

The Edwards Muse is a compilation of three generations of poetry from the Guy Wheelock family. It includes family history not generally available, copied from the notes of Guy's mother and others.

The Edwards Muse

By David W. Edwards and Ira M. Edwards

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June 2, 1943

To Aulus

Write you a poem did you say
And I haven't an idea of my head today
But I'll start to write maybe I will
get an idea what to write
My pencil is dull
a no. 0 mind
is a poor
a brain,
But
I'll do
And hope
And strike
Tojo jumps
his brains
That's why he
That's why he
He sent his navy to Navy out to
Upon Uncle Sam as he lay fast
at fair Pearl Harbor, in our south
I'll sink his navy first that
It seemed at first that he swore
This bastardly son of Hell and
But Uncle Sam awake with a bang
Now Tojo's Navy ain't worth a dang
Tojo has Hitler on his side, but Uncle Sam on his
They both are going somewhere

The Edwards Muse



A collection of family
poetry and other writings

David W. Edwards and Ira M. Edwards

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Print ISBN: 978-1-959622-94-9

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-992-8

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

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2025

First Edition

Table of Contents

The Poems and Songs of Guy Wheelock Edwards	5
The Poems of Ralph Burris Edwards	73
The Poems of David Wheelock Edwards.....	103
Other Family Poems and Songs.....	147

The Fields of Bataan

It has ceased, the battle sound
on the battle field of Bataan
A hallowed spot, a fresh-made mound
on the battle field of Bataan

His eyes are closed, his voice is still
on the battle field of Bataan
I can only breathe as the Father will
on the battle field of Bataan

Dead is the one that I adored
dead on the fields of Bataan
Slain by a murderous bloody sword
on the battle fields of Bataan

All love and honor to that brave band
on the battle fields of Bataan
They boys who made the brave last stand
on the battle fields of Bataan.

Sleep on, my lad, with curls of gold
on the battle fields of Bataan
Until the pearly gates unfold
for the heroes of Bataan.

– Guy Wheelock Edwards
April 11, 1942

[The date of the poem is likely wrong, as the Battle of Bataan took place in 1945 (January 31-February 21). American and Philippine forces, led by Gen. Douglas MacArthur, the battle was part of the effort to liberate the Philippines from Japan. The battle ended with the surrender of the Allies and a forced march 65 miles to the

Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. The Bataan Death March resulted in the deaths of thousands of American and Philippine soldiers.]

Song of the Man Outside

Some men are born with a silver spoon
In the lap of luxury curled,
And some are born to cry for the moon
and waste their tears on the world.
Some men are born to drift with the tide
And dwell in the midst of the people,
While others are born to stand outside
Or watch from a lonely steeple.

I have walked the streets when the hour was late
And the lights through the windows shown
Each man at home with his chosen mate,
I have walked the streets ALONE.
There is Love and warmth on the other side
For those who own the key
But I am alone in a world so wide
And the shades are drawn to me.

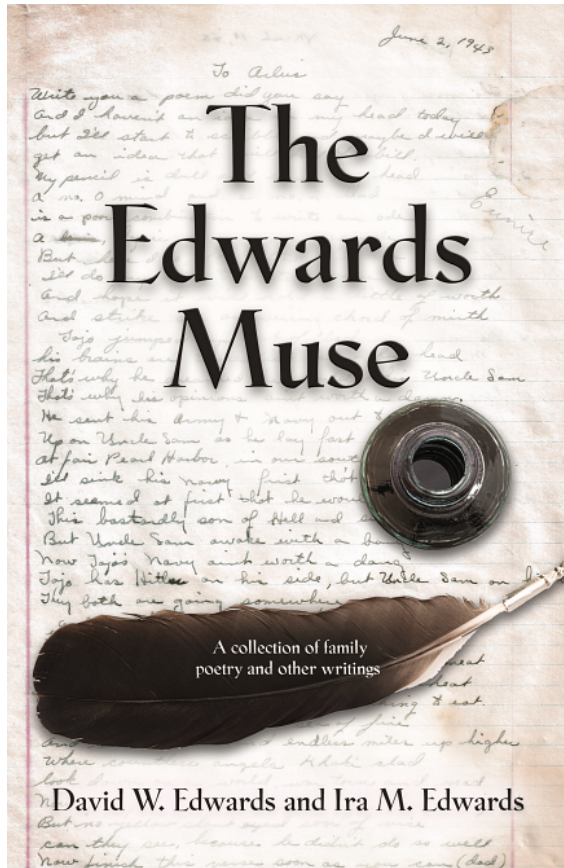
I often think that their world is small
A narrower world than mine;
Their lights are cut by a foursquare wall
While for me the planets shine.
They have a light that a switch controls
I have the moon's broad face,
They have the warmth of a few small coals
I have the chill of all space.

And yet a man was made for a mate
For a shelter and fire of his own;
And I long for you when the hour is late
And I walk in the streets alone.
For a little house of most any kind
A book and an easy chair;

To sit INSIDE by a window blind
And know I belong right there.

– Ralph Burris Edwards

[From his notebook: “Marriage brings its own songs - sometimes in a minor key. There are forced absences when a boy hardly mature must walk the streets in a western town in the lonely night-time and return to a one-room shack to write before bedtime the lines that have come almost involuntarily on the streets.”]



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