

1. Mari Basaca Fuentes (Nevada)

Songs for the People
By Frances Ellen Watkins Harper

Let me make the songs for the people,

 Songs for the old and young;

Songs to stir like a battle-cry

 Wherever they are sung.

Not for the clashing of sabres,

 For carnage nor for strife;

But songs to thrill the hearts of men

 With more abundant life.

Let me make the songs for the weary,

 Amid life's fever and fret,

Till hearts shall relax their tension,

 And careworn brows forget.

Let me sing for little children,

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

Before their footsteps stray,
Sweet anthems of love and duty,
To float o'er life's highway.

I would sing for the poor and aged,
When shadows dim their sight;
Of the bright and restful mansions,
Where there shall be no night.

Our world, so worn and weary,
Needs music, pure and strong,
To hush the jangle and discords
Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.

Music to soothe all its sorrow,
Till war and crime shall cease;
And the hearts of men grown tender
Girdle the world with peace.

2. Aspen Geist (North Dakota)

To a Bride
By Mary Toles Peet

Thou askest, O my friend, a song to-day;
But what soft note, what subtle melody
Can thy young heart's delicious joy convey?

In Life's enchanted lyre, one chord alone
Can thrill thee with a music all its own,
And fill thine heart with one most perfect tone.

What need, then, hast thou that I sing to thee?
June roses for thy bridal, fair to see,
Are sweeter music than my notes can be;

And song-birds flitting thro' the fragrant air,
And stars that gleam, like living eyes, from where
Thine own turn softly in thy troth-plight prayer.

Then silence, sweeter than all varied sound,
Shall fold thee soft, like loving arms around,
For life's most perfect gift thy heart hath found.

3. Liam McLaughlin (Arizona)

A Nation's Strength
By William Ralph Emerson

What makes a nation's pillars high

And its foundations strong?

What makes it mighty to defy

The foes that round it throng?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand

Go down in battle shock;

Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,

Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword? Ask the red dust

Of empires passed away;

The blood has turned their stones to rust,

Their glory to decay.

And is it pride? Ah, that bright crown

Has seemed to nations sweet;

But God has struck its luster down

In ashes at his feet.

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

Not gold but only men can make

A people great and strong;

Men who for truth and honor's sake

Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,

Who dare while others fly...

They build a nation's pillars deep

And lift them to the sky.

4. Ellette Whitcomb (Montana)

A New Spinning Song
By Margaret Widdemer

The fillet needs another pearl, the hand another ring,

(Turn, wheels, turn, dusk in the red young sun!)

What are little hearts that beat and little lips that sing?

(Turn wheels, turn, whirl till our whim is won!)

Flesh and blood and dusky eyes, childish heart and gay,

These shall turn our wheels for us and wither through the day—

(Turn, wheels, turn, dusk in the red young sun!)

The pinnacle needs a swifter sail, the fortress needs a tower,

(Turn, wheels, turn, bleak in the sultry noon!)

What if all the woods are green and all the fields in flower?

(Turn, wheels, turn, stilling the youth-time soon!)

Children's strength and children's lives are fuel that we burn,

More shall come when these are gone to make our great wheels turn—

(Turn, wheels, turn, bleak in the sultry noon!)

Leisure-time and mirth are dear, flesh and blood are cheap

(Turn, wheels, turn, black in the hopeless night!)

What if children break or die the morns we smile in sleep?

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

(Turn, wheels, turn, over the hearts once light!)

Spinning flesh to gold for us, spinning life for bread,

Spinning hope and strength and breath along the endless thread—

(Turn, wheels, turn black in the hopeless night!)

5. Johnson Ailima (American Samoa)

Our Country
By Julia Ward Howe

On primal rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves,
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.
The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;
Till, fold by fold, the broidered Land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.
O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee.
First in the glories of thy front

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

Let the crown jewel Truth be found;
The right hand fling with generous wont
Love's happy chain to furthest bound.
Let Justice with the faultless scales
Hold fast the worship of thy sons,
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.
So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spiced angels hail thy cause.
O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of faith, the crown of song.

