

# A Few of the Poems

## Written by George Ingels

Panama City Publishing Co.  
Saint Andrews, FL

### A Few Questions

Have you made some burden lighter,  
    And the world a little brighter  
Than it was before you came?  
    Have you helped some friendless stranger,  
When you knew he was in danger,  
    As he trudged along Life's lane?

Have you caused a little pleasure  
    By dividing up your treasure,  
Letting poor and needy share?  
    Have you let both joy and laughter  
Echo from your floor and rafter  
    While the children gather there?

Have you helped some struggling neighbor  
    As he toils at honest labor  
To secure a better home?  
    Have you carried him some flowers,  
And assisted him for hours,  
    While he's sick and all alone?

Do you meet your obligations,  
    And speak well of other nations,  
As you'd have them speak of yours?  
    Do you treat all men as brothers,  
Who, like you, have had good mothers,  
    Whom they hope to meet once more?

Do the little children love you,  
    Like the angels up above you  
Loved the Savior, years ago?  
    If they do, you may be certain,  
When grim Death does draw his curtain,  
    You'll not stay down here below.

## **The Tie That Binds**

She was going to her Mother's  
And he was going West;  
For they had quarreled with each other;  
To part they thought it best.

But which should take sweet little Bell,  
Their darling baby girl;  
For no one else they loved so well  
In all this wide, wide world?

The Mother claimed it was her right  
To take the babe with her;  
For it was she who through long nights  
Soothed it whenever it stirred.

The Father said that he was bound  
To take the babe with him;  
Unless a better home was found  
Among some of his kin.

"You know it thinks the most of me,  
Though what you say is true;  
But me it loves the best, you see,  
Whatever you may do."

Just then a tiny voice was heard  
From some room up above.  
They both made haste without a word,  
To test the baby's love.

They both reached it at the same time,  
And stretched forth both their hands  
And said: "Come here, dear baby mine,  
And love me all you can."

The babe looked up with much surprise,  
On seeing there the two  
With anxious looks and tear-stained eyes,  
It knew not what to do.

"You'll come to me without a doubt,  
You darling little peach,"  
But it obeyed by holding out  
A tiny hand to each.

"Twas thus these two united stood;  
And seemed both of one mind:  
They'd love each other as they should,  
And love the tie that binds.

## **There is Plenty of Room at the Top**

This life is a ladder each one must climb;  
Or should, if he's true to his God.  
And the higher he climbs, the fewer he finds  
Who are after the very same job.  
The trouble with some, they keep in a rut  
And become discouraged and stop,  
When they should keep on and always look up,  
For there's plenty of room at the top.

Young men of today are wanting more pay,  
But some do not earn what they get;  
Had they their own way, they would much rather play,  
So when they get tired they can quit.  
Keep reaching, young men, for an upper rung;  
Whether friends are boosting or not;  
For this is the song you've often heard sung:  
"There is plenty of room at the top."

And when you are nearing your journey's end,  
And your sun is just sinking to rest,  
You will have no deeds or ladders to mend,  
If you have been doing your best.  
And when you arrive at that pearly gate,  
St. Peter won't tell you to stop;  
But he will then tell you: "You're not too late;  
There is plenty of room at the top."

## **Such Is Life**

I sit here by my open fireplace all alone,  
And while I watch the blazing logs, I think of home.  
And as I see them slowly changing into coals,  
A solemn lesson they impress upon my soul.

This life is like unto a slow-consuming fire.  
In youth it flashes up and flames up high and higher;  
And as I watch it slowly sinking into coals,  
I know that such is life while we are growing old

Although at last I see but ashes that remain,  
Yet I can rest assured that we shall live again;  
For while I feel the heat, this thought has come to me:  
In life we grow our souls; 'tis Death that sets them free.

### **Life Is What We Make It**

Life is what we make it,  
    Whatever way we take it;  
And is not a game of chance, as many now suppose.  
    If we spend our saddest hours  
Looking only for the flowers,  
    We'll never feel the thorns that surround the sweetest rose.

There is a healing ointment  
    For every disappointment,  
If we only look for it from Him who is above.  
    And every one who tries it,  
So very highly prize it;  
    Because it's made entirely of everlasting love.

    While at your daily labor,  
    Or dealing with a neighbor,  
Be sure and keep a good supply of it on hand.  
    It will pluck away the dart,  
And will heal the broken heart,  
    And God will surely love you, if you love your fellow man.

