

*Compliments of the
Capt. H. W. Chisholm
Rainbow Division*

**RHYMES *of the*
RAINBOW
AND OTHERS**

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RHYMES OF THE MOUNTAINS

My Mountain Land
The Old Arapahoes
The Prospector
The Prospect Deserted
Colorado
The Call of Colorado
Tired of the City

RHYMES OF THE PAST

The Ghosts of Memory
Memory's Pictures
The Anniversary

RHYMES SENTIMENTAL

Somebody's Love
Dreaming
Brown-Eyed Girl
You
Love Lost
Columbine

RHYMES PHILOSOPHICAL

Infinity
Out of the Darkness, Light
The Desert of Death
Nature
The Dark River
Do It Now
What's the Use?
Now
The Man Who Goes Ahead
It's All How the Cards Are Dealt
Deeds

RHYMES OF THE RAINBOW

"Going West"

Written at Camp Mills, Long Island, Oct., 1917.

"The Trail on the Foam Behind"

Written on the Atlantic, Oct., 1917.

"After the War Is Over"

Written in Lorraine, France, May, 1918.

"The Town on the Old Third Line"

Written in Lorraine, France, May, 1918.

"The Sunset"

Written in Meaves Buley Hospital, France, Sept., 1918.

"In the Hills of Somewhere in France"

Written in Meaves Buley Hospital, France, Sept., 1918.

"That Homeland, Sweet Homeland 'o Mine"

Written at Verdun, France, Nov., 1918.

"Marie"

Written at Camp Fremont, Calif., March, 1919.

"The Welcome Home"

Written at Camp Kearney, Calif., April, 1919.

The Temple.

MY MOUNTAIN LAND

In the desert here, mid the hillsides drear,
Where the short gray sagebrush grows,
And the thin green hedge hems the water's edge
Where the winding river flows,

I am dreaming tonight in the dim twilight
Of the mountain vistas grand,
And the forests fair on the hillsides there
In my own dear Mountain Land.

They are mountains high in the clouded sky
Where the limpid waters flow,
Where the torrents leap down the stony steep
And the spruce trees whisper low.

Where the air is soft and the breezes waft
The perfume of flowers divine,
Where the sweet wild rose on the hillside grows
And the purple columbine.

There's a mossy ledge by the white fall's edge,
Where the waters down below
Surge up in a dome of froth and foam,
Like a wind-swept bank of snow.

No others compare with the flowers there:
The city can never show
A beauty spot like the garden plot
Where the limpid waters flow.

THE OLD ARAPAHOES

Far out in Colorado
Clad in deep, eternal snows,
In the front range of the Rockies
Tower the old Arapahoes.

THE CALL OF COLORADO

The call of Colorado
Is the call that's bidding home
All sons of Colorado
That o'er the wide world roam.

The river in the canyon,
The wind among the pines,
The rattle of the slide-rock,
The blasting in the mines.

The rushing of the waters
When the springtime melts the snow,
And the rumble in the tunnels
As the ore-cars come and go.

TIRED OF THE CITY

Sometimes I tire of the city,
And I long for the quiet home
Where the lights above were the night-lights
As they shone in the great high dome.

I tire of the streets with their clamor
And their myriad flashing signs,
And often I'd rather the rushing
Of the wind in the mountain pines.

I long for the somber spruce trees,
For the forest's shaded dell,
For the flowers of a thousand patterns,
And the trails that I knew so well.

For when one comes from the mountains,
No matter where else he may roam,
He hears the wind in the pine trees
In the evening calling him home.

THE GHOSTS OF MEMORY

There's a land that sleeps in silence, by the river Time's dark flow,
Where the waters steal through sombre shadows slow,
'Tis the graveyard land of memory, 'tis the buried long ago,
Where the weeping willows droop o'er tombs below.

O, the visions there I cherish, O, the voices there I love
And sweet faces I must long in vain to see,
For when I stroll with memory 'neath the cloud-hid moon above
Only pallid ghosts come back again to me.

Ghosts as flitting as the shadows, ghosts as fleeting as the wave,
Ghosts as silent as the lonely midnight hour;
Life has passed and left forever, and they point me to the grave,
But enchanted still they hold me in their power.

Often pleasure's voice will call me—leave your ghosts forevermore,
Follow me among the flowers and sunshine bright;
But the evening shadows find me on that somber saddened shore
Where the weeping willows whisper to the night.

