

**WHAR' THE HAND
O' GOD IS SEEN:
AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649732623

Whar' the Hand O' God Is Seen: And Other Poems by Jack Crawford

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JACK CRAWFORD

**WHAR' THE HAND
O' GOD IS SEEN:
AND OTHER POEMS**



Yours,

In clouds or sunshine,

John Wallace Crawford
Capt. Jack

WHAR' THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN

And Other Poems

By

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

(Late Chief of Scouts, U. S. Army)

*Roped for relief of the author, the divertisement of
tenderfeet, and the joy of all those who love
God's Great Out-of-Doors*

1910

NEW YORK LYCEUM PUBLISHING CO.

45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, ROOM 168

All rights reserved

Copyrighted by Capt. John Wallace Crawford, 1910

JOHN A. HILL

*Best all 'round friend I ever knew,—
Unselfish, unafraid to do,
Clean cut and unassuming, too,
 All manly traits possessing,—
To you, my friend of Auld Lang Syne,
I dedicate this book o' mine,
And may you find in ev'ry line
 A broncho's love and blessing.*

Yours in clouds or sunshine,

JOHN WALLACE CRAWFORD.

A COMRADE'S FOREWORD

It is as natural for Captain Jack Crawford to weave his inspired thoughts into a fabric of song as it is for the birds of the Western wilds to warble their glad greetings to the golden dawn of a summer day. I was his companion—his "pard," as we Westerners describe close friendship—for many years, and it may not be a very great exaggeration to declare that I never knew a day to pass in which he did not, with rapidly moving pencil, give outflow to his poetic imaginings in running rhyme. In the rude cabin in the wilds of the San Andreas mountains in New Mexico which sheltered us for many months, in the saddle while on the trail, by the light of the campfire after a day's hard ride, and sometimes when apprehended dangers cautioned against the use of a fire which might attract undesirable attention from native Americans in gaudy headdress and hideous war paint, with saddle for seat and buckskin-covered knee for table he would sit in the bright light of the Southwestern moon and write, and write, and write until I sometimes thought that versification was in his case an uncontrollable mania. The pad of paper and the pencil were regarded by him as being as necessary in the saddle pocket as the hardtack and jerked meat which usually constituted the scouting menu when on the trail.

While in the West, his songs were all of the West. He saw poetry in everything from the awe-inspiring grandeur of the mountains to the sneaking coyotes which sang us to sleep at night from their perch on a distant sandhill, but since he drifted Eastward and came into touch with civilization

he has tuned his poetic lyre in a different key and writes of more commonplace things.

His first book of verse was printed many years ago and was wholly made up of Western song. Such copies as are yet in existence are preserved as valued mementoes by many of his friends and companions who knew him in border life. The present volume embodies a few of his earlier wildland efforts interspersed among poems of varied character.

The literary polish which characterizes the work of the great poets will not be found in the productions of this picturesque son of the Borderland, but tender, soulful touches of human nature crop out in every verse. He never sat as a boy beneath the watchful eye of the old-time schoolmaster in vogue in the days of his boyhood who stood as a tyrant before his tousle-headed flock with a dog-eared book in one hand and a corrective hickory rod in the other. What education he possesses was picked up in the wild school of Nature and through association with army officers and their wives at the several frontier military posts at which he was stationed while in the government scouting service. Before learning to read after returning from active service at the front in the great Civil War, the page of a printed book was to him but a jumble of unmeaning black characters massed upon white paper. To use a homely colloquialism, he did not "know B from a bull's foot" until taught the alphabet by a Sister of Charity when, near the close of the War, he lay upon a hospital cot suffering from a gunshot wound received in battle. Considering all of this, the work between the covers of this volume must appeal to the educated reader as being truly remarkable.

With these simple words of introduction the drippings from his poetic pen are passed up to the reader.

Denver, Colorado.

JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Bit of Doggerel	15
A Broncho's Philosophy	35
A Comrade's Foreword	3
A Cure for Insomnia	90
A Happy Hit	142
A Memory	36
A Message from the Dead	32
An Old Trapper's Religion	122
A Plea to the Boys	22
A Tribute to Old Glory	15
A Tribute to My Old Pard, "Tom" Walsh	52
A Tribute to Father Judge	48
At the Mission Door	28
A Sunshine Boomerang	29
A Sermon to Myself	38
A Scout's Greeting	62
A Yuletide Bouquet	42
Bet Your Last Dollar on It	44
Broncho vs. Bicycle	104
Burns' Anniversary	73
Camp Fire Sparks	64
Come Back, Papa	89
Dedication	2
Decoration Day	146
Does it Pay?	39
Dot Little Crippled Boy Vot Died	98
Emblematic	72
Faith	82
God's Anteroom	18
Greeting	31
Heard in the Cane Brake	93
Howdy, Teddy? Howdy Do?	60
Hymn of Nature's Creed	13
If I But Could	57
If You Should Die Tonight	30
In Donegal	92
Inspiration	11
It Doesn't Pay	14
I've Got the Brand	49
Jim's Letter	136
Kit Carson	27
Lines to L. L.	33
Memorial Day	144
Mother's Prayers	26
Mother's Way	16
My Little New Log Cabin in the Hills	86
Nora Lee	80
Not a Sin to Lie That Way	134
"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep"	79

	PAGE
Of Bill Reynolds's 'Dopted Boy	112
Our Roosevelt	66
Our Martyred Dead	145
Rattlin' Joe's Prayer	118
Resigned	83
Sanctimon'yus Ike	116
Saviour of My Soul	75
Serenade in the Hills	78
Sleep, Soldier, Sleep	139
Some Bronco Philosophy	25
Sunshine	34
Thanksgiving	17
Thar' Was Jim	108
The Broncho	10
The Elk and His Mission	43
The Gallant Seventy-Ninth	140
The Gray and the Blue in Domestic Life	149
The Harvest	24
The Heavenly Telephone	88
The Irish Lover	87
The Keystone of the Union	84
The Last Roll Call	117
The Man with the Pick and the Drill	68
The Mountain Boy's Letter	56
The Music of Life	76
The Old Kentucky Rifle	100
The Optimistic Warbler	91
The Reporter	40
The Scout's Retreat	30
The Shadow of a Curse	20
The Songs Unsung	12
The Sunshine Trail	47
The True Story of Marching Through Georgia	125
The Veteran and His Grandson	128
The Womanhood of Man	110
Thirty Years Ago	94
This Ain't Poetry—It's God's Truth	46
To Andrew Carnegie	61
To Mark Twain	67
To Miriam	67
To Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood	70
To My Book	41
To My Winchester	54
To One of God's Queens	59
To the Daughter of General John B. Gordon	50
What Do I Know?	9
Whar' the Hand o' God Is Seen	7
When Bill Come Home	131
Who the Heroes Were	103
Woman's Influence	65