

Poem by Adolph Ochs
Submitted by Matt Boisen, Great-Great Nephew

In Memory of the 50th Anniversary of the Battle of New Ulm, Minn.

In Grateful Memory of the Valor of the Defenders, these verses are dedicated by a son of a Pioneer, which was read by him at a banquet, in the German language, at New Ulm, on August 18, 1912.

**Love of freedom, roaming, courage,
Flow forever through the veins
Of the sturdy sons of German
Mountains, valley, woods and plains.**

**But today we sing of heroes,
Who across the sea have come;
And with little else but courage
Tamed the wilds and found a home.**

**Men of sturdy mien, they journeyed
To the West from distant lands;
Love of freedom, wife and children
Led them onward to their goal.**

**So they wandered through the prairie,
Many long and weary miles,
Until He who guides the heavens
Brought them to their journey's end.**

**Now before their hopeful vision
In the sunset's golden bands
Lay the Minnesota Valley,
Wooded streams and fertile lands**

**And with gladsome words they shouted;
"Here a homeland we will found,
Where our loved ones may find shelter,
Peace and Happiness abound."**

**And ere long the valley wakened,
Cabins rose in field and woods.
Peace, contentment lived in homesteads,
That were poor in earthly goods.**

**But there dawned a bloody morning--
August eighteenth, 'sixty-two--
When a frenzied horde of redmen
Brought a war they were to rue.**

**But the pioneers were ready
To defend their homes and land;
Bravely facing death and sorrow
For the safety of their band.**

**Swarming hordes of drunken redmen
Swept the valley end to end,
Like a vengeful storm-god searching
Just to burn and kill and rend.**

**But our heroes stood embattled
Like a wall of stone and steel,
And the redskins' storm was broken
On the reef of pioneer will.**

**Now, on this, the place of carnage,
Blooms a city without peer;
On the far-flung western prairie,
None more beautiful appears.**

**Here is German faith and custom,
Here is German honor, too.
And we hope and pray that always
May these traits be ever new.**

**But the heroes who once fought here,
Are they still with us today?
Can they answer to the roll call?
Or have they passed away?**

**Yes, so many of the strong ones,
Who then fought so well that day,
The silent graveyard shelters
Their remains till Judgment Day.**

**Now the winter storms blow ghastly,
Across their silent dens,
And summer zephyrs chant softly
A mournful requiem.**

**But their brave deeds stay in memory,
May they never leave our minds;
Their Memorial and Testament,
Is the work they left behind.**

**To those who still are living,
And are our guests once more,
We extend to you our greeting,
Who have built so well of yore.**

**We will ne'er forget your courage,
Nor the fame that is your due,
Nor the toilsome work and worry,
Of the pioneer days you knew.**

**While your sight is growing dimmer,
And your steps are firm no more,
The strong one is now tired,
And the brave eyes shine no more.**

**Yet, one thing changes never,
It's loving, gentle and bold,
It feels and loves as of ever,
The Hearts,--does ne'er grow old.**

--ADOLPH CASIMIR OCHS.