

Dedicated to Mother

By Marie Copeland

1

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
A story of things both far and near.
Far, far away in Schlesvig land
Begins this tale of the Fosses clan.
We see there amid the peasant life
A rural postman and his wife.

2

The wife was Marie, the man's name was Martin.
And here we find them on life's road starting
With very little of this world's wealth
But young and able and blessed with health.
They labored and toiled to build their home
For the little Fosses that were to come.

3

In due course of time the Stork did come,
Bringing the babies one by one.
Eleven in all, I think I've been told
Making it quite a nice little fold.
Some of them died while yet they were small—
Those who grew up were six in all.

4

Now there were many more mouths to feed
And oft it was hard to provide the need.
The mother worked harder, the father toiled late,
While the six little Fosses thrived as they ate
FLESK og KARTOFFLER and DANSK RUG-
BROD With SAGO VELLING or RISEN GROD.

5

And so they grew up—three girls and three boys.
They romped and played with plenty of noise.
The boys, they teased; and the girls, they cried
Till mother in the door they spied.
“Mine, Marine, Martin, Carl and Hans
Come here and stop that spetakel at once.”



6

Quickly the days of their childhood passed,
Then came the time to leave home at last.
Marine was fifteen when she said good-bye
To family and friends and went out to try
To make her own way, far, far from her home
In America, fair land of promise to roam.

7

Her heart was lonely the first few years,
Her pillow often was wet with tears.
Till the other young Fosses the wanderlust got
And came over here to share her lot.
Then her days grew brighter, her heart full of cheer
As again she had some of her family near.

8

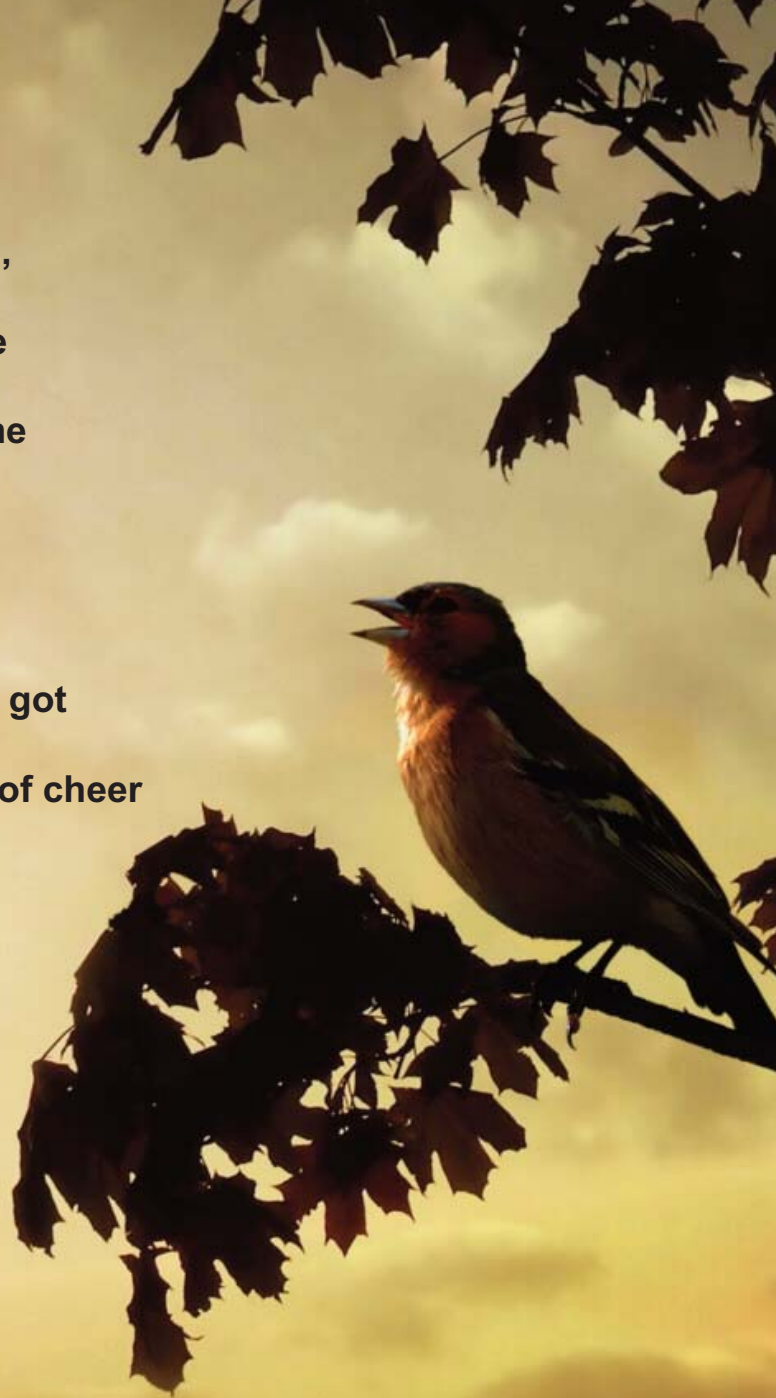
To the little Danish Church she went
And often there her Sundays spent.
This church was like all churches are
And never forgot their yearly Bizarre.
The Bizarre was probably not so large
But Marine was given a booth in charge.

9

One night while she was selling her wares
A nice young stranger came to the Fair.
Straight to Marine's booth he went
And there some of his money spent.
That evening he gave her a rose of yellow
And between their eyes passed glances so mellow.

10

The friendship of these two quickly grew
Into romance and promises true
Until one beautiful fourth of July
The man took the maiden so fair and so shy
Up the aisle of the church to the altar he led
Where Marine and Rasmus were quietly wed.



