to see,
A glimpse of joy prepared for me,
Help me now to realize,
This span between eternities.

Eva M. R. Salway

He Knows

I prayed, but ah! It seemed too late,
I had not known before
How great my need, how near my fate,
How near the rocky shore.

But Father knew my trembling faith,
He knew that I would plead
Before I'd asked Him,
He'd begun the blessing I would need.

Before we ask He knoweth well,
All things that should be,
So never think it is too late
To bend a reverent knee

Eva M. R. Salway

His Call

Your time has come” the Angel said,
He’d waited ages past,
“A faithful mother prepares a body
for you to own at last.”

He loved, and watched that mother fair,
The dearest now of all,
Fulfilling her great mission,
He soon would have his call.

One of God’s choicest spirits,
Trained in Godly lore,
Soon to leave his dearest friends,
Remember them no more.

He had goodbye to all he loved,
Our Father blessed him there,
He’d go to earth to prove himself,
Through temptation, toil and care.

A noble, full grown spirit,
He came to earth one day,
With a babe’s first breath to enter,
That tiny home of clay.

He gazes at this mother dear,
Does he wonder at his fate?
What does he remember of,
That happy first estate?

Eva M. R. Salway

I Thank Him

I thank God for the azure sky,
And for the sun that shines,
And the leaves around my window,
Hanging red upon the vines.

I thank Him for the comfort,
Of the bed on which I lay,
And for the simple furniture
That I use every day.

The comfortable old chair
Reclaimed from pioneer days,
The cat and dog who love me,
And their quaint and pretty ways.

I thank Him for the glasses
That aid my dimming eye,
To see the bowl of marigolds
That on the table lie.

I thank Him for the beauty,
Of the simple things of life,
And for this peaceful country
So far from worlds of strife.

I thank Him for the many things
My pen could never write,
I thank God He is ever near
To shield me with His might.

Eva M. R. Salway

“Love Your Neighbor As Yourself”

Love your neighbor as yourself,
It is hard to do?
Can you excuse your neighbor
When he has wounded you?

When his words are hasty
Do you answer with a snap?
Do you pray forgiveness
After this sad mishap?

Or do you grieve and worry,
‘Oer the words he’s said?
Do you nurse your anger
Until your love has fled?

Yes, Love and joy flee from you,
As you make the bitter brew,
And Keep the raw wound open,
A foolish thing to do.

Your Friend is opportunity,
That you may learn control,
To overcome your baser self,
And reach the higher goal.

We are here that we may learn,
True love and charity,
And travel onward, upward to
Celestial unity.

Eva M. R. Salway

Man's Free Agency

What is God doing on his throne,
Does He not see the war,
Does He not see the shattered homes
On Britain's war torn shore?

Does He not see the broken lives,
Hear the cry of the little ones,
Hear the prayer of the widowed mother,
As she pleads for her soldier son?

Once Our Father in His mercy,
Gave us Free Agency,
Would it be right to take from us
So grand a legacy.

He gave us laws, If we'd obeyed,
This war could never be,
But we're rebellious children,
And God has made us free.

Eva M. R. Salway

Motherhood

Unborn spirit over there,
Watch o'er the body we prepare,
For this earthy school were you may share,
Knowledge for eternity.

Did you meet before, and there agree
That parents and child one day you'd be
And brother and sister here you'd see,
One family evermore?

Pray for this mother here on earth,
Who suffers ere she gives you birth,
That she may feel how much it's worth
That you fulfill your mission.

For thus we carry out God's plan,
That there'll be birth for every many,
For only through this life they can,
Rejoice eternally.

Eva M. R. Salway

“Of Such Is The Kingdom Of Heaven”

a true incident

My baby has now gone to Heaven,
And I must not grieve any more,
Our Father in Heaven has taken,
My treasure to the Blessed Shore.

Sternly the minister answered,
The child that you bore is now dead,
You neglected the Churches Baptism,
With sin and with shame on your head.

Your son has now gone to the Devil,
To that Hell where the souls never die,
But with fire and with pain never ending
Don't ask where the consequence lie.

If that be your God, cried the mother,
He will not be a God unto me,
I will not worship this being,
A Christian I never will be.

But her sorrow and fear never left her,
At night, with the house hushed in sleep,
She would picture the form of her darling,
And with horror and grief would she weep.

Young men, serving God on your Mission,
Bring her the peace God has given,
Tell these their darlings are happy,
For “Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Eva M. R. Salway

Preserved in Heaven

When you gaze upon your records,
How you cherish ever one,
Do you wonder what will be their fate,
When you with life has done?

Those precious treasures you have gleaned,
Through many devious ways,
And watched the work done to the end,
On happy Temple days.

Will someone cast those books aside,
Deeming them things of nought?
Those very precious pedigrees,
Patience and time has wrought.

Let us commune with “Yea” or “Nay,”
Let us our Saviors words obey,
This slang of ours from Evil come,
Study the words, you’ll trace them home.

The language up in heaven is pure,
Should we not study all the more
To see your language here is clean,
And only speak the words we mean.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Babe

As Mary lay upon the straw,
Beside her little son,
Did she see the King of Kings,
The Great and Holy one?

Or did she see the little babe,
Dependant on her care,
As he nestled to her mothers breast,
So calm and peaceful there?

A Tiny helpless little thing,
Was He more than fair?
What would the child have meant to us,
If we too had been there?

Eva M. R. Salway

The Missionary's Son

My father's away,
On a mission today
And here I stay
Tap, tap, tap.

Although it's not light
I work with my might,
To keep everything right,
Tap, tap, tap.

My heart is with Dad,
He said "Be a good lad,"
And I'll make him glad.
Tap, tap, tap.

It's my mission too,
To mend boot and shoe,
But I'll never rue,
Tap, tap, tap,

I'm proud of Dad, see?
And I want him to be
Quite proud of me,
Tap, tap, tap.

The time will fly,
And one day I
A mission will try,
But now: Tap, Tap.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Miracle of the Crops
(A true incident)

The farmers, as they sadly gazed,
Upon their flooded sod,
“Too late” They cried, “to sow the grain,
Their only hope was God.

The people fasted long, and prayed,
The heavy rain would cease,
And earth would dry, so that at last,
The crops could now increase.

The faithful to the Temple came,
And begged with lifted hands,
A blessing from the Father,
Upon their sodden lands.

“Oh Father, let dry weather come,
That we may sow our grain,
And lengthen out the season,
That we may reap again.

And God, the Father, Heard their cry,
And loved them as they prayed,
He spoke the Word, the rain storms ceased,
The destroyers hand was stayed.

And He then set a barrier,
‘Tween cold North and the South,
And held it there, the season through,
There was no sign of drought.

The people sowed, and reaped their crops,
And stored away the grain,
Rejoicing, all is now prepared.
‘Till springtime comes again.

“Our Father, let us now, be not
Like faithless lepers who forgot,
And leaped, and danced, with one accord,
And did not stay to thank the Lord.

Eva M. R. Salway

Three Buddies

Three Buddies,
 Living in the Same town,
 Haunting the same ground,
Three Buddies,
 They joined the war together,
 Drilled in the same weather,
Friends.

Nearing the same fate,
A compact they did make,
 These buddies,
If one did not return
The others would sojourn
 To a little pub

An there a drink would take
In honor of their mate,
 Their Buddie,
But only one returned,
And oh! His sad heart yearned
 For his Buddies

Who did not die for country
 Or for their home and friends,
But because a war did trend,
They must fight to the end.
 Poor boys.

The last one Buddie went,
He felt that he was sent,
 To meet those two.
He ordered three straight beers,
His throat was filled with tears,
 For his Buddies.

Alone,
In a crowded room he sat,
He doffed his civvy hat,
 And said goodbye.
To one he raised a glass,
“God bless and keep your lass,
 And help her through.”

To the other he said “now you,
Who found your wife untrue,
And would not live,
Our Father understands,
He holds us in His hands,
True judgements give.”

(The hero was Alf Salway at
That time now a member of
The LDS Church.)

His friendly heart did yearn,
He never did return,
To that crowded room,
T’were best he did forget,
That pub was where they’d met
To him their tomb.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Next Upon the List

Long years ago my name was found,
With pleasure to my kin,
But oh! The joy that came to me
Release would now begin.

But I’m waiting, waiting, waiting,
As each Temple Day is past.
Hoping and praying you’ll
Remember me at last.

Wistfully I’ve said goodbye,
To friends past on their way,
Rejoicing that their faithful kin,
Had brought about that day.

Many a Temple Day has passed,
Many a chance been missed.
Am I nothing but a written name,
The next upon the list.

Day after day you’ve passed me by,
For pleasures you can’t resist,
Oh! Dear one, won’t you help me?
I’m the next upon the list.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Spark of Deity

Children of God, we seek Him,
As we His mighty secrets would embrace,
On through the age, through light is dim,
We step by step, His mysteries do trace.

Advancing we seize the wind,
The tide, and bend them to our sovereign will,
We master sea and fire beside,
Plummet the rich oil valley, and the hill.

Adding to our knowledge,
Endeavoring the universe to read,
We seek and find the “atom’s” might,
And use it in our hour of direst need.

Mastering the air and sea,
And delving far beneath the sod,
Man’s endless search for knowledge rare,
Surely prove, man is offspring of God.

(Suggested by Harold A. Salway)

Eva M. R. Salway

The Temple Garden

You hear no chime of bells,
A spirit gloom expells,
From that dear Garden-
The faithful bosom swells,
And the Holy Spirit tells,
of future joy,
Dear Garden.

There the garden stands,
Tended by loving hands,
Our Temple Garden,
It's pathway leads to God,
The path the Saints have trod,
Oh! Happy garden.

The lovely, fragrant bed,
Where radiant beauty sheds,
Peace in our hearts,
All shadows disappear,
And we feel the angels near
us in the garden.

Come, Saints, from far and near,
Your sorrows disappear,
Pass through this garden
Where faithful steps have trod,
Into the house of God,
And feel Him near.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Temple in Switzerland

Rejoice! Rejoice! Our God is praised,
A Temple to His name be raised,
On Europe's foreign strand,
The people soon will enter there,
And gather in from far and near,
To Blessed Switzerland.

And Saints in true fidelity,
Be sealed for all eternity,
So near at hand,
And to progenitors and kin,
Joy and satisfaction bring,
In their own land.

Oh! European Saints rejoice,
You who know the Shepherds voice,
The Master loves His own,
A house be built where He can come,
And ministering Angels roam,
From near His throne.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Way to Perfection

Knowing man's imperfection,
God made a perfect plan,
That he who would obey it's laws
Attains the perfect man.
We are but struggling man.

We are but struggling mortals,
Our progress rather slow,
We're still the "Little Children"
That grieved the Savior so.

Our Church might be translated,
Were it's members perfect too,
The Gospel's for imperfect folk
Like me, or perhaps like you.

Let's strive to do to others,
As we'd have others do,
That men who judge us by our works,
May praise the Father too.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Winter Garden

In my garden all is not dark tonight,
For white snow glimmers o'er the place where lilies bloomed,
Casting a fairy glow around about
Where once again the brown seed lie entombed.

Dear garden, in my mind is strong impressed
The memory of the summer beauty rare,
No biting wind or chilling frost can dim,
That picture in my heart, so sweet and dear.

'Tho you are sleeping; still my mind eyes see
The lovely flowers that bloomed so sweet for me,
And hope and comfort rises in my breast
You'll bloom again, more dear for winters rest.

Eva M. R. Salway

To Our Missionary
(written for Velma Rose Tagg)

Our Missionary Has Returned.
Her face aglow with love,
She'd been about the business,
Of Our Father up above.

Full eighteen months of service,
In that mission field away,
To help to spread the message,
Of this great millennial day.

Her service, given freely,
But she'll never count the cost.
What is given for Our Saviors sake,
Never can be lost.

For she has gained far better,
Than money ere could buy.
A greater testimony,
Of the Gospel from on High.

How gladly we all welcomed,
Our missionary dear,
Ready no to faithfully,
Fulfill her mission here.

Eva M. R. Salway

What Would Jesus Do?

He came to earth to be our guide,
To follow him must be our pride,
In all things humbly ask anew
“Our Father, what would Jesus do?”

When we are sad and sore perplexed,
In doubt what step should be our next,
And the best of plans has gone askew,
“Our Father, what would Jesus do?”

When beset with haughtiness and pride,
With love and hate together vied,
We can't go wrong if we would seek,
The way of Jesus Christ, The meek.

When we have worked the whole day long,
So many little things gone wrong,
“Oh! Father, help us then to be,
Calm and patient, just as he.”

When past joys fill us with disgust,
And pride is humbled in the dust,
If we would then but start anew
And plan to live as He would do.

And so amid life's struggle sore,
If we'd our sinful selves obscure,
Let's pray, and watch, and ask anew,
“Our Father! What would Jesus do?”

Eva M. R. Salway

Visions

I have often had a vision,
Like a Flash across my mind,
That seems to be a memory
Of past life far behind.

A light, a sound, a perfume,
A picture I may see,
A dry leaf rustling in the wind.
Might bring these thoughts to me.

Then with hushed expectancy,
I pause to catch some more,
And I feel that I was doing something
I had done before.

It is just a vague reminder,
That I was not always here,
But that once I lived with Father,
In a better, brighter sphere,

And that when this life is over,
When I cross death's golden door,
I shall meet with friends and dear ones
I had known long, long before.

Eva M. R. Salway

My Testimony

I prayed to Our Father for wisdom,
As I knelt at the foot of His Throne
He led me to truth and knowledge,
And the Kingdom He calls his own.

I learned of His wonderful Gospel,
His glorious plan for us all,
Of the Savior who liveth and reigneth
Who was once a babe in a stall.

I have heard of the Gospel Restored,
Enlightening the darkness of earth.
Lighting men's minds that have clouded,
In two thousand years from His birth.

I learned that I once lived in Heaven,
And in due time was born among men.
Living, that I might gain knowledge,
Then return to my Father again.

I learned how a glorious Angel,
Appeared to a servant of God.
To prepare the world for His coming,
And beware of the chastening rod.

The simple truths once taught by Jesus,
Were restored once again unto man.
Salvation for dead and for living,
Are in this wondrous plan.

I was brought to the Mountains of Zion,
Away from great Babylon's shore.
Ere the waves of danger and fury,
Encompass it more and more.

Then, ending this last dispensation,
Our Savior again will appear.
To reign on His goodness and glory,
And His people need never more fear.

I prayed to Our Father for wisdom,
And He has answered my prayer,
God grant that I may prove worthy,
His Celestial Glory to share.

Eva M. R. Salway

“Woe By Whom They Come”

Every man has a nitch to fill,
According to God’s plan.
From the King upon his throne,
To the humble sailor man.

The scholar in his study,
The dunce on lowest seat.
The tired harried teacher,
All have their task to meet.

The Judge upon his judgement seat,
The prisoner in the stall.
All have their little nitch to fill,
For God can use them all.

There had to be a Judas,
And perhaps a Quisling too.
Who knows, but Hitler had his part,
In this wretched world to do.

God Said there must be troubles,
Both near and far from home.
Treachery, death, and cruelty,
But “woe by whom they come.”

Eva M. R. Salway

“Thy Kingdom Come”

“Oh God, send us our Savior”
Prayed the chosen of the Lord.
“So long we’ve waited for the King
To save us with His sword.”

“To conquer all our enemies,
And make His children Free,
To crush His foes beneath His feet
That we might worship Thee.”

Their prayers were answered, Jesus came,
He taught the people love,
“The meed and Lowly” was His name,
His glory from above.

But proudly they rejected Him,
Would not accept the man,
Would not believe His blessed words,
They crucified the lamb.

“Thy kingdom come” the people pray,
Through out two thousand years,
“Oh usher in Thy Kingdom
And end this vale of tears.

Our blessed Lord has come again,
God’s Kingdom now to bring,
That we might help Him to Prepare,
Perfect it for our King.

Yet will the people blindly,
Still pray “They Kingdom Come”
And reject the Saviors message,
“Flee to Zion, this is home!”

Eva M. R. Salway

God Answers Prayer

Oh ye of little faith, why all our Prayers?
Have they been sent to one of wood or stone?
Unhappy friend, within your heart you're bearing
Grief for all that is or might be known.

Have you not taught your boy to worship too?
What 'ere his trials, his prayers go up for you.
Then why these prayers, if God has lost His power,
And cannot help us all in this dark hour?

Cease your fears, and leave it all to Him.
His mercies are not bound by mortal whim,
He is all powerful, just, all loving, kind,
He answers prayers, leave all your fears behind.

They come of wonder, dread of the unknown,
Cast them aside, He sits upon His throne,
"Oh Father, God, Forgive our unbelief,
Give us the strength to cast off all our grief.

And trust to you, who knoweth all our cares,
And know with out a doubt, God answers prayers.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Saga of the Cardston Greenhouses
(Alfred Salway's Greenhouses)

Early the greenhouse season came,
But early or late the work's the same,
Bundles of seeds must be undone,
And planted carefully everyone.

Tomatoes and celery are the first,
Pansies and Asters and Silverworsts,
Carnations, Petunias, and Lobelia blue,
These are the first he sows for you.

The earth must be of different kind,
To suit the plants he has in mind.
Some of the boxes need more loam,
Or sand, or clay, brought far from home.

This must be mixed and turned with might
Then sifted 'til the mixtures right,
Only the florist seems to know,
How every plant it's best can grow.

There are the fires to keep alright,
Seeds must grow both day and night,
And watered carefully each day,
The florist has no time for play.

In dark brown flats, there in long rows,
He spots each tiny shoot that grows,
He visions them in flaming green,
Mirage of blooming flowers is seen.

He lifts to peep beneath the shade,
To see what progress and seeds have made.
If bursting through, the shading's done,
The tiny shoots now need the sun.

Still night and day the firing goes,
More boxes added to the rows.
One greenhouse now is crammed to fill,
But still he works with all good will.

