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## EC569 Favorite American Poems

J. W. Searson

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COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK  
IN AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS  
U. of N. Agr. College & U. S. Dept. of Agr. Cooperating  
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FAVORITE AMERICAN POEMS

By J. W. Searson

"Of all men, the poet is the least liar".

This is an old saying telling how fully people have trusted in poets and in poetry. The poet may not have been well paid, but he has been greatly appreciated. America has always paid higher tribute to her poets than to her historians, her lawyers, her preachers, or her politicians. People feel that the real poet is sincere, else he could not be a poet.

More people read and appreciate poetry today than ever before. No matter how weary, how sad, how disheartened we may be, the poet comes with his message of comfort and hope and cheer. Who has not turned again and again to the Twenty-Third Psalm, or to the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians? And who has not learned to love many of the brightest gems of our own American poetry? The poet John Greenleaf Whittier interpreted the inmost heart of the great common people of all Christian lands when he wrote

The Book Our Mothers Read

"We search the world for truth, we cull  
The good, the true, the beautiful,  
From graven stone and written scroll -  
From all old flower-fields of the soul;  
And, weary seekers for the best,  
We come back laden from our quest  
To find all that the sages said  
Is in the book our mothers read".

Madeline S. Bridges gave humanity a clear vision of mutual helpfulness and cooperation in these lines entitled

Life's Mirror

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,  
And honor will honor meet;  
And a smile that is sweet will surely find  
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave;  
'Tis just what we are and do;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow sang a rich new song into every heart when he penned that matchless little poem:

The Arrow and the Song  
It shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Mary Frances Butts, for a time a discouraged little school teacher, later a writer for a prominent New York tract society, answered for all discouraged souls the question, "What is the secret of true greatness?" So many persons think they could be great if only they were in some faraway great city, or if they had wealth, or otherwise. This clear-headed poetess has answered the question in her own little conversation with a spotless water lily. In her question and the lily's answer may be discovered the secret of true greatness. Read her charming

Water Lilies  
O star on the breast of the river!  
O marvel of bloom and grace!  
Did you fall right down from heaven,  
Out of the sweetest place?  
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,  
Your heart is steeped in the sun;  
Did you grow in the Golden City,  
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;  
None gave me my saintly white;  
It slowly grew from the darkness,  
Down in the dreary night.  
From the ooze of the silent river  
I won my glory and grace;  
White souls fall not, O my poet,  
They rise to the sweetest place.

#### What Are Favorite Poems?

Who shall say when an American poem has become a favorite? No one person is able to decide. It takes the whole American reading public to tell what it likes. And it often takes many years for the sweetness, and beauty, and meaning of a poem to grip the heartstrings. But America has produced some rare poetry of common life. That is distinctive of a great democracy. And some of these poems have been loved by the children and loved even more by those same children when grown.



From a careful study of children's favorites extending back over more than half a century, and from a study of grown-up's favorites during the same period, one is not surprised to find that children and grown-ups are agreed upon the best poems of American common life. That is because children and grown-ups are alike spiritually and good poetry like good music is better loved and appreciated the oftener it is heard.

#### A Convenient Classification

For the convenience of recalling some of the old and new favorites, they are here classified under the following headings: American Songs and Song Writers, American Patriotic Poems, Nature Poems, Seasonal Poems, Favorites with Social Themes, Favorites with Moral Themes, and Great Folk Poetry. Only a few of the most popular selections under each class can be given. Each reader will want to find here his own favorites or add his own preferred poems to each of these lists. Each of these poems and songs has an intensely interesting back-ground and human-interest story of its own and fortunate is the reader who comes into a fuller appreciation of these favorites thru a close study and understanding of them.

#### American Songs and Song Writers

Before the eighteenth century, our stern Puritan fathers condemned as ungodly all song-singing except the singing of the Psalms. The "Bay Psalm Book," a book of Psalms "faithfully translated into English Metre," came into general use and is still used in some localities as the basis of all church singing. Gradually, however, as the colonists became prosperous, they became more and more pleasure loving, and songs and music and musical instruments have replaced the organless, sombre, Psalm-singing worship of old, and national struggles and civil war have multiplied our patriotic songs and poems. Here are some of our favorite songs with brief notes concerning them:

Yankee Doodle. This song was adapted by Doctor Schuckburg, an army surgeon, from an old nursery rhyme and introduced as a joke into the Colonial army music as a favorite English military air. The song has since been happily styled the "nursery rhyme of the American army" and thru the years it has grown in favor, especially since Paderewski recognized it favorably and the great Rubenstein played it with variations on his American trip.