### **Thanksgiving Dinners of Years Gone By**

How clear to my mind are the Thanksgiving dinners  
    I used to enjoy not many years ago,  
When Mother was here, and all the children with her,  
    With happiness and health that made their cheeks glow.  
I hear them again as they laughingly asked me  
    To help them once more to the turkey or pie—  
It wasn't very often that- things passed by me,  
    Before I had taken a sample to try.

How sad to my heart as I now look around me,  
    And see through my tears so many empty chairs;  
And think of the loved ones who used to surround me,  
    But who never again will occupy theirs.  
O, if Time would turn back and bring them again,  
    So they could encircle my table once more,  
I'd surely be one of the happiest of men,  
    And treat them much better than I did before.

## The Bungalow

Now Sallie thinks he's sweet **as** honey,  
    And calls him darling Honey-beau;  
But Daddy says he's after money,  
    And needs no name but Bungalow.

Why Daddy calls him such a name,  
    I'm very sure you'd like to know.  
I think it is a scandalous shame  
    To call a man a bungalow.

But Daddy says his upper story  
    Is all spread out in feet below;  
So he can plod on up to glory;  
    Is why he calls him Bungalow.

Now he and Sallie ran away,  
    And joined in wedlock months ago;  
And still are happy, so they say,  
    In their new home, a bungalow.

O, heroes a message from them now!  
    **O**, Daddy, read it; let us know!  
He merely said with knitted brow:  
    "They have a baby Bungalow."

## Do Your Best

Whatever work you undertake,  
    Just try to do your best.  
Though little progress you may make,  
    Yet do your very best.  
When 'er you find your task is tough,  
    And feel that you have had enough,  
Don't try to shirk or run a bluff;  
    But always do your best.  
If at the first you seem to fail,  
    Just try to do your best.  
It takes a wind to make ships sail;  
    Then always do your best.  
And as you work, keep this in mind:  
    It makes no difference as to kind;  
Just do such work as you may find,  
    And always do your best.

## SPRING

When the gnats are on the wing,  
    And the birds begin to sing,  
And you have a lazy feeling all the time,  
    And the frogs begin to holler,  
You may bet your bottom dollar  
    That old Spring will soon be coming down the line.  
When the weeds begin to grow,  
    And the wind begins to blow,  
And the thistles go a chasing o'er the plains,  
    And you sit and sit and wonder—  
As you listen to the thunder—  
    If old Spring will not be coming when it rains.  
When the doves begin their wooing,  
    And you hear their mournful cooing  
Long before you see the rays of rising sun,  
    When your wife begins house cleaning,  
You soon grasp all of its meaning;  
    Then you'll know without a doubt that Spring has come.

### **Let Others Blow Your Horn**

If you have made good and it's not found out,  
And you think it is hard to beat, Don't be such  
a fool as to run all about  
And tell everybody you meet. If it's worth  
their knowing you may be sure  
They'll probably know it by mom,  
Without you going with a cry and a hue  
And tooting your own little horn.

It is sweet, no doubt, to listen to praise,  
When you have done wonderfully well;  
But praising yourself is the poorest of ways;  
Then leave it for others to tell.  
Now do such things as you know that you should,  
And keep busy from early morn.  
Try hard as you can to be useful and good  
So that others will blow your horn.

### **When Ma's Away**

Gee, don't we have a jolly time,  
When Ma's away!  
We always think it is so fine,  
When Ma's away;  
Because we never have to mind,  
And we can have what'er we find,  
And eat preserves of every kind,  
When Ma's away.

We always go to Dick's and Fred's,  
When Ma's away,  
And climb all o'er the barns and sheds,  
When Ma's away;  
And whoop and holler all day long,  
And never think of right or wrong,  
But sing most any kind of song,  
When Ma's away.

We know of things we ought to do,  
When Ma's away;  
But we don't do them, nor would you,  
When Ma's away;  
For then's the time we must make hay,  
Before the clouds exclude the day,  
And work when we get tired of play,  
When Ma's away.

But then dark nights sure come at home,  
When Ma's away.  
And we're afraid to stay alone,  
When Ma's away;  
Because we fear bad men will come

To catch the boys bad deeds have done,  
And bind them fast and take them home;  
When Ma's away.

And we don't do our evening chores,  
When Ma's away,  
Because we fear all out of doors,  
When Ma's away.  
When it grows dark and awful still,  
It makes us shake like we had chills,  
When none's at home but me and Bill;  
When Ma's away.