The early plants are now 'Just so',
And we all to the work must go.
And lift the tiny plants with care,

Transplant in baskets waiting there.
These baskets fill another house,
More fires to tend, no time to drowse,
They're moved about from sun to shade,
For every plant must make the grade.

Then what a pleasant sight to see,
The plants so near maturity,
And some begin to bloom and show,
The friendly faces we all know.

Geraniums red, Nemesia rare,
Double and single Clarkia there,
A glow of color now is seen,
The glass is painted for a screen.

Now he must sell his plants so dear,
They will be carried everywhere,
Good and beauty once again,
He feels his work is not in vain.

The folk all come from far and near,
To buy his merchandise so rare,
They are all grown for sale we know,
But still he hates to see them go.

Then up come the benches, he tills the ground
Tomatoes are planted all around,
Soon there are globes of glowing red,
All along the well-kept bed.

And there'll be fruit for young and old,
Red and pink and palest gold,
Work's not so hard, the firings done,
He now depends upon the sun.

So through the summer season round,
The grower works and tills the ground,
Pruning, picking, packing the best
"Til winter comes, and with it rest.

Eva M. R. Salway

Bobby

Of all the pretty girls,
With hair in dark curls,
Is one: Elizabeth (Bobby)
She met our dear Rowe,
And I'll have you know,
He asked her to make him her hubby.

They met, don't you see,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
'Neath a quilt one dark dusty night,
And he held her hand,
As they rode o'er the land,
Don't blame her, he held it quite tight.

But soon, on your life,
Rowe made her his wife,
The wedding was not at all sobby,
They'd made many a friend,
Now my story must end,
Of Rowe's wife: Elizabeth (Bobby).

(She huddled under a quilt in a wagon in a dust storm and Rowe was there)

Eva M. R. Salway

Big Sister

Dear Big Sister, if you only knew,
How dear to all are the things you do,
To help at home in Mother's need,
With house to clean, and folk to feed.

We know the sacrifice you make,
It's hard to work, and clean, and bake,
And go to school, and lessons take,
But we are glad you do it.

We're proud when in a note we read,
"Milly's a help to us in need,
When other girls are running wild,"
Hat's off to our beloved Grandchild.

Eva M. R. Salway

Crab Apples

In an old log house in Canada West,
Mort climbed up a ladder to bed,
The room was quite light,
If you managed just right,
You could move with out bumping your head.

“Crab apples my dear, green crab apples,
You’ve been eating the darn things again,
Crap apples, my dear, It’s crab apples,
No wonder you’re having a pain.”

His young wife had led, was already in bed,
By the time that our hero got there,
And he dropped off to sleep,
Without making a peep,
But Annie quite restless did stir,

“Crab apples my dear, green crab apples,
You’ve been eating the darn things again,
Crap apples, my dear, It’s crab apples,
No wonder you’re having a pain.”

“Oh, Morton!” said she, “come climb down with me.”
It’s dark in the garden, I fear,”
So they climbed down again,
For she had a pain,
And these are the words we did hear:

“Crab apples my dear, green crab apples,
You’ve been eating the darn things again,
Crap apples, my dear, It’s crab apples,
No wonder you’re having a pain.”

(An expectant mother with a craving for crab apples. Ann told me not to write a poem about it, so I wrote a song.)

Eva M. R. Salway

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember the day we met
The glowing sun had not quite set,
It's radiance shed o'er the laughing sea,
When I first saw you, and you saw me.

Children played at the waters edge,
A hat was thrown on the lighthouse edge,
Sea birds shrieked and laughed with glee,
When I first saw you, and you saw me.

We forgot the rocks, and the ships at sea,
The splash of the waves, and the lonely tides,
When first we gazed in each other's eyes.

Our love was true, for it did last,
To ride o'er the trials of the past,
To rest on the joys that magnified,
As you and I walked side by side.

Long years have sped since the day we met,
Ere long our little sun's will set,
Parting must come 'twixt me and thee,
But we'll meet again in Eternity.

(When I met Dad at the White Rock lighthouse. EMR)

Eva M. R. Salway

DEAR BOBBIE

Your visit here was over,
You wanted things to be,
As neat and clean as possible
So naught could trouble me.

You'd swept and cleaned the bedroom floor,
And everything was fine,
You'd washed the sheets and pillow slips,
And hung them on the line.

The bed was made, the table laid,
It really was a treat,
To walk around the house dear,
And find things all so neat.

You'd cleaned the frosty window pane,
That Natures pen did stencil,
But Oh! my dear, you'd quite forgot,
That useful small utensil.

Eva M. R. Salway

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

Your visit is over, and you've gone away,
Early this cold and snowy day,
The excited children making a fuss,
Of the long, long ride in the Greyhound bus.

I have had the spare bed put away,
And grieved you could not longer stay,
Torn down the little makeshift cot,
That we had built for the tiny tot.

Swept under the table there to find,
The little toy you'd left behind,
Soon I'd wiped out every trace,
Of your sweet presence in the place.

Looking out at the front door,
Three pairs of footprints there I saw,
Musing, my footsteps seemed to stray,
And I walked along a little way.

On the right of the path, two sturdy marks,
And on the left, the baby pair,
In between were mother's footprints,
Dots of high heels showing there.

Bright sun, do not rise awhile,
Let not the dust or mud defile,
Nor let your warm rays melt away,
These little footprints, let them stay.

These snowy marks are all that's left,
And now I feel that I'm bereft,
But the small impressions seem to say,
"We'll come again another day."

(Dedicated to Hope Swendsen)

Eva M. R. Salway

GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S WEDDING

(Ellen Thomas Rowe)

A Greywool dress, with tiny waist
With bustle and polonaise
A fan tail train that swept the ground,
Small plants all held in place.

A little grey bonnet, on sleek groomed hair,
White hose with ne'er a peep,
Black boots with smart elastic sides,
Beneath the gown would creep.

They walked to Church through the country lane,
With bridesmaids, two by two
And friends and kindred came behind,
A brave array, 'tis true.

The Church bells tolled, and the organ played,
As they entered the Churchyard gate,
But the minister was in a fuss,
For bride and groom came late.

They took their places, as quick as can,
The minister in his haste,
Started joining the bride to the grooms best man,
And thus more time did waste.

But the knot was tied, both strong and fast,
And back to the house marched they,
And under a great triumphant arch
While the concertinas play.

A friend had torn the top off his bed,
And decked it grey with flowers,
And placed it over the garden gate
During the wedding hours.

They danced and played and feasted,
Three full days and nights,
The bride snatched sleep with her sister's three,
And the groom as best he might.

As they left the house to their home to go.
Bright flowers dropped at their feet,
As emblem that their days may be,
Cheerful, bright, and sweet.

Forty-nine years of changeful life,
They wandered hand in hand,
Then he went on, to prepare a home,
For her in the better land.

Eva M. R. Salway

GRANDMA'S TALE

Wedding, Eva Mary Rowe to Alfred Edward Salway

When I got wed, Grandchildren dear;
You never saw such a mix,
Cupid must have gone asleep,
And Pan was at his tricks.

Like mothers dress mine too was gray,
And a yard long train was there,
The skirt hung plain, straight to the ground,
And a large veil draped my hair.

The groom who should have waited
For his Bride at the church door;
With maids each side him looking sweet
With flowers which they bore.

Oh, no, the poor man walked right in
And sat down in a pew.
The girls, not knowing what to do,
Went in and sat down too.

Eva M. R. Salway

INDIAN SUMMER

We loved, you and I,
And miss mated wed,
Little dreaming the hard
Bitter road we would tread.

Many years striving to
Do what is right,
With a gulf ever widening,
This was my plight.

To love you as ever,
To honor and share,
The burdens carelessness
Brought us to bear.

We hated, we two,
And tired of the fight,
We drifted yet farther,
With no goal in sight.

We are old, you and I,
And through the dark strife,
We have strived to better
Our unhappy life.

We love, you and I,
Is it old love returned?
Or is this sweet comfort,
A new love we've learned?

What matters? 'Tis with us,
Through life's 'maining span,
Then on through eternity
Whence love began.

Eva M. R. Salway

'TIL DEATH DO US PART

Dear love, I held your hand in mine,
And all around was still,
In answer to the words "wil't thou"
I answered back "I will."

It took no time, a little thing,
Very few words were said,
But I had joined my life to yours
Til one of us are dead.

Only 'til death, when will that be?
It makes me sad, you know,
For life is such uncertainty,
Soon one of us may go.

Then we'd be free to wed again,
This marriage but a breath
I had belonged to you alone,
But only until death.

Or we may live a little while,
Our home may know the joys
Of children prattling 'round the hearth,
Of stalwart girls and boys.

But life at longest is not long,
How sad it seems to me,
For we have joined ourselves 'til death,
And not eternity.

Eva M. R. Salway

While sitting in a lovely meadow at the Elders' party, they had barbecued a pig, I was asked, "How old are you" and this is my answer. My second poem. EMRS
(the one that started it all. HS)

HOW OLD AM I?

"How old are you?" a young girl said,
as we sat at a feast in a lovely mead'
And I thought at the time, "In woe or weal,
Our spirit is only as old as we feel.

When I've lived my best, and gone to bed
And the pillow is soft to my tired head,
And my senses drift to the Dreamless Shore,
How old am I then? Why! only four.

When the weather is good, and the road is dry,
From the top of the hill I seem to fly,
On the good old bike, how old then am I?
Why truly, no more than fourteen.

I'm working and bring in the mop for the floor,
And a grass snake pops out and streaks for the door,
I make for a chair, and let out a roar,
I'm surely no more than sixteen.

When I gaze at nature, in cool evening calm,
And feel the soft air like rose-scented balm,
Like that day at the feast, when all seemed alive,
(Save the pig) I was then twenty-five.

This body I use has aged a bit,
Perhaps twinges annoy when I stand or sit,
But the "me" that's inside is still very fit,
And I am not more than thirty.

When I walk in the street, and my grandchildren run
And cling to my knees in a spirit of fun,
And I kiss their sweet faces (in spots that's not dirty)
I tell you I'm glad that my age is twice thirty.

There is no age my dear, for you or for me
For both of us live in ETERNITY
What matters age for in very truth
We are all headed for perpetual youth.

Eva M. R. Salway

MOTHER TYPES

"We all like your small poems"
So the family said,
"Pray give us all some copies"
That went straight to my head.

Straight to my trusty typewriter,
I put five papers in,
Soon I'd have those copies
Carbon paper was between.

With joy I slipped them out,
Quite glad I had some more
Only to find the carbon paper
Hind sides before.

Eva M. R. Salway

* * * * *

A-A-ACHEW

A-chew, A-chew, I wish I were dead,
A-chew, oh, my, got a cold in my head?
Oh dear me no, it's that ragweed again,
But what is the use for me to complain?

Ragweed by the door, and all over the street,
In vacant lots wherever you meet,
It's found in the gardens, and in the niche in the wall,
However I try, can't avoid it at all.

AL-chew, A-chew, it makes my eyes sore,
It tickles my nose, can't smell any more,
My throat and ears itch, and my head feels dumb,
Ragweed wherever you go, and then some.

For pity sake, owners of gardens and lots,
Get rid of these pests, from all your plots,
City fathers, think when the council next meet,
To make our nice town, a more healthful retreat.

Eva M. R. Salway

MARTHA

(Martha Leishman)

"Martha" How very sweet the name
Soft as falling petals of the rose
Who's fragrance spread to all the same,
To cheer our joys, and soothe our woes.

Like Martha of old, she is "troubled with much"
In sickness we're soothed with her kindly touch,
No toil too hard for those in need,
She cares not for nation, sex or creed.

Like Mary she sits at the Saviors feet,
To learn of His ways, near His holy seat,
Pure, to enter His Temple and serve him there,
God bless her and hers, this coming year.

Eva M. R. Salway

MOTHER WRITES A POEM

Did you ever see mother write poetry?
This is the way it is done,
The idea is born in the morning
Before the rise of the sun.

She'll reach out of bed for a pencil,
And any scrap paper will do,
You'd be surprised at the different size
And shapes she will use 'ere she's through.

She'll think up a line while she's dressing,
And write it while she's in the mood,
At once, for it's really quite pressing,
Her memory was never so good.

Dreamy eyed she goes to the kitchen,
With odd socks or something left out,
We see that her fingers are itching
And guess what it all is about.

The pancakes are heavy, the bacon
We think is best to forget
The coffee is not worth the taking,
But troubles are not over yet.

In the midst of a table discussion,
We really need mother's advice,
She'll gaze 'round at us without blushing,
and murmur, "what rhymes with 'Caprice?'"

At dinner Pa says with a tremor,
"My jacket needs mending a lot"
The hole in my sock's a dilemma."
And Ma says, "Oh! dear I forgot."

The dishes half washed, the beds are unmade,
The cat's drank the milk, the butcher's unpaid,
Then when it's all over, we sigh with relief,

But we are quite proud,
And forget all our grief,
For Mother has written a poem.

Eva M. R. Salway

MY MIRROR

My Mirror reflects a fairy tree,
Bathed in morning sun,
Bright foliage twinkling in the breeze,
Another day begun.

My Mirror reflects a moving form, Busy with daily task,
Praying for strength to live for God,
For this is all I ask.

My Mirror reflects a shadowy tree,
It's leaves still bow and bend,
Whispering peace, the work is done,
The day is near its end.

My feet are firmly planted,
As the tree clings to the sod,
My Mirror reflects a happy face,
For I've communed with God.

Eva M. R. Salway

* * * * *

VELMA

V----- is for Virtue this maid does possess,
E-----She is Earnest, a virtue no less,
L-----Is the Love this maiden inspires,
M-----is her Mother who's love never tires
A-----pray that Always in joy or distress
Dear Velma is always a good L.D.S.

Eva M. R. Salway

MY DADDY'S A PICTURE ON THE WALL

Some boy's have their daddy's.
Fine and straight and tall,
I want a dad to love me
And frolic with my ball.
I want a dad to tease me
And take me on his knee,
But it's nothing but a picture
Of a Daddy that I see.

Sometimes I get a letter
From far across the sea,
They say it is a message
That is come from Dad to me,
They read the words out to me
And I surely love them all,
But I gaze upon the picture
Of my Dad upon the wall.

Mama sees that picture
And a tear is in her eye,
She sadly turns away, and then
I hear a gentle sigh,
There's lots of other pictures
But I feel that isn't all,
There's something very sacred 'bout
That Daddy on the Wall.

refrain

When I say God Bless Daddy
But I don't know him at all
'Cos then I kiss goodnight
The picture hanging on the wall.
(Hal was born just before Harold went away to war and never knew his dad 'til he was almost four years old.)

Eva M. R. Salway

NOT GONE

Mother's day I'll wear a white flower,
But in my heart I'll wear the red,
When I think of her in the silent hour
I know she is not dead.

When I'm beset with toil and woe,
It seems that Mother's sure to know,
Whether it be joy or care
Somehow I feel she's always there.

Years we lived so far apart, -
Our parting nearly broke my heart,
The letters took so long to go
Across the ocean to and fro.

But when she went to meet dear Dad,
The parting did not seem so bad,
For she is nearer now to me,
Then when she lived far o'er the sea.

Eva M. R. Salway

NEW DAUGHTERS

The girls our sons have married,
To us are very near,
Four more lovely daughters
Bound by ties so dear.

One is staid and dignified,
Another shy and sweet,
Another full of love and mirth,
The eldest small and neat.

Our understanding Martha,
Jack's loving little wife,
Who came to cheer his happy home
And share his busy life.

Eunice, a little dignified,
And business-like, and kind,
She's just the wife for Harold,
With his ambitious mind.

Lucky Rowe found Bobbie,
A pal to share his mirth,
A pair all things in common,
A true love from it's birth.

If we would search the whole wide world,
I'm sure we could not find,
Better wives for our dear sons
By Providence designed.

But there will be another yet,
Another wife to come,
And all will gladly welcome her,
When Holman brings her home.

Eva M. R. Salway

NEWLYWEDS

Two young people set out on life,
No thought of the world locked in deadly strife,
No thought of the parting that soon must come,
For them the world has just begun.

As king and queen their reign is fair,
Their little home is a palace rare,
To which He'll come when war is done,
For God will make their two lives one.

May this glowing love of early youth,
Bind them in ties that never loose,
True love can speak from heart, to heart,
T'will grow and change to suit your need.

Through the lights and shades of life,
How precious love 'tween man and wife,
Held sacred it must ever be,
True love throughout Eternity.

But hold it as a treasure rare,
Ne'r temper with it's beauty rare,
Young love is but a tender seed.

Eva M. R. Salway

ODE TO DALE AND REA

Dale set out to grow and grew,
Until he reached near six foot two,
Rea stopped growing half way on,
And that made a case of short and long.

One thing was decided, when Dale took wife,
She'd have to look up to him all her life,
This may stand for conubial bliss,
But she must stand tip-toe in order to kiss.

Now there is one thing that puzzles me,
When this young pair raise a family,
Will they have children that grow and grow,
Or will they all have to kiss by standing tip-toe?

Eva M. R. Salway

'POP'

Charles Rowe, town crier of Alderney,
The little isle, midst raging sea,
He walks these streets, then clangs his bell,
That folks may know he has news to tell.

They hurry out to hear him speak,
Their quiet lives distraction seek,
He tells them all he has to say,
Smiles, and passes on his way.

But 'Pop' is not of low degree,
If you glance at his family tree,
There is many an illustrious name,
Of noble deed, and worldwide fame.

Mallet; Auban; Touzel; Estur;
Aumont; Larbalastier; and Bra-de-Fur;
L'Ernpriere; Coutanche; Dumareq Touzel'
Dolbel; De Carteret; Payn; Le Sebeul.

Venement; Messervy; Noel; Le Seuer;
Cabot; Le Boutillier; and De Beauvoir;
DuParc; Le Hardy; Gallie; LeGros;
Le Bastard; Paulette; Filleul and Journeaux.

