Keep the Declaration

We come, we come, a little band,
As children of the nation;
We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand.
To keep the Declaration,
To keep the Declaration.

We come, we come, with joyful eyes;
We fear no usurpation:
Our fathers fought to win the prize,
And keep the Declaration,
And keep the Declaration.

We come, we come, so free, so brave,
We are filled with admiration;
Our stripes and stars, we proudly wave
To keep the Declaration,
To keep the Declaration.

We come, we come, to God be praise
For our exalted station:
We thank HIM for such happy days,
And keep the Declaration,
And keep the Declaration.

—The Public School Singing Book—1848

America, I Love Thee Still

America, I love thee still!
There's glory in thy name,
There's brightness beaming from thy birth,
And honor from thy fame.

There's beauty in thy naked soil,
Bespeaking smiles of love,
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim
Protection from above.

America, I love thee still!
Beneath thy valleys rest
The pilgrims of a tyrant's power,
Bright emblems of the blest;

And round them clothed in silence, lie
The mouldering patriot's fame,
Embalmed in sacred memory's fire,
Immortal honors claim.

America, I love thee still!
Thou art my native land,
Thy joys so pure, can ne'er be found
Upon a foreign strand.

—The Public School Singing Book—1848

A School Prayer

Now I sit me down in school
Where praying is against the rule.
For this great nation, under God
Finds public mention of Him odd.

Any prayer a class recites
Now violates the Bill of Rights.
Any time my head I bow
Becomes a Federal matter now.

Teach us of stars or pole and Equator
But make no mention of their Creator.
Tell of exports in Denmark and Sweden
But not one word on what Eve did in Eden.

The law is specific, the law is precise
Praying out loud is no longer nice.
Praying out loud in a public hall
Upsets believers in nothing at all.

In silence alone can we meditate
And if God should get the credit, great.
This rule, however, has a gimmick in it;
You've got to be finished in less than a minute.

So all I ask is a moment of quiet
If I feel like praying, then maybe I'll try it.
If not, O Lord, this plea I make;
Should I die in school, my soul you'll take.
(From the Manchester, N. H., Union Leader, Sept. 3, 1963.)

Communists

(*Are we to have a second Pearl Harbor?*)
They would destroy our Sacred Land
With cunning shouts of "PEACE,"
And lull us to an open grave
From which there's no release!

"Disarm! Disarm!" They cry aloud!
"Let peace forever reign!"
It's time to ask this question now:
"Will we be fools again?"

We bombed our finest ships afloat
And sank them 'neath the waves;
And reaped the Arizona's death,
Plus countless hero-graves!

America! Wake up! Wake up!
Before it is too late!
They have the BOMBS to bury us
Now waiting at our gate!

— Wallace LeGrande Henderson, Atlantic City, N. J.

Freedom?

Shackles drawn tighter on Freedom each day,
More regulations, more taxes to pay,
Individual liberty, a thing of the past,
Our freedom is passing,
How long will it last?

Forces of evil undermining the core,
Socialism creeping in the back door,
Liberal left wingers, to name just a few,
I personally take the conservative view!

The law's soon to tell us who we can hire,
They don't seem to know they are playing with fire;
The Bible in school, a thing of the past,
Whoever thought these things wouldn't last?

The radio now with its sponsorship tight,
The FCC will not make this right,
"Their" doctrine of fairness that is "so-called,"
"Your" words must be written and then overhauled!

The Spirit's not free to dictate at will,
So how in this world can they pass such a bill?
The answer's so simple, if we think for a while,
Our heritage of freedom is going out of style!

God's plan for this age is drawing nigh,
The program of Satan's about to die,
Man's reign on this earth is soon to pass,
Christ Jesus my Saviour will come at last!

— Bill Kemp, Altoona, Pa.

The Christian Admiral

A landmark on Atlantic's coast
In disuse and decay,
A monument to former years
Of Victorian Cape May.

'Till one of "Fundamental" faith
In answering the call,
Could see in this old edifice
A Reformation Hall.

A Conference Center could be had
With this hotel restored,
Accommodating those who came
In service to the Lord.

Our thanks we give to those who helped,
May God bless all who enter
This ancient beauty now restored —
A Reformation Center.

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— R. W. May, Cape May, N. J.