

CARRY ON CANADA

Carry on, Oh' Canada,
This cry comes from its soul;
It is the cry of one whose eyes
Are fixed upon a goal.
It is the cry of one who will
Not leave a work undone;
The answer echo's back again,
"We'll carry on, and on.

"We'll carry on, Oh' Canada,
The navy it responds
With valor and with courage
That can never know of bonds.
From Dunkerque, from the the Mother land,
The lands of the tropic sun,
The ether brings this message,
"We are carrying on, and on.

"We'll carry on, Oh' Canada,
The airforce does reply;
As it spreads forth its mighty wings,
A monarch of the sky.
Tis many the distinguished cross,
Our great heroes have won,
As they in service of our King,
Are carrying on, and on.

"We're carrying on, Oh' Canada",
Tis the tramp of marching feet;
As they rally 'round the standard,
That will never know defeat.
We'll fight until in victory.
A brighter morn will dawn.
And until then, Oh' Canada,
We'll carry on and on.

We carry on Oh' Canada,
United we do stand;
Producer, Labor, Industry,
To lend a helping hand.
We'll strive until the blessed rays
Of peace descends upon,
Our beloved land of Canada,
And on, and on, and on .

Nov, 1940.

By Tamer K. Jackson,
Strongfield, Sask.

GRADUATION

This is my day! This is my crowning day,
In it are gathered fruits of many hours:
And now the crown. Like when from buds burst forth
After much toil, the blossoming of flowers.
And now I stand, and there, there is my crown,
Woven, entwined from joy and toil and tears,
The gleanings of the past: and now behold
My Diadem, to keep thro'out the years.

My Diadem! This treasure beyond price
Must not be lost, nor I unworthy be;
I must go on, this day must never cease,
Nor must it fade into obscurity;
But as each morn a noble chance doth bring,
So must each chance a noble deed bring forth,
And should I then prove true and keep my crown
Then will I know it's glory and it's worth.

IG-5/41.

-By Tamer K. Jackson,
Strongfield, Sask.

-Written on the event of the graduation
of the nurses of the Moose Jaw General Hospital.

A Surgeons Prayer

How still she lies;--it seems but yesterday,
The flower from the bud had blossomed forth;
Then came the angel with his sickle thrust,
To glean it seemed, the harvest of its worth.
"Is there some hope"?--(her mother had appealed)
"I'll do my best"; (to raise false hopes is vain)
"We're but scalpels and forceps in Gods hands,
He giveth life and taketh it again.

How quickly now the moments seem to fly,
He with deft hands the best of them must make;
For her young life is hanging by a thread,
He must be carefull or that thread might break.
"God grant me strength",--he dared not stop to pray,
But as he worked his heart communed with God.
"Guide thou my hand and grant oh'God this day,
That she might tread again the paths she trod.

Again life in its blossom springeth forth,
Like when the morning-glory greets the sun.
Amiracle in surgery has been wrought
Another era in that work begun.
The noted surgeon pays to God his due,
While his achievements other men applaud,
He knows his great success has come because,
He placed his skillful hands in these of God.

DEC.1940

By Tamer k.Jackson
Strongfield,Sask.

GLAD TIDINGS

How beautiful, how beautiful,
Are the disciples feet;
Who bringeth tidings of great joy,
To all whom they may meet.

Chor.—Peaceful tidings joyful tidings,
Sent us from above;
Peaceful tidings, joyful tidings
From our GOD of love.

How wonderful, how wonderful,
Are these great words of life;
Bringing hope and peace and joy
Into this world of strife.

The Angels sing, the Angels sing,
Proclaiming Jesus birth;
Bringing tidings of great joy and
And peace to men on earth.

The shepherds, ^{HEARD} the shepherds heard,
The Angels sing that morn;
"MESSIAH" unto men is given
The "PRINCE OF PEACE" is born.

"IMMANUAL", ----- "IMMANUAL":
His name shall ever be.
For he shall save men from their sins
From bondage set them free.

Dec. 1940

BY T.K.Jackson

THY KINGDOM COME

Bombed are our hospitals, churches and galleries,
The weeping of Rachel is heard in the street;
Droning winged monsters, like locusts descending,
Are preying on children, their lust to replete.
Prayers are ascending on wings of the morning,
From hearts that are weary and burdened with care;
Pleading for fortitude, strength and endurance,
Entreating for guidance, the cross to forbear.

"Lord God of Hosts", thou art Alpha, Omega;
Oh' thou who art champion of all the oppressed;
We look to thee, thou the God of our fathers,
Pray, lead us in paths that thou knoweth art best.
Give for our helmet the hope of salvation,
May peace be the sandals with which we are shod;
Bind up our loins with truth for a girdle,
And clad us about with thy armour oh' God.