For I love the ghosts that haunt me and I love the words they say
In the regions where time's waters backward flow;
But the longing of the living can't bring back again the dead,
Can't give lift to silent ghosts of long ago.

Memory's misty white ship often sails me swiftly backward far
Up the silent darkening waves of river Time—
Back to ghostland shades and shadows, 'neath the dim-lit twilight
star
Where I mourn for lost ideals, thoughts sublime.

Ghosts and visions rise to greet me in the moonlight there alone
And the past is living with me once again;
But the cold gray dawn of morning only sees the icy stone
Where I buried all I loved and cherished then.

Oh, magic power of memory, Oh, life and light of men
Give heed to recollection for an hour,
Let me see the living vision as the vision thrilled me then
And give love and hope and faith their old-time power!

MEMORY'S PICTURES

We all have our halls of pictures
 In memory's castle of time,
 Nor tarnished by age the paintings—
 Each year sees them more sublime.

Each sun makes the past seem sweeter,
 And brightens the days of old
 With a wondrous, mystic beauty
 In the stories that time has told.

Oh, if only things as they happen
 Might have that fairyland glow!
 Why doesn't today seem as precious
 As the days of the long ago?

THE ANNIVERSARY

The anniversary, milestone in the path
 Silent reminder that our journey's trend
 Leads ever far from faces that we love—
 Silent reminder of the silent end.

The anniversary of a date we love
 When the long, still past comes back so near
 We seem to hear its voices speaking now
 And seem to see its forms about us here.

Today is just the same as goes the year
 With summer fading into autumn slow,
 But days of old come back again no more
 We lose them somewhere in the long ago.

Nothing is ever lost, the sages say,
 This is the wisdom they would have us learn;
 But all in time, is merged into the past—
 The pulseless past, the land of no return.

SOMEBODY'S LOVE

There is somebody's heart only you can fill
 No matter where you may roam,
 There is somebody waiting who loves you still—
 Waiting to welcome you home.

There is somebody's life only you can light,
 Someone you only can cheer,
 There is someone's heart all lonely tonight,
 Aching to have you near.

There is someone who loves you and only you,
 Without you always alone;
 There is somebody waiting and always true,
 Waiting to call you his own.

DREAMING

In the moonlight by the river
 In the frosty autumn days,
 When the silvery moonbeams quiver
 In the misty river haze.

I am dreaming of you, sweetheart,
 Of those moments of delight,
 When the moonlit water whispered
 To the silent starry night.

In the mist I see a picture
 Of the days of long ago,
 And the sheen upon the ripples
 Of the river's wavy flow.

Bring the hours of old to life, dear,
 Ering the lovelight with them, too,
 And in memory's moonlight pictures
 I am back again with you.

Somehow, Love, when I was with you
 Life had such a golden hue,
 And the world took on the glory
 Of the moonlight, dear, and you.

So I'm drifting on life's river—
 Waiting as I always do—
 Till the softly flowing current
 Floats me back again to you.

BROWN-EYED GIRL

There's a little brown-eyed girlie, in the Golden West
 Of all the sweetest sweethearts she's away the best,
 Starlight, moonlight, sunlight, any light at all
 The love-light in her brown eyes is the best of all.

When youth and love and beauty in the ballroom meet
 I know the little maiden with the lightest feet,
 Of all the dainty fairies in the dances whirl
 The one that floats the lightest is my brown-eyed girl.

When sailing on the water in a light canoe
 You never float so softly as when she's with you;
 There's music in the ripples and in the waters swirl
 If the little girl that's with you is my brown-eyed girl.

I want this little girlie for my own dear wife;
 I want her just to love her all her precious life,
 But I am so worried, I don't know what to do;
 For twenty other fellows call her sweetheart, too.

YOU

I am dreaming tonight in the grey twilight
 Of days that were far too few,
 I am thinking alone of you sweetheart, my own,
 I am dreaming tonight of you.

In the moonlight love, 'neath the stars above
 I can picture your face so fair,
 As the stars look down on the old home-town.
 And you far away back there.

I am lonely tonight, little heart's delight
 For you and the long ago,
 And the world is drear since we parted dear
 Because I love you so.

LOVE LOST

Where is the lovelight that beamed as I left you,
 Where is the love that shone bright in your face,
 Where is the love that we felt as we parted
 In the sweet heartache of a lingered embrace?