The Old Oaken Bucket. Samuel Woodworth wrote this song in 1817 after recovering from a somewhat unhappy experience with strong drink.

Home Sweet Home. John Howard Payne wrote this song in Paris as the song of a homesick heroine in the opera Clari. The song was doubtless expressive of his own love and longing for his home and land. Payne was a poor actor, an ordinary writer of plays, but this one song brought him such fame that, 31 years after his death, admirers returned his remains from Tunis to the City of Washington where they were buried with military honors in Oak Hill cemetery.

Hail Columbia. This song was written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkinson as a part of a benefit program to his friend, the actor Gilbert Fox. The music is the President's March written by Roth, a German musical composer then in Philadelphia. President Adams and his cabinet attended the benefit to hear the new song.

Star Spangled Banner. Francis Scott Key, a young Baltimore lawyer, wrote the first stanza of the song while detained on board a British flagship the night of September 12, 1814, while the British fleet bombarded Ft. McHenry.



Later in the day the song was finished and afterward fitted to an old English tune, "Anacreon in Heaven". The song is now officially recognized as our national song.

America. This song was written by Samuel Francis Smith and was first sung by the Sunday School children in Park Street church, Boston, July 4, 1832. The tune selected is an old German tune, the same as that to which the British National Hymn, "God Save the King", is sung.

America, the Beautiful. Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of Literature in Wellesley College, wrote this song many years after "America" was written. The song interprets America at the forefront of the nations in advocating peace, liberty, and brotherhood.

Famous Negro Melodies. Stephen Collins Foster of Pittsburgh, a Northerner, who had travelled extensively thru the south, wrote a series of songs for the Christy Minstrels. These songs were extremely popular and swept the nation like wild fire. Among them are the ever popular "Old Folks at Home", "My Old Kentucky Home", "Old Black Joe", "Uncle Ned," and "O Susanna". Of these catchy melodies, the first three have held a secure place among American songs. They are supplemented by popular negro spirituals, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Oh! dem Golden Slippers", first interpreted by the Fisk Jubilee Singers.

Dixie. Daniel Decatur Emmett, a Northerner in sympathy with the Union cause, a well known minstrel and clever actor and singer, first wrote this song in 1859 for the Bryant Minstrels. Later, in New Orleans, the song was sung by a group of musicians in zouave uniform and at once became the favorite song of the Confederacy. It is now popular alike in both North and South. The author died in 1884 at the age of 39.

Maryland, My Maryland. The song was written at a single sitting on an April night in 1861 in the city of New Orleans by James Ryder Randall, prominent newspaper writer. He wrote the song in indignant protest against the hesitancy of his native state, Maryland, to join the Confederacy.

Battle Hymn of the Republic. Julia Ward Howe wrote this hymn to supply nobler words to the tune of "John Brown's Body" which she heard tired soldiers singing as they returned from a skirmish near Washington. After she had visited the outlying army posts, she returned to her room and that night wrote what has been styled "the most majestic hymn of American democracy".

#### American Patriotic Poems

Of the long list of American patriotic poems, only a few of the choicest need be mentioned. The reader will supply his own favorites in addition to these which are generally recognized as among the most worthy.

Poems on the American Flag. Coming first are the poems on the American Flag as a Symbol of our democracy, such as Joseph Rodman Drake's "The American Flag"; Wilbur D. Nesbit's "Your Flag and My Flag"; James Whitcomb Riley's beautiful interpretation, "The Name of Old Glory"; William Eolcomb Bennett's deservedly popular "The Flag Goes By"; and Abram Joseph Ryan's most delicate and artistic interpretation of a lost cause, entitled, "The Conquered Banner", which ranks first among the majestically beautiful creations of the Southland.

Some Stirring War Poems. First among poems of this class in point of popularity is the anonymous poem, "Independence Bell", which, for many decades,



was recited and lustily applauded on almost every patriotic program in America. And there is Emerson's majestic "Concord Hymn" written in tribute to the "embattled farmers" and their heroic service during the battles of Lexington and Concord in April, 1775. "Old Ironsides," written by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1828, in protest against the orders of the United States navy that the old frigate Constitution, after a glorious career, should be dismantled. The poem saved the old vessel which is now in a choice dock in Charlestown navy yard, with the poem written in Holmes' own hand prominently framed in the cabin. The famous poem of Theodore O'Hara, "The Bivouac of the Dead" is now graven stanza by stanza on tablets of bronze and placed at conspicuous points along favorite drives thru Arlington cemetery near Washington. "Paul Revere's Ride" was written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in the early sixties in order to stir men's hearts to respond to Lincoln's second call for volunteers. The poem is based on an incident connected with the battles of Lexington and Concord.

