



"Watchman, What of the Night?"

What is time; is it the light
Of a candle in the night;
Notches cut by coursing star;
Shadows cast by dial's bar;

Hour glasses turned by seers;
Calendars that mark the years;
Clocks with their relentless hands;
Footprints on the shifting sands?

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What, my friend, are one hundred years;
What's this one hears of pioneers?

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Threading through the silent forest,
Homing to the sea,
The Wisconsin greets the Prairie,
Hails the century.

A century of hopes and fears,
Of love and hate, of smiles and tears.

Upon its breast the river bears
The questing vanguard;
Wisconsin red man, voyageur;
Worker, dreamer, bard.

Ten decades filled with joy and pain,
With birth and death, with sun and rain.

Beside the river's silver flow,
Sound the "timber" calls.
The lumberjacks are driving logs,
To Jenny Bull Falls.

Five score years of plenty and need,
Of play and toil, of dream and deed.

The golden grains spill from the logs
And the saw's sharp blade
Sings its pioneer lullaby
While lumber is made.

Centennial of peace and blood,
Of youth and age, of drought and flood.

A city rises on the banks
Of the storied stream;
Built on the site of Merrill, is
The pioneer's dream.

One hundred years of trust in God,
Of faith in man, and in this sod.

—J. A. Crowley

