

"O Never Give Up."

O never give up - nor let the heart sicken,  
Though weighty and weary the burden and way;  
Remember, when clouds round the horizon thicken,  
'Tis always the "darkest, the hour before day."  
Then Onward - press onward, though lone and forsaken!  
Through friends flee away - though foes from you dawn;  
Grasp but success, and the friends are retaken,  
And even the foes will soften their frown.

O never give up - 'tis our only protection  
The world is a bully, and if you descend  
To sue for his favor, you get but rejection.  
He tramples upon you the instant you bend.  
But upright, bold upright - and dare his resistance  
And like a whipped hand, at your feet he will fawn;  
And the hand that he'd torn, when upheld for assistance  
He's ready to lick, now he feels it is strong.

O never give up; 'tis the weapon that firmest  
To grasp in the hand in the battle of life.  
And wield it but bravely, 'twill vanquish the sternest  
That crosses your path in the heat of the strife.  
Then onward, press onward, with hopes brilliant ray  
To light up the footsteps and sweeten the way;  
And though gloomy and dark be the clouds of the way,  
They must all disperse, before, never give up.

Ship, Daniel Wood

April 14<sup>th</sup> 1853.

"There's music in the dash of waves  
When the swift bark cleaves their foam;  
There's music heard upon her decks,  
The mariners song of home.,, Home, Sweet Home.