

LIDA'S POEMS – Thoughts on the War

A TRIBUTE TO MY GRANDSONS

*Composed in 1942

I left my home in Utah
To visit my grandsons four
Who are stationed around in the army
As their forefathers were before

I boarded a plane for the southern states
Where Maurice Hatch was supposed to be
We found him serving Uncle Sam
In the state of Mississippi

We visited awhile with the soldiers
Then left to go you see
To visit Roy Talbot, the silent boy
We found him in Tennessee

I then flew down to the islands
For Verl Hatch was stationed there
He was filling his mission bravely
And doing a man's full share

Then we started home o'er the ocean
And was many miles from land
When we saw a large plane coming
Steered by a steady hand

The air was cold and bitter
And my hands were frozen stiff
When an arm was raised in greeting
Then we saw the pilot was Lyle McIff

Now I am back home here in Utah
The land that God has blessed
And can say I am proud of my grandsons
For they are touted among the best

COURAGE

Courage Wendell, do not stumble
Though thy path be dark as night
There is a star to guide the humble
Trust in God and do the right

Though the road be long and dreary
And the end be out of sight
Foot it bravely, strong or weary
Trust in God and do the right

Perish policy and cunning
Perish all that fear the light.
Whether losing, whether winning
Trust in God and do the right

Shun all forms of guilty passion
Friends can look like angels bright
Heed no custom, school or fashion
Trust in God and do the right

REFLECTIONS

*Composed in 1943

I wonder if I will live to see
This conflict ended and victory won
The world at peace to be
All things settled and done

And our boys come home safe and sound
With great honors won
We then can sleep the clock around
And dream what they have done

God, speed the time when this can be
And our sorrows will be old
In this good land this side the sea
And we will weep no more

THE WAR – A Question

When war clouds are gathering around us
And our boys are forced to go
To defend our homes and country
And our land from shore to shore
We have been taught we are God's people
And he rules o'er this vast land
If he is so great and powerful
Why don't he take a hand?

We see the weeping mothers
All the tears they are forced to shed
And their prayers ascend to heaven
From hearts that slowly bled
It makes us ponder o'er the things
That is taught in this good land
If there is a just God in the heavens
Why don't he take a hand?

Then a thought comes stealing o'er me
That perhaps we do not know
All the plans of our creator
He mapped out for us below
Yet it seems so very useless
All this bloodshed in this land
That our hearts still cry in agony
Why don't he take a hand?

THE PARTING

*Composed by Wendell Hatch

Weep not for me dear Mother
For I am working for Uncle Sam
To free our country from bondage
Under the despot's cruel hand

I will return in safety
With laurels on my brow
Altho the parting is bitter
Our love will sustain us