THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE
(Now a restaurant)

The little red schoolhouse has come to this
And someone's heart is bound to break.
Where once I stole a kiss
A cook is broiling steak.

Where once a girl's soft eyes sent mine
A loving glance time can't erase,
A waiter now is serving wine
And 'gourmet' stuff their face.

The little red schoolhouse bye and bye
Will fade like each sweet dream, alack.
If you have loved as I
Never, never go back!

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WHAT IS A SOLDIER?

A man with gun or bomb or lethal thing,
Is sudden death in any war and tough.
He fights for any leader, any king.
And he grows strong and he speaks hard and rough.
A soldier is a specialist in death, this.
He knows each way to kill another man.
He knows too well, too well a bullet's kiss
And learns to keep alive as best he can.
A soldier is the shadow on the hill
At dawn in any land, in any place,
And no one has to say to fire at will,
And no one ever sees his eyes or face.
A soldier is a man who lives or dies,
And no one ever knows how much he cries.

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ENIGMA

We speak woman things,
Of manly things and are
So close, and oh, my love, so far
Apart.

THE SEARCH

I sought
Great beauty far;
I sought for love, for truth,
And nowhere lived these things but at
My side.