Give us the shield that was worn by our fathers,
The breastplate of righteousness to us impart;
Teach us to wield the keen sword of the spirit,
The sword which discerneth intents of the heart.
Teach us to pray, Lord, thy will be accomplished,
Thy kingdom establish forever with men;
Thine is the kingdom the power and glory,
Yea, thine is the glory forever. "Amen".

February, 1941.

By Tamer K. Jackson,
Strongfield, Sask.

THE PEBBLE

Upon my tiny pedestal I rest,
Beneath the gentle rippling of the stream;
And as the sun is sinking in the west,
Of ancient and medieval things I dream.
I like to think of epochal events,
Of evolution in its infancy;
How thro' the passing years the elements,
Imprinted natures autograph on me.

Some day my tiny pedestal will fall,
And I will move yet Nearer to the sea;
I feel the urge, I hear that silent call,
But yet, one step, sufficient is for me.
Then I will build, that is the stream and I,
Another pedestal out of the sand;
There I will dream again of times gone by,
Of eras which my little life has spanned.

Jan. 1941

BY Tamer K. Jackson
Strongfield, Sask



ELBOW CABINET WORKS

T. K. JACKSON

Cabinet Work Carpentry

WIRING PAINTING

SASH AND DOORS

Elbow, Sask.

Congo Lullaby

My little black dove
Curl up in your nest of love
The moon is a charm, to keep you from harm
Asleep at my breast.
The stars are alight
To watch over you all night
The river of sleep Flows gentle and deep
To rock you to rest.
So sleep little one
Till darkness is by----
Sleep till the sun rises up in the sky.
My little black dove
Curl up in your nest of love
And go to your rest
Asleep at my breast
My little black dove.

WHERE IS THY POUND

Should thy lord ask where is thy pound,
He has placed in thy hand;
Will he then hear these words from thee,
I hid it in the sand.
I hid it in the sand my lord,
I hid it in the sand;
I took my pound and hid it lord,
I hid it in the sand.

Should thy Lord ask where is the house
That thou hast built so grand;
Will he then hear these words from thee,
I built it on the sand.
I built it on the sand my lord,
I built it on the sand;
I built my house I built it Lord,
I built it on the sand.

Take up thy pound and use it friend,
Obey thy Lords command:
For thou wilt loose all that thou hast,
If it is ~~at~~ is in the sand.
If it is in the sand my friend,
If it is in the sand;
For thou wilt loose all that thou hast
If it is on the sand.

Pray build thy house upon a rock,
If thou wouldst have it stand;
That rock is CHRIST OH' build on him, *BUILD NOT UPON THE SAND*
Build not upon the sand my friend,
Build not upon the sand;
Pray, build thy house upon a rock,
Build not upon the sand.

Jan. 1941

By T.K. Jackson

Lend For freedom

Let us help our lads crush Hitler
And his concentration camps;
Let us help the cause of freedom;
Invest in "War Savings Stamps".

Onward men, our country needs us,
Let us not stand idle by;
Let us lend our dimes, our dollars;
Let's sock Hitler in the eye.

Let us all march on together,
Every man his weapon wield;
Every man be pledged to service,
Whether with his gold or shield.

Let us neither rest nor slumber,
Let's dig deep into our purse;
Every man use every effort,
To help crush this "Nazi curse".

Let us think of things we cherish,
What if all this should be lost?
If we fail in this great effort,
Think how terrible the cost.

Feb 1941

By Tamer K. Jackson
Strongfield, Sask.

The Jervis Bay

Sleep well, brave ship, sleep well beneath the wave;
Sleep well, her great and noble captain sleep;
Sleep well, ye men, who gave your lives to save,
The charge that had been given you to keep.

They sleep not all but some have lived to tell,
Of that heroic epic of the sea;
How they had sailed into the jaws of death,
So that their convoy might have time to flee.

'Twas well they fought, nor was their fight in vain,
E'en tho' their ship was blasted from the sea;
Their loss has been their convoys mutual gain,
Their sacrifice a glorious victory.

"England expects"---it was the Nelson touch,
They know no fear e'en tho' the odds were vast;
When shells had ripped across her burning decks,
They raised another ensign to the mast.

Long may it wave, the emblem of the free,
The emblem of the gallant and the brave;
And may the navy's watchword ever be,
"Britannia rules, Britannia rules the waves."

by Tamer K. Jackson.
Strongfield, Sask.