

Poems on Ohio

by Clement L. Martzloff,

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JOHNNY APPLESEED.

(The following extract from a poem, by Mrs. E. S. Dill, of Wyoming, Hamilton County, Ohio, written for the Christian Standard, is a pleasing tribute to the memory of Johnny Appleseed).

Grandpa stooped and from the grass at our feet,
Picked up an apple, large, juicy and sweet;
Then took out his jack knife and, cutting a slice,
Said as we ate it, "Isn't it nice
To have such applies to eat and enjoy?
Well, there weren't very many when I was a boy,
For the country was new — e'en food was scant;
We had hardly enough to keep us from want,
And this good man, as he rode around
Oft eating and sleeping upon the ground,
Always carried and planted appleseeds —
Not for himself but for others' needs.
The appleseeds grew and we to-day
Eat of the fruit planted by the way.
While Johnny — bless him — is under the sod —
His body is — ah! he is with God;
For, child, though it seemed a trifling deed
For a man just to plant an appleseed,
The apple-tree's shade, the flowers, the fruit,
Have proved a blessing to man and brute.
Look at the orchards throughout the land,
All of them planted by old Johnny's hand.
He will forever remembered be;
I would wish to have all so think of me."
