

BLUE GRASS BLADE

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DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

A. J. Parker
Sept
High and Ashland East Side

In A Church Yard.

(By A. B. White.)

I sat upon the rustic seat
Beside an old friend's grave;
The scattered roses at my feet
Their dying fragrance gave.

The sunbeams played among the trees
And on each mossy mound;
The daisies nodded in the breeze
That lightly whispered 'round;

And save the catbird's mimic call
From nearby wooded hill,
There was no sound, it seemed that all
The world was calm and still.

And as I sat above the dead,
My feet upon the sod,
I thought of all that men have said
Of Heaven, Hell and God.

Of books and creeds and dogmas old
That to mankind pretend
The knowledge to contain and hold
Of things beyond life's end.

Of wars waged in religion's name
And those who at the stake
Have perished in the faggots flame
For their opinion's sake.

While here beneath the calm blue skies
Each green and grassy bed
Holds locked secure from human eyes
The secret of the dead.

Although for ages men have tried
To lift the veil tight drawn
The slightest glimpse is still denied
The dead still slumber on.

And as the days their course pursue—
Years to centuries run
The graves of Christian, Pagan, Jew,
Shall all melt into one.

The monuments that now contain
The dates of birth and death
Shall mingle with the dust again
Of those who sleep beneath.

And none shall know and none shall care
By all 'twill be forgot
Whether they spent their time in prayer
Or whether they did not.

These were the thoughts that came to me
(And come to all they must),
While thinking on life's mystery
Above an old friend's dust.

Washington, D. C.