11

The bride was a very pretty sight
In wine colored silk with long veil of white.
The groom, he also did his best
In a new Prince Albert he was dressed.
“Det er saa yndig” was the song they sang
“At folges ad” their voices rang.

12

Then when they came out right after the marriage
They drove away with a horse and a carriage.
Waving their friends gathered there adieu,
As the carriage then on to the station drew.
Away to the town of Racine they went
Where the days of their honey-moon were spent.

13

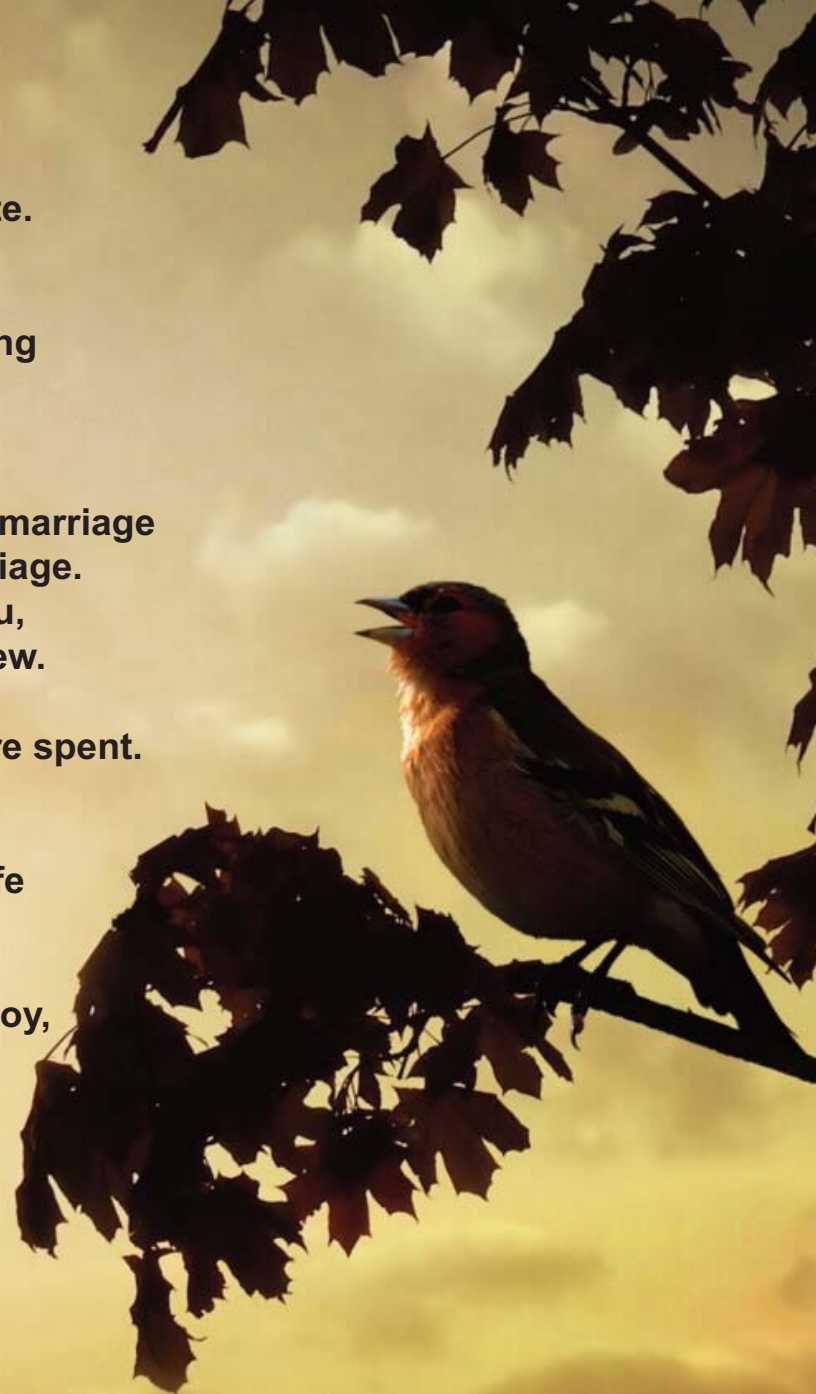
Then back in the city to start their new life
They planned a small home
—this man and his wife.
There soon to their hearts came a great joy,
When the Stork brought them
their first little boy;
But the joy was short—it could not last;
For the little boy soon
from this world passed.

14

Once again the Stork a visit paid
As another boy in their arms he laid.
Three years and a half this boy was their pleasure
For he was their hearts most cherished treasure.
But, alas, on the night before Christmas Eve
The second Victor took his leave.

15

Bowed were their hearts with sorrow and grief
With nothing on earth to give them relief.
Then again the Stork came along their way,
But this time a girl in the crib he lay.
They soon decided this girl should be
Given her grandmother's name—Marie.



16

Through the days of childhood grew Marie
Until a young lady she came to be.
Then into her life a young man came,
And I think you all know that Jens was his name.
One day in July these two decided
By the bonds of wedlock to be united.

17

Now the four of them lived together you see—
It was Rasmus, Marine, Jens and Marie.
Soon the father's health began to wane,
Weaker he grew until the day came
That he, too, must be laid away
With his two boys to wait the Millennial Day.

18

There now remained Marie, Jens and mother
And these three think a lot of each other.
We learn, as we live, to give and to take
If this world a happy place we'd make.
To take from God's hand
 both of joy and of sorrow
And leave in his care
 the things of tomorrow.

19

And now with my lengthy tale I am through,
I know you'll agree it is all of it true.
At last I'll say, I'm glad you're all here
To honor Marine's sixty-ninth year.
And I hope next year that each of you may
Come again to remember her seventieth day.

By her loving daughter,

Marie