

Our national library [a poem by] Jennie Moore Bryan. [1928].

Our National Library

Pair set, august, with lantern'd, golden dome Far heralding the deathless fame of those Whose
genius rules the world; a polychrome Of painted walls, depicting joys and woes Recorded in old
legend, history, song; Mosaics; symbol-covered three fold door; Carved marbles; rich-toned glass—all
these belong To our great treasure house of world wide lore. House of enchantment; splendid jewel
case, Wherein, Athena stores, in manifold Design and form, her gems—her soul, by grace Called
Books; their number vast, their worth untold.

And so, from north to south, from sea to sea, This is the Nation's prized academy.

Jennie Moore Bryan