These and many another great name,
The blood of these people enough would be fame,
But 'Pop' moves on, and rings his bell,
"Hear Ye, Hear Ye," I've news to tell.

Eva M. R. Salway

SISTERS

I was just an only girl,
And led a dreamy life,
With rarely a companion,
'Til I became a wife.

With joy I heard the story,
Of my husbands sisters three,
Hoping those dear people
Would be sisters too, to me.

It was not hard to love you
With your cheerful, happy ways,
When with pleasure I would meet you,
In those far off early days.

You had your joys and sorrows,
I wondered did you know
How much your love I'd cherish,
In those days so long ago.

And did you guess, dear Ada?
What pleasure it would be,
To read "To my Dear Sister,"
On a note you sent to me?

Eva M. R. Salway

STRANDED IN A JUNGLE

(A true story of Charles LeBoutillier Rowe)

1.

Charles L. B. Rowe went sailing far,
A' sailing abroad went he,
He sailed through waters calm and blue
And many a raging sea.

2.

The ship was long becalmed, one day
The captain said, said he,
"There's nary a drop of water to drink
Look out if land there be."

3.

The mate spied out across the sea,
As the ship crawled slowly on,
He saw a thin dark line ahead,
"Ahoy sir, land over yon."

4.

The boatswain cried "See there's a creek"
As he scanned the lonely shore,
"It runs right through that forest there
What could we hope for more?"

5.

"Lower a boat" the captain cried,
"And take some cans and tubs,
Bring water back, full to the brim,
Now hurry up, ye lubs."

6.

Charles stepped in the little boat,
With some of his mates went he,
Glad to leave the ship awhile,
And see, what he could see.

7.

They rowed up the stream 'til they came to the top
And found fresh water free,
They filled their cans and tubs right up,
And rested on the lea.

8.
They sat them down and gazed around,
At the fruit and flowers sweet,
"Let's gather up some fruit", said Charles
"For the captain and crew to eat."

9.
So they wandered round, both near and far,
To find what fruit was best,
They ate as much as they possibly could,
And were carrying back the rest.

10.
The coconuts grew up so high,
And they did not have much time,
So teased the monkeys, who threw down nuts,
And they did not have to climb.

11.
Those little rascally monkey men,
Thought "You throw sticks at me,
We can play the same rough game."
And throw down nuts at thee.

12.
"My word", it must be getting late"
Said one of the men, "'Tis time,
The darkness falls down very quick
In this far distant clime."

13.
When they got back their boat was dry
For the river had flowed away,
They had traveled up a tidal stream,
That went dry twice a day.

14.
They gazed with awe at the drying stream,
"Alas" said one "I think,
We've pulled our boat right by the place
Where animals come to drink."

15.

They saw that they could not return,
'Til the morning tide came in,
They gathered up wood, and made great fires
There for life to win.

16.

All through the night, the wild beasts roared.
As they walked around in rage,
The men kept close in their ring of flame,
As in a fiery cage.

17.

Peering out from the darkness
Were many glaring eyes
The brave men shouted, bawled and screamed
Deeming that course most wise.

18.

Many pairs of glaring eyes,
Peered at them from the dark,
The men, though brave were asking,
"What was that sound, novhark."

19.

They emptied their cans and wooden tubs,
And banged them hard like drums,
Hoping thus to scare the beasts,
Until the morning comes.

20.

At last the tide came back again,
Once more they saw the day,
The loaded boat was soon afloat,
The wild beasts gone away.

21.

They met the captain on the stream,
For he knew not what he'd do,
If cannibals or beats had ate,
Four men of his scanty crew.

22.

They told him the tale of the long, long night,
How they hadn't slept a wink,
They'd been keeping those terrible beasts at bay,
That came down to the stream to drink.

23.

"I'll not punish the men" said the captain,
Although they're much to blame,
They've been punished enough, and I'm sure that they,
Will never so err again."

Eva M. R. Salway

THE BALLAD OF THE MIDNIGHT SEARCH

Ma heard a noise in the dead of night,
She woke up Pa, to share in her fright,
He jumped out of bed, with a light sort of bound,
Tied on him Ma's apron, that was lying around.

He reached for a stick that he kept by his bed,
Grabbed it (That thief was already near dead.)
Ma picked up the well I suppose that you know
T'was all that there was, you see - and so -

They crept to Alf's door, did not dare to knock,
But entered right in, the sight gave him a shock.
He bounced out of bed, without even dressing,
Grabbed his suspenders, and joined the procession.

They wandered around, both upstairs and down,
And searched every corner from attic to ground,
First Pa, then Ma, Alf brought up the rear
P'raps the thief was behind, and Ma must not fear,

If he thought to escape, that thief was a dunce,
For three heads were craning always at once.
They reached the last cupboard, the thief must be there,
And bravely, and boldly, Ma spoke out quite clear.

"Now, you kill him Charley, I'll bash in his head.
"By the glare in his eye, you could see Pa saw red.
Of course he was made, because I'll be bound,
There was three thousand pounds worth of jewelry around.

Pa jerked open the door, and they started quick back,
Alf, who was hindmost, pretty near sat,
Pa struck a match, and they saw in a trice
Nought was within, save the spiders and mice.

Shivering they went, their valor quite sped,
Up the long stairs, and back into bed,
The mysterious sound, that had, had them all hipped
Was the noise the kids made when their bedspring slipped.

If somehow this story reads a bit crude,
Let me inform you, it's not really rude,
Because it is true, and on your life,

A few weeks after, Alf made me his wife,
The kids were myself and a cousin, no less
The fun we had out of it, you can well guess.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE BRANCH THAT GREW OVER THE WALL

(Salway) meaning 'Body Guard',
Faithful, true and free,
'Agland' meaning 'Oak Land',
Of great antiquity.

'Holman and Penna',
Of sturdy Cornish stock,
Blood of the Ancient Britain,
Once driven to that rock.

Who with the Welsh unconquered,
Alone remaining free,
Because of faithful brotherhood,
And true integrity.

The 'Rowe's', of Hugunot descent,
The 'Greens' of noble line,
'Mallet' of Magna Carta fame,
Peace maker back through time.

This is the foundation,
On which our family stands,
You "Salways" of Canada,
The blessed of all lands.

Four of you have traveled far,
Across the ocean wide,
Three others came to join your line,
On this Canadian side.

You have always stood together,
And shared each other's pain,
Happy in each others joy,
Rejoicing in their gain.

Let us extend this loyalty,
To other members dear,
Who have wedded in our family,
And come from far and near.

Their traditions may be different,
And different standards too,
And they have faults and failings,
The same as me and you.

Let's close our eyes to any faults,
And never a new fault find,
And keep each others secrets,
Thus closer to us bind.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Birthday Poem

A loving little sister,
Gave grandma quite a twister,
"Tomorrow's Velma's birthday, now you see,
Do you think that you could ever,
Since you're so very clever,
Write a birthday poem for me?"

So Grandma thunk and thunk,
But all she wrote was punk,
Nothing did suit that grandchild sweet and tall,
There was nothing else to say,
But "God Bless you every way"
From Grandma, little sister and all.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE SOLDIERS SWEETHEART

There's a dear little redhead waiting for you,
Working, waiting, keeping so true,
Laughing, joking, bright as the rest,
But she longs for the lad she loves the best.

Always so smart as she walked up the street,
Alone, or with girls she'd casually meet,
There's a quick little nod, and a smile as you pass,
And one can't help liking your 'redheaded lass.

There's a tone in her voice, and a look in her eyes,
As you closely observe as she passes you by,
You can guess it is there 'cos she's waiting for you,
Her far away soldier in Air Force Blue.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE LADY WITH THE RED GOLD CURLS

There's a lady far out west
With teeth as white as pearls,
My darling little Gwennie
With the Red Gold Curls.

I know she's waiting for me,
And I know she will be true,
Even if I'm far away,
Across the ocean blue.

A soldier's life a busy one,
But then at night it seem's
There's a Red Headed Angel
Flitting through my dreams.

When the flags of the Allies
In Germany unfurls,
I'll come to claim my darling
With the Red Gold Curls.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE IRON BIT

A rusty iron horses bit,
Hangs on a rusty nail,
Resting there for many years,
It tells me many a tale.

Tales of happy carefree boys,
And of a little Indian horse,
So willingly it carried them,
Where 'ere they set the course.

It loved to hear their laughing voice,
Endure their childish play,
Race up and down the grassy road,
On many a happy day.

How carefully the bit was hung,
All bright and shiny there,
But the horse was drowned, and youthful eyes
Shed many a secret tear.

The boys are grown and married now,
And the horse forgot may be,
But the little rusty iron bit,
Tells many a tale to me.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE LIE

Yesterday somebody told me a lie,
'Twas a silly affair, but I'm wondering why
He knew I'd be stupid enough to believe
A man in his shoes would not stoop to deceive.

I repeated the lie, and some young people laughed,
To think that a woman like me had been chaffed,
It made me feel old, and it cut like a lash
It left in our friendship a permanent gash.

My friend did not think, but deemed it a jest,
No thought of the consequence troubled his rest,
Don't think it's funny to make a wise crack,
Or perhaps like the pigeon "Twill come homing back.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE OLD HOME

'Twas just a small log house,
And a bare acre of land,
We added two new rooms to it,
With cash we had at hand.

We planted a small garden,
And a few quick growing trees,
And then a flower border,
That attracts the honey bees.

Next year there was a chicken coop,
And later a small pig pen,
After awhile we had a cow,
We used the old barn then.

The boys soon learned to milk the cow,
And helped with fousls and pigs,
And dropped in the potato sets,
While Dad the garden digs.

They did not really love the work,
Or always did their share,
But the home was such a happy place
With young folk living there.

On the plaster in the bedroom,
Is M.S. marked so plain,
That was the way my youngest son
Had chose to leave his name.

When Rowe left his impression,
He chose the window sill,
And good and deep he carved it,
With all his might and will.

Holman chose the house top,
And wrote his name up far,
Perhaps it was his first attempt
To 'Hitch onto a star.'

I love to see the marks they've left
But dearer perhaps than all,
Are the scratches on the door post
To mark how they grew tall.

How soon the baby had his mark
Far above them all,
Holman came next, a little less,
Hope shortest on the wall.

But when I look upon those marks,
I think that there I see
The ladder that my baby's climbed
Away, away from me.

So one by one they left us,
To make homes of their own,
The war has drawn the younger boys
Now they've to manhood grown.

Our woodwork now is polished,
No fingerprints at all,
The old log house is stucco,
The trees have grown quite tall.

We walk the lovely garden,
And smell the roses sweet,
But we long for children's voices,
And the patter of their feet.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE OLD HOME NO. 2

The old folks at home have gone modern,
The old house has been torn apart,
The marks that they loved so are covered
Memories now kept in their heart.

Gone is the small room so crowded,
Gone is the porch small and chill,
A large window graces the south wall,
With view of the garden and hill.

There is a large window set in the north side.
Caragana is cut to the ground,
It shows a fine view of the Temple,
With emerald trees growing 'round.

Still the apple tree spreads o'er the pathway,
Darkening the new porch so wide,
The tall trees have lost their low branches,
For fear the fine view they would hide.

The office that grieved Mum so sorely,
To the long room has taken it's place,
That bedroom is now a bit smaller,
But still there is plenty of space.

With paper on wall and on ceiling,
The rooms have put on a new look,
Clear moon-like globes hang from each center,
Supported by bronze chain and hook

There are sockets in each place we need them,
No cords string all over the room,
For radio, hot plate, or heater,
There are cupboards for mopstick and broom.

The chairs in the kitchen are yellow,
Cream paint adorn woodwork and doors,
Mum still has her rag mats and hook rugs,
Scattered all over the floors.

Dad has installed in the basement,
A new furnace to make the house warm,
Once in the winter the draughts were abundant,
But now they will do us no harm.

The mark near the house top of Holman,
The one Morton left on the wall,
Are gone with Rowe's carving on the window sill,
The horses bit lost past recall.

They say that the doors are old fashioned,
Let people be modern that will,
But the door post that still shows the grow marks,
As a memory to all stands there still.

(Oct. 4, 1959) abstract -

The old home is now sold to strangers,
Let them alter the place as they will,
But our life with it's joys, and it's sorrows,
In loved memory stays with us still.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE PORTRAIT

I've just received a portrait
Of my son in Air Force blue,
His eyes sparkle with mischief
As they always used to do.

He looks at me so brightly,
With his ever cheerful grin,
And there's just the faintest shadow
Of that dimple in his chin.

How dear of him, to have that picture
Painted, just for me,
That I might gaze upon it
When he's far across the sea.

I do not really need it
For He's pictured in my heart,
But the portrait is another link
Now we're so far apart.

I'll hang it where it will be seen
The first thing at the dawn,
'Twill help me with my daily tasks
Throughout the busy morn.

And then at night, when I am tired,
And going off to bed,
The picture will not say "Goodnight"
But smile at me instead.

How priceless to a mother in
These days, so rare of joys,
Is the little row of portraits
Of her absent soldier boys.

And tho' amid the conflict
Each boy must do his share,
They'll always be remembered
In a loving mother's prayer.

Eva M. R. Salway

TO MY NEW DAUGHTER

There's an empty bed,
In an empty room,
And an empty place in our heart,
You'd brightened them
For a few short days,
And then we had to part.

You've a home to make,
For the man you love,
Who has brought you here to see,
The dear old home of his childhood,
His father dear, and me.

You've a life to live,
And a way to go,
With your husband by your side,
God watch the path of our dear son,
And his happy Air Force bride.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE SMILE

'Twas the early days of the first great war,
My good man had gone, and my heart was sore,
I walked through the town ('twas a crowded place)
I saw sadness and gloom in every face.

As I did not look up I could not see the sun,
The box of Pandora was surely undone,
I was caught in a snare, and my heart seemed to say,
"Is there no cheer at all in the world today?"

Then all was changed, Do you know why?
A cheerful maiden came tripping by,
Her smile shone out through that mass of gloom,
Like a clear, bright light, in a darkened room.

I'll never know what made her smile,
But only in a little while
All things seemed changed within my view,
For surely I was smiling too.

I raised my head, and saw the sun,
A clearer vision had begun,
There still was faith in the world to see,
And some of her joy had passed to me.

She did not know what her smile had done,
Perhaps I was not the only one,
But I'll never forget her, for you see,
Her smile has always stayed with me.

(A true incident in the 1st World War, it had just begun for England.)

Eva M. R. Salway

AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW

Samuel was returning from market,
Contented his trading well done,
Thinking of pleasures ahead for all,
And blessings his Labors had won.

In his mind he did vision these comforts,
This hard earned money would buy,
The bonnet his wife had so longed for,
The new pig he'd put in the sty,

The garden tools he could replenish,
The new piece of land he would get
A few more pounds laid in the stocking,
No longer remaining in debt.

So he traveled along in the moonlight,
Alone with his pony and gig,
Gazing around at the hedgerows,
And the beauty of moon painted twig.

But what did he see 'hind the hedge there?
A form that bobbed up and down,
Running, then duck where the hedge was low,
A thief followed Sam from the town.

He chequed not the pace of his poney,
Through the edge of his eyes he did scan,
He'd die 'fore he'd hand his hard earned wealth,
To any bold highway man.

Thought he "When I get to the gateway,
There I'll accost the vile man,
A crack on the head with my trusty staff,
Will teach him to meddle with Sam."

He stopped at the gateway expectant,
But saw there was no one around,
His shadow full length through the gateway,
Lay there on the unbroken ground.

'Twas with great relief that he then saw,
The silly mistake he had made,
'Twas the first time that Samuel Salway
Had been afraid of his shade.

Eva M. R. Salway

A POUND OF PEPPER

In Jersey Isle, across the sea,
There lived a man, Raoul L'Empriere,
He built a dovecot on his land,
That he might have some birds on hand.

Then he'd gather his friends from far & near,
For hawking, a sport they loved so dear.
And the poor little birds were allowed to fly,
Then the hawks would swoop and their victims die.

But Raoul had made a big mistake
He had no right the cot to make,
For only a few within the law,
Were allowed to build, and then no more.

He was brought to court, and the Justice said:
Tear down the dovecot you have made.
But Raoul felt to do as he please
And the dovecot stayed amid the trees.

Then a Judge for Merry England came
To see all was well, in the good kings name,
He was told how Raoul was out of hand
And still kept the dovecot on his land.

Such contempt of court was rare
And the Justice wondered "How he dar?"
So again he was summoned into court
To be forced to obey, as a good man ought.

After much talk, he promised to pay
A pound of pepper (rare in that day)
To the King forever, if the cot could stand
For himself and his heirs, on the manor land.

When Raoul died, and his son became
Master of his land and name
He found it hard, the fine to pay
For his ships must travel many a day.

To far off lands, on an Easter shore
To fetch the spice, to pay the score
He did not pay it as he ought
So he was summoned into Court.

He quailed before the Judges frown
But said "I've pulled the Dovecot down."
The justice said "Well that was clever,
But 'twas promised to pay that fine for EVER."

So the pepper is paid, a regular thing
To whoever reigns, a queen or king.
Throughout 600 years and more
The family L'Empriere still pays the score.

(This man is an ancestor of the present Salways.)

Eva M. R. Salway

THE UNWANTED BABY

(dedicated to Eva Salway Tagg)

You have a child, a lovely boy,
I'm sure the darling gives you joy,
But one's enough - pray have no more,
Or you'll not prosper, they keep you poor.

You and your husband are so young,
Don't have anymore for years to come,
You'll spoil your figure, lose your fun,
Life's such a trial with more than one.

And so I grieved, and fretted through
The months of trial awaiting you.
And then you came - one stormy night -
Delicate, unlovely, puny mite.

You needed love - that was my part,
Your tiny hands clung to my heart,
Oh! how my heart went to you, dear,
And I fought with death to keep you here.