Some Stirring Peace Poems. From the time of the courageous forefathers whose daring mission of peace and liberty was nobly sung by the English poetess Felicia Hemans in "The Landing of the Pilgrims" until the present, America has been essentially a nation of peace and good will. Tenderest of all among the poems of peace is Francis Miles Fitch's "The Blue and the Gray" written in commemoration of the fact that the women of Columbus, Mississippi, on Decoration Day, 1867, had strewn flowers "alike for the friend and the foe" on the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers. Edwin Markham's "Lincoln, the Great Commoner," is commonly regarded as excelling in beauty and dignity most of the fine tributes to the martyred president Lincoln and as sounding one of the most far-reaching notes of the poetry of peace. But it remained for Walt Whitman to outstrip all contemporaries in a great lyric tribute to Abraham Lincoln and to interpret in a mist of tears the deep sense of personal loss felt thruout the country at the untimely death of Lincoln. Nowhere in all literature has there been created a more majestic interpretation of the sacrifices necessary for liberty and peace than that in Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" In this poem, the Civil War is figured as a fearful and perilous voyage of the Ship of State, the nation. As the great ship was safely anchored, her object won, the captain falls dead on the deck among the exultations of thronging multitudes. No note of bitterness, no battle hymn, no triumph song - just a deep sense of personal loss that sweetens forever our appreciation of the immortal Lincoln and his contribution to liberty and peace.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
    But O heart! heart! heart!  
    O the bleeding drops of red,  
    Where on the deck my Captain lies  
    Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up - for you the flag is flung - for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths - for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
    Here Captain! dear father!  
    This arm beneath your head!  
    It is some dream that on the deck  
    You've fallen cold and dead.



My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done.  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

### Favorite Nature Poems

Among the greatest of our short nature poems, next to the yet generally unappreciated melodic and rhythmic interpretations of the American Indians, are a few whose popularity is unquestioned. True John Roulstone's "Mary Had a Little Lamb", tho a mere jingle, interprets entertainingly elemental human and animal nature, and it is still one of the best known, most often quoted, and least artistic specimens of American nature verse. In this class also should be included Joyce Kilmer's "Trees", George P. Morris' "Woodman, Spare That Tree", Sidney Lanier's exquisitely beautiful "Song of the Chattahoochee", J. G. Holland's fine interpretation of animal and human nature in "My Dog Elanco", Samuel Minturn Peck's "The Grapevine Swing", Whittier's "Snowbound", William Cullen Bryant's "The Fringed Gentian", and Oliver Wendell Holmes' most charming and irresistible "Chambered Nautilus".

### Seasonal and Special Day Poems

With the round of the seasons, come a troupe of poems too closely allied to nature poetry to be separated, but, merely for convenience sake, here given under a common separate classification. Only a very few of those that have endeared themselves with the passing years can be mentioned here. At a glance, the reader will mark the outstanding favorites in this selected list.

#### January

Bryant.	Song for New Year's Eve	Sangster.	New Year
Mulock.	The New Year		

#### February

Bryant.	Washington	Laura Richards.	A Valentine
Gilmore.	February	Sangster.	Washington's Birthday
Lowell.	Lincoln	Whitman.	O Captain! My Captain!
Markham.	Lincoln, the Great Commoner		

#### March

Bryant.	March	Gilder.	Inauguration Day
Dunbar.	Spring Song	Sims.	Song in March

#### April

Bryant.	The Planting of the Apple tree	Morris.	Woodman Spare that Tree
Deland.	Easter Music	Sabin.	Easter
Emerson.	April	Whittier.	April
Jackson.	In April	Willis.	April
Lovejoy.	Easter Carol		

#### May

Anon.	Somebody's Mother	Kiser.	Memorial Day
Carleton.	The Unknown Dead	Payne.	The New Memorial Day
Cone.	Hanging May-baskets	Riley.	The Silent Victors
Drake.	The Mocking Bird	Thomas.	Talking in Their Sleep
Finch.	The Blue and the Gray	Warman.	Memorial Day
Guiney.	Memorial Day		



