

# LIDA'S POEMS – Tributes to Friends and Neighbors

## CHANGES

\*Composed for 'Old Folk's Day' on July 24, 1940

1 They have asked me to talk five minutes  
Of early "Pioneer Days"  
And tell of the changes I've seen  
Along life's troubled ways

2 I have witnessed the small village of Panguitch  
To a large and prosperous city grow  
I have seen the rocks and sagebrush change  
To clean streets, with oil and cement glow

3 I have seen the log cabins replaced  
With fine homes galore, but the people  
That lived in those log cabins  
Alas, they are no more

4 There were only six trees in the Panguitch town  
Some sixty-odd years ago  
Today we can gaze, with pride on our trees  
As in the breezes, they sway and glo

5 I have witnessed our dear old meeting house  
To a fine large building turn  
With all the modern fixtures  
Our old hearts with pride does burn

6 I have witnessed the old roller mill,  
That stood under the roller mill hill,  
Proudly lift its high roof in the air,  
But today it is silent and still

7 And the old grist mill built on Dickenson hill  
That was run by a good honest man.  
The old saying is, "there are-no honest millers"  
We have proven that false, by our own farmers and tillers

8 We once had a fine bank, built on the corner  
Where the sun shone, bright and sunny  
It was a fine building to look upon  
And a fine place to store all our money

9 I have seen the rise and fall of the sheepman  
The merchant and then  
Our land that we fought so valiantly for  
Go into the hands of Government men

10 And all that is left of the old Co-op store  
Is a deep ugly hole in the ground  
Once it was the Center of Commerce  
With businessmen all around

11 There was Martin Foy's store on the corner  
Just across from the Garfield store  
Has been turned into a lumber yard  
And Brother Foy is no more

12 The store that was known as Cameron and Sevy's  
Was built many years ago  
Across the lot by William Cameron  
It was filled with fine goods galore

13 Tom Sevy as clerk, with his bright sunny smile  
It done us all good to linger awhile  
They felt very safe, as most of us do  
But when they checked up, the stock was in the hands of a few

14 The sheepmen's store was started  
By such men as Uncle Ite  
With James B. Heywood as superintendent  
It could not help but go right

15 But when they started to change their men  
Their stock went down and then  
They had to sellout and close the door  
Today that building is known as a furniture store

16 Jimmy Page financed a store and dance hall in one  
Where we could go dancing when our work was done  
Then he got all twisted up and had to sell  
Today that building is known as the Church Hotel

17 Myers and Henrie decided to build a fine store  
They prospered awhile until they got sore  
And decided to sell and go on the farm  
While they say, it did no one harm

18 They were very fine men of that early day  
And very progressive in their way  
And in the face of opposition, were not so slow  
But today that building is the Gem Picture show

19 Now there is the case of the old Mascot Hall  
Where we went dancing and Jim Worthen did call  
It has never done much as I recall  
But change its name to the Social Hall

20 At one time the Little Eck was all the rage  
Of course it was started by Jimmy Page  
The stock was owned by the people in town  
So it did not take long for it to drown

21 Now let us pay our respects to the old Pioneers  
That have left us and gone for many years  
There was William Prince and Tye Hatch  
That lived in the old fort, and many others I can't report

22 There were four Houston boys  
And five Cameron brothers  
And as we all know,  
A great many others

23 Joseph L. Heywood and Billy LeFevre  
And we must not forget Martin Mailson, the weaver  
There was Jess Crosby, a fine young man  
Who came out here to pioneer the land

24 There was Mohonri Steel, and Jim and Sam Henrie  
Brother Ipson, the fisherman, and Jim Montague  
Who kept us in fish, the whole year through  
Now let us respect and honor give  
To these old pioneers as long as we live

### FAITH AND HOPE

What would life be, if we had no friends  
To greet us when the days are sad  
And smile and greet us when the long days end  
And in trouble and sorrow us befriend

How cruel life would be, if we had no friends  
When we grow weary and hopes have fled  
And all seems dark, our pathway has no end  
We have no more aim in life, when all is said

What would life be, if we had no hope  
Or no faith in God, or the life beyond  
With blind unbelief we cannot cope  
But to live in faith and go cheerfully on

