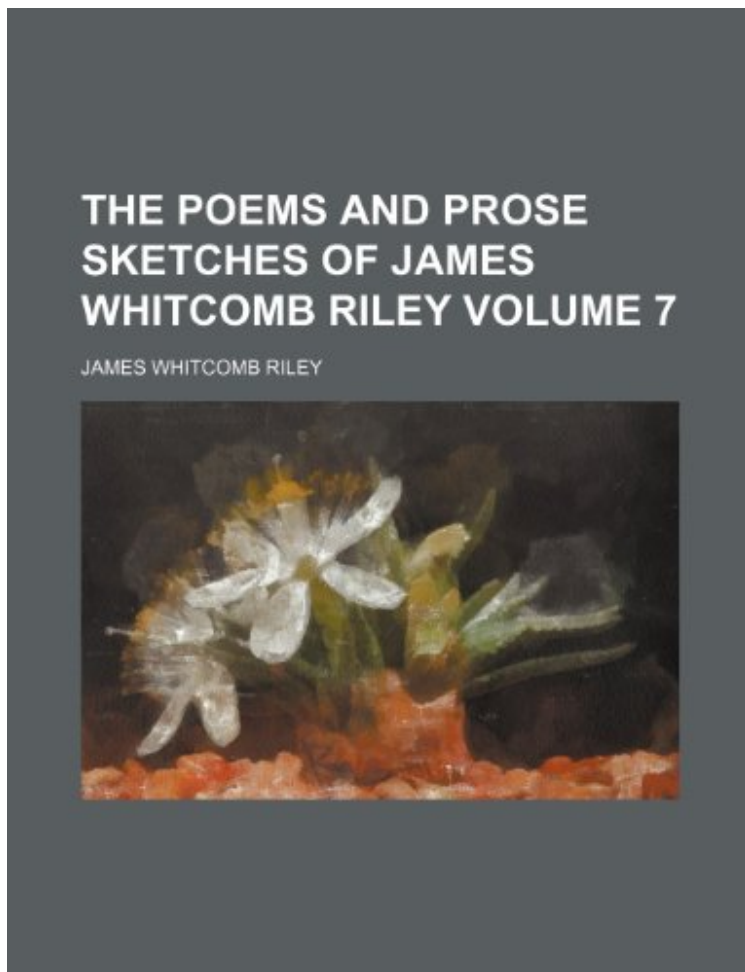


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James Whitcomb Riley
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This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated. 1898 Excerpt: ...Forward and onward and thither, And hither again and yon, With milk for our drink together And honey to feed upon--Nor hope of rest withdrawn us, Since the one Father put The blessed curse upon us--The curse of the wandering foot. A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS A Monument for the Soldiers! And what will ye build it of? Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze, Outlasting the Soldiers' love? Can ye glorify it with legends As grand as their blood hath writ From the inmost shrine of this land of thine To the outermost verge of it? And the answer came: We would build it Out of our

hopes made sure, And out of our purest prayers and tears, And out of our faith secure: We would build it out of the
great white truths Their death hath sanctified, And the sculptured forms of the men in arms, And their faces ere they
died. A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS And what heroic figures Can the sculptor carve in stone? Can the
marble breast be made to bleed, And the marble lips to moan? Can the marble brow be fevered? And the marble eyes
be graved To look their last, as the flag floats past, On the country they have saved? And the answer came: The figures
Shall all be fair and brave, And, as befitting, as pure and white As the stars above their grave! The marble lips, and
breast and brow Whereon the laurel lies, Bequeath us right to guard the flight Of the old flag in the skies! A monument
for the Soldiers! Built of a people's love, And blazoned and decked and panoplied With the hearts ye build it of! And
see that ye build it stately, In pillar and niche and gate, And high in pose as the souls of those It would commemorate!
A THE RIVAL I SO loved once, when Death came by I hid Away my face, And all my sweetheart's tresses she undid
To make my hiding-place. The dread shade passe...