



HON. HARRY E. MERRILL OF MONMOUTH.

LISTEN to the chant of the faithful; deep in the heart of the woods;
 Unyielding few, pushing it thru; defiant, of nature's moods.
 Hark! for the faintest footfalls, over the leaf and the snow,
 Light as a breath, "silent as death;" Hark! as the moccasins go.

Here's to the man who makes them, over in Monmouth town.
 Out of the store of the Indian lore, they brought the secrets down.
 Clothing the feet of the faithful; soft as the step of the doe;
 Hunter and guide, side by side, Hark! as the moccasins go!

Telling the tale of the faithful—that he who runs may read.
 A touch of the hand—a popular man, showing us how to succeed!
 Serving his town at Augusta—doing his best, you know—
 "All to the goods," as his gear in the woods—that's how the moccasins go.