Where is our joy and our pride in each other,
 Where are our hopes of the future to be—
 Are they gone with the kiss that I left on your lips, dear,
 Have you no room in your heart now for me?

Tell me, sweetheart, is love lost, or forgotten;
 Is the troth dead that was so true before?
 Love is the only thing perfect in life, dear,
 We have lost all if our love is no more.

Give me not palaces, place, or position,
 Give me not fortunes, nor glories of men,
 But give me the love that we had when I left you,
 Then let us O, never be parted again.

COLUMBINE

Long and far away I've wandered
 Wandered wide,
 Years and years alone I've drifted
 With the tide.

But the longing for you lingers,
 And the memories of you thrill—
 In my treasure-room of fancy
 Is your picture hanging still.

For in dreams I'm always with you,
 Sweetheart mine,
 Still I love my Colorado
 Columbine.

Still my heart is in the future,
 Love and life can not be lost,
 And the gains we get from heartaches
 Are worth all they ever cost.

INFINITY

When days are dreary and the clouds are dark
 And mists of doubt obscure the way ahead,
 When winds and waves imperil your frail bark,
 And hope, the beacon-light of all, is dead;

Turn back the pages in your record book
 And read the story that the past has told
 And let your thots drift backward 'till you feel
 The hopes and heartaches of the days of old.

Remember time undimmed in days of yore
 And how the vision led you high and higher,
 Along the rocky, toilsome path of life
 To bring you nearer to your heart's desire.

And disappointment is your sole reward,
 For one by one your fondest joys have fled;
 The living death of failure is your prize,
 The wondrous dream you cherished now seems dead.

What is this life to the infinity?
 A grain of sand to all the wave-washed shore,
 A drop of water to the ocean's deep,
 A moment to the ages gone before.

So learn the lesson God would teach us here—
 'Tis not the prizes we take when we go,
 But virtue gained through toil and struggles drear
 Before the throne of judgment we must show.

What matter then tho failure is your prize
 What matter tho yours is a losing fight
 If you have kept the faith, if you are true,
 God cares not, tho you lose, if you are right.

OUT OF DARKNESS, LIGHT

Out of the darkness, light
 Cometh to give the day;
 Out of the evil, right
 Cometh to show the way.

Out of the winter, spring
 Bringeth life to the sod;
 Out of despair comes faith
 Leading the way to God.

THE DESERT OF DEATH

There is a story of a strip of land

Out on a desert that is never crossed
Where bleaching bones bestrew its burning sand
Of those who started but who've all been lost;
But often still its sands by feet are tossed
Yet no man ever wanders here alone
And ere the burning sands his strength exhaust
He sees a shadow that is not his own—
A moving shadow on his path is thrown.

A vulture's shadow, on the path ahead

Is thrown a slanting shadow from the rear
His fate's as sure as was those others, dead
Whose bones lie strewn upon the desert near
The vulture follows all who travel here,
For all who come have in death's domain
Their bones will mark the end of their career
And when you venture on this desert plain,
The vulture will not follow you in vain.

We dream of fame and wealth and power and love

We plan of deeds to do and fights to win
With hopes as high as is the sky above
We dare the desert and our way begin
We see the way is long that we are in
The shadow near, the goal so far ahead,
For deeds of virtue or for deeds of sin
The time is short and very quickly fled
Our feet are weary and our hearts are lead.

Do we but know that youth and love are sweet

Only that we may grieve them when they're lost,
Do we but dream of future joys to meet
With desert sands that never can be crossed
For all our hopes there is a chilling frost
A killing blight for all our blossoms fair
Our works and winnings whatso'er the cost,

All these are for that vulture hovering there
A horrifying ghost of black despair.

When days are sunny and the air is soft

And birds and butterflies about you fly
When summer's dream and the breezes waft
The breath of roses from the hedge near by
There is a shadow in the cloudless sky,
There is a chill in warmest summer air,
There is a darkness when the sun is high;
In deepest joy there is a black despair—
Always the vulture hovers over there.

NATURE

Does the river's ice ever get so deep
That the wavelets ripple no more
When the gentle voices of summertime
Whisper of life to the shore?

Do the winter winds ever get so cold
That the seeds of the flowers freeze
And their blossoms never again will waft
Their perfume on summer's breeze?

Do the winter trees get so bare and dead
That the buds no more live there,
That soon again will be soft green leaves
Whispering on summer's air?