I cast aside advice of fools
And followed sweeter, purer rules,
Seven children followed in your wake,
All of them wanted for your dear sake

You've been my daughter, and my friend,
Ever ready your help to lend,
Our joys were sweeter as we'd share,
Our trials only half to bear.

God's great blessing you have been,
In sickness and in health, I've seen
You with your ever ready cheer
Forgive; you were not wanted, dear.

Eva M. R. Salway

TO MORTON AND ANN

Two young people set out on life
No thought of the world locked in deadly strife,
No thought of the parting that soon may come,
For them the world has just begun.

As King and Queen their reign is fair,
Their little home a palace rare
To which he comes when work is done,
For God has made these two lives one.

May this glowing love of early youth,
Bind them in ties that never loose.
True love can speak from heart to heart,
'Twill bind two souls though far apart.

But hold it as a treasure rare,
Ne'er tamper with it's beauty fair,
Young love is but a tender seed,
'Twill grow and change to suit your need.

Throughout the lights and shades of life,
How precious love 'tween man and wife,
Held sacred it must ever be,
True love throughout Eternity.

Eva M. R. Salway

TROTting HOME

Trotting on home,
His head held high,
With tail out straight,
Step slightly awry.

Perhaps he is hungry,
And thinks of his plate,
Out by the back door,
He must not be late.

Or he thinks of the baby,
So oft in his care,
There might be danger,
And he is not there.

There may be a hobo,
Prowling around,
And so he must hurry
Homeward bound.

Eva M. R. Salway

ECONOMY

It's hard in these times with prices so high
to get just the food stuffs that you'd like to buy.
Certainly we must have good things to eat
yet must buy inferior cuts of meat.

And when I've prepared it the best way I can
I wonder if dinner will suit the good man,
What pleasure it is when he sits down to eat
and says "Mmmm pot roast, my, this is a treat.

The next day is wash day, so meat must be cold,
The pudding from yesterday is left in the mould,
I don't know what relish to make out of hand,
but daughter says, "Mummie, this salad is grand."

Third day on the joint, now what shall I do?
I then fall back on the old fashioned stew.
Junior comes in, gives two swipes to his boots
Sniffs, "My stew with dumplings, my favorite fruits."

One day must be meatless, on that we've agreed,
But the way mother cooks we will not be in need.
So cheered up again, I think and I plan
to feed these dear children, and kind, thoughtful, Man.

It's easy, you see, with such cooperation
to do something more for our waring nation,
at the end of the week, without stinting or cramps,
I am able to buy some more War Saving Stamps.

Eva M. R. Salway

ODE TO BATTLE DRILL

You must go on, is the endless cry
On and on til you drop and die,
Sweat saves blood, brains saves sweat,
(But we haven't seen the brains as yet)

With rifles up, five yards apart,
We double along with racing heart,
Legs a'tremble and lungs a'flame
Wondering why we ever came.

Can you ever think of a greater hell,
Than to hear some ruddy instructor yell,
As you stumble along neath 49 pound load,
I'm a five grenade, and about to explode.

Bang- bang - bang the Bren gun goes,
And you plow the ground on your ruddy nose.
Down , crawl, observe, fire,
Up to your neck in stinking mire.

"Ger in a fire position, you."
The Acki's yell, til the air is blue,
As they strut around like a Spanish Don,
And the students wonder what's going on.

Then the attack, we consolidate,
The stops come in an hour too late,
All around protection, where's that Bren,
A darn poor show, you'll do it again."

God grant the grace that some day we,
May defend our own V.P.
With Acki's attacking like stalking cats
While we bounce live rounds off their tin hats.

I could go on but I haven't time,
I know you'll pardon my little rhyme,
Of this my tale no more I will give,
I'm writing for a transfer to the armored div.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

POOR TINRIBS

Our little doggie was took very ill,
So mama just gave him a great big pill,
He had in his body a nasty old worm,
Which made that pup, cough, scratch, wiggle and squirm.

But dear little TinRibs is much better now,
If he eats what he's given, he'll keep well, I vow,
But the milk and the bread that we give, he won't eat,
And expects us to feed him always on meat.

So children this lesson take unto you,
Always eat food that Ma says you should do,
Or you'll have a pill, and wiggle, and squirm,
Like my poor little pup, with his nasty old worm.

(I wrote this for the grandchildren.)

Eva M. R. Salway

IF A THING'S WORTH DOING, DO IT

Man was put upon this earth
To conquer and subdue it,
If the thing is good you want to do,
Why don't you do it?

Go to it with all your heart,
And you will never rue it,
You can't finish a thing unless you start,
If a thing's worth doing, do it.

Don't think because, it's not been done,
That you must not pursue it,
Don't bother what the folk will say,
If a thing is right, then do it.

Don't wait for someone else to move,
You be the one to start,
Why must you walk a trodden groove?
Don't fear to stand apart.

Keep on working, striving,
Never give in, my friend,
If you don't lose heart, you're bound to win,
You'll conquer in the end.

You know, there's nought man can conceive,
In his very wildest day,
But someday mankind will achieve,
In science, work or play

If you've been crowded down and out,
And taste the bitter cup,
There's only one more move to make,
That's up.

Eva M. R. Salway

FOR GOOD LUCK

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, and something blue"
So mused the maid on her wedding morn,
"Now what have I old that can be worn?"

"What better could be than my love for dear dad,
Tis old as I am, so that's not so bad,
Twill be worn in my heart, next the love for my lad.
And the two loves will always make me so glad.

And now, something, new, oh, that's easy too,
The dress I shall wear is perfectly new.
It will always be cherished as a symbol you see,
That I'll always be true, as he'll be to me.

Something borrowed, I know what twill be,
I'll borrow some sparks from the stars, then they'll see
Them bright in my eyes when I whisper "I will"
To the end of my life they'll be sparkling there still.

And last, something blue, I'll wear a blue bow
In a true lovers knot, but folks will not know
It's really the bluebird of joy that I wear
Though no one will see him, I'll know he is there."

(Dedicated to Ferne Sillito on the eve of her wedding to McKay Leishman.
Wishing them the best of luck.)

Eva M. R. Salway

TO JOHN EDWARD

Welcome John Edward,
But why on earth
Did you lose your underwear
The day of your birth?

Remember it is war time,
And such things can't be done,
Why were' you not a daughter?
Instead of 2nd son?

But mother seems to think,
You're everything that's fine,
And I can well assure you
Those sentiments are mine.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE POET'S PLEA TO THE EDITORS

Dear Gentlemen, of course I do
Not understand your work,
But some of your mistakes for me
Has surely made me quirk.

You leave out lines,
Reverse their place,
Put plurals where there's none,
Drop letters out of useful words,
'Tis anything but fun.

So now dear friends,
In these few lines,
I really beg of thee,
Twist up the work of other folk,
But oh! be kind to me.

Eva M. R. Salway

WELSH ILLEAN

Little Illean with black Welsh eyes,
Sparkling like stars in summer skies,
Always a grin, or - cheery smiles,
Spreading light for miles and miles.

Little Illean, who's parents came
From the mountain land of hero fame,
Where the people sing their happy lays,
Climbing the hills on working days.

Would you like to see those mountain ways,
Where Britains fought in ancient days?
Children of the ancient race,
The Ancient Britain first in place.

Eva M. R. Salway

WHEN FATHER COOKS THE DINNER

When father cooks the dinner,
He surely has a spree,
That cheerful, bustling, happy man,
Is quite a sight to see.

There's onions in the gravy,
And duff right in the pan,
And cabbage cooking in the pot,
Oh! what a busy man.

We sneak up to the oven,
Hear the sputtering of the fat,
And swipe a hot potato,
My! how good was that.

Those golden brown potatoes,
With pepper all atop,
And the flavor of the gravy,
Makes your heart go flop.

He peeps into the oven,
To see it doesn't burn,
Then he declares that dinner.
Is now cooked to a turn.

We all sit at the table,
And Father carves the meat,
The rich juice runs about the dish,
We can hardly wait to eat.

Impatient of the blessing,
That keeps us from our food,
But we can't help being thankful
For a dinner quite so good.

Eagerly we help ourselves,
Plates full to the brim,
The aroma fills the dining room,
We set to with a vim.

Soon our plates are empty,
We've eaten a good deal,
But there is something very special
When Father cooks the meal.

Eva M. R. Salway

A BRITISH CANADIAN MOTHER TO HER SOLDIER SON

Dear son: it made our hearts so sore,
When one of the first, you went to war,
What could one expect, but that you'd tread,
The footsteps where your father led.

He was a seventh Dorset, they
Fought in the thickest of the fray,
But he fought in France, across the bay,
My Son has traveled far away.

I saw your father now and then,
But when shall I see you again?
Barely eighteen when you joined the force,
To me you were only a boy, of course.

And when you left I felt with pain,
I'd never have my boy again,
For when your time of war has run.
You'll return, an experienced, anew.

A bird never really comes back to it's next,
We'll have you home a few months, at best,
Your aim of life, of course, will be
To have a wife and family.

And pray this war be not in vain,
That you may never know the pain,
To see your dear ones torn from you,
To fight, to bleed, or die anew.

But courage son, this war is just,
You fight a demon full of lust,
You fight to gain the world it's peace,
You fight this war, that war might cease.

We're proud, my boy, of our soldier son,
The strife has hardly yet begun,
But when your uniform you doff,
You'll have finished the job, where your Dad left off.

Eva M. R. Salway

A MOTHER'S GRIEF

That awful cable came, all mothers dread,
"Your son was killed in action," he is dead,
Just those few words,
By many read, yet I feel I'm apart,
They eat into my bruised and wounded heart,
Like carrion birds.

Friends council, comfort, pity, all the same,
The blazing words are seared across my brain,
"Killed in action" - gone
The boy I more than loved, for whom I fought
The agony of birth, deeming it nought,
My baby boy, my son.

But leave me, let me bear the blow alone,
Just for awhile, your words but mocking tone,
Beating my head,
Or kneel beside me, do not mouth the words
That sometime I to others may have said,
My boy is dead.

Just for the moment, let me be, the tears
Sometime will come, and often with the years
My broken heart,
One day I'll listen to your words with courtesy,
But now, all I can hear, or know, or see,
These words shot through me like a poisoned dart,
"Killed in action" - gone.

Eva M. R. Salway

A MOTHERS CRY

How will our boys spend Christmas?
The Fourth away from home,
In doing chores on England's shores,
Or fighting their way to Rome?

Or in a wild invasion,
Of that fearsome western coast,
Where many dear ones lost their lives,
Who bravest deeds might boast?

Or sailing ore the danger seas,
Where sneaking U-Boats lurk,
To trap our wary seamen,
And do their deadly work?

Will they spend it in a fox hole,
On a bleeding battle ground,
Or mid comforts of a hospital
With Angel nurses 'round?

Where will our boys spend Christmas?
So far away they roam,
"O Father, end this deadly strife,
And bring our dear one's home."

Eva M. R. Salway

BACK THE ATTACK

Back the attack,
What do we lack?
The side that has the most weight wins,
Are we doing our best,
Don't give it a rest,
If you can't break Hitler's head
Then kick his shins.

Back up your sons,
They must have guns,
We can't leave them now in the lurch,
Bare hands are no use,
As well wear the noose,
You can't beat Hitler with a birch.

Back the attack,
Fill any crack,
Your cash is what is needed now,
Get behind the guns,
And blast the wretched Huns,
We will never to the Axis bow.

Eva M. R. Salway

BUY A BOND

Hello Canada;
Mother is calling you,
Hello! Canada;
What more are you going to do?

"We are doing our best for Canada,
And for the dear old land,
We are going to help her colonies
Win their glorious stand.

Our men are fighting freely,
And our brave women too,
Our factories are working
As hard as they can do.

We're saving fat and rubber,
And wearing out our clothes,
We're knitting, and we're sewing,
And welding spades and hoes.

We've dug deep in our pockets,
And we're willing to do more,
We'll not give up 'til freedom
Is strung from shore to shore.

Our soldiers must keep fighting,
We'll scour the Herring ponds,
We'll keep it up, we've just begun,
come LET US BUY MORE BONDS!"

"Well done, Canada,
You're worthy of your dam,
You're leading now in many ways,
We'll get out of this jam."

Eva M. R. Salway

FRIENDS OF MY SON (Harold)
(for the Squires family)

Dear Friends of my son
My heart goes out to thee,
Across the danger wastes
Of the broad Atlantic Sea.

So far away, it seems,
As far as the worlds end,
Yet in his father's land,
Our boy has found a friend.

Our son has found a home,
A place where he can rest,
And know unselfish friendship
Where he is more than guest.

Once he was a stranger,
And then you took him in
No questions asked, you treated him
As if he were a kin.

May every blessing come to you,
You dear friends over there,
Your names are often on my lips
When I kneel in secret prayer.

Eva M. R. Salway

NO! NOT THE SAME

Someone 'over there! my boy did see,
"He is just the same" they wrote to me,
"Just the same, with his laughing ways,
Happy go lucky, through hardest days."

No! Not the same, 'neath the laughing mask,
Is the hardened man, with the grimmest task,
His heart must be bruised, his brain be seared,
By the fearful things both seen and heard.

No time to grieve when his dearest "Bud",
Is killed beside him in the mud,
With heavy packs through ghastly slime,
He dodges death from time to time.

'Tis well he can joke and cheer a friend,
Who feels he's reached the bitter end,
But there's a different man inside today,
Than the laughing boy who went away.

The post war world won't be built by boys,
But stalwart men who have done with toys,
These are the men to build our race,
Who can meet new trials, with fearless face.

Eva M. R. Salway

ROMANTIC JOHNNY CANUCK

Johnny's home from overseas,
His head is in a whirl,
For every where that Johnny went,
He found another girl.

There's Jane, Celeste, and Madelene,
And Wilhilmina Jo,
Paulette and Selina,
And many I don't know.

And he'd proposed to all the lot,
He loved them all 'tis true,
But he can't marry all of them,
So what is he to do?

The letters now come pouring in,
From one girl or another,
And some girls madder than the rest,
Starts writing to his mother.

So Johnny's in a fix its true
They're really getting mean,
The gay Lotherio is glad,
The oceans' in between.

(not one of my boys)

Eva M. R. Salway

GUERNSEY

Do you remember Candie Park,
With it's giant trees, where the children lark,
In the mottled shade, on the lush green grass?
Hush! the Nazis are there.

Do you remember the White Rock walk,
Where dressed up smart, the people would stalk,
And meet their friends, and laugh, and talk?
Hush! the Nazis are there.

Do you remember the Market Place
With its tall glass roof, and hardly a space
For another stall in the open place?
Hush! the Nazis are there.

The roof of glass is shattered space,
There's nothing to sell in the Market place
Of the cheerful greetings there's not a trace,
Hush! the Nazis are there.

The lovely trees are cut for fuel
The People there are the Nazis tool
The Germans are there with the ghastly rule
Hush! the Nazis are there.

Shades of William the Norman, and Rolo the Dane,
Help us restore our isle again,
God grant that once more peace will reign,
And the Nazis no longer are there.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE ROAD

(to Rowe Salway)

Goodbye, my son, You've had your leave,
My heart is filled with patient grief,
Goodbye, my boy, 'til you return,
That heart will never cease to yearn.

In haste you left ere you be late,
You turned and smiled as you reached the gate,
Then down the road, with your soldier stride,
And I stood and gazed at your form with pride.

At the turn of the road, you waved, right there
And now was no need to hide a tear,
My boy was gone, as far, to me,
As if already he'd crossed the sea.

That weedy old road, with grass on each side,
Where oft in youthful play you'd hide,
Or stumble along with tottering feet
Eager your father dear to meet.

When off to school, you were always in haste,
With a bang of the door, no time to waste,
Then off down the road, you would race with glee,
But always at night, come back to me.

The road is still weedy, the grass still high,
I gaze down the path with many a sigh,
At the trail your feet so oft have trod,
And I lift my heart in prayer to God.

Pray that your feet may never stray,
That in paths of virtue, they will stay,
Pray that I'll be spared to see,
My soldier boy come back to me.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE SOLDIER DREAM

There is a light in a cottage window,
In dreams I seem to see,
The comfort of a tidy hearth,
A becoming to me.

I see a tired father
Returned home from the farm,
Of happy children playing there,
Safe, secure from harm.

It seems I see a table
Laden with home cooked food,
That only loving mother's care
Prepares for her little brood.

The tapping of little sisters spoon
Sitting there so high,
The little pout upon her lips
As she's refused more pie.

The sweet smell of the cattle
Lowing in the shed
The clucking of the chicken
As they settle off to bed.

The rustle of the straw
Beneath the horses feet,
The cheerful bark of Rover
As a friend he goes to greet.

I'm dreaming 'neath a ruined wall,
The light I see's a flame,
Crackling over burning homes,
And scenes one cannot name.

O precious memories of home,
The home I'm fighting for,
In my beloved Canada,
On that far distant shore.

The whistle blows, my dream is ore,
The bullets fall like rain,
But when this battles over,
Perhaps I'll dream again.

Eva M. R. Salway

RABBIT ROMMEL RAN

Little Rabbit Rommel ran,
Across the desert bare,
He left his allies far behind,
For them, why should he care?

He left his droppings on the road,
To clutter up the way,
But tortoise, steady plodded on,
'Til rabbit turned at bay.

He'd got across the Mareth line,
And carelessly he slept,
For tortoise caught him napping
As across the line he lept.

Then bunny skipped away again,
And nested by the shore,
No doubt he'll hop and jump a bit,
But pussy'll run no more.

Eva M. R. Salway

WAITING

Over the radio I heard the shouts
And yells of many men returned,
Was my dear lad among them,
The boy for whom I yearned?

I listened to the bedlam mixed
With noise of those ashore,
Who welcomed the brave soldiers
Who had returned from War.

As I listened I could picture
The sea of faces bright,
Waving arms and open mouths,
To yell with all their might.

