

# The Burials of Bryan

By DUDLEY REID, in Kansas City Post

## BURIAL I.

The scene was at Chicago, some twenty years ago,  
The west was all excited, as older people know,  
And silver was the issue and like a roaring tide  
Was riding on the border and sweeping far and wide.

And on the eastern seaboard, the slogan it was gold,  
With followers as lusty, and leadership as bold,  
And hearts as firmly centered in what they thought was right;  
And it was plain to every one that there would be a fight.

The eastern cause was managed with smooth finesse and skill  
By men like Grover Cleveland and David Bennett Hill,  
Who sought by specious pleadings and superficial thought,  
To run o'er western farmers their golden juggernaut.

But back upon the benches, unknown to fame there sat  
A young man with a lemon, the "Boy from the Platte,"  
Who calmly sucked the acid and blew the seeds away,  
And shaped the golden cadence of destiny that day.

His wisdom was convincing, his logic was replete,  
His eloquence was mad'ning and swept men from their feet,  
The cheers were long and deaf'ning, the crowd was all aflame,  
The west had found its leader—and Bryan was his name.

And how the golden thunder of his supreme campaign  
Reechoed from the hill-tops and swept o'er field and plain,  
Until it thrilled the country and people rose in mass  
To smite the hosts of Mammon and government by class.

But, ah, the hosts of Mammon, unscrupulous and bold,  
With tons of filthy lucre bought up the day for gold,  
And Bryan he was buried, while tears of tender grief  
Bowed down the hearts of millions who idolized their chief.

## BURIAL II.

But God He sent His angels unto the lonely tomb,  
And broke the seal of silence and made the flowers to bloom,  
And Bryan rose in glory from darkness and the grave,  
To lead again the banner of all the just and brave.

Again his clear-cut logic, his eloquence and youth,  
His magic and his manners, his zeal for right and truth  
Aroused the loyal millions that followed him before,  
And like a flame of glory he swept from shore to shore.

This time the burning issue on which he made his fight  
Was but the cause of freedom—the privilege and right  
Of every land and country to rule its own domain,  
Wavering by wars of conquest, by outside greed or gain.

But now the flag was flying and Spain was at our feet,  
The drums and fifes were ringing and gladness was replete;  
And all the hopes of Bryan and what he argued for  
Were swallowed up by music and "how we won the war."

Again the precious emblem of equity and light  
Went down before the legions of power and greed and might,  
And Bryan he was buried so deep in drifts of snow  
It seemed that God Almighty his grave would never know.

## BURIAL III.

But down at old St. Louis, one thousand-nine-and-four,  
He had again arisen as healthy as before,  
And met there singled-handed the boasting gold-bug clan,  
And blocked their bold maneuvers, and beat them to a man.

Yea, wrested from the straddlers a platform true and sound,  
And gave unto the party some honest fighting ground,  
Till Parker spoiled the prospects and made his race a sham  
By adding to the platform a plank by telegram.

When Parker was defeated, it blocked the Wall Street plan,  
And, sick and tired of humbugs, the people asked a man,  
And so they called to Bryan, and once again he came  
And touched the hills and prairies with eloquence and flame.

But tho' the cause was gaining, the time was yet too soon,  
The clock had not yet stricken the hour of golden noon,  
So Ephraim hugged his idols and held them fierce and tight,  
And once again the leader went down in gallant fight.

And then again his comrades picked up his mangled bones  
And placed them in the grave-yard and covered them with stones,  
But as in tears they left him, their hearts somewhat in doubt,  
His two big toes were active and slowly wriggled out.

## BURIAL IV.

Then came the big convention of famous Baltimore  
And found him strong and active as in the days of yore—  
And Morgan, Belmont, Murphy, and all the Wall Street crew,  
Went down before his onslaughts with briskets black and blue.

He beat them to the key-note and pitched it true and sound;  
And then he wrote the platform, the best that could be found,  
And picked out Woodrow Wilson to stand upon it, too—  
And this it seems was plenty for any corpse to do.

And now reform was rip'ning on every hill and plain,  
The fruit of Bryan's labor, the wisdom of his brain;  
It was the day of reaping, the harvest-fields were white,  
And Democrats pressed forward to glean the sheaves of light.

The cause it was triumphant, and Wilson felt so glad  
He brought to Billy Bryan the biggest plum he had,  
And asked the noted leader to sit upon his right,  
And help him in the battle with privilege and might.

And Bryan, he accepted and lent a willing hand  
To every party measure that Wilson gave the land,  
And oft in hours of darkness, when cunning blocked the fight,  
He shed his "linen duster" and knocked them left and right.

He made a good official, although the old machine,  
Pursued him with a malice the world has seldom seen:

On every word and action, the devil it outbid,  
And damned him if he didn't—and damned him if he did.

But when the hate and slander and calumny have passed,  
And all the fires of envy have burned away at last,  
All mankind will remember he worked without surcease  
For thirty golden treaties to keep the world at peace.

At last when war-clouds gathered and conscience and belief  
Would not permit him longer to travel with his Chief,  
He shook his head in sadness, but calm as man could be,  
And faced the roaring breakers—and jumped into the sea.

## FINAL RESURRECTION

It would have seemed less bitter to see him die on land,  
Engaged again in battle, his broad-sword in his hand,  
Than have him brave the ocean and perish in the sea,  
And have no resurrection—at least none seemingly.

But fortune always favors the honest and the brave,  
And soon his smiling features appeared above the wave,  
His big, strong arms out-parting the angry wave before,  
His vision calm and steadfast—and headed for the shore.

As soon as he had landed, he stood with streaming hair,  
And spoke for love and patience and mercy everywhere,  
For justice and forbearance, and all those tender ties  
That knit man to his brother and bless and civilize.

While others talked of soldiers and armaments and guns,  
Of shot and shell and powder and battleships by tons,  
And other horrid engines for taking human life,  
He preached the gentle answer that always conquers strife.

Again at old St. Louis he was the biggest man,  
Became the honored leader of public thought again,  
And sounded there the slogan that won the most applause  
And made the hope of triumph seem brighter for the cause.

But the elect were blinded and feared to send him east,  
Lest he might spoil their chances, or damage them at least,  
So in the south and central, and in the north and west,  
They told him to unlimber and do his dog-goned best.

But when the votes were counted, the east it went for Hughes  
By such astounding figures it seemed the cause would lose,  
Until the western country, where Bryan had been sent,  
Rebuked the eastern Jingoos and saved the president.

And those who scoffed at Bryan, should take the map and see  
Along his path of travel the sheen of victory,  
By precinct and by precinct, by hamlet and by town,  
It was the same old story of truth that would not down.

Although the east was maddened and voted blood and war,  
And battleships and soldiers and strife that all abhor,  
The west it bade the cannon and gatling-gun surcease,  
And voted love and mercy and charity and peace.  
And so to Billy Bryan no man should say good-bye,  
Like truth he is eternal simply will not die:  
And tho' he may be buried in grief and tears today,  
Tomorrow and her angels shall roll the stones away.