And when it's dark, we go to bed,  
When Ma's away,  
And then we cover up our heads,  
When Ma's away;  
And lie there till it's broad daylight;  
And then we're sure to kick and fight,  
Until the bed clothes are a sight;  
When Ma's away.

Years have come and they have gone,  
Since Ma's away,  
And Bill and I are both full grown;  
Since Ma's away;  
And we'd give all that we are worth,  
If she'd come back to us on earth;  
For life has lost much joy and mirth,  
Since Ma's away.

### **A Cure For The Blues**

When I'm feeling very blue  
And I know not what to do,  
For I haven't any one with whom to sauce;  
I just jump into my boat,  
And I start it out to float,  
And I fish until I land a five pound bass.

And you bet it's lots of fun;  
For it starts the blood to run,  
When I hook that fish and feel it pull and jerk.  
O, the joy is most divine—  
If it doesn't break my line—  
For it takes some skill and very careful work.

But I like to; so would you,  
As a cure, when you feel blue;  
'Cause my pocket-book is feeling flat,  
And I like good things to eat;  
And these bass are hard to beat,  
When they're fried so nice and brown in bacon fat.



## **You'd Better Stick To Farming, Boys**

You'd better stick to farming, boys,  
    And sow and reap and pitch,  
Than *go to* cities with their noise,  
    Expecting to get rich.  
The cities now are over run  
    With men, all seeking **jobs**,  
Who left good farms to have some fun  
    In cities "playing hobs;"

To show the "rubes" a thing or two,  
    And come a-strutting back  
Too rich to know just what to do  
    With all their gold in sacks;  
But while they lived in city style  
    And thought they'd win with ease,  
And felt so sure they'd win a pile,  
    They lost their golden fleece.

I know the farm is very hard  
    On boys as well as men,  
But when it comes to meat and lard,  
    And now and then a hen,  
And cakes and pies and all things nice  
    To satisfy your needs,  
They can't be bought, at any price,  
    One-half so fresh and sweet.

And then you have such appetites  
    No millionaire enjoys;  
Your mother's cooking is just right  
    To please such growing boys;  
And then your muscles are so firm,  
    Your shoulders broad and square  
That city lads would like to learn  
    A rule for training theirs.

Then don't get miffed and run away  
    To seek an easy life.  
Improve the farm from day to day  
    And some day take a wife,  
Who is all love and soul and mind  
    And plum chuck full of mirth;  
Then do your part, you'll surely find  
    A Heaven here on earth.

## Away From Home On Christmas

Did you ever spend a Christmas  
    Out with strangers, or alone,  
And then think how much you're missing,  
    By not being at your home?  
How you long to be with kinsfolk,  
    And help them eat that Christmas pie!  
How you'd eat your fill of chicken,  
    And other good things passing by!

Don't you miss the Christmas greetings  
    Of those little children, sweet;  
And so early Christmas morning,  
    Hear the patter of their feet,  
As they run to see if Santa  
    Brought them any books and toys;  
And some nuts and striped candy  
    For his little girls and boys?

Don't you hear their shouts and laughter,  
    As each package they untie?  
How could they appear more thankful,  
    Even though their best they'd try?  
What is life without' its Christmas,  
    And the children whom we love?  
For they are the very image  
    Of the Christ child up above.

While you eat your Christmas dinners  
    With the ones you love so well,  
Think how many weary sinners  
    Have no place on earth to dwell.  
Then be thankful for your blessings;  
    Be more kind to those who roam.  
While you're eating chicken dressing  
    They are wishing for their homes.

Christmas trees with lighted candles,  
    And with presents by the score,  
To the one who is a wand'rer,  
    Bring back thoughts of home once more.  
He then thinks of the great Giver,  
    Who for all gave His dear Son;  
So that when we reach Death's river,  
    We won't cross it all alone.

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## JUNE

The choicest -month of all the year  
    To put my heart in tune,  
And make me feel that God is near,  
    Is the dear old month of June.  
I see the fields of waving grain,  
    And rows of growing corn;  
And see results from gentle rains  
    That fall both night and morn.

In woodlands dressed in living green,  
    The birds go flitting by;  
Feeding their nestlings, all unseen,  
    Far up in trees so high.  
I hear them sing their merry songs —  
    O, how their throats do swell!  
They watch and sing the whole day long;  
    Trying their love to tell.

No wonder when the roses bloom  
    And all seems so sublime,  
That lovers are inclined to spoon,  
    And 'round their lovers shine;  
Because all Nature seems alive,  
    With all her harps in tune;  
And Cupid always seems to thrive  
    About the month of June.