Of all that crowded troopship
Each man had his life
Most of them a cherished home,
With parents or a wife.

But some would perhaps be lonely,
Seeing no prospect near,
No dear one waiting for them
To fill their heart with cheer.

I listened for a loved voice
To penetrate that crowd,
But knew I could not hear it
Had he shouted oh, so loud.

Now I'm waiting for the message
To say that he has come,
Perhaps again I'm disappointed,
And my son has not come home.

But his room is bright and cheerful,
I've started in to bake,
The meal of which he is so fond,
And ice his favorite cake.

It cannot be so very long,
So I must not complain,
For many anxious mothers wait
To see their sons again.

(Holman, said he was on the other side of the ship saying 'goodbye' to a sad
Waac.)

Eva M. R. Salway

WHAT DO YOU SEE OVER THERE

Oh! Soldier boy so far away,
On Italia's foreign shore,
What do you see from day to day?
What does impress you more.

Do you see the trench you dig in,
The muck, the more, and sand,
Or see the glorious mountains,
That tower up so grand?

Are yo fretted by the storm and rain,
so different from your land,
Or do you see the green blue tide
As it breaks on the lovely strand?

Do you gaze at the war torn landscape, Hear the guns that boom so long?
Or see the little flower that grows,
And hear the sweet bird song.

Is it hard to see the wounded,
And homes that are stripped so bare?
But there's mercy, love and kindness,
In that country over there.

Just gaze up at the sunshine,
And believe it, and you can,
There's a loving god who reigns o'er all
And grieves for the sin's of man.

Eva M. R. Salway

ASHES ON THE SNOW

I saw a pan of ashes cast
Upon the snow outside,
A strong wind took the lighter dust
And blew it far and wide.

The pure white surface of the snow,
Was smerched beyond repair,
It brought a sadness to my heart
As I stood watching there.

One day I heard a whispered word
That someone thought they knew,
The wind of gossip took it up,
The story is not new.

It smerched a pure and kindly soul,
And caused a broken heart,
It crushed ambition near it's goal,
It made two lovers part.

Do not be one to throw the dust
And someone's name defile,
But patient be, the truth will show,
In just a little while.

So close your lips in silence
If faults you think you know,
Just build a wall of kindness
Between the dust and snow.

Eva M. R. Salway

A WRECKED LIFE

She had been a pretty girl,
Ignorant, untrained,
No knowledge of God's plan of life
Was from her mother gained.

Hey courtship was unhappy,
Filled with guilt and fear,
'Twas only beauty worship
The love that came to her.

Glad memories of a honeymoon
That cheer another's life,
Were lost to her, there was no joy
When she became a wife.
No wedding anniversary,
Record dear to some,
The day was best forgotten,
Past cannot be undone.

The birthday of her baby
Was filled with deep despair,
For she must always live a lie
To keep that birthday fair.

Love, courtship, marriage,
And early motherhood,
So filled with precious memories,
To other wives, so good.

She's missed the sweetest memories,
That jam a woman's life,
Because of ignorance of youth,
Untrained to be a wife.

Eva M. R. Salway

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE

Have you noticed, there is beauty
In ever common thing?
In the lychen of decaying wood,
Or a bird upon the wing?

Do you see the haze of purple
That against the mountains lie,
Or glowing tints of tender green
That grace the morning sky?

A clouded sky has beauties
In lovely shades of grey,
More soothing to the restless heart,
Than many a scene more gay?

Have you noticed dry wild sunflowers,
How they trim the snowy view,
Like lace upon a garment,
Or a carpet spread for you?

And on a pile of rubbish
That careless hands do throw,
Note! the glowing dandylion
Has chosen there to grow.

Let's make it our ambition
Whatever be life's goal,
To look for beauty everywhere
And get it in our soul.

Eva M. R. Salway

BOBBY'S WHOOPING COUGH

Bobby has the whooping cough,
His young mama is scared,
She'd known nothing of such illness
In the place where she'd been reared.

Mrs. Jones said, "Now do this."
And Mrs. Brown, "Do that."
But Mrs. Green and Mrs. Grey
Turned their ideas down flat.

"Keep the darling close indoors
And close the windows tight,"
And Mrs. Smith said "Send him out
In air, and sun, and light."

Another has a new idea
Which is the latest fad,
Young Mama tried to use them all
And what a time she's had.

She rubs his chest with goose grease,
To quell the stubborn cough,
And then she rubs with alcohol
And takes the good grease off.

Now she feeds him this,
And then she feeds him that,
Then she props him up
And then she lays him flat.

She sends the darling out,
And then she keeps him in,
But still poor Bobby's coughing
And looks quite pale and thin.

With all his mama's care,
If Bobby does survive,
We'll never know which treatment
Has kept the boy alive.

Eva M. R. Salway

BROTHER!

I'm just a boy, and I race home from school,
Full bursting with news as a general rule,
I race up the stairs, and bawl out 'Hi Mum',
Bill Brown's got a pony, I wish I had one."

I pause in my tracks, and heave a big sigh
For there surely is murder in big sisters' eye.
I've mudded the floor, and woken up Mum,
And that makes a fellow fell like a big bum.

I try to sneak out, but hear, "Hey, you come back,
There's mud to clean up and the ashes to pack,
There's dishes to wipe and potatoes to sack,
An errand to run, and when you come back,

Homework must be done, then sweep out the floor
Of the basement, and then there'll be no other chore."
But why make a moan? It's all in the day,
And when it's all done, I'm off out to play.

Eva M. R. Salway

DOES IT MATTER

Does it matter if your pal is late?
And you had to wait a while?
Does it really matter, can't you take it with a smile?
What's a little waiting, is it really worth a frown?
Friendship is a lovely thing, do not let it down,

Does it matter if Baby Dear has broken a new cup?
She did not mean to do it, just stoop and pick it up.
Your darling is more precious than that bit of chinaware,
Just grin, and then forget it, don't let her shed a tear.

There's many a little scratch, and bump and prick on life's rough road,
If you string them all together, they make a fearsome load.
There's too many big cares in the world, to fret about the small
Don't let silly trifles turn your life to gall.

Eva M. R. Salway

EVACUATED BABY

1st World War

Evacuated baby
With tears upon my cheek,
And little sob wracked body
Though now you're fast asleep.

I heard you say your prayer,
Ere tucking you in bed,
You murmured "Dod bress mum"
And weeping bowed your head.

Somewhere a lonely mother,
Has bravely sent you forth,
To save her darling's life or limb,
From German holocaust.

"What so'er" the Savior said,
To little ones' you've done,
To have done it unto me."
God help me serve this one.

(My first poem, published in the Millennial Star. EMRS)

Eva M. R. Salway

GOSSIP

Yes, I was at the canning Bee,
Of course I went to work,
But you'd think folk went to gossip,
The way some people quirk.

But Mrs. Stoddard's apron,
All frills and fursalows,
Such things are alright in their place,
As far as such things go.

And cunning Segrid Thelin,
Cutting so silent there,
I wonder what she was thinking
Not much good, I fear.

Did you hear Mrs. Shidler?
Jabbering all the time?
She knows everybody's business,
And can't she string a line?

Don't look, there's Katie Spencer
I shouldn't say a word,
But! Do you know (.)
Oh! There's a little bird.

And fancy Eya Salway now,
She turned up in slacks,
Do you think they'd wear such things,
If they could see their backs?

And Eva Tagg is somebody,
Now she's sec'tary again
They cannot do without her
She feels, you see that plain.

Did you see Ella's hairdo,
Pushed up behind, and flat,
I really think no president,
Should follow styles like that.

And as for Jennie Hyde,
My! did you see her hat?
Would you think folk with their money,
Would wear a thing like that?

When I go to a canning Bee,
I go to work not play,
I hope I do my duty,
Whatever they may say.

Eva M. R. Salway

HALLOWEEN

Burr! Horror! what a sight,
Witches and goblins are out tonight,
Close the doors
And huddle inside 'tis Halloween night.

Hear that scream at the end of the lane?
There's a tap- tap, tap, on the window pane,
And awful groan like a soul in pain,

Halloween horrors are here again.
Then on the door a tiny knock,
Creepily soft as a ticking clock,
I open the door and feign a shock,
And stand as still as any rock.

There on the threshold, clear in sight,
With blackened face, and garments white,
I raise my hands as if in fright,
Two smother giggles of delight.

Then my little elf, and the one next door,
Trailing muck on the kitchen floor,
"Pay us two apples, one if you're poor."
They get their apples and something more.

Then he's cuddled in bed when the day is done,
Dreaming perhaps of Halloween fun,
How he's scared that man, and shocked that one,
And I pray, "God bless my little son."

Eva M. R. Salway

HIGH RUBBER BOOTS

The thaw had set in, and the roads were wet,
Proud parents thought it best to get,
Some high rubber boots, and they'll make sure,
Their sons would keep dry in the rapid thaw.

So the boys set out in the chilly morn,
Feeling so proud that these boots were worn,
On their young feet and they felt the more,
That they'd keep dryer than the kids next door.

So the boys with the boots did sneeze and cough,
And showed very wet feet, when the boots were pulled off,
The puzzled parents could not make out,
How water got into boots so stout.

It seemed that things were all awry,
For the lads next door were fairly dry,
But folks, don't worry, let this be your text
You never can tell, what the boys will do next.

Eva M. R. Salway

IT'S THE PEOPLE MAKE THE TOWN

Cardston is a little town,
Where everyone is known,
Through pioneer privation,
They've close together grown.

Of course there's cliques and parties,
And like consorts with like,
But all can come together,
At a shower or a hike.

You can see a large assembly,
Meet on a common ground,
And you'll see no sneers or bickerings,
Nor smoke nor drink around.

They're out to help each other,
Share troubles as their own,
Give ready help in sickness,
E'en to stranger yet unknown.

Who says a small towns gossipy,
The fact can't be denied,
Friend, what are you afraid of?
What have you got to hide?

Years I've traveled far,
'Mid lovely scenes and gay,
But I've made my home in Cardston,
And here I hope 'twill stay.

Sometimes my feet may wander,
And to other places roam,
But I'll hurry back to Cardston,
Rejoicing"- its my home.

I love the town of Cardston,
Both up the hills and down,
But it's not the streets and buildings,
It's the people make the town.

Eva M. R. Salway

INSPIRATION

There's no more sleep'in all the house,
When father begins to snore,
We all duck under the bedclothes,
And the noise gets more and more.

At first his snore is quite gentle,
With a stittering, tut, tut, too.
Then there's a sort of bluster,
A cross between a grunt and a moo.

It rolls out through the hallways,
And flies through every door,
The man who lives in the flat upstairs,
Starts banging on the floor,

Then we hear, "Oh! Tom, turn over,
You're driving me to drink,
And pa says, "What? Me snoring?
I haven't slept a wink."

Then all come out of the covers,
And hope to get peace at last,
No luck! for out from Dad's bedroom door,
Soon comes another great blast.

With signs we give up sleeping,
And read to pass the time,
I get a spencil and paper out,
And that' s how I got this rhyme.

Eva M. R. Salway

JUST A MAN

If you find that the hubby,
Is not quite so smart,
And fine, and romantic,
As you thought at the start.
Remember, he's only a man.

If he can't find his socks,
Or the tools he put down,
His best tie in the box,
Don't fret or groan,
Remember, you married a man.

But when the road's slick
and you get a near fall,
And you grab at the arm
Of your man, strong and tall,

When he carries the coal,
And chops all the wood,
It makes you feel good.

When he brings home the 'dough;
And gives you a kiss,
You can't help but think,
There's a lot you would miss,
If hubby had not been a man.

Eva M. R. Salway

J. Y.

Always a friend to your neighbors,

Dear neighbor e'en now we all miss you,
'Twas nice just to know you were there,
To meet you while crossing the bridge or the flat,
Was to get a kind word of good cheer.

Your heart is so big it can carry,
The joys and the woes of us all,
E'en through your own heart may be aching,
For the son who obeyed country's call.

Always a friend to your neighbors,
Yet not for your neighbors alone,
Ever ready to praise a virtue you see,
Or another souls failing condone.

This city has much to remind it
That J.W. and family live here,
Is there anything true that these people can do
To build up our town, they are there.

Hat's off to a jolly good neighbor,
Neighborly flat bids adeau,
No place can be poor, or grief long endure,
That holds such a champion as you.

Eva M. R. Salway

LIFE IS A JIGSAW PUZZLE

Life is a jigsaw puzzle,
It's pieces a tumbled heap,
That lie before our eager gaze,
From early dawn 'til sleep.

At first our hands are guided,
And the outside pieces set,
And there are friends who set us straight,
When obstacles are met.

Often bright colors together,
A brilliant picture show,
But there are dark and cloudy spots,
All scattered to and fro.

Each piece must be carefully studied,
To make the perfect whole,
Sometimes a wrong piece is fitted
And time goes before we know.

Then we see the mistake, and must alter,
And start a part over again,
And anxiously seek for the right piece,
If harmony must remain (for harmony to remain?)

And something may jog our elbow
And knock the scene awry,
Then we must pause, and take a breath,
And have (make) another try.

Some pictures have flowers and sunshine,
And some are dark and drear,
But what joy when you look at the finished work
And find all the pieces there.

The man who has patiently studied,
As he carefully fits each part,
Will look back on his life of struggle
With a calm and thankful heart.

Each piece has been properly fitted,
The best has been made of each one,
The last piece fits in the flower of death,
The jigsaw puzzle is done.

Eva M. R. Salway

LIFE

"What a beautiful world" said the young caterpillar
As he sat in his niche in a tree,
"What a lovely piece of smooth brown bark
Has been allotted to me."

How brightly the sun comes glowing down
Through the leaves and twigs of the tree,
What a beautiful, beautiful world this is
How Happy I should be."

"What a beautiful day" the robin said,
As he hopped along the tree,
He saw caterpillar and gobbled him up,
Then chirped so gay and free.

"What a beautiful day" the huntsman said
As he whistled a song of glee,
Pop went his gun, down fell the robin,
"How fine to be young and free."

"What a beautiful tide," said the little fish
As he flashed through the sun flecked sea,
And he darted about from rock to rock,
As blithely as could be.

"What a beautiful world" the fisherman said
As he drew in his bulging net,
A beautiful evening, and fishing is good,
What a fine catch I'll get.

"What a beautiful world," said Adam and Eve,
As they gazed at, the garden with awe,
But the spoiler crept in, and so came death,
And sin, and sorrow, and war.

Eva M. R. Salway

MORNING REMINISCENCE (REMINATIONS)

Today of course 'tis wash day,
Front curtains must come down
I must wash Betties' Sunday frills,
She dirtied them downtown.

Tommies' cold seems getting worse,
I'll keep him home today,
He did not wear his overshoes
When he went out to play.

I suppose that chicken's dead,
It really was quite sick,
I think that custard recipe
Is just a trifle thick.

The kitchen stove wants cleaning,
Before I bake again,
That corn of mine is shooting,
It must be going to rain.

This pillow's really very hard,
Joe's mumbling in his sleep,
I'll give them eggs for breakfast,
I think that ham will keep.

Ho hum" we'll soon be gardening,
I'll plant a different corn,
It seems to get a little light,
It must be nearly morn.

Don't think I'll buy that gingham,
The colors are too deep,
Oh dear! the night is awfully long,
If I could only sleep.

Eva M. R. Salway

MOTHER
(Mother's Day)

We've had a lot of Mother's days,
And many things are said,
Many lovely songs are sung,
And many poems read.

I rack my brains for something new,
That I can say or do,
Another song that I can add,
Another praise for you.

I can't add to your value
By any word of mine.
So I will just say "MOTHER"
That's everything that's fine.

Eva M. R. Salway

MOTHER

Who was it nursed you at her breast,
And tucked you in your cosy nest?

MOTHER

Who was it got you off to school,
And tied your boots and found your rule?

MOTHER

When you came home bruised, with clothes awry,
Who scolded while she bathed your eye?

MOTHER

Who fed and washed the small stray dog,
That you had rescued from the bog?

MOTHER

Who is it works from morn 'til night,
To see that everythings just right?

MOTHER

When you were going to a show
Who brushed your coat, and tied Gert's bow,
And found Dad's socks, and do you know,
When you were ready set to go,
Who got the blame for being slow?

MOTHER

And when we tell her all our fears,
Who gives love and fervant prayers,
And helps us dry our bitter tears?

MOTHER

Eva M. R. Salway

OFF TO SCHOOL

They're off, the last goodbye is said,
The last cap straight on sleek damp head,
The last kiss given, last curl put in place,
The screen door bangs, and off they race.

I hear the friendly shouts of glee,
One drops his socks and bumps his knee,
He's disappearing with the rest,
Another load is off my chest.

Just let me rest, let me forget,
The pile of work to do as yet,
I'll sit and read the last night's news,
Oh dear! Dale's left his overshoes.

There's dishes to wash, and beds to make,
I think today I'll bake a cake,
I'll try to can tomato juice,
There must be food for hungry youth.

I'll clear the table and sweep the floor,
Then I'll sit down and rest for sure,
I must darn those socks, for goodness sake,
Darling baby's wide awake.

Eva M. R. Salway

OLD JOE

When old Joe died and in the church
They spoke of all the good
That he had done throughout his life
How he had chopped the wood-

For the blind old woman down the road,
How he had slipped a dime,
In the tiny hand of a crying child,
And how that many a time-

He had swept the snow from a neighbors' door
And would guide her tottering feet,
And give from his garden to aid the poor,
And never a tale repeat.

We were surprised when we heard all this,
We had not seen him so,
We had heard a lot of scandal
'Twas all we cared to know.

How blind we are in our busy life,
If we'd only stop to see,
That men are how we know them now,
Not what they used to be.

Eva M. R. Salway

POLLYANNA

I'm Pollyanna,
Isn't it fun,
To send a gift,
To that secret one?

