

Father's Day Poetry

My Father's Voice in Prayer

May Hastings Nottage



In the silence that falls on my spirit
When the clamor of life loudest seems,
Comes a voice that floats in tremulous notes
Far over my sea of dreams.
I remember the dim old vestry,
And my father kneeling there;
And the old hymns thrill with the memory still
Of my father's voice in prayer.



I can see the glance of approval
As my part in the hymn I took;
I remember the grace of my mother's face
And the tenderness of her look;
And I knew that a gracious memory
Cast its light on that face so fair,
As her cheek flushed faint--O mother, my saint!--
At my father's voice in prayer.



'Neath the stress of that marvelous pleading
All childish dissensions died;
Each rebellious will sank conquered and still
In a passion of love and pride.
Ah, the years have held dear voices,
And melodies tender and rare;
But tenderest seems the voice of my dreams--
My father's voice in prayer.



Our Fathers

Author Unknown

Our fathers—where are they, the faithful and wise?
They are gone to their mansions prepared in the skies;
With the ransomed in glory forever they sing,
“All worthy the Lamb, our Redeemer and King!”

Our fathers—who were they? Men strong in the Lord,
Who were nurtured and fed with the milk of the Word;
Who breathed in the freedom their Savior had given,
And fearlessly waved their blue banner to heaven.

Our fathers—how lived they? In fasting and prayer
Still grateful for blessings, and willing to share
Their bread with the hungry—their basket and store—
Their home with the homeless that came to their door.

Our fathers—where knelt they? Upon the green sod,
And poured out their hearts to their covenant God;
And oft in the deep glen, beneath the wild sky, The
songs of their Zion were wafted on high.

Our fathers—how died they? They valiantly stood
The rage of the foeman, and sealed with their blood,
By “faithful contendings,” the faith of their sires,
Mid tortures in prisons, on scaffolds, in fires.

Our fathers—where sleep they? Go search the wide cairn,
Where the birds of the hill make their nests in the fern;
Where the dark purple heather and bonny blue-bell
Deck the mountain and moor, where our forefathers fell.

A Boy and his Dad

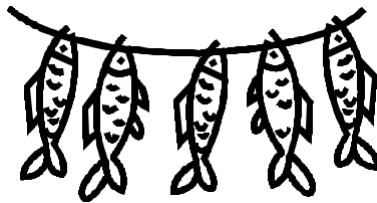
Edgar Guest



A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip—
There is a glorious fellowship!
Father and son and the open sky
And the white clouds lazily drifting by,
And the laughing stream as it runs along
With the clicking reel like a martial song,
And the father teaching the youngster gay
How to land a fish in the sportsman’s way.

I fancy I hear them talking there
In an open boat, and the speech is fair.
And the boy is learning the ways of men
From the finest man in his youthful ken.
Kings, to the youngster, cannot compare
With the gentle father who’s with him there.
And the greatest mind of the human race
Not for one minute could take his place.

Which is happier, man or boy?
The soul of the father is steeped in joy,
For he's finding out, to his heart's delight,
That his son is fit for the future fight.
He is learning the glorious depths of him,
And the thoughts he thinks and his every whim;
And he shall discover, when night comes on,
How close he has grown to his little son.
A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip—
Builders of life's companionship!
Oh, I envy them, as I see them there
Under the sky in the open air,
For out of the old, old long-ago
Come the summer days that I used to know,
When I learned life's truths from my father's lips
As I shared the joy of his fishing-trips.



Only a Dad
Edgar Guest



Only a dad with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game;
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a dad with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way,
Silent whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.



Only a dad but he gives his all,
To smooth the way for his children small,
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen:
Only a dad, but the best of men.

Father

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

He never made a fortune, or a noise



In the world where men are seeking after fame;
But he had a healthy brood of girls and boys
Who loved the very ground on which he trod.
They thought him just a little short of God;
Oh you should have heard the way they said his name -
'Father.'

There seemed to be a loving little prayer
In their voices, even when they called him 'Dad.'
Though the man was never heard of anywhere,
As a hero, yet you somehow understood
He was doing well his part and making good;
And you knew it, by the way his children had
Of saying 'Father.'

He gave them neither eminence nor wealth,
But he gave them blood untainted with a vice,
And the opulence of undiluted health.

He was honest, and unpurchable and kind; He
was clean in heart, and body, and in mind.
So he made them heirs to riches without price - This father.

He never preached or scolded; and the rod -
Well, he used it as a turning pole in play. But
he showed the tender sympathy of God

To his children in their troubles, and their joys.



He was always chum and comrade with his boys,
And his daughters - oh, you ought to hear them say
'Father.'

Now I think of all achievements 'tis the least
To perpetuate the species; it is done
By the insect and the serpent, and the beast.
But the man who keeps his body, and his thought,
WORTH bestowing on an offspring love-begot,
Then the highest earthly glory he has won,
When in pride a grown-up daughter or a son
Says 'That's Father.'