We are so blind we cannot see afar  
We can only hope for things to come  
And pray to God for a shining light  
To guide us to our Heavenly home

### A TRIBUTE TO LYDIA SEVY

\*Composed for her funeral

She has been here, but she has gone  
To a better world in the great beyond  
And left in our hearts an empty space  
But through it all, she has kept her faith

Great trials she has had, but has stood the test  
And proved herself, of the best  
Has always stood by her religious views  
And has kept the faith, in all things true

Nothing has shaken her faith in God  
And all that was pertaining to her good  
She has answered the summons when he called  
And has kept the faith through it all

No task too great for her to do  
And always with a smile  
She went through life a happy soul  
And always kept the faith in view

And now she has answered her Master's call  
And gone to her reward which awaits us all  
She has kept the faith, as Christ has said  
And will have great blessings on her head

### A WELCOME TO THE OLD FOLKS

\*Composed for the 'Old Folk's Party' on Sept. 24, 1943

How happy is the day when old friends can meet  
Oh, happy is the day when old friends we can greet  
An sweet is the time when the past we can review  
To wish them happiness, and the past we can renew

Long years we have struggled side by side  
This wilderness to subdue  
And always in sympathy with each other  
In all the work we had to do

Our bodies have grown old with the weight of many years  
Yet our hearts are still young; through all our tears  
We must never grow old in our mission of love  
To our fellow man and our God above

A greeting to you my dear old friends  
A welcome to you, we heartily extend  
Many good wishes to you we give  
May you have great happiness while you live

### YOUR HOUSE AND MINE

\*Written to Molly Clark

There is a dear old house just over the way  
That has sheltered two families for many a day  
It still lifts its old roof in glory that will never depart  
For it is the dear old house, with a broken heart

Many years it has stood, a monument tall  
In memory of Albert Clark, who fashioned it all  
It has been a good home for your family and mine  
It has served all the purpose of a mansion so fine

The old house is going fast to decay  
The shingles are falling where the wild birds play  
The windows are broken, like a worn out cart  
In the dear old house, with a broken heart

The steps are worn out, with tramp of many feet  
The old walls do not echo, with music so sweet  
The laughter is silent, gone is the happy part  
From the dear old house with a broken heart

The old fence is leaning, the pathway is broke  
Now this is plain facts, and is not a joke  
But why should we mind, we too shall depart  
From the dear old house, with the broken heart

MY GRANDHOTHER BRACKEN'S HOME IN PINE VALLEY

\*Composed by her granddaughter in February 1943

In imagination I see a little brown house  
I have not seen for many long years  
And a little old lady, that lived in that house  
When I think of her it brings the tears

I can see the floors all scrubbed so white  
The windows sparkling to let in the light  
The dishes shone like the stars above  
Oh, this was the place I used to love

The chairs were always set in a row  
The old stove shone with a steady glow  
The bed was made up, with the 'Blazing Star'  
Pillows were so white you could see them afar

Her hair was tucked under a neat little cap  
For fear it would get mussed, while taking her nap  
I will not tell the name of this lady so gay  
But she was the mother of Alzada Day

MY FRIEND, LEONARD SARGENT

\*Composed and read at his funeral on April 18, 1941

I have known Leonard Sargent  
Since childhood's early days  
We have gone to school together  
And mingled in our play

In a pleasant little valley where  
The pine trees grew so tall  
We have romped and played together  
In the old school house we called the Hall

We have been friends and neighbors  
Through all the ills of life  
And never an unkind word or action  
Or a feeling of envy or strife

When the way seemed dark and dreary  
He was to me a loyal friend  
He gave to me great courage  
To continue to the end

God gave to me a friend in life's dark hour  
A staff with all sustaining power  
A friend for whom my prayers ascend  
God make me worthy of my friend

He never sought for riches  
Nor cared for the precious dust  
He laid up treasures in heaven  
Where the gold will never rust

Somewhere I hope to meet him  
When this life's work here is done  
Where we can continue our friendship  
Which on earth was scarcely begun

