

LIDA'S POEMS – Personal Experiences

THE STORK

*For birthday party given by the DUP: August 15, 1935

On the 15th of August in the year of sixty-four
A stork was flying by, and stopped at mother's door
Says he, my dear good woman, would you like a little girl
I have been turned down by so many mothers, my head's in a whirl

She is not so very handsome, or will ever brilliant be
And will never make a mark in this world, as far as I can see
If you would like to take the child, and give it a trial first
My heart would be so full of gratitude, I feel it would burst

I have traveled far and wide, in this business as a stork
But to get rid of this baby girl, how hard I have had to work
I have traveled to the rich, and have traveled to the poor
I have flew so very low, I have begged from door to door

Then my mother says my dear, if you will stop and rest awhile
My husband will decide about this ornery little child.
Then her husband came rushing in, to see his little son
When, he saw the ugly duckling, he said, O Lord thy will be done

So I stayed with this good family for almost twenty years
I caused them lots of sorrow, and to shed many a tear
So they looked around and wondered, whatever they could do
Then they married me off to the first young man that promised to be true

For fifty years I have tried to be a good mother and a wife
I have made a failure of everything I ever undertook in life
At last I am at my journey's end, and have had my last mad fling
I hope the old stork will call again, and carry me off under his wing

LIFE'S SCHOOL

This world is just a training school
For us poor mortals here
We do not finish up the grades
Just keep on from year to year

Some learn their lessons very young
For some it takes many years
And some may learn by hard work
For some learn with bitter tears

Yet life goes on for you see
No matter what we learn to be
Some learn more and some learn less
Still some only learn their A.B.C.'s

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

*Composed in 1942

How will it seem when I am gone
And the old home stands alone
Though my footsteps can be seen in the garden
My form will be seen no more

The bats will fly in and take their place
In the deserted home, with another race
The rats and mice will play around
And there will be neither sight nor sound

The cold north wind will whistle through
The deep snow will fall, and the heavy dew
There will be no one to come to your back door
For Grandma's gone forever more

PLANS

We cannot plan our own lives out and do just what we ought
There seems to be some hidden force that changes us about
We sometimes do the very things we do not want to test
And find the things we ought not to do, are for the very best

Seems life is just a puzzle and keeps us all a guessing
To do the right things every time, gives us quite a lesson
So blindly we go through this world, and do the best we can
We do the things we feel are right; the balance we rightly ban

THE OLD FAMILY RAZOR

There is an old family razor in a family of boys
That is always in use among the noise
The father first uses it, then it starts down
The line of boys, as it goes around

The oldest gets it among the first
Then comes the second one, with a mighty burst
Then comes the smallest of the three
And shouts for the razor, oh my whiskers just see

Oh, that dear old razor; how much you've done
To make us more civilized among the throng
Your work is the greatest in the land
To keep us respectable down to a man

Oh, wonderful razor your work is so great
All wise men use you in this mighty state
What a sight men would be, if you should go
And leave men to look, like the buffalo

MY DREAM

One night I dreamed that I was dead and gone to the realms above
We're taught in this life to pay for sins w/repentance, work, love
St. Peter ushered me in and said with a sigh, as he looked grim
Now here's the book your record is in, you need not look so shy
For this is one place you cannot get by

This book was long and wide and high
And was filled with writing that cannot die
Then my thoughts flew back to the bad deeds I had done
I felt very bad for my life had just begun

Now woman, he said, just open this book
And read all your sins just as they look
You can see you have never given alms to the poor
And turned each stranger from your door

You have never bowed down and prayed on your knees
You have been very selfish and hard to please
You have broken the Sabbath to do your work
When it comes to paying tithing you were always broke

You have not attended your meetings for many a day
So you planned to get up and out of it stay
You have gave up your duties and called them a fad
Then you gave up the good and went to the bad

There is no use of reading your misdeeds all
There is enough of them read to prove your downfall
Just sit down my good woman, your sentence I'll give
You will never sin again as long as you live

Just one million years at hard labor you will be given
All of this hard work, has to be done in heaven
There will be no recreation, and no resting done
From early dawn until the setting of the sun

You will not be permitted to mingle with your friends
Nor have any company years without end
You will be given no books to read and no place to go
And oh those years will go so slow

Just then I awoke and heaved a great sigh
I thank the good Lord I had not died
I will be given another chance to be good if I try
Before leaving this world and saying good bye.