A posy of flowers,
Or a picture maybe,
A nice piece of handwork,
Remembrance you see.

And then when we meet,
Just here or there,
In church or the street,
Give a kind word of cheer.

Perhaps a new baby,
To her home may come,
I'll send a small gift,
'Tis not burdensome.

And so I'll endeavor,
As holidays come,
To send a surprise,
To my secret chum.

At the end of the year,
I'll have a new friend,
Sweet memories to carry,
With me to the end.

Eva M. R. Salway

SCARRED

My darling child unto me came,
Her little face was wreathed in pain,
She'd played with fire and was burned,
Another lesson had been learned.

Mother, forgive, I disobeyed,
The law that you in wisdom made.
I bound the wound, and eased the pain,
But the scar will always there remain.

Father forgive, I do repent,
The broken laws, from heaven sent,
You will forgive and heal my pain,
But the scars are there, and will remain.

Oh! would that I had learned before,
The wisdom of divinest law,
Obedience that can never mar,
Or leave the smallest, faintest scar.

Eva M. R. Salway

SILVER LINING

He hurried from his meeting,
As I walked into mine,
He said, "How cold the weather is,
In spite of bright sunshine."

Had he reversed his sentence,
The words had been like gold,
And said, "How bright the sunshine is,
In spite of bitter cold."

Eva M. R. Salway

STRAW STACKS

I like to while away the time,
When on long journey sent,
To try to guess what pictures
The straw stacks represent.

One is like a huge gopher,
And there's a sleeping frog,
Another's like a lion bold,
Or perhaps a noble dog.

Two or three may represent
The palace of a king,
Others look exactly like
Some prehistoric thing.

A fearful monster crouching
Equipped with tooth and nail,
And there are cattle peacefully,
Nibbling at its' tail.

So keep your eyes wide open
When travel seems to bore
And you'll see some funny creatures
That Noah never saw.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE AFTER HOLIDAY CAKE

Christmas was over, and all the goodies gone,
Life had been tame for ever so long,
Mother's meals are always good,
But we miss the dandy holiday food.

The tree is gone, Ma works away,
To clean up the mess of the holiday,
Things are upset, and the kiddies and Dad
Miss the attention they had, had.

One day we come home, and goodness sake!
We could smell that Ma'd begun to bake,
And then we heard the words sublime,
"I've saved some fruit from Christmas time."

And so I thought, now the work's near done.
I had enough fruit to make just one.
And so you see, I've been able to make,
A great big nut and raisin cake.

At that the kiddies gave a cheer,
What a nice start in a war New Year,
And what a Mum to so foresee,
How grand a cake like this could be.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS

How the children had longed for Christmas,
With it's stockings, good food, and toys,
They'd looked for the happy Holiday,
The dearest to girls and boys.

All around would be so happy,
Unselfish, good and kind,
That was the kind of Christmas,
The young folk had in mind.

The stockings were filled as expected,
The children enjoyed the fun,
The adults were pleasant and happy,
The Holy Day had begun.

But a blight fell on the joyous time,
The adults were strange, and wild,
The women were silent, or whispering complained,
Bewildering each child.

The men were sullen, or boisterous,
The young folk tried to play,
But each one felt a sense of shame,
The reason they could not say.

One guest had presented whiskey,
Satan had entered the door,
The spirit of Christmas had left the home,
The children were worse than poor.

In years ahead the memory,
Of that time will remain,
The children will always think of it,
As yule tide returns again.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE DEAD DOG

"Here comes a car, I'll chase it quick,
Master may frown at such a trick.
But he is not here, and it is such fun."
(A shout, a scream of brakes, his race is run.)

"Oh! What was that, that sharp, sharp pain?
My body lies there, it looks the same,
But I'm not dead, I'm alive again,
I'll go to master, his pardon gain.

I run so free, I've never a care,
My feet to me seem light as air,
No longer to the earth I'm bound,
Many strange sights I see around.

But Oh! What grief, he sees me not,
My body lies on that bloody spot,
'Tis all he can see and he's all I've got,
He lifts it, by his side I trot.

I whimper in greeting, he does not hear,
I'm dead to him, this is my fear,
In vain I touch him, in vain I race
Round and round the familiar place.

The children come, shed many a tear,
My body is now in a hole right there,
I'll stay near my master, it may seem queer,
But perhaps, who knows, he'll fell I'm here."

Eva M. R. Salway

THE HUSKING, CANNING BEE

At our husking, canning bee,
With such pleasant folk,
Working without thought of fee,
With smiles and merry joke.

There was plump Nancy Brown,
And tall, tall Mrs. Tripps,
And! merry Mrs. Tagg
With her funny little quips.

And important Mrs. Salway
Who slipped about the floor,
And pulled and dragged at boxes,
Until her back was sore.

And busy Ella Sherwood,
Who'd worked from early morn,
And the three pleasant gentlemen
Who gravely husked the corn.

There were the lads who helped us all,
Then tumbled in the husks,
And threw the old cobs 'round a bit,
And rolled them in the dust.

There was some fuss with the canner,
They'd used it in the past,
But with a little tinkering,
'Twas made to work at last.

Soon there were piles of gleaming cans,
All ready to be cooked,
And sticky pans, and tubs and knives,
Everywhere one looked.

The ladies one by one dispersed,
And left the weary few,
To wrestle with new problems,
The best that they could do.

But we all had a happy time
At the Husking Canning bee,
And when they have another one,
I hope they'll call on me.

"War time is a mad time, life will start again when peace comes, and the span of war will be like a bad dream, when you pick up life in the morning, where you left off the night before." EMRS

Eva M. R. Salway

THE MAD DREAM

The day was done, and I dreamed dreams,
Of blood, and tears, and fire, and screams,
Of hope and love and sin and shame,
And horrors far to cruel to name.

I saw false loves, and I saw true,
Men acting as they shouldn't do,
Lonely women, who wept or laughed,
Neurotic with the cap they quaffed.

The boom of guns, the scream of shells,
The battle fields, so many hells,
Of soldiers tramping deep in mud,
And others weltering in their blood.
The world gone mad; and it's people too,
Many deeds they'll live to rue,
Just a made span, 'twixt night and morn,
We'll wake up trembling in the dawn.
One day this wretched dream will cease
And we'll start afresh with the dawn of peace.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE NEW HAIR DO

You keep your appointment and wander in,
Now to make others wait is not quite the thing,
Then into a booth you are gently led,
You features are studied, and the shape of your head.

You feel a bit guilty, as each style they match,
For fear you will not come quite up to scratch,
Then from hand to hand, and chair to chair,
'Til you never know whether you're here or there.

You're brushed, and washed, and twisted and curled,
And pinned, and primped, and waved, and swirled,
And you're steamed, and baked and greased and oiled,
Till you feel as if your head had been boiled.

When the job is done, and they hand you a glass,
You freely forgive them all the past,
For you look like a queen, and feel quite fine,
And you think "Can that head really be mine?"

But Horror of Horrors, there's a shortage of pins,
And we feel we can't forgive Hitler his sins,
What do you think it would do to our head,
If in place of pins, we used toothpicks instead?

Eva M. R. Salway

THE PICTURE

I try to paint a picture,
With delicate touch,
But using a pen,
Instead of a brush.

I'm painting a picture,
Of bushes and bird,
But instead of color,
I'm using words.

I write of a garden,
With blossoms and bees,
Of winding paths,
And lovely trees.

The scent of the evening,
The golden hush,
The call of the robin
The song of the thrush.

There you held my hand
As we said goodbye,
'Neath the rosy glow
Of the evening sky.

I'm painting a picture,
For I want you to see,
That beautiful spot,
Where you parted from me.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE SOILED MASTERPIECE

I saw her one night at a crowded ball,
Surely the loveliest of them all,
So sparkling she seemed, I was eager to meet,
Even ready to worship at her feet.

A kindly friend who noted my glance,
Brought the maiden to me to dance,
But then I found when I held her near,
Tobacco fumes in her lovely hair.

And her beautiful slender hands of youth,
Had fingertips stained with tobacco juice,
"tween soft, rosy lips one would love to caress,
Came the tainted fumes of a smokers breath.

In pity I noticed this lovely girl,
With sparkling eyes, and teeth of pearl,
Would steal from the room like a guilty thing,
To ease the craving of her secret sin.

Who wants a wife with tainted kiss?
Who can respect a woman like this?
Would you have such to share your life?
I want a clean girl for my wife.

Ignorant ages men went the pace.
'Twas left to the women to save the race.
And surely shall the nation morn,
With children corrupt before they're born.

Eva M. R. Salway

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG

Do you love your wife as dearly
As once you used to do?
Do you treat her just as kindly,
Are you still as good and true?
If not, There's something wrong.

Do you still love Sunday School and church?
Do you still want to be there?
And learn the precious truths of God,
And worship, join in prayer?
If not, there's something wrong.

Does Temple work still mean to you
Great joy and happiness?
Do you still wish to enter there
Away from toil and stress?
If not, there's something wrong.

The glow that once you felt when taught of genealogy,
Do you still wish to search the names,
From here and 'cross the sea?
If not, there's something wrong.

You are losing something far more.
Precious than pure gold,
The joy that you are missing
Never can be told,

Look back and seek the reason,
Your heart has grown so cold,
It can't be very far behind,
When did you lose your hold?
Get Wise! There's something wrong.

Eva M. R. Salway

TO EMMA ALEXANDER

Dear Friend over there, in that far and sunny clime,
Busy laying treasures for now and for all time.
What precious thoughts must now be yours reaching journey's end,
Slowly nearing Father's home, almost 'round the bend.

How many friends awaiting their Savior over there,
What pleasure in the meeting, what joy beyond compare,
Oh! Who can guess the blessings by unselfish labor wrought,
Working, striving, giving, deeming sacrifice but nought.

A Savior on Mount Zion! Who could hope to be more?
Worthy to receive a crown on that far golden shore,
How blissful is the knowledge when life's little day is done,
You have helped to carry on the work that Jesus Christ Began.

Eva M. R. Salway

TO BILLY

(dedicated to Wilma Leishman)

Dear Billy, I wrote you a beautiful poem,
And then lost the paper, is that an omen?
Is it an Oomen for good, or for ill?
But life's what you make it, do what you will.

If you find it rough going, and the bitter cup quaff,
Remember, Dear Billy, there's always a laugh.
If things go wrong today, and cause you much sorrow,
Take courage Billy, there's always tomorrow.

If you feel down, and out, don't give way to despair,
Keep faith in your God, he'll always be there.
If the sky is o're cast, and your joys hard to find,
Don't mind the clouds, the sun is behind.

It will not stay there long, but will peep out again,
Allowing the light, all shadows disdain,
Life's all ups and downs but never say die
You can't fall very far, and how high is the sky.

If you want a good model, don't follow a faker,
Just walk in the steps of great grandmother Baker,
She always was just, and faithful and true,
We cannot wish better, Dear Billy, for you.

Eva M. R. Salway

TIRED

Tired so tired, "What a life"
No, just tired of being a wife,
Her children grown, no longer young,
She can't go on as she begun.

Her mother sense, trained to awake,
At the slightest sound or move he'd make,
She lays by his side in that double bed,
To toss and turn with splitting head.

If she could another bed suggest,
That she could get unbroken rest,
A grown up child, he's just a man,
He would be hurt, not understand.

How many a woman belies her fate,
Forced to lie near a restless mate,
Surely they would happier be,
If she could rest as well as he.

Eva M. R. Salway

TO JANE E. BATES

Dear Lady in your garden chair,
With folded hands, so peaceful there,
What are your thoughts this lovely day,
As you watch the breeze brush the leaves in play?

Do you think of the flowers that bloom so sweet?
Or the lush green grass at your slippered feet,
Do they whisper tales of years gone by,
As they lift their face to the glowing sky?

Do you think of the children who gaily stopped,
Or the little ones who sometimes crept,
On another lawn, not far away,
And you wonder if 'twas a happier day.

But now the birds have flown the nest,
And you, sit on the lawn and rest,
Rest from the labors of yesteryears,
So filled with love, and joy and tears,
Dear Lady in the garden chair,
What are your thoughts while resting there?

Eva M. R. Salway

TOMMY'S TROUBLES

Tommy get up, or you'll be on the spot,
Tommy come down, while breakfast is hot,
"It's Tommy get up, and Tommy come down,
I suppose I must wash, my skin looks brown.

My other sock, Oh, where, Oh, were?
I swear last night, I had the pair,
It's under the pillow, I declare,
I wonder how the thing got there?

May darned old hair just won't lay,
Every hair is going which away,
I've done my best, I'll let it stay,
What's the use of a comb, anyway?"

Get out of that bathroom, hurry now,
You'd stay all day if we'd allow,
If I get late, what do you car?
I've got to come in to do my hair.

Now what are you looking at? aw! the Heck!
I tell you mom, I washed my neck,
That smudgy mark beneath my ear?
You know I'm always sunburned there.

You smell perfume? Well, what's the hope?
Why shouldn't I use Nan's scented soap?
Why must a girl have all the best?
'Co: a chaps a boy, he get's whats left.

It's not so late, Why! What's the rush?
No mom, I don't want any mush,
Aren't there no bacon? Rationed? My life,
well! Where's the mush, don't want puffed rice.

Of course I'm late, my fault, that's fine,
Can a chap eat, when he's nagged all the time?
If I get to school, I'll have to race,
I wish to - heck! there was no such place.

What's the use of school? it makes me sick,
Last night I forgot my arithmetic,
I wish there wasn't a school in town,
Why can't the durned old place burn down?

Eva M. R. Salway

TO OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS

Reluctantly we bid adeau,
To kindly neighbors such as you,
Ever ready your help to lend,
Always a smile to cheer a friend.

You've lived beside us many a year,
You've had,4ourjoys, and many a care,
But Always a cheery word to say,
No thought of scandal any day.

We knew in time of need you're there,
When trouble needed help to bear,
A job to do, or a kindly gift,
A row to hoe, or a load to lift.

Many a frolic we have shared,
When to your friends your house you've bared,
Happy music, and many jokes,
Games, dancing, and kindly hoax.

The time has come when we must part,
But memories kind, stay in each heart,
'Tho we will miss our neighbor true,
We warmly say "God go with you."

Eva M. R. Salway

TO OUR RUTHIE

Dear Ruthie it's a pleasure,
To see you 'round the place,
When you sit firmly on the floor,
We marvel at your grace.

But darling that is dangerous
Perhaps at this you'll scoff,
But you might wreck your spine your know,
Where your tail was once cut off.

And Ruthie dear, be careful,
Should P.F. R. A. arrive,
He might think your antic,
The latest sort of jive.

And although sweet and graceful,
We would suggest instead,
If you must be fantastic,
Try standing on your head.

E.M.R.S.
H.A.S.
G. S.
I. H.

TO MARION

I wish for you, a love so true
That it will ne'er depart from you,
I wish each year new joys will bring,
As endless as your wedding ring.

I wish you both true happiness,
That trials will not you oppress,
But that you'll rise above them blest,
With greater courage for the test.

I wish true wisdom be your guide,
That no good thing be you denied,
I wish your man will soon return,
With the companionship, you yearn.

May your testimony be so strong,
That you will know the right from wrong,
I wish you faith in God above,
For very truly, God is Love.

Eva M. R. Salway

TO MY NEIGHBORS ON NEIGHBORLY FLAT

Dear friends you are invited ,
To a party long delayed,
But such an effort in the past
I found, could not be made.

As many birthdays have gone past,
And 59th Draws near,
We're fixing up the Pioneer Home,
And hope to greet you there.

And what could be more fitting,
As though this life I roam,
To greet my friends and neighbors
In my old ancestral home.

So you are all invited,
The youngsters too may come,
For 'tis our wish this happy day,
To leave nobody home.

While the elders in their grown up way,
Enjoy a game or so,
And sing, and chat, and eat a bit,
We'll send them to the show.

And don't come bearing gifts to me,
As to a wedding shower,
'Tis more to me to see your smiles,
This bright and friendly house.

Who can be poor with friends like these,
We won't say Poverty Flat,
Let's have a true name "Neighborly",
And let it go at that.

Thus read the pleasant greeting card,
Sent by our neighbor dear,
A good excuse to gather in
His friends from far and near.

With loving hearts we meet you,
On this ne'er forgotten day,
God bless the whole Card Family,
May all good come their way.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE FUNNY SIDE

To everything both far and wide,
There's a good side, and a bad side,
There's also, if you look for it,
A quite refreshing funny side.

If things are going pretty bad,
And happiness seem you denied,
Don't linger in the shadows there,
But laugh and find the funny side.

Eva M. R. Salway

ESMERALDA

Our pussy Esmeralda came to us one night,
She'd followed Bobby Salway, she really looked a sight,
Her fur was rough and matted,
Her shirt front dirty grey,
Her small white shoes were blackened,
Poor little dirty stray.

Of course we had to keep her, what else could we do?
She could not give a word of thanks, but just a tinea "mew"
She's very fond of Tin Ribs, she sleeps with him at night
And when she has a lump of meat, he gives her a small bite.

When I cut up meat for dinner, her eyes are bright and slick,
She fears that if I drop a bit, Tin Ribs will-get it quick,
She jumps up on our shoulders, and rides about the house.
And once got in a cupboard looking for a mouse.

And someone shut the door up tight, and shut poor pussy in
When loosed she didn't trouble, though she'd been a long time in.
She just stepped out with angry eyes, I said "Alright, you win."
She never washes her white chest, it really is a sin.

But Pussy's just a kitten yet, That's all that we can say,
P'raps she never had a mother to teach her the cleanly way,
But still she is just lots of fun and if I treat her right,
Perhaps one day she'll begin to bath and get her shirt front white.

Eva M. R. Salway

ROVER

Rover's a dog,
Not much of a dog
His ancestry's very obscure,
I found him one morning behind the log
That stands by the kitchen door.

Shivering, afraid, yet humble was he
As his tail wagged to and fro,
Begging me for shelter from
The bitter wind and snow.