A TRIBUTE TO ALZADA DAY

\*Composed for Aunt Zada's Birthday on April 18, 1943

When I was small I thought no one  
Knew quite as much as you  
You seemed so wise to my surprise  
You could make all things come true

Whatever you said or ever read  
I never questioned in my love  
Everything you did or ever said  
I was sure came from heaven above

We have been parted for many years  
Our lives have been full of sorrow and tears  
But I will always have great love for you  
To the end of my days, be they many or few

You were my light and guiding star  
You were my happiness nothing could mar  
The love and help you gave to me  
Will last through all eternity

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, AMY SEVY

There are no friends like old friends who are always good and true  
We can greet them when we meet them, like roses greet the dew  
We have lived as friends and neighbors, as good neighbors should  
We have dealt with each other fairly, and as justly as we could

There are no friends like old friends wherever we dwell or roam  
In lands beyond the ocean, or near the bounds of home  
We have raised our children together as good and loyal friends  
A bond is welded between them, which in life cannot end

There are no friends like old friends to help us carry our load  
Who all must carry, who journey over life's uneven road  
And when unconquered sorrow the weary hours invest  
The kindly words of old friends are always found the best

When dark waters raged around me and my darker days were nigh  
You stepped up and stood beside me like an angel from on high  
You have always been so trusty, and as faithful as could be  
You have always stood beside me, you have been a friend to me

We have gone as Teachers and from trouble have refrained  
We've worked without compensation, for the knowledge we have gained  
We have tried to teach the gospel to the people we have met  
And taught them not to do a wrong, in years they might regret

There are no friends like old friends to calm our frequent fears  
When shadows fall and deepen through life's declining years  
And when our faltering footsteps approach the great divide  
We will long to meet the old friends who are on the other side

A TRIBUTE TO MARY A. LINFORD

\*Composed for her Birthday on June 11, 1935

1 Once there lived a little maiden  
With blue eyes and gold brown hair  
That roamed the village streets of Panguitch  
When there was no city there

2 She came from merry old England  
The land of the bravest of men  
She came from under the rule of kings  
To the land that was free again

3 Her parents came for the sake of religion  
Where they could worship in peace once more  
They came because it was their duty  
As many had done before

4 She loved to wade the brooklet  
With her feet so bare and brown  
And to chase down the sage brush alley  
When the frost was on the ground

5 She loved to hunt the butterflies  
From out their hidden lair  
She loved to pick the dandelion  
To twine them in her hair

6 She grew up here in Panguitch  
With no riches or no fame  
But she always stood for justice  
And upheld the family name

7 She had no chance at learning  
Like the children of today  
But she learned to read and write  
I am very pleased to say

A FRIEND

\*Composed for Mamie Hatch

She made great friends by being one  
To all who came her way  
And in every deed that need be done  
With her love she did reply

Her kind mild way brought cheer to all  
Which brought returns so fair  
Her daily life is so sincere  
Made others love her everywhere

No task too great for her to do  
When all is said and done  
That helped her as she carried on  
The good deeds she had to do

She was a friend in every deed  
And always with a smile  
She does not falter when there is need  
Just smiles again and carries on

8 She had lots of wit and humor  
And could converse with anyone  
She made friends with little children  
Which isn't often done

9 She married very young in life  
To a man that she called Jo  
And hand in hand they worked together  
As pioneers of long ago

10 But her young husband was doomed to leave  
It was decreed he could not stay  
God sent a heavenly angel  
And has taken him away

11 She has trod a widow's pathway  
For thirty years or more  
But she stood bravely by her children  
And kept the wolf from the door

12 She has gone to many a neighbor  
In their hour of deepest woe  
She has given the hand of friendship  
When others have forgot to go

13 Now she is old and feeble  
Her life's work is nearly done  
So when she is called to leave us  
We will miss her one by one

14 Oh, let us give her flowers my friends  
Before she is called to go  
For she gave her flowers along life's way  
As we all so well do know

WRITTEN TO MAMIE HATCH

\*Composed in April, 1943

What is more important than our children  
In this busy world of care  
What is there of more value  
Than the precious souls we bear

We forget these souls are given  
As a loan from heaven above  
We forget how much God loved them  
Ere he sent them to be loved