6. DB Henderson (Colorado)

Friendship After Love
By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

After the fierce midsummer all ablaze

Has burned itself to ashes, and expires

In the intensity of its own fires,

There come the mellow, mild, St. Martin days

Crowned with the calm of peace, but sad with haze.

So after Love has led us, till he tires

Of his own throes, and torments, and desires,

Comes large-eyed friendship: with a restful gaze,

He beckons us to follow, and across

Cool verdant vales we wander free from care.

Is it a touch of frost lies in the air?

Why are we haunted with a sense of loss?

We do not wish the pain back, or the heat;

And yet, and yet, these days are incomplete.

7. Sofia Skuza Rivera (Minnesota)

To a Young Dancing Girl
By Elsa Gidlow

Golden-eyed girl, do you see what I see?

Do you see behind the veil that Life

laughs through?

Golden-eyed girl, I would like to laugh

with you.

But my veil is torn, and I see things pass

Like shadows in the depths of a crystal glass.

Golden-eyed girl, you are young as springtime,

Your great eyes are dreamful, your rare

lips sweet.

Shadows matter little to youth with dancing feet

All of Life's skeletons wear gay dresses

And youth is deceived by even Death's caresses.

Golden-eyed girl, you have years to dance and

wonder

Before your Life's curtain will wear into holes

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

And let you see the hopelessness hidden in souls.

You have many moons of laughter, many

years to go

Before you'll learn how heavy dancing feet

can grow.

8. Dovelynn Martinson (Wyoming)

She of the Dancing Feet Sings
By Countee Cullen

And what would I do in heaven, pray,

Me with my dancing feet,

And limbs like apple boughs that sway

When the gusty rain winds beat?

And how would I thrive in a perfect place

Where dancing would be sin,

With not a man to love my face,

Nor an arm to hold me in?

The seraphs and the cherubim

Would be too proud to bend

To sing the feary tunes that brim

My heart from end to end.

The wistful angels down in hell

Will smile to see my face,

And understand, because they fell

From that all-perfect place.

9. James Ware (Utah)

Blues Fantasy
By Langston Hughes

Hey! Hey!

That's what the

Blues singers say.

Singing minor melodies

They laugh,

Hey! Hey!

My man's done left me,

Chile, he's gone away.

My good man's left me,

Babe, he's gone away.

Now the cryin' blues

Haunts me night and day.

Hey! . . . Hey!

Weary,

Weary,

Trouble, pain.

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

Sun's gonna shine

Somewhere

Again.

I got a railroad ticket,

Pack my trunk and ride.

Sing 'em, sister!

Got a railroad ticket,

Pack my trunk and ride.

And when I get on the train

I'll cast my blues aside.

Laughing,

Hey! . . . Hey!

Laugh a loud,

Hey! Hey!

10. Almaz Clawson (Texas)

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11. Damien Andre Deen (South Dakota)

Ships that Pass in the Night
By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Out in the sky the great dark clouds are massing;
I look far out into the pregnant night,
Where I can hear a solemn booming gun
And catch the gleaming of a random light,
That tells me that the ship I seek is passing, passing.

My tearful eyes my soul's deep hurt are glassing;
For I would hail and check that ship of ships.
I stretch my hands imploring, cry aloud,
My voice falls dead a foot from mine own lips,
And but its ghost doth reach that vessel, passing, passing.

O Earth, O Sky, O Ocean, both surpassing,
O heart of mine, O soul that dreads the dark!
Is there no hope for me? Is there no way
That I may sight and check that speeding bark
Which out of sight and sound is passing, passing?

12. Lillian Braly (California)

O Captain! My Captain!
By Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up- for you the flag is flung- for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths- for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

13. Hadas Frish (New Mexico)

**Our Own Twelve Anti-suffragist Reasons
By Alice Duer Miller**

1. Because no woman will leave her domestic duties to vote.
2. Because no woman who may vote will attend to her domestic duties.
3. Because it will make dissension between husband and wife.
4. Because every woman will vote as her husband tells her to.
5. Because bad women will corrupt politics.
6. Because bad politics will corrupt women.
7. Because women have no power of organization.
8. Because women will form a solid party and outvote men.
9. Because men and women are so different that they must stick to different duties.
10. Because men and women are so much alike that men, with one vote each, can represent their own views and ours too.