June	
Drake. The American Flag	Riley. The Name of Old Glory
Holmes. The Flower of Liberty	Stanton. The Old Flag Forever
Riley. Knee Deep in June	Ward. A Song for Flag Day
July	
Bates. Vacation Song	Sprague. The Fourth of July
Griswold. Freedom's Natal Day	Swott. July
Longfellow. The Building of the Ship	Trobridge. Midsummer
August	
Aldrich. Tiger Lilies	Montgomery. The Sunflower
Dodge. Whippoorwill	Robinson. Fire Flies
Howell. In August	Winslow. August
Judd. Early Goldenrod	
September	
Bryant. The Fringed Gentian	Markham. The Toiler
Craik. The September Robin	Mitchell. Toiler, Can's't Thou Dream
Jackson. September	Van Dyke. My Work
October	
Aldrich. Maple Leaves	Stedman. Going A-Nutting
Bryant. The Death of the Flowers	Thaxter. Maize for the Nation's Emblem
Brownell. October	Washburn. Song of the Harvest
Craik. October	Wells. All Hallow Eve
Jackson. October	Whittier. The Corn Song
Riley. When the Frost is on the Pumpkin	
November	
Bryant. Indian Summer	Field. Thanksgiving Day
Carey. Autumn	Lowell. The First Snowfall
Child. Thanksgiving Day	Markham. A Harvest Song
Cleaveland. November	Sherman. Snow Birds
Davidson. Harvest Home Song	Stedman. The Flight of the Birds
Emerson. The Snowstorm	Stoddard. November
December	
Brooks. Christmas Carol	Longfellow. Christmas Bells
Brooks. Constant Christmas	Lowell. Christmas Carol
Dodge. The Frost King	Moore. A Visit from St. Nicholas
Holland. Christmas Carol	

#### Favorites with Social Themes

Almost without realizing it, we are daily broadened in our contact with poetry interpreting our relation to our fellowman. No one can read and appreciate a favorite in this field without feeling a call to sweeter, truer service. Without any attempt at analysis, the following are classed as America's very finest popular contributions in the field of social betterment.

Children's Hour, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
 Little Boy Blue, Eugene Field  
 An Old Sweetheart of Mine, James Whitcomb Riley  
 In School Days, John Greenleaf Whittier  
 A Rose to the Living, Nixon Waterman  
 Dr. John Goodfellow - Office Upstairs, James Ball Naylor  
 The House by the Side of the Road, Sam Walter Foss



Favorites with Moral Themes

While one must not use a poem to point a moral to others, it is well to place great poems where all can discover moral truths for themselves. Only that sinks deep into a soul which the soul after searching discovers for itself. In the following poems, the world has discovered profound truths of living. Hence each of these creations has become endeared to the human heart because of its help and inspiration. Every reader will want to make each of these poems his own. Thru reading, re-reading, and study he will want to discover the most inspiring central truth of each.

Thanatopsis, William Cullen Bryant  
To a Water Fowl, William Cullen Bryant  
The Vision of Sir Launfal, James Russell Lowell  
Somebody's Mother, Anon.  
Excelsior, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
An Order for a Picture, Alice Carey  
The Psalm of Life, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
The Voyage, Caroline Atherton Mason  
O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud, William Knox  
Yussouf, James Russell Lowell  
The Tapestry Weavers, Anson G. Chester

Perhaps it may be well to quote here a poem which has recently sprung into wide popularity because of its resistless truth and beauty. The poem is called "Wave and Tide." The author of this poem sat in her cottage by the seashore and observed the breaking waves and the incoming tide. She saw the wild waves shattered in foam. Tho they fell "broken and beaten" she observed that the mighty sea behind them, with tide after tide, finally crushed the strongest reef. She then wrote the following poem to interpret this incident as a beautiful symbol of the final triumph of right and righteousness in human life.

Wave and Tide

On the far reef the breakers  
Recoil in shattered foam,  
Yet still the sea behind them  
Urges its forces home;  
Its chant of triumph surges  
Thru all the thunderous din -  
The wave may break in failure,  
But the tide is sure to win!

The reef is strong and cruel;  
Upon its jagged wall  
One wave - a score - a hundred,  
Broken and beaten fall;  
Yet in defeat they conquer,  
The sea comes flooding in -  
Wave upon wave is routed,  
But the tide is sure to win!

O mighty sea! thy message  
In clanging spray is cast;  
Within God's plan of progress  
It matters not at last  
How wide the shores of evil,  
How strong the reefs of sin -  
The wave may be defeated,  
But the tide is sure to win!



### Great Folk Poetry

In addition to the wonderful metrical interpretations of the American Indians, which have not yet become current or popular, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has given to America two fascinating specimens of folk poetry in his "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline". The one interprets to us metrically and popularizes some of the most delightful of the Indian legends. The other, in charming story, interprets an essential part of the historical background for study and appreciation of America. Both of these poems are worthy of the closest study and appreciation and both are destined to hold high places in the outstanding literature of America.