THOUGHTS

When I am dead bring no flowers for me
For I will not care, and cannot see
In life I have wished for love and care
Now they are useless, in them I cannot share

When I am dead sing no sad songs for me
I will not hear them, I will be free
One kind word in life, would be more to me
Than a thousand roses I cannot see

CRUSHED HOPES

*Composed by Lida Hatch

I think that I shall never be
A great writer of poetry
Of that there seems to be no hope
I can never rise to pull the ropes

My name will never be so great
That I will ever nab the bait
For this I am not great enough
Just the old gal, to write the stuff

THE OLD POETS DOWNFALL

There was an old poet who thought she was smart
In everything that came by, she tried to take part
No matter what it was, a poem or song
It mattered not to her if she did it all wrong

She thought she was a poet of old English birth
And thought she could compete with any poet on earth
Alas to her sorrow found she was nothing at all
Her air castles vanished and her hopes took a fall

One day she thought to write a poem & write it at once
For in her egotism she said I am no dunce
She wrote a flattering poem and sent it to be printed
And thought to make some money, no failure was hinted

The editor paused to read it, and gave a heavy sigh
If I have to print this poem I surely will die
In all of my life I have never printed a poem so flat & slow
I don't think I can print it and of it make a show

He rolled up the poem and sent it back home
He wrote, my dear poet wherever you roam
Never, no never undertake again
To write a poem for it will all be in vain

Stay within your own limit, don't try to fly high
And in writing great poems be ever so shy
You can do much better in your own line of work
When it comes to writing poems, you surely must shirk

Then the old poet sighed and bowed down her gray head
She wept bitter tears and wished she was dead
Then she said, dear God, forgive me for being so vain
And I will never try writing for money again

THE BASKET. DANCE – 50 years ago

Many years ago a basket dance was held
The girls made baskets, in this dance to sell
They were filled with good things to eat
At Auction to sell

Miss Lillie was a handsome dashing young girl
With dark brown eyes and her hair in a curl
She made a large basket to sell to the boys so bold
She tempted them all to spend their gold

A young man was there, whose name was Will Foy
He discovered this basket and to his great joy
He hastened to buy it, with a smile on his face
With the basket in hand, through the hall he did pace

Now Lillie had discovered, to her great chagrin
It was the homeliest basket in the lot to be seen
She fled in dismay and left her sister in sin
To claim her old basket, and eat with him

The young man found out that the basket was Lillie's
It made the married sister feel very silly
He hunted her up with a very red face
And told her that her sister had taken her place

The married sister's husband felt very bad
For he was left out and no lunch had
The dance was a failure for all of us four
So we all went home, feeling very sore

Next day as Lillie came by the dance hall
A crowd of children were playing ball.
They were tossing her basket on the village green
It was the saddest sight she had ever seen

Lillie declared when this dance was o'er
She would refrain from making baskets forever more
If God would forgive her for what she had done
She would make no more baskets, not even one

UNKNOWN TITLE

*Composed on March 1, 1942

Now March has come, with wind and rain
With sunshine and shadow, and snow again
It reminds me of a baby's tears
Who smiles and laughs through all its fears

The winter seems gone, and the birds build their nests
In the bare branches of a tree, there to rest
Then March winds come and the rain falls
Then the snowflakes come and covers all

MY NIGHT OF TERROR – In the year 1906

One night I was left in the mountains alone
All seemed fine while the bright sun shone
But when darkness came on I began to fear
Of what it might bring or what might appear

