



HON. JOHN S. HYDE, BATH.

**M**Y memory turns, lovingly, to days of long ago,  
 When the figure of a soldier walked the streets I used to know;  
 When, in full appreciation of the men who fought and died,  
 We paid tribute to the living, thru the hero, General Hyde.  
 'Twas but scanty recognition of that wealth of mind and heart  
 And the heritage of honor that his sons now bear, apart;  
 For the name has lost no glory in these days of aftermath,  
 Standing forth, for high achievement, in the dear old home in Bath.  
 To the man, who's herewith pictured, there's a debt of honor high;  
 For his father's flag is flying, where it has a right to fly—  
 O'er the ships, to fight our battles, o'er the decks we call our own;  
 Built in Works that he's conducting, in the place that he calls home.  
 He's been honored by the people, in countless ways and kind;  
 In the House and Senate, served them, with an honest heart and mind;  
 But the service that confronts him, is to heed the people's call—  
 "Keep the flag upon the ocean; never let the Ensign fall."