In pity I open wide the door,
Still fearing in he crept,
He found a place behind the stove,
And comforted, he slept.

That morning I had found a friend
For such a one was he,
To him I'm everything that's fine,
He fairly worships me.

He dogs my footsteps everywhere,
With me, he's sad or glad,
He sleeps outside my bedroom door,
He's such a trusty lad,

No thief can come when he's around,
Or cow my crop destroy,
He's always on the watch to see,
That no one does annoy.

He's paid me many, many times
For giving him a home,
I wonder who the cowards were
Who drove him out to roam.

Eva M. R. Salway

TIN RIBS

When the dog Pixies had made enough dogs
To finish their order, (the quaint golliwogs)
They had some parts left over.
And the young pixies knew
They could have them to please themselves
What they would do.

Tom Pixie saw a large pair of ears,
And took them from Sister, which caused the maid tears,
So to end the child's grief,
Pa Pixie said,
Let's put those large ears on this nice little head.

When Tommy saw this, he chortled, "My heck".
I'll fix that small head to this nice long neck,
Now for a body, this one's dachshund,
But, it is all I see lying around.

We must find legs, I have only two pair,
They are all covered with nice short hair,
But they're all for the front
And of different kinds,
The pair for the bull must go knock kneed behind.

This little old tail would suit any dog,
If we made him without, he'd look like a frog
Now for some color, let's make him white,
But Sister splashed brown, 'tit he looked quite a sight.

They rubbed a lot off, but it smeared quite a lot,
Now the colors like cookies just getting hot,
So our doggies was made, to an Indian he came,
Who brought him to me, without license or name.

He looked hungry and sad, and without any lies,
I could swear I saw tears in his pretty brown eyes,
I gave three bucks for this funny young pup,
For the pleasure 'twould be to fatten him up.

He's afraid of my sex, when I enter the house,
He'll crouch in a corner quiet as a mouse,
And you can see, that he's getting quite plain

"Oh Woman, don't beat, I'll not do it again"
But one day he'll learn that I'm kind to all dogs,
Although "Tin Ribs" was made by the young "Golliwogs"

Eva M. R. Salway

SUSIE

You may think my pig Susie
Is really quite rummy,
If I scratch her ear, she lays right down
For me to rub her tummy.

She follows me just like a dog,
When close I have to go,
If I don't mind, 300 lbs.
Will step upon my toe.

One day when I was going,
To take a stroll to town,
My little pet was following
Thought she would go around.

She danced and pranced and skipped along,
Just like a little kitten,
If my jealous doggie had been there,
She'd surely have been bitten,

I shooed her and I scolded,
She thought it all in fun,
A friend then came and chased her,
And Susie trundled home.

Imagine now, my feelings,
If I'd gone all the way,
And found Pig Susie close to heel,
What would the people say?

Eva M. R. Salway

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES

As I mixed Christmas pudding diligently
Three Christmas fairies came to me,
One dressed in white, one in blue,
And one in a purple pinkish hue.

The little white fairy peeped into the bowl
At the fruit and nuts, and raisins whole,
"See" I will put in this safety pin,
She watched it drop and sink right in.

"Whoever finds this pin will see,
Marriage and true felicity,
Children dear 'round the hearth will sing,
And happiness and comfort bring."

The blue fairy then did laugh and drop
A nickle in, it fell kerplop
"Whoever finds that coin" says she,
"Will grow as rich, as rich can be."

Now the purply, pinkie fairy came,
And put in a button just the same,
"Who finds this button there" said she,
"Will an old maid or bachelor be."

They waved their wands around the place,
And away they went, in greatest haste,
Perhaps to visit another home,
Did they visit you? or further roam?

Eva M. R. Salway

THE LOVE BUGS LAY

Said the snail to the slug-
"Oh! little Miss Bug,
How lovely are your long brown horns,
So gracefully they wave,
Positively, I'm your slave,
As you creep among the long brown thorns.

Oh! Beautiful slug,
Where guards are dug,
I see your silvery path everywhere,
Won't you walk along with me
We'll gobble everything we see,
And at night, my little home we'll share.

Said Little Miss Slug,
To the big brown bug,
As she shyly dropped her eyes to the ground,
"I love you Mr. Snail
Let us make a double trail,
In the fall alot of eggs we'll leave around."

So they crawled on neck and neck,
And they didn't give a heck,
To the bait, the gardener's spread upon the way,
And wandered in the lime,
And had a squirming time,
And so ends the love Bugs lay.

Eva M. R. Salway

FRIENDS

Friend of my youth,
So few, so rare,
Lost in the past,
I know not where.

Friends of my busy
Middle years,
Mingled with Smiles,
And many tears.

I think of these friends,
In gilded age,
Jewels in a crown
As I turn the page.

To another life
With never a care,
My spirit home,
My friends are there.

Eva M. R. Salway

A FAMILY CHRISTMAS

Christmas 1960 at Calgary with the Swendsen Family

Today is the day of Christmas,
A day filled with joy and cheer,
We spend the day with our family
And with Grandma, who we're glad to have near.

This morning we woke up so early,
To see if Santa had come,
To bring us the things that we wanted,
And soon the home was a hum.

Each kid ran first to his stocking,
Then to the sleek new sled,
What a bedlam with everyone talking,
And yet so little is said.

Too soon the daylight ended,
Dad calls us together to pray
"Thank God for all of our blessings"
Perfect end for our own Christmas day."

Written by Hal S. Salway

Written while on my mission and visiting with the Swendsen's in Calgary.
Grandma Salway was living with them at that time.
She wrote the poem "FRIENDS" the same day that I wrote this one.
Christmas Day, 1960.

Eva M. R. Salway

DEAR SPIRITS OF THE DEAD

Dear Spirits of the dead so newly Passed away;
What is your occupation, as you live from day to day?
Are you thinking of those you loved, and left on eath awhile?
Or, are your thoughts now far above?
Do happier things beguile?

Eva M. R. Salway

THE PRAYERS OF THE FAITHFUL
(Dedicated to little Rickie Salway)

My little three year old was ill,
I tucked him into bed,
And prayed to God that blessings
Would be showered on his head.

Next morning he was very bad,
His body stiffened so,
My fearing heart would not believe,
Him struck with Polio.

The doctor did the best he could,
To save the little lad,
Paralysis had claimed him all,
His breathing very bad.

The doctor said it was no use,
To move the child away,
To use the dreaded iron lung,
He may not live the day.

God sent to us a sister
of Relief Society,
Who seeing how dread matters stood,
Told us both to pray.

She phoned and called the members,
Of the little branch that's here,
And they all joined their prayers with ours,
To save our baby dear.

Next day, to our astonished eyes,
Small Rickie left his bed,
And trembling, walked across the room,
God heard the prayers we'd said.

The doctor came and saw,
The little one could walk,
He picked him up and hugged him,
And heard his prattling talk.

"Don't give me thanks" the doctor said,
"for I am not the one,
A stronger, greater power than I,
Has healed your little son".

How mighty is the power of prayer,
How merciful our God,
Without His grace our darling,
Would now be 'neath the sod.

Eva M. R. Salway

RICKIE

Rickie is a little chap
All dressed in brightest yellow
Upon his head he wears a cap,
A saucy little fellow.

He hops around and up and down
Yet goes not anywhere;
He soils his pretty yellow gown,
But doesn't seem to care.

He likes to peck; here and there;
At every little thing;
Likes paper he can pick and tear;
And then he likes to sing.

He likes to listen to a song,
Its' called I MISS MY SWISS,
And when its' played he'll sing along,
To fill us all with bliss.

He fills me with a wordless joy,
And yet he makes me laugh,
Because he's like a little boy----
He hates to take a bath.

Rickie is just a little chap,
He's always very merry,
Upon his head he wears a cap,
He's my own pet canary.

Eva M. R. Salway

Because of the questionable doctrine contained in this beautiful poem I hesitated to include it.

It is accepted doctrine that we did have a choice regarding coming to earth to receive our bodies and that we were made acquainted with many of the problems and troubles we would be confronted with here. We willingly chose to accept the challenge in order to receive our bodies and thus through the use of our free agency in meeting with the problems of life prepare ourselves to share the Glory of our Father in the eternities where the faithful will be permitted to beget Spiritual children both Male and Female.

H.A. Salway

MY CHOICE

Why was I born a woman? I asked a patriarch one day?
"Because Our Father gave you a choice, as is His perfect way."
You chose to be a woman, you chose to come to earth,
Ere you received that blessed boon, an earthly mortal birth."

If then I chose this woman's state,
If wife and motherhood my fate,
Why should I fretful wish to flee,
If once I chose that this should be?

For then I saw that womanhood,
Had more for me of lasting good.
With God, equality with man,
It was my choice, Oh! wondrous plan.

Though many a sorrow I may bear,
Many a grief, many a care,
This thought of comfort comes to me,
"Sometime I chose that this should be."

Eva M. R. Salway

ALONE

I sit by my lonely fireside,
In fancy there I see
Visions of unwanted babes
Who might have come to me.

No darling with it's dimpled limbs,
Laid in my arms to rest,
No downy head's that snuggled
Close to this useless breast.

No noise of restless little feet,
No stories in the gloom,
No toys and clothes to put away
In my empty childless home.

My rest was never broken
By wail of midnight fear,
I never soothed a fevered brow
Or dried a trembling tear.

Oh Mother's with your soldier boys,
Waving goodbye to you,
How willingly I'd bear your grief,
Had I your memories too.

Too late, regrets so poignant,
For a worthless wedded life,
Self deprived of motherhood,
Could I call myself a wife?

Aged, I sit here dreaming,
With none to call my own,
To grieve for joys I'd cast aside,
Embittered, sad, alone.

Eva M. R. Salway

MY FRIEND, DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember years ago,
When winds of trial blew to and fro,
You in your kindness clung to me,
With patience, love and sympathy.

Remember dear, when sad and weak,
We walked the Temple, peace to seek,
We heard the patient gardener say
"What do you wish? dear sister, pray?"

Remember too, your tiny room,
We'd shut the door against all gloom,
A dainty lunch, a word of cheer,
Were some of the blessings I found there.

Sometimes 'twas you in need of cheer,
Did my poor presence bring it there?
We'd argue in a friendly way,
And work, and joke, each Saturday.

The woes are gone you used to cheer,
But still I'm glad when you are near,
For surely dear, I never know,
A truer, kinder friend, than you.

Eva M. R. Salway

JET FLIGHT

Up through the clouds soared the huge jet in flight,
Leaving the restless old earth out of sight.
The smooth, fleecy clouds now were below, not on high
As the graceful jet flew through the blue of the sky.

Brilliant sun shone on the blanket below,
As higher we shot with white ribbon in tow;
Then we alighted as soft as a bird,
No more the low hum of the engine was heard.

The long, swift passage, now was passed,
Our longed-for goal was reached at last,
What wonders grace the days we live;
What e'er man thinks that can he achieve.

Eva M. R. Salway

FRUSTRATION

When you are at a party,
And another run goes wham!
Can you blame a lady,
If she utters a small

Eva M. R. Salway

THE MAN WHO WAS CONTENT

How rough and rugged was the road,
How steep the hill, and sore the load,
"Press on," they said, "to strive is right,
Mark how the hill tops glow with light-
The Golden Gate is there."

The pilgrims marched in happy bands,
The trail with rocks and shifting sands,
Guiding their children's wayward feet,
Cheering the weaker ones they'd meet;
"Each step brings us more near."

One on a mound of soft, green grass,
Lounging, watching as they passed;
They beckoned to him as they went,
"pass on," said he, "I am content;
The sun is bright and clear."

"Come now, dear friend, the saying's true,
That life is short, there's much to do,
What lies beyond I do not care,
I see no evil brooding here;
Pass on I am content."

"I see no glorious shiny gate,
Why should I strive, I'd rather wait;
I'll take a chance, I do not fear;
It's warm and cozy lying here,
I'm perfectly content."

"Come friend, the evil time is near,
The days of horror, pain and fear."
He smiled and waved them on their way,
He'd follow them another day.
But now he was content.

And so, he watched the pilgrims pass,
How bright the sun, how green the grass!
I'll wait and see, there's naught to fear;
It's warm and peaceful lying here.
And so, he was content.

Then a cold chill crept in the air;
Clouds obscured the sun so clear;
A rough wind stirred the lush green grass,
He looked for shelter-he at last
No longer was content.

"Show me the way!" he cried in fear,
And gazed about, but none were near,
Those who would help him now were past;
They'd reached the Golden Gate at last!
While he was still content

The fearful storm around him fell;
Shrieking as myriad fiends in hell.
The lightning sped, the thunder crashed;
He fell to earth, as tempest lashed -
The man who'd been content.
And fiends around him jeered:
"Too late!"
The gate is closed - you've earned your fate!"

Eva M. R. Salway

A PAEAN OF GLADNESS

When my lips are silent, my heart sings,
As I think of the joys Our Father brings,
Of blessings seen on every hand,
In this great and beautiful land.

When trials come, His love is there,
To ease the load, He answers prayer,
Hark! the bells of heaven rings,
When my lips are silent, my heart sings.
(Mom's own poem that was read at her funeral)

Eva M. R. Salway

KICK ME BENETO

Said Adolf one day while watching the play,
The game wasn't going exactly his way,
"Kick me Beneto, kick me."

"Ah no," said Beneto, "I must not be rough,
My boots are worn out, and your hide it is tough"
Said Adolf "the toughness you see is no guide
It is only the crust, it is all sap inside.
Kick me Beneto, Kick me."

Eva M. R. Salway

DIET

In England the health of the people
is better than ever they say,
Its put down to diet, so why don't we try it
And eat a little less food every day?

Its easy to do without breakfast,
The juice of tomato will do,
Eat much less meat for our dinner
And rise before we are quite through.

Two meals a day are plenty.
Cut out that evening snack,
Then we won't count the sheep
going over the gate,
They will all rest quite snug in the shack.

Our nerves will be more steady
Our feet will have more spring,
We then can be more useful
To family, God and King

So let us give it a trial
It's easy if you have the will,
A little more self-denial
And we'll be able to foot the bill.

(Credit was given primarily to the unrefined flour used during this period. When war ended in both wars and the millers returned to refined flour, problems returned. H.S.)

Eva M. R. Salway

TO JACK

Dear Jack, I wrote a poem for you
Then I thought "surely, why not write two?"
And then one for Milly, that dear helpful daughter,
And one for the son who sure does what he or'ta
So here's one for each
and an odd one too.
That I've no doubt you'll share
between you.

Eva M. R. Salway

HITLER'S MONSTER

A crazy ruler wanted conquest,
Lust of power for himself
His trusting people he oppressed
Thus built himself an adders nest.

He robbed the children of their youth
And bent them to his rod,
He taught them lies instead of truth,
And made himself their God.

This race of fiends would be his tool,
His own country he enslaved,
He'd have the whole world neath his rule,
So great a goal he craved.

He conquered countries one by one
And to himself they're bound,
The weight is more than he can bear
They crush him to the ground.

A Frankenstein monster he has built
And now it's out of hand,
Not long he had it for a slave,
It's wearing Hitler's brand.

This monster now stands over him
It's taloned hands outspread,
He knows that there'll be no escape
Not even with the dead.

Only God knows what's in store,
And God alone knows best,
With knowledge of the hell he's wrought,
Can Hitler ever rest?

Eva M. R. Salway

OUR PRAIRIE BOYS

They'd not seen army's in the street,
Or heard the martial sound of feet,
These prairie boys of ours,
Knew not the roll of sailor men,
The sea was far beyond their ken,
Amidst the prairie flowers.

But our boys early knew the thrill,
To break a horse against its will,
And then, they knew the joys,
Of mad roundup of ranchers cattle,
More real than any other battle,
To these fine prairie boys.

They did not join in one mad rush,
When war broke out, nor did they gush,
Of how they'd win the war,
But soberly in one's and two's
They left their home, new lives to choose,
No flowered walk they saw.

Some to the Army, some to Air,
Some chose the navy blue to wear,
And grimly set their face,
To fight for king, and country dear,
They have resolved to do their share.
Now Hitler's set the pace.

Already some had honors won,
Before the war had well begun,
Their scattered everywhere,
And when we hear the news and read,
Of many a brave and noble deed,
What anxious pride we share.

They've learned to ride an iron horse,
Or using wings they've set their course,
And some fight on the ground,
Some are imprisoned, and some will stay,
On battle fields so far away,
Where grim death lies around.

But some day, when the victories won,
Our dear one's will come marching home.
How great will be our joys.
But many more will join as yet,
And Canada will ne'er forget,
Her faithful Prairie Boys.

Eva M. R. Salway

LIMERICKS

There was a young lady named Milly,
Fell in love with a lowly hillbilly,
He said, "Milly dear
Let me just kiss your ear"
She said "What are my lips for you silly?"

A young fellow named Alfie Salway
Had a father who worked on the Railway
It was always his pride
When home Pop would ride
To meet that dear man in the hallway.

There was a young fellow name of Jackie
Who upset his poor father's backy,
And Dad said "Now young chap,
You deserve a good slap,
But next time you'll get a good wackie."

Eva M. R. Salway

THE RUN AWAY

Sister found brother running away,
One bright and cheerful sunny day,
She coaxed him back to their humble home,
Marveling he should care to roam.

Then Mother and Daughter both got together,
And debated between them as to whether,
The boy would be allowed to stray,
Or if at home the youth must stay.

So it was decided he need not stay,
And he had permission to run away.
But he found out ere scarce begun,
A life on the road was not much fun.

Without any dread he returned one day,
For Mother had said he could run away,
He knew that Mum would understand,
She would not even reprimand.

Since then he's lent a helping hand,
To any of the Hobo band,
He would bring them home, two, three or four,
He knew there'd be a meal for sure.

A post card for them to write to home,
That their mothers might know where their boys did roam
For the boy knew the hobo's life was bare,
And Mum, each mothers grief could share.