Do not let your work engross you  
For the sake of household cares  
Do the worthwhile things in wisdom  
That is valued everywhere

They are full of life and action  
And we do not understand  
All their thoughts and actions  
When we have them to command

### WILLIAM T. OWENS CHOIR

Of course I love the house of God  
But I don't feel to hum there  
They say I use-ter do afore  
New-fangled ways had come there  
Though things are finer now a heap  
This old heart it keeps a clingin'  
To that old big bare meetin' house  
When Owens led the singin'  
  
I know its sorter solemn like  
To hear the organ pealin'  
It kinder makes your blood run cold  
And fills ye full of feelin'  
But somehow it don't tech the spot  
Now mind ye I ain't a slingin'  
No slurs, as that bass violin did  
When Owens led the singin'  
  
I-tell ye what when he struck up  
The tune, and Sister Anna  
Put in her pretty trebble e'h  
That's what ye would call saprana  
Then all the choir with might and main  
Set to and seemed a flingin'  
Their whole souls out, with every note  
When Owens led the singin'

And land alive how they would race  
Through grand old caronation  
Each voice a chasin' t'other around  
It just beat all creation  
I always thought it must of set  
The bells of heaven a ringin'  
To hear them crown him lord of all  
When Owens led the singin'  
  
Folks didn't sing for money then  
They sang 'cause it was in 'em  
And must come out, I use-ta feel  
If the bishop couldn't win 'em  
With his preachin' and his prayin'  
And his everlastin' dingin'  
That choir would fetch the sinners to the fold  
When Billy Owens led the singin'

### THE ANGELS OF KANOSH

\*Composed in 1943

We sing about the angels  
And think of them on high  
We talk about their virtues  
And laud them to the sky  
  
We forget on earth there are angels  
Just as pure and clean as there  
Doing good among the lowly  
And the humble everywhere  
  
There are angels in this city  
As true as angels divine  
Doing good without compensation  
For the welfare of mankind  
  
That is the spirit of our Savior  
While living on this earth  
To minister among the people  
With his love there was no death  
  
In Kanosh there is the spirit  
Of our Savior in their work  
They are following in his footsteps  
In doing good they do not shirk

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE OF PANGUITCH

\*Composed on April 11, 1943

This deserted village nestles in a valley green  
High up in the mountains, can plainly be seen  
Where the north winds can blow, in windy gales  
The snow fall deep, and the glistening hail  
  
There are no sounds, in the silent night  
All is silent in this village of blight  
In this deserted village no sounds are heard  
Except the sweet twitter of the roaming birds  
  
No cars are seen on the desolate street  
We look in wonder at all we meet  
There are no boys or men to be seen  
Around this place called the village green  
  
The deserted village, how hard to leave  
We have lived here so long, unto you we cleave  
When hope has vanished, and friends have gone  
Oh, who would inhabit this bleak world alone

### UNKNOWN TITLE

The house of God shall be built in the mountains so high  
Where all of these scourges may pass us by  
Where all nations can gather in one great band  
To worship their God in this promised land

Before the Savior comes great signs will be given  
Upon this earth, and some in the heavens  
Nation against nation shall fight through the air  
To bring us to repentance, of this be aware

Flying bombs through the air, great fires will bring  
Death and destruction upon their wings  
And people will hide their faces in the rocks  
For fear of God's judgment of which we are taught

The sun shall be darkened the stars will fall  
When the Savior comes to rule over all  
He will bring all the Saints that have died before  
For the first resurrection has opened the door

The Savior before he ascended to heaven  
All of these prophecies to his followers were given  
It was decreed that this earth with fire must be purified  
Before he comes again with his Saints to abide

The Savior and the prophets of old  
Of all their happening often foretold  
Many have suffered death and are martyrs still  
Isaiah the great and mighty prophet  
Jeremiah the preacher has spoken of it  
The Savior, the humble and loving son  
Has given these warnings one by one

The 50th psalm has said our God shall come  
Great fires before him of this they have sung  
These prophecies are being fulfilled today  
And the gathering of Israel is under way