### **Those Sweet Little Innocent Girls**

I love to listen to the songs of birds,  
    And the barking of forest squirrels;  
But the sweetest music I've ever heard  
    Is the laughter of innocent girls.

You may have your cars and flying machines,  
    Your millions in gold and costly pearls,  
For what is the treasures of kings and queens,  
    To the friendship of innocent girls?

Men travel over land and cross the deep sea  
    To give the wheel of Fortune a whirl;  
But dearer by far than riches to me,  
    Is the love of an innocent girl.

Although the wine that you put to your lips,  
    Be the oldest and best in the world;  
Yet sweeter than nectar that Jupiter sips,  
    Is a kiss from an innocent girl.

While around my neck were her dimpled arms,  
    And I played with her beautiful curls,

I asked the good Lord to keep her from harm;  
My darling little innocent girl.

Can Heaven be better to fill us with mirth,  
Though angels surround those upper worlds,  
Than we find down here on this grand old earth,  
With its sweet little innocent girls?

### **The Mocking Bird**

How sweet to my ear is the mocking bird's song,  
As he sings to his mate on her nest;  
I can hear him at night and all the day long,  
While he warbles the songs she likes best.  
The pewees and robins and catbirds and jays,  
All think they are listening to mates.  
He flies up in the air and he sings away,  
And seems so free from malice and hate.

He alights on a limb and strikes a new tune,  
For he has no desire now to roam;  
He looks for a family of birdlings in June,  
And he has such a beautiful home.  
His mate is so patient while covering the eggs  
While he is doing scarcely a thing.  
That he may help her he openly begs;  
She tells him to do nothing but sing.

And much happier birds you will never find,  
Than mocking birds of our Southern states;  
For they sing so much sweeter than other kinds,  
And manifest more love for their mates.  
How very much brighter we would find each day  
And so much less grumbling would be heard  
If we'd 'sing sorrow and cares all away,  
Like Nature has taught her mocking birds.

### **Keep A Stiff Upper Lip**

If the wheat crop fails and the weather is dry,  
Keep a stiff upper lip.  
It will rain sometime in the sweet by and by;  
Keep a stiff upper lip.  
While you have good health and plenty to eat,  
And a home which your wife keeps clean and neat,  
While you live in a state that is hard to beat,  
Keep a stiff upper lip.

If once in a while you make a bad trade,  
Keep a stiff upper lip.  
Experience teaches how money is made;  
Keep a stiff upper lip.  
And the time will come. and it won't be long.

When you will be singing a joyful song,  
If you choose the right and reject the wrong;  
Keep a stiff upper lip.

When you meet with loss from a flood or a drought,  
Keep a stiff upper lip.  
It does no good to be down in the mouth;  
Keep a stiff upper lip.  
If you'll be patient and will only wait,  
The time will come when your harvest is great,  
And you will be happy as sure as fate;  
Keep a stiff upper lip.

### **The Man Without A Home**

Of all the men in this fair land,  
You meet from sea to sea,  
The one who needs a helping hand  
And calls for sympathy,  
Is that old man with silver hair,  
Who treads lifers path alone;  
And finds no pleasure anywhere —  
The man without a home.

He seeks employment every day;  
He'll do whaler he can;  
But with sad heart he turns away—  
They want a younger man.  
'Tis thus he goes from door to door  
And mutters with a groan:  
"O, how I wish this life was o'er"—  
The man without a home.

A wife and children once he had,  
And home as good as yours;  
But death and time with all that's sad  
Soon entered at its doors.  
And now he wanders far and near,  
And goes from zone to zone;  
Because, for death, he has no fear;  
The man without a home.

His wanderings now will soon be o'er,  
And all his sorrows past.  
He longs to see loved ones once more,  
And be with them at last.  
And when they lay him down to rest,  
Unwept and all alone,  
I hope that Christ will take and bless  
The man without a home.

### **The One Who Smiles**

Of all the people in this world,  
    Of different types and styles,  
Whether man, woman, boy or girl,  
    We love the one who smiles.  
We so admire his happy face,  
    We miss him when he's gone;  
We find no one to fill his place  
    With cheerful words and songs.

If you hire boys to do your chores,  
    And keep up things in style,  
To work. as clerks in dry goods stores;  
    You want the ones who smile.  
People who come to town to trade,  
    And look around awhile,  
Will find the ones who are best paid,  
    Are those who wear the smiles.