### Selecting Current Favorites

Much of the recent poetry is too close to us to enable us to say which poems will live and which will not. But some of these poems already stand out in the popular mind as worthy of our study and appreciation. Dr. William Herbert Carruth, professor of comparative literature in Leland Stanford University, has created a wonderful poem in answer to the age-long question "What is God?". Here is the poem, entitled

#### Each in His Own Tongue

A fire-mist and a planet, -  
A crystal and a cell, -  
A jelly-fish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cave men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty  
And a face turned from the clod, -  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon, -  
The infinite, tender sky, -  
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,  
And the wild geese sailing high, -  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the golden-rod, -  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings,  
Come welling and surging in, -  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod, -  
Some of us call it Longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty, -  
A mother starved for her brood, -  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
And millions who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway trod, -  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God.



Easily the most daring and magnificent interpretation of the life of the toiler thru all ages has been produced by Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With The Hoe," "Lincoln, the Great Commoner," and other poems close to the heart of the masses. He has seen the work of the toiler from within and has appreciated what the toiler has secured as the reward of his building thruout the centuries. The poem should be read and re-read many times until its bigness and beauty and truth and sincerity sink into the soul. This is one of the latest and easily one of the finest of the poems of Edwin Markham.

The Toiler

What strong awakening shape is this -  
What is his breed, his genesis?  
Peer into the Past: from every age  
His visage stares in silent rage,  
Down the long centuries he came ...  
Who is he? Ask the sands his name.  
Who is he? Ask the leaves that die,  
And have no language but a sigh,  
Ask the gray fields he plowed for bread  
To feed the nations - he, unfed.  
Ask the slow vultures as they wheel  
Over the battles for a meal.

Behold, he is the Toiling Man,  
Unresting since the world began.  
What blind road has he come to this -  
Out of what darkness, what abyss?  
Grinding grim blocks in ages gone,  
His groans gave Greece the Parthenon;  
Out of the deeps of his despair,  
The Colosseum whirled in air.  
Back, somewhere in the night of years,  
The bricks of Babel felt his tears.  
Back in the ages, stooped with loads,  
Silent to curses and to goads,  
With panting mouth and sullen lids,  
He piled the monstrous Pyramids.  
Yea, staggering under stripes and scars,  
He heaved huge Cheops to the stars.  
The Memphian Sphinxes in their day  
Saw him go by as still as they.  
And on all roads he ever trod,  
His silence was his cry to God.

Behold, O world, the Toiling Man,  
Bearing earth's burden and her ban.  
Because of his all-giving grace,  
Kaisers and kings have held their place -  
Because he gave ungrudging toil,  
The lords have had the world for spoil -  
Because he gave them all his dower,  
Great ladies glittered out their hour,  
He clothed these paupers, gave them bed,  
Put into their mouths their daily bread.  
And his reward? A crust to taste,  
An unknown grave upon the waste.



Outcast and cursed, befooled and flayed,  
With earth's brute burdens on him laid,  
He only reached out humble hands,  
Reached out his mercies on all lands.  
How silent down the world he trod--  
How patient he has been with God!

We of the Great Middle West have earnestly longed for a poem which would interpret the dreams and achievement of the Great Plains Country in terms of world accomplishment. Such a poem, now a favorite song, has been created by Douglas Malloch to interpret all the East and all the West in a big vision of human accomplishment. There is nothing here provincial or narrow or selfish but everything is big and satisfying in keeping with our dearest dreams.

#### The West

Men look to the East for the dawning things,  
For the light of a rising sun;  
But they look to the West, to the Crimson West,  
For things that are done, are done!  
The eastward sun is a new-made hope from the  
Dark of the night distilled;  
But the westward sun is a sunset sun,  
Is the sun of a hope fulfilled!

So out of the East they have always come,  
The cradle that saw the birth  
Of all the heart-warm hopes of man  
And of all of the hopes of earth.  
For out of the East a Christ arose,  
And out of the East there gleamed,  
The dearest dream and the clearest dream,  
That ever a prophet dreamed.

Yea, into the waiting West they go  
With the dream-child of the East,  
And find the hopes that they hoped of old  
Are a hundred fold increased.  
For there in the East we dream our dreams  
Of the things we hope to do,  
And here in the west, the crimson, West,  
The dreams of the East come true!

In the field of the so-called new poetry, America is setting new standards in the English speaking world. Perhaps three of the finest products in his newly created field are Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's "General Booth Enters Heaven", Amy Lowell's "Patterns", and Carl Sandburg's "The Prairie". Then of course there are the war poem favorites and favorites in many other fields. Each one must decide for himself what poems most appeal to him, but the big essential thing is that he appreciates fully that the best literature is but an artistic interpretation of life at its highest and best.