Eva M. R. Salway

PRAYERS COME FROM THE HEART

She said "Prayers come from the heart.
It's not the words you say."
She surely gave me one of the greatest gifts
When she taught me how to pray.

The many gifts my mother gave,
To me are very dear,
In early days she'd work and slave
And she was always near.

She gave me happiness and joy,
She taught me how to sew
And knit, and cook, and household tasks
Helped me with the garden hoe.

The many precious things she gave,
The many things she'd share,
But the richest gift she gave to me,
Was the precious love of prayer.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE LONELY STOCKING

There's a lonely little stocking,
Lying here upon the shelf,
Why is the little garment
Thus resting by itself?

It left its one companion
In a town so far away.
Send back that small leg covering
Never more to stray.

There's a lonely little stocking
Up there on the shelf.
Why must the little nipper
Nestle needles by itself?

Eva M. R. Salway

THE THINGS THAT MAKE ME HAPPY

The wild birds in the garden
We've trained to come at call.
The Yam with graceful vines so green
Spread on the kitchen wall.

The happy little puppy,
Drinking at my feet,
The cozy little modern home
So easy to keep neat.

Zion's mountains in the distance
With ever-changing mood,
Resplendent in their beauty,
A picture always good.

The Photos of my children
A letter now and then.
A visit on occasion,
When my children come to me.

A visit to a kindly friend.
A pleasant rest at home.
A useful occupation.
A little work well done.

These are a few a very few,
Oh blessings come to me,
But better far, my prayer to God,
And the Faith that makes me free.

Eva M. R. Salway

MOTHERS

My mother pushed a basinet,
Skirts trailing in the dust,
Her hat perched high would wobble 'round
In many a windy gust.

Of hands she needed three or four
Not regulation two.
To hold her hat, hold up her skirt,
And push small baby too.

Now mothers push a buggy,
Quite small and very light,
Their legs encased in comfy slacks
And colors warm and bright.

The wind can blow their tresses
Whichever way it will
Who gives a care, the clothes they wear
For they are mothers, still.

Eva M. R. Salway

GUARDIAN ANGEL

Guardian Angel, you have watched me,
Through these many years.
Rejoicing in my happiness
Sorrowing with my tears.

Guarding, watching, grieving;
At all I've said and done.
When I think that you are with me,
I cannot feel alone.

How many times you've led me,
In sorrow from the way
My wayward heart has taken,
to send my feet astray.

Thank you Guardian Angel,
For all these years of care,
I feel so very near you,
When I bow my head in prayer.

Who are you? My faithful guardian.
Someone I have known?
Someone I have met and loved,
In brighter days far gone?

One day, then, I will see you,
When you take me by the hand
And guide my footsteps once again
But in that better land.

Eva M. R. Salway

THY WILL BE DONE

Our Savior who didst leave Thy Home,
Where love and joy did reign,
To come to earth, and share with us,
Its' sorrow, sin and pain.

Thy Will be done, You taught us pray,
On earth, as 'tis in Heaven,
Gods' stubborn children, love their way,
Nor heed the precepts given.

When you taught thus, had your thoughts turned
To those you'd left above?
You knew, how happy we could be,
If we but learned to love.

But still we pray "Thy will be done"
Then live a life of sin.
Oh, Savior, end this world of strife,
And bring Thy Kingdom in.

Eva M. R. Salway

SUCCESS

I look along the devious way
My stumbling feet have trod
I ask myself, "What have I done"
To be approved of God?"

Is this world better since I've lived?
No book of lifeless fame,
No picture bright, or music great,
I've made to build my name.

But just a struggling mother,
I've worked and wept and prayed.
For the children God has given,
As through this world I've strayed.

And so all my descendants dear
Whatever you may do.
Remember my success in life
Depends largely on you.

Eva M. R. Salway

BOW WOW WOOF

Two little dogs lay down in the grass,
As quiet as could be.
When an Indian passed with braids so long,
A funny sight to see.
So the brown bow wow went, Bow Wow Wow.
And the black Bow Wow went Woof.

A Chinamen passed that fine bright day,
With stride so firm and free.
When the dogs rushed out, The Chinese said,
"Oh please, don't bite me."
But the Brown Bow Wow went Bow Wow Wow,
And the Black Bow Wow went woof.

Young Tommy Brown passed by that gate,
And stopped to tie his shoe.
The dogs rushed out with a "Bow wow wow"
Said Tommy, Bow Wow to you.
When the brown Bow Wow went Bow Wow Wow.
And the black Bow Wow went woof.

An old Tom cat came along the way
With tail upright, and so,
He saw those dogs so brave and gay,
And his tail lashed to and fro,
Thee Brown Bow Wow went Yip Yip Yip
And the Black dog Ki Yi Yi.

Eva M. R. Salway

UNDERSTANDING

When gazing on a tiny child,
I've heard some people wail,
'Poor little soul, it never asked
To come into this veil."

And when a soul has left this earth,
I've heard these people say,
"Please God, she has not gone to Hell,
In Heaven may she be."

We know, that Spirit did rejoice,
To find its time was near.
To enter in this sad old world
And learn Salvation here.

At death she takes another step,
All Spirits go the way,
Our Lord passed on to Paradise
And took the thief that day.

It was a place more fitting,
To teach to him the word,
Of life and of Salvation.
That he had never heard.

So step by step, we pass along,
The road that leads to Heaven,
Rejoicing, we accented
The knowledge God has given.

Eva M. R. Salway

TWO LITTLE CHICKES

Said one little chick
As he lay in the egg
Beneath his mothers warm breast,
"I believe there's a brighter big world
Outside this cozy nest."

So he pecked and he pecked at the hard white shell
His will a magic wand
That helped him to a better world
Out in the great beyond.

Said the other small chick "How do I know,
There's another world out there?
I'm quite content in this cozy shell,
Outside may be toil and care."

And he made no effort to peck his way
To the better world outside.
Curled up tight in his prison cell,
He stayed in the egg and died.

Eva M. R. Salway

MUFFIN

Our little dog Muffin
Is just a funny pup.
When he sees pussy's dinner
He gobbles it all up.

When Grandma tossed a bone outside,
A bone she did not need.
Muffin made a grab for it,
To satisfy his greed.

But Pussy, Pussy got there first.
And held the bone quite tight,
Our greedy little Muffin dog
Didn't get a bite.

Eva M. R. Salway

ITS FUN TO GROW OLD TOGETHER

Its fun to be old together
Like basking in the sun.
After the toil and worry of
A busy day is done.

Its fun to be growing old,
We just do as we please.
Go and come to suit ourselves,
Take evening life with ease.

We laugh at a little stumble,
Or joke at a creaking knee,
Grin when we take unscheduled rest
Content with things that be.

He'll help in things I cannot do
That once I did with vim.
In turn I help with little things
That I can do for him.

Its fun to grow old together
There's lots that we can do
To make each other happy,
And cheer our neighbors, too.

Eva M. R. Salway

MY PART

'Of all the souls who ever lived
Upon this mortal sphere,
Of all the souls who yet must come
Before the Lord is here.

Oh, why was I a chosen one,
Now to earth to come?
Kept back until these Latter-days
From Heavenly scenes to roam?

It is my work to help and build
Gods Kingdom here again.
The Gospel that for evermore
Will on the earth remain.

It is my work to save the souls
Of dear ones, passed away.
Who for salvation look to me
How can I them betray?

These thoughts do fill my soul with awe,
And one day I shall know.
If I am faithful to the trust
Ordained so long ago.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE ARMCHAIR COOK

He sits so snug in his armchair,
Watching your every move.
If you open up the oven,
You feel he'll disapprove.

He's bothered all the afternoon,
Til you feel fit to droop,
Then he'll say quite anxiously
Well, did you salt the soup?

You think you'll serve another dish,
A new recipe you've tried,
He says "Why boil those little fish,
Aren't they much better fried?"

Are you sure that stew's not burning?
When did you last look?
Talk about back seat drivers,
Who'll swap one for an "Arm Chair Cook"?

Eva M. R. Salway

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Christmas cards, and quite a lot
More than e'er this year we've got.
I turn them over one by one
Now that the holiday is done.

As cards come in with every post
It seemed, of friends we had a host.
"Just fancy, Beth remembered me
And here is one from Tom I see."

Some sparkling cards cost quite a bit,
Others have a comic hit,
Some taken from a box I see,
But each one means the same to me.

With reindeers or the gleaming snow,
The family coach that we all know,
The yule log fire gleaming bright
With stockings hanging in its light.

The beautiful Poinsettias red
The Christ Child in his manger bed,
With Star of Bethlehem above
Tells of the Father and His Son.

We've known them all from year to year,
The repetition makes them dear,
Bringing sweet memories of the past,
Of love and friendship born to last.
But best card of all to me this year,
Is the wire that read, "Dear Folks, I'm here."

Eva M. R. Salway

FANTASY

As I upon this couch do lay,
My tree stands there from day to day.
Does not complain at winds that blow,
Its tangled branches to and fro.

Upon its twigs the sparrows rest,
Ere flying neath the eaves to nest,
When sunlight gleams down through the tree,
At times it seems to smile at me.

Eva M. R. Salway

ROAST FOWL

"A tough old chicken did you say?"
Not tough if you roast it just this way.
Take a two or three year old fat hen,
Feather and clean it well, and then
Truss it up and tie it tight,
So every bit can cook just right.

Place it in a Roaster pan
The trick is really now began.
Pore water in, about an inch.
Salt and pepper a good large pinch.
Cut an onion in as well,
Gives a savory taste, and luscious smell.

Then turn the oven very low
For a tough old fowl must be cooked slow.
About three hours this treatment give.
You must have patience, as I live.
'Bout half an hour before its done.
Turn on the heat and let it run.

Put peeled potatoes around the meat,
They're nice that way and quite a treat,
Then bake a dish of your favorite dressing,
The smell will keep the family guessing,
Take off the lid and let it brown,
That fowl is such a tender thing
A feast that's fit for any King.

Eva M. R. Salway

I THINK OF YOU EVERY DAY

Mother, it's years since we parted,
And you passed to that other shore
The sad grief has passed that came with death
But I think of you more and more.

The pain that so gripped when you left me
Has passed to a twilight sleep
To sad thoughts of days gone by
Dear memories I'll ever keep.

I always think about you, dear
When troubles come to me,
And I'm in need of loving cheer,
I feel your sympathy.

When I view the earth's rich beauty
Or the glory of the sea,
I remember how you loved it all
And feel you walk with me.

In joy or sorrow I see you smile,
Your sweetly loving way
So many little things recall
I think of you every day.

(MEMO)

The Garden of life.
A little child grabs at flowers and weeds alike.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE HOOKED RAG RUG

I grope in the basement, and find two large bags,
Just filled to the top with discarded rags,
I open one up and there clear in sight,
Is the dress Mary wore, on her twelfth birthday night.

Dear Mary, she looked so pretty and shy.
The pale, blue will just do for that bit of sky,
And here's Bobbys' rompers, sweet little man.
The grey will be fine for the watering can.

Here's what is left of Tommy's red cap,
With a hole burned in; twas quite a mishap.
I need the color, so there it goes,
Twill just fill in that corner rose.

Oh! Here's John's pants, a rich dark brown,
He wore them the night the barn burned down,
The color will do for the garden mould,
And the trunk of the tree that stands so bold.

This dress I wore on my honeymoon,
All spotted with water of the lagoon,
It never looked quite the same, alas,
The green is just right for the leaves and grass.

This piece of black the border will make,
I declare 'tis what's left of Grannie's old cape,
I think I've enough, with some gay bits for flowers.
I'll make a nice rug in a few pleasant hours.

I'll tack the foundation quite firm to the frame,
'Tis the one Mother used, it's marked with her name.
And when the rugs done, with its flowers and trees,
I'll have a garden of rich memories.

Eva M. R. Salway

GOD HOLDS THE KEY

Are there snares about your feet
And you don't know how to go?
So many obstacles you meet
As you stagger to and fro?
Trust God. He knows the way.

Are all things dark within your sight
And you cannot see the way,
Are you fearing Satan's might,
You cannot tell the wrong from right?
Trust God, Pray.

Is your life a twisted mess
From its weight you cannot free?
None to succumb as they pass
Fear not, Humble bend the knee.
God holds the key.

Eva M. R. Salway

GOD PREPARES

As an Angel stands beside the prayerless child
With arms outstretched,
Ready to succor in time of need,
So our Father His mysterious way prepares.

Eva M. R. Salway

THOUGHTS

Our thoughts can fly on happy wings
Or like the hornet armed with stings
They do not stay within ourselves
But scamper off like little elves.

Have you ever been about to speak
And others say the words you seek?
Inwardly you hum a song
You hear another stung ere long.

As spoken words do not come back
Our thoughts fly on a longer track.
Disturb a soul who cannot fence
Entrapped by some fine imminence.

What is the mystery of the thought
Tis awful, not a thing of naught.
So we must guard from day to day,
Our thoughts as well as things we say.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE GOOD LISTENER

He ain't much good at talking,
Bout this, and that, you know.
About big game when hunting
At the latest picture show.
But he can listen.

He ain't much good at talking,
About his health you see,
Or his last operation
Or how he felt at sea.
But he can listen.

But people like him near them
When life begins to bore,
And they feel sad and weary,
He's welcome then for sure.
For he can listen.

His interest he gives them
Whatever be their mood,
He'll never be without a friend,
His comradeship is good
For he can listen.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE RESOLUTION

I made a firm vow
At the start of the year,
That would bring to me
And my friends, good cheer.

It was going to make me
A wondrous fine boy
The very thought of it
Filled me with joy.

But some things gone wrong,
You see, because,
I can't for the life of me
Think what it was.

Eva M. R. Salway

THE OLD FOLKS CHRISTMAS

We will not make a holiday
Our nestlings have all flown.
We won't make much of Christmas
For we'll be quite alone.

We'll save the money we might spend,
To try to do more good.
Not buy so many useless gifts,
But do as wise folk should.

And so we smugly settled it,
Our Christmas would be mild.
We'd think of the first Christmas day,
And the Holy Christmas Child.

As Christmas day drew nearer,
We did not feel so bland.
The happy yule tide Spirit
Was seen on every hand.

Stores all filled with Christmas gifts
And trees and paper strand.
And dainty food, and what not,
Even a Christmas lamb.

Everybody looked so gay,
All loaded down with gifts,
Their smiles did something to our heart,
A way with Christmas thrift.

So we're hanging up the paper,
And getting a small tree,
A wreath hangs in the window,
As cheerful as can be.

So, as last minute shoppers
We went, and spent a lot,
Fearful in our hurry
That someone be forgot.

We have remembered once again
That half the joy of living,
Is not in what others do for us,
But in the love of giving.

We are in a hurry
It surely is a plight
I really must stop writing
Or, these gifts won't go tonight.

Eva M. R. Salway

IS THIS THE END?

Note: Mother had been very ill; on her recovery
Dad expressed his thoughts to her.

Dear as you lay so near. to death,
With pale white face, and labored breath.
I gaze into the street below
As passers by, go to and fro.

A boy and girl passed hand in hand,
As we once walked a golden strand
Picked shells and pebbles here and there
In happy days so free from care.

We wed on that Island over there
A fine veil clouding your rich brown hair
You were a pleasant sight to see
The day you gave yourself to me.

In time you entered death's dark veil
And smiled to hear an infant wail
Another daughter or a son
Another precious life begun.

In Albion's land far over there
Is one large grave two of them share
I knew your heart was very sore
To leave them on that distant shore.

But God has spared to us the rest
Through weal and woe you did your best
They brought you trials mixed with joy.
You dearly loved each girl and boy.

We struggled through a chequered life
Twice saw the world in deadly strife.
You saw four children off to war
It seems your heart could stand no more.

In sorrow now I'm sitting here
And feel no shame to shed a tear.
My anguish with these memories blend
I'm wondering "Is this the end?"

Eva M. R. Salway

I NEED YOU MOTHER

Mother! Do you see my sorrow?
Do you know my care?
Do you watch with tenderness?
As you did while living here?

Your dear voice would comfort,
As your arms around me pressed.
And I'd feel as when in childhood,
My head was on your breast.

I will always need you, Mother.
In joy and sorrow too.
There is none can love as Mother
None so sweet as you.

I'm getting aged, Mother.
Not long I'll struggle here.
Quite soon, we'll meet in Heaven.
Oh! How I miss you dear.

Eva M. R. Salway

GROWING OLD

Folks notice we are growing old
With shoes for comfort made
They see our carefulness of step
As we walk down a grade.

The youth who stands immediately
To offer us his seat,
The maid who skirts the mud, that we
May have the dryer street.

The shopman bringing out a chair
To seat us by the side
The car that stops along , the street
To offer us a ride.

These are the signs that tell us
That we are getting old.
The pleasant, small attentions
From friends as good as gold.

We've traveled o'er the bow of life,
And nearing now the end,
Perhaps there we'll find the 'pot of gold'
And youth around the bend.

Eva M. R. Salway

HAROLD THE CLEANER

Harold the Cleaner
is a very fine man.
In his plant he is cleaning
as only he can.

With clatter and clang
His machinery goes bang
Twisting and twilling
Without any pang.

He jokes around
With a smudge on his nose.
Dirt on his hands
And grease on his clothes.

For there is always
Something to mend.
A screw to loosen,
Or a wire to bend.

And in between
He'll spot and he'll press
From dirty work pants
To a fine formal dress

He'll brush the clothes
Then work at the press,
But I've never yet seen him
Iron a dress.

He'll be serving someone,
Your wanting to speak,
You say the first word
And he's gone like a streak.

Then he's up in the laundry
Then down in the base-
He'll always turn up
In any old place.

Wherever he is
I'll have you to see
He's not in the place
You'd expect him to be.

I really must say
And without any lie
You never quite know
When he's going to dye.

Eva M. R. Salway