

HAPPY 200TH BIRTHDAY, HENRY

A Letter to Henry

by Rose Morrow, Wells, Maine

2-27-07

Dear Henry,

We never did meet face to face,
Your life a different time and place.
How grand your writings in a book
I found one day I chanced to look.
Within the pages of that tome
I glimpsed your family, heart and home.

The home you loved up on the hill,
In splendor now, it sits there still.
And the mist encircles the old sea town
Just as it did in your days of renown.

There are streets in your name
And a granite statue to view,
Nearby flies Old Glory,
Still red, white, and blue.

Bowdoin scholars are many
And fill every hall,
The pines you once knew
are now stately and tall.

(For certain these lines are written in vain)
But we're glad you lives, Henry,
In our own state of Maine!

Sincerely,

Rose Morrow



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Responding to Longfellow is a partnership of the Maine Historical Society; Maine's Poet Laureate; and the Stonecoast MFA Program at the University of Southern Maine. For more information, please visit www.hwlongfellow.org

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