If you visit the public schools,  
    And sit and watch a while,  
You'll find the best ones as a rule,  
    Are boys and girls who smile.  
When they recite and are dismissed,  
    And march in single file,  
The best behaved in all the list,  
    Are those who wear the smiles.

I've found this true on sea and land,  
    While traveling many miles,  
That those who are in best demand,  
    Are those who always smile.  
Instead of wearing broad cloth clothes  
    And wearing high silk ties,  
Just take advice from one who knows,  
    And wear some lovely smiles.

### **The Value of a Woman's Love**

While men are surrounded most everywhere  
    With blessings that come from above,  
You'll never find one that even compares  
    With the gift of a woman's love.  
Although he be rich as Croesus of old,  
    Of this you may be very sure,  
Unless the love of a woman he holds,  
    He never can help being poor.

The love of a mother is never surpassed  
    By mortals who live here below;  
For the love of a mother is a love that lasts;  
    As hundreds of thousands all know.

She suffers and toils from early till late  
    To care for the ones she loves,  
And for all that she does she asks no pay;  
    But seeks her reward from above.

How many young men have met with success  
    By having their sweethearts near by,  
Who inspired them on to labor their best,  
    When they lacked the courage to try.  
Young men are frequently led to do right  
    By the ones whom their hearts hold dear;  
For they lend them strength in the battle of life,  
    And banish all symptoms of fear.

Go ask good husbands all over the land,  
    What most had influenced their lives,  
And they will all tell you to the last man,  
    'Twas the love of their faithful wives.  
'Tis true that some wives are loving poor clay,  
    That is tough as any you'll find;  
And those who do so, for even a day,  
    Are throwing their pearls before swine.

### **Shoes That Pinch**

Of all the miserable things of this life  
    That a man in his folly may choose,  
I know of no other in this world of strife  
    That hurts him like a new pair of shoes.  
A man may be careful about what he drinks,  
    And be careful about what he eats;  
But when purchasing shoes he seems not to think,  
    For he buys them too small for his feet.

They make him so grouchy he can't even smile,  
    When the dearest of friends he may meet.  
Don't blame him; he's thinking of shoes all the while,  
    For they seem to be crushing his feet.  
If he goes out to church, it- does him no good;  
    For he cannot sit still in his seat,  
And his thoughts settle where they naturally would:  
    On the shoes that are pinching his feet.

The preacher may wonder, and warm to his text,  
    When he sees him not falling asleep;  
And thinks of the converts that he'll be the next,  
    Never dreaming 'tis only his feet.  
While he walks to his home he firmly believes  
    That his toes are all punctured with thorns.  
On removing his shoes, the pain to relieve,  
    He finds 'that it is only his corns.

Now take my advice, if you don't want the blues:

When you purchase your supplies this fall,  
You want to be careful, when buying your shoes,  
That you don't get them a size too small.  
We learn many lessons, as we go along,  
From experience and people we meet—  
I can hardly sit still till I write this song;  
For my shoes are just killing my feet.

### **Every Dog Has His Day**

It makes no difference what breed it is, they say,  
Every dog has his day; every dog has his day.  
He may be just the very biggest dog in town  
And may know how to lick a dozen other hounds;  
But he'll live to see the day this saying comes true;  
When he will, like Napoleon, meet his Waterloo.  
He'll know, when nearly all his jaw is torn away:  
Every dog has his day; every dog has his day.

Whenever you see some double-fisted 'guy,  
Who brags that he can black the devil's other eye,  
And wear the champion's belt and even brag and scoff,  
And dare some one to even try to take it off.  
"Keep an eye on him," I say; "In a few years more  
You'll see another wear the very belt he wore.  
And when you see the change, I know that you will say:  
'Every dog has his day; every dog has his day'.

And when you find a clerk, impudent as can be,  
Who says: "They couldn't get along at all without me."  
And when they fail to raise his wages any more,  
He feels so sore, he tells them that he'll leave the store,  
And go in business of his own and take their trade,  
And show them how much of their money he has made;  
But he most surely learns while drawing his last pay:  
Every dog has his day; every dog has his day.

When you see a politician go strutting all around,  
Holding up his head like he couldn't see the ground,  
Thinking that the people should kneel down at his feet,  
Because he is in Congress and holding down a seat;  
Now he should sure take heed before he older grows,  
And learn that there are many things he doesn't know;  
For all these fleeting honors will soon fly away.  
Every dog has his day; every dog has his day.