
To the Friend of My Bosom

by Eugene V. Debs

Poem signed "E.V.D.," published in *Locomotive Firemen's Monthly Magazine*,
vol. 1, no. 7 (June 1877), pg. 201.

Brother Mullen, I've heard the news this eve,
That forces a tear from your eye;
You need not explain, I know that you grieve
For poor Sam, who has whispered good-bye.

He was truly a kind and noble youth,
Whilst enjoying this frail bit of life;
Always endeavoring others to soothe,
Who were troubled in this earthly strife.

But his days of sorrow are now at an end,
For he's gone to the land of the blest,
Where peace and happiness their charms do lend,
To the weary that are summoned to rest.

Ah, gone forever! So sadly you say,
When you think of the spirit that's flown,
The sands of life run quickly away,
And the Giver redeemeth his own.

At the silent churchyard of Effingham,
'Midst the drooping of willows and roses,
A newly arranged tomb marks the spot where Sam
In angelic calmness reposes.

—*Terre Haute, Ind., April 23, 1877.*

Edited by Tim Davenport

1000 Flowers Publishing, Corvallis, OR · February 2017 · Non-commercial reproduction permitted.
First Edition.