Does the midnight hour ever get so black
In the darkest, dreariest night,
That the morning break comes never again
Bringing the sunbeams bright?

Thus nature teaches the solemn truth
That our sun sets again to rise,
And Death, the night, is that beautiful land
Of the wonderful starry skies.

THE DARK RIVER

The sunlight vanished and the air grew cold—
 Another day had answered Time's last call,
 The twilight deepened and the curfew tolled,
 The heavy shroud of nightfall covered all.

There is a twilight stealing o'er my soul,
 There is a darkness deepening in my heart,
 The night is still, I hear a curfew toll,
 Then all is silent and the lights depart.

I'm all alone—the night is cold and dark—
 I wonder is it thus forever more
 As on the shadowed river I embark—
 The river that may have no other shore.

For from its banks no echo reaches me,
 And water's silent when it's very deep,
 No sound is here, there is no light to see,
 The waves are gentle and I fall asleep.

DO IT NOW

Where'er you be on land or sea,
 Where'er there's a duty to do,
 Start right in to lose or to win
 And see the whole thing through.

Never delay for a better day—
 Do now all you're able to do,
 Never await fitter time or fate
 For they never wait for you.

WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use of all our worry,
 All our plans and all our hurry?
 For the world keeps on a turning
 In the same old way.
 We can't stop it or begin it
 We can't make it wait a minute
 We can't add a single second
 To a day.

What's the use of all our straining
 All our grieving and complaining?
 For compared to things in general
 We are small;
 In our own imagination
 We're the hub of all creation
 When we really are not running
 Things at all.

If perhaps we chance to ramble
 It's a pretty certain gamble
 That we'll leave the place behind us
 Just the same;
 And the folks that we are leaving
 Will do mighty little grieving
 And pay very little tribute
 To our fame.

NOW.

Now is the real moment of your life,
 Now is the time to conquer in the strife,
 Now is the time to do things left undone,
 Now is the time to finish tasks begun,
 Now is the time to start in life anew,
 Now do the things you really mean to do,
 Now is the only time in all the year;
 The day is dead, tomorrow's never here.

Home lies westward to the English,
 And so the English men,
 When their eyes are closing in eternal rest,
 Send their last thoughts to the westward,
 Where they'll never go again;
 So the English have called dying "Going West."

When the sons of California fall
 In foreign lands so drear,
 (For many here will fall and swell war's toll),
 On the wooden cross above us,
 Write, "Their bodies moulder here,
 But their hearts are where Pacific's waters roll."

We are dreaming of a region
 On the far-off sunset track
 A country by sweet summer always blest,
 And we pray the Lord at sunset
 That he'll bring us safely back
 To our sunny Southland, Dixie of the West.

THE TRAIL ON THE FOAM BEHIND

I stood at morn on the forward deck
 Where the waves rise high and clear
 As the sea is cleaved by the keel of the ship
 And they tumble back to the rear.

Then later still, amidships back
 I dreamily whiled the day,
 And watched the waves, like mounts and caves,
 Where the sharks and the porpoise play.

But leading aft, as the sun drowsed on,
 Was a way that I chanced to find,
 And I looked o'er the rail at the lonesome trail—
 The trail on the foam behind.

There were brave thots up on the forward deck
 As I watched o'er the sea ahead
 And that what the future held in its store
 Where our unknown journey led.

And back mid-ships there were pleasant dreams
 As up on the deck I lay
 By the side of the ship, where the big waves dipp'd,
 And the winds whip'd off the spray.

But best of all were the thots of home
 That the sunset brought to mind;
 And so I indite these verses I write
 To the trail on the foam behind.

Where the deep sea sunset seemed to say
 You are thousands of miles from home
 Over the way from the U. S. A.
 The long white trail of foam.

And my thots surged up like the trail of foam;
 The plans and hopes in my mind
 Just tossed and tumbled and disappeared
 Like the trail on the foam behind.

But the rainbows leaped in the whirling spray,
 Like a smile through the tears that blind,
 With our onward sail o'er the lonesome trail—
 The trail on the foam behind.

AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

When the wars last cannon has sounded
 Way out on the old firing line,
 And the last war council has founded
 A peace for the nations to sign,

Then we'll march out west where you know us
 With the glad step of home-coming feet
 For some day the bugle will blow us
 The call of the final retreat.