11. Because women cannot use force.

12. Because the militants did use force.

14. Jade Terriss Talamo (Washington)

Poetry
By Marianne Moore

I too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle.

Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers that there is
in

it after all, a place for the genuine.

Hands that can grasp, eyes

that can dilate, hair that can rise

if it must, these things are important not because a
high-sounding interpretation can be put upon them but because they are
useful; when they become so derivative as to become unintelligible, the

same thing may be said for all of us—that we

do not admire what

we cannot understand. The bat,

holding on upside down or in quest of something to

eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a tireless wolf under

a tree, the immovable critic twinkling his skin like a horse that feels a flea, the

base—

ball fan, the statistician—case after case

could be cited did

one wish it; nor is it valid

to discriminate against “business documents and

school-books”; all these phenomena are important. One must make a distinction

however: when dragged into prominence by half poets, the result is not poetry,

nor till the autocrats among us can be

“literalists of

the imagination”—above

insolence and triviality and can present

for inspection, imaginary gardens with real toads in them, shall we have

it. In the meantime, if you demand on the one hand, in defiance of their
opinion—

the raw material of poetry in

all its rawness, and

that which is on the other hand,

genuine, then you are interested in poetry.

15. Brielle Brandon (Guam)

Song of Myself, 18
By Walt Whitman

With music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums,
I play not marches for accepted victors only, I play marches for conquer'd and
slain persons.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are
won.

I beat and pound for the dead,
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have fail'd!
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!
And to all generals that lost engagements, and all overcome heroes!
And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known!

16. Emma Keen (Oregon)

I Am Like a Leaf
By Yone Noguchi

The silence is broken: into the nature

My soul sails out,

Carrying the song of life on his brow,

To meet the flowers and birds.

When my heart returns in the solitude,

She is very sad,

Looking back on the dead passions

Lying on Love's ruin.

I am like a leaf

Hanging over hope and despair,

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

Which trembles and joins

The world's imagination and ghost.

17. Monroe Williams (Idaho)

Elegy Before Death
By Edna St. Vincent Millay

There will be rose and rhododendron
 When you are dead and under ground;
Still will be heard from white syringas
 Heavy with bees, a sunny sound;

Still will the tamaracks be raining
 After the rain has ceased, and still
Will there be robins in the stubble,
 Brown sheep upon the warm green hill.

Spring will not ail nor autumn falter;
 Nothing will know that you are gone,
Saving alone some sullen plough-land
 None but yourself sets foot upon;

Saving the may-weed and the pig-weed
 Nothing will know that you are dead,—
These, and perhaps a useless wagon
 Standing beside some tumbled shed.

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

Oh, there will pass with your great passing

Little of beauty not your own,—

Only the light from common water,

Only the grace from simple stone!

18. Kai Gammarino (Hawaii)

Early Affection
By George Moses Horton

I lov'd thee from the earliest dawn,
 When first I saw thy beauty's ray,
And will, until life's eve comes on,
 And beauty's blossom fades away;
And when all things go well with thee,
With smiles and tears remember me.

I'll love thee when thy morn is past,
 And wheedling gallantry is o'er,
When youth is lost in age's blast,
 And beauty can ascend no more,
And when life's journey ends with thee,
O, then look back and think of me.

I'll love thee with a smile or frown,
 'Mid sorrow's gloom or pleasure's light,
And when the chain of life runs down,

**Semifinal Three
Round Three**

Pursue thy last eternal flight,
When thou hast spread thy wing to flee,
Still, still, a moment wait for me.

I'll love thee for those sparkling eyes,
To which my fondness was betray'd,
Bearing the tincture of the skies,
To glow when other beauties fade,
And when they sink too low to see,
Reflect an azure beam on me.

19. Cassie Lumba (Alaska)

O Me! O Life!
By Walt Whitman

O Me! O life! of the questions of these recurring,
Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill'd with the foolish,
Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish than I, and who more
faithless?)
Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of the struggle ever
renew'd,
Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid crowds I see around me,
Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me intertwined,
The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me, O life?

Answer.

That you are here—that life exists and identity,
That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse.