

As I pray at eventime,
And before breadfast, pray again,
I pray to have the world in rhyme,
And to have evil on the wane.

I pray for the boys in Korea's fight,
And for Grandfather's life so dear,
Then I ask for the blindmen, sight,
And to make things to me seem clear.

I remind myself of moral codes,
And the laws of Moses on Sinai given,
Then I ask for the poor, abodes,
And the Cycle from our land be driven.

And admist all this altruism,
I add a selfish plea:
That between us there be no schism,
And we eye to eye will see.

WOB

If the dear Lord had endowed in me
The rythmic qualities of a poet to be,
If he had , when I stood in line,
Given me the power to rhyme,
And if by chance upon my birth,
There had not been of brains, a dirth,
Then I would write a song to thee,
With lines much deeper than the sea,
Then I would pen an ode to you
That would resplendor heaven's hue,
And then I would with a loving air,
Entrust it to fair cupids care.