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The Ida M. Tarbell Collection of Lincolniana

Correspondence, research materials, writings, etc. about Abraham Lincoln

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1934-02-23

## Letter with attachment: Harry O. Knerr to Ida M. Tarbell, February 23, 1934

Knerr, Harry O.

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<http://hdl.handle.net/10456/29125>

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Allentown Pa.  
Feb. 23, 1934.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell  
120 East 19th St.  
N. Y. City

Dear Miss Tarbell:-

As an ardent admirer of your good works and words, I take the opportunity to enclose a poem(?) based on the birth of our patron-saint, Abraham Lincoln. It should have been forwarded to you so as to reach you by the twelfth - his natal day - but I feel that it is not too late, even now, for lovers of Lincoln share a bond of friendship that is as imperishable as his name and fame.

I beg you to accept the verses as a token of respect and esteem, and as an expression of fellowship in Lincoln. Should the poem possess any merit, I wish you might tell me so. Believe me -

Yours Sincerely,

Harry O. Knerr,

(4447 Fulton St)

## THE BIRTH OF LINCOLN

Winter winds howled round a cabin,  
    Inside lay a little child-  
Restless in its virgin armor,  
    Pure and gentle, meek and mild;  
Close beside her dearest treasure,  
    Nancy Lincoln, young and fair,  
Faintly whispered in the gloaming  
    Words of suppliance and prayer.  
'Twas the twilight's crimson curtain  
    Falls the night upon the land,  
Folding all the earth in slumber  
    By the touch of God's own hand.  
In the starlight, in the moonlight,  
    In the watchnight everywhere-  
Not an augury from Heaven  
    Stirred the palpitating air.

In the morning, crisp and early,  
    All along the winding trails  
Of the forests, dank and hoary,  
    Blew the cold and icy gales-  
But, inside that lonely cabin  
    Gleamed a fir, warm and bright,  
Kindled by dear neighbor, Enlow,  
    In the watches of the night.  
Oh, there's joy in every bosom!  
    Love, to bless and sanctify  
As a stalwart father enters  
    Where the babe and mother lie.  
Silent prayers in whispered accents  
    Fall upon the threshold there-  
Like celestial benedictions  
    On a world of toil and care.

Mother-love, so pure and sacred,  
    Fate, so bountiful and blest.  
Meekly smiled upon his pathway,  
    Made his mission manifest;  
Days of toil in field and forest,  
    Arduous tasks to clear the lands,  
Poverty and want and sorrow,  
    Aching limbs and calloused hands.  
Weathered in the school of Nature,  
    Growing like a stately tree,  
Seeking wisdom, truth and knowledge  
    At the fount of Liberty.  
Governed by a humane passion,  
    Merciful and kind was he-  
"Honest Abe", the destined saviour  
    Of a Nation proud and free.

H. O. Knerr

*For  
Miss Ida M. Tarbell, From H. O. Knerr, 2/12/34.*