Far off in the forests of spruce and pine,
 In the river-rimmed hills along the line,
 There in the war-time home of mine—
 In the hills of Somewhere in France.

Perhaps the roads that I knew are red,
 Tonight in the hills of France;
 Maybe the fellows I loved are dead,
 Tonight in the hills of France;
 But all I can do is lie here in bed
 And gaze at the boards in the roof o'er head
 And struggle in vain to be back instead—
 In the hills of Somewhere in France.

THAT HOMELAND, SWEET HOMELAND O' MINE

I've been talking with fellows most all over France
 Who come from most all U. S. A.
 While playing the war game's riskiest chance
 This is what most of them say:

"Where you from," is the question they ask me, and when
 I've answered and said and "where you?"
 We've found something pleasant to talk about then
 And so we're good comrades, we two.

Now he's tired of the war-talk, he hates the old stuff
 He gets tired of it more every day,
 He thinks that of battles he knows quite enough
 And he knows that I feel the same way.

So he mentions a somewhere in good U. S. A.
 A sweet somewhere of heaven, divine,
 All the pleasures of paradise are, he will say
 In that homeland, sweet homeland o' mine.

But I laugh when I hear him, "Old soldier," I say,
 I'll tell you the spot really best,
 For there isn't a place in the whole U. S. A.
 Like my own little home in the West.

In the homeland of mine far away in the West
 Where the stars of the summerland shine
 When at eve-time the nightingales sing me to rest
 In that homeland, sweet homeland o' mine.

For each soldier's own home is the best place you see
 Each thinks his own town superfine,
 But I'm glad the best place really happens to be
 That homeland, sweet homeland o' mine.

"MARIE

There's a town, I think, called Malsas
 On a hillside in old Alsace,
 Tho I'm not sure of the address of Marie,
 But I've tried to write a letter
 To a girl, I can't forget her,
 And I hope she gets the little note from me.

Now I've seen the world a-plenty
 Since the days when I was twenty
 When I loved the Mormon girls in old Salt Lake;
 And I think that I was lucky
 To have traveled through Kentucky
 For the girls there are beauties—no mistake.

For all girls are quite alluring
 Their love more or less enduring
 But here's a little tip to take from me—
 When it comes to real loving—
 To kisses, cooing, dooing—
 There is no one else can love like sweet Marie.

So I have a lurking notion
 To go back across the ocean
 When the army gets away and things are free;
 For I'm sittin' here a-wishin'
 In this land of prohibition
 I was back again in Alsace with Marie.

Tho' she flirted with a hundred
 And I often, often wondered
 If she loved them all the same as she did me
 As she gave them smiling glances,
 Still I've got to take my chances
 So I'm going back to Alsace and Marie.

When I find her then, by jingo,
 I will learn that Frenchy lingo
 So I'll understand the things she said to me,
 And I'll win my heart's ambition
 Without too much competition—
 That's to have your love for always, sweet Marie.

For I saw your tears, my dearie,
 When I left for Chateau Thierry
 Where the Boche's bullets almost did for me;
 Tho' I've lived to tell the story,
 I will not enjoy the glory
 Till I tell you all in Alsace, my Marie,

Where the blossoms opened early
 As I strolled with you, my girlie
 'Mid the fragrant hills of Alsace, Sweet Marie,
 'Neath the trees I'll say, I love you,
 And the blossoms up above you
 Will interpret into French the words for me.

THE WELCOME HOME

It isn't in the dough you sent
 To buy the soldiers' pie;
 It isn't in the cheer you gave
 When the parade went by;

It isn't in the stripes and things
 To wear upon our sleeve,
 Or in newspaper notices
 You do, or don't believe;

It isn't in the special right
 To wear our leggins wrapped;
 It isn't in the privilege
 To wear an ugly cap,

That really makes a fellow think
 His trip has been worth while;—
 It's in the feeling that he sees
 Behind your welcome smile.

It's in the glad hand that you give,
 The light that's in your eye,
 Your tone of voice that makes him feel
 He's glad he didn't die.

Now soldiers find, no matter what
 Brave deeds they have to tell,
 There always is some other guy
 Who did just twice as well.

And so you find the men from fields
 Of fame across the sea
 Are not inclined to brag as much
 As you might think they'd be.

Then, since you all are friends of ours,
 Good honest friends and true,
 The very greatest words of praise
 That we could ask of you