I was high up on the mountain, among lofty pine trees
A rainstorm came up; to no shelter could I flee
Two little helpless children, were left in my care
To protect, and in my fears to share

We had no shelter but an old wagon box
With a leaky cover, among boulders and rocks
The cougars and bear were plentiful around
The timber with wild animals did abound

The lightning flashed and the rain poured down
The pine trees waved and crashed around
I sat in the wagon all the night through
Guarding my two little children, to them I was true

No weapon had I but an old dull ax
But this implement of war in the wagon I packed
And woe to the animal that came my way
I vowed with this ax I surely would slay

When the sun arose what a changed scene
All was beauty as far as could be seen
But I will never forget, until my dying day
What I suffered that night in the hills far away

CHARITY

*Composed in 1943

Charity giveth much, and asketh not
For of herself has never thought
But of friends, thinketh more
For on the poor, never shuts the door

If we have not charity we will have no chance
In the Kingdom of God, you can see-at a glance
No matter what virtues we possess
We cannot enter God's Kingdom with the rest

Faith, hope and charity are the leading ones
In living our lives, which we have begun
If we lose faith and hope, and keep charity
We will be given a chance, in heaven you see

ZIONS CANYON AND THE GREAT TUNNEL

*Composed after going through the tunnel: March 31, 1943

Man's power is great, but nature does most
In carving these valleys and hills
No human hand, could mold such rocks
And valleys and gorges do not come by will

We look in wonder at the mountains high
With wonderful moldings, no sculptor would try
Great deep gulches and marble rock with noble peaks
Like castles of old, tinted with silver and gold

The road winds around the steepest of ground
In under great cliffs, that with echo resounds
Then turns back again, for more ground is lacked
Some places you meet yourself coming back

We arrived at last at the great wonder of all
A great hole in the mountain where cars can crawl
All arched above with solid rock
You feel struck dumb, you have such a shock

The tunnel seems so long, and very dark
All you can see is three bright sparks
Six lookout holes you plainly see, before you get through
A strange feeling comes o'er you, that this cannot be true

These mountains are carved, all wavy and bright
Many colors of the rainbow, with shining light
They seem to be fashioned by a master hand
And painted by an artist from another land

What man can achieve with his brain and hand
Has been a great mystery all over this land
But this great tunnel, that is bored through the hill
Is the greatest achievement and mystery still

UNKNOWN TITLE

*Composed in 1943

Never suffer sleep thine eyes to close
Before thy mind hath run
O'er every act and thought and word
From dawn until set of sun

For wrong, take shame, but grateful feel
If 'Just' thy course hath been
Such efforts day by day renewed
Will keep the Soul from sin

GRANDMA'S SKATING PARTY, WHEN SHE WAS A
SMALL GIRL IN PINE VALLEY

I once thought it was easy to learn to skate
So I went with the crowd, so as not to be late
I put on the skates, the boys held my arms
To keep me from coming to any great harm

They guided me out upon the ice
I thought I could skate so very nice
The boys let loose of me, and down I went
Just like an arrow, from heaven sent

The first place I lit was on the back of my head
My friends came a running, they thought I was dead
I have shunned the ice ever since then
And vowed I would never go skating again

ROBINS IN SUMMER

Five robins came one summer day
To inspect my garden, to see what they
Could find to eat; then fly away
To other gardens, on which to prey

They circled around to find the best
When they discovered a man fully dressed
He seemed to be perched upon a pole
So they thought to walk up very bold

It is only a scarecrow, the leader said
We can soon find out if he is dead
They flew straight to it, they were very bold
When a shot rang out, they all went cold

Three were dead, and two flew away
To other fields, and they did say
We will never again be fooled you see
By a dummy hid in an old plum tree

A wise old robin said, with a shake of his head
You should learn to be wise, and not so dead
You must always remember, and this is no dream
There are people in this world, who are not what they seem