St. Matthew has said the hour and day  
Of his coming is hid there to stay  
Until he comes in his glory and renown  
To reward all the just, wherever they are found

We will be cleansed and purified  
With trials and hardships will have to abide  
Our luxuries will all be taken away  
To make us more humble day by day

We will be brought down from our lofty height  
And made to see our prophets were right  
When they taught to us our religion to live  
To obey all rules, and of our riches to give

### UNKNOWN TITLE

\*Composed and read in meeting when our block gave the program on Sunday, March 14, 1943

To the poor and needy, the old and lame  
And to help all others whenever they came  
You may be entertaining angels unaware  
So be very careful with them to share

The end is not yet, as the Bible has told  
The Gospel has to be preached to nations untold  
Then comes the millennium and Satan is bound  
For a thousand years in this book we have found

There are many more revelations that have been given  
To warn all the Saints of their duties to heaven  
If you doubt my word just open your book  
At Isaiah the first and second chapter, just take a look

We know we are the children of God  
That has been destined this way to trod  
To pave the way for us to bring  
The Gospel to mankind of which the prophets sing.

### SUNSHINE and SHADOW

There were two sisters in our town  
And they were noted the world around  
One's name was shadow, the other sunshine  
They were always together to be found

They started out one summer day  
To see the world and visit and play  
They roamed the world many days through  
To see what they could find to do

They visited the high and mighty places  
They visited the low and slummy races  
But Shadow always had a frown on her face  
But Sunshine was welcomed in every place

Shadow saw nothing whatever was good  
In anyone no matter how high they stood  
She was always so gloomy and dissatisfied  
She was never asked among them to reside

When they returned from this trip around  
Sunshine was happy because she had found  
That she was more welcome wherever they went  
Than her sister Shadow, with her discontent

Then Shadow thought her nature to change  
And be more like Sunshine in the rain  
But to change our nature is hard indeed  
For of inherited qualities, we have to heed

## TO BE GIVEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

1 I am going now to tell you  
Of our social life in 1882  
And how we passed our leisure time  
And my story will be true

2 We had no lovely social hall  
To meet and play and dance  
Just a private home or two  
We could gather in by chance

3 The floors were rough and homey  
And the dust came thick and fast  
But our hearts were young and gay  
As we swept the dust away

4 The music it was just one violin  
Played by a master hand  
Sometimes it was only an accordion  
Played by one lonely man

5 But he was just a wonderful hand  
To listen you would think it was a brass band  
His name was George Burnham, from over the hill  
Sometimes I think I can hear him still

6 And sleigh riding was the custom  
Once every afternoon  
We would gather up on Main Street  
To see which horses won

7 Brother Barney was our best actor  
Of those good old early days  
And he was a very good actor  
As all good people say

8 Now where is Uncle John Sevy  
With his good old fife and drum  
We always knew it was the 4th of July  
When we heard his music hum

9 We now have Bishop Ipson  
Who is so very strong  
That if we follow in his footsteps  
We never will go wrong

10 And there is Sadie Ipson  
Of good old Pioneer stock  
And of her sterling qualities  
We will not need to talk

11 She grew up here in Panguitch  
A friend to all we know  
And if we are in need of friendship  
We will not have far to go

12 Thomas Sevy, he is afraid  
He will be called upon to arrest the maids  
But if he will try and do his best  
He will be numbered with the rest

13 James. H. Sargent is another good man  
That helped to pioneer this land  
He has worked very hard in our schools  
So none of us would never be fools

14 Myron Proctor was a working man  
When to this town he came  
But now he is a movie star  
Making an honored name

15 And there is Cal Tebbs  
From the old Missouri state  
We must not forget to honor him  
Before it is too late

16 They settled down on the river  
Many long years ago  
Brother Tebbs he was also a musician  
And at playing the violin, he was not so slow

17 He played for all our dances  
The summer I was fifteen  
We thought he was the grandest man  
That ever could be seen

18 And Lydia Winters was his daughter  
She was a very fine girl  
She always danced the jigs for us  
And it kept us in a whirl

19 But now I am 80-years-old  
And my race is almost run  
But I love to think of those early days  
When I was counted young