





V E R S E

A N D

W O R S E

By JOHN EDWARD HAZZARD

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377.
Thanking for their courtesy:

THE SMART SET

for

"Jes' Only Her"

and

THE PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN

for

"Martha's Christmas Tree"

*To the girl who gave me sadness,
To the girl who gave me gladness,
To the girl a little sweeter than the rest,
And sometimes when I'm lonely
She comes—in memory only;
To her a little better than the best.*

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VERSE AND WORSE

LAST YEAR

I WAS sittin' alone at a table,
I was just sorter waitin' for her,
I was watching a rose that I brought her
My thoughts were a sweet, hazy blur,
The rose was as fresh and as smiling
As I knowed that she'd be when she came
For the rose was the queen of the flowers
And she was of women the same.

She came as I looked at the posey
She was as I knowed she would be
Lovelier, sweeter, and better
Than any white angel to me.
I think the rose looked on my angel
And down in its rose heart it said
"She is fairer than I", and in sorrow
It withered away and was dead.

I am sittin' alone at a table
There ain't no use waitin' for her
The chair that she sat in is empty
I see the dead rose in a blur,
Its petals are withered and tarnished
Its voice is a memory call
And it says that somewhere in God's cities,
My angel is rose of them all.

A TOUCH

NOT long ago we met, this maid and I,
And in the same old way were introduced
And yet 'twas different, for it seemed to me
As though my heart had suddenly been loosed,
Her smile, perhaps she gave it to them all
And yet it seemed no smile had ever been
One half so sweet as in that crowded place
Amid the afternoon reception's din,
I touched her hand.

I saw her oft—by chance or by design,
And we were friends ere two new moons had
 come,
For I could not forget that silken hand,
And my poor heart kept beating like a drum,
And oft we'd steal away where wines were
 good,
And dinner was as kings would like to own,
Across the tablecloth of shining white
There, with my idol all alone,
I touched her glass.

Then later on by some two months or three,
In quiet cosy place by firelight,
Where words were much too commonplace to
 speak,
Where hearts are flint by which two souls
 ignite,
Where love and loving permeate the air,
And all the hours small as moments be,
There with her held tight in my arms,
My cup of happiness was filled for me,
I touched her lips.

GOD'S COUNTRY

TAKE me back to God's own country
And where is that place, my friend?
Is it here or just behind me
Or at earth's most other end?
Is it down where cotton's growing
In our Southern lazy land?
Or is it in the great wide West
Of cactus, sage and sand?
Is it Northward that you're looking
Thinking of some winter feast
Or far, far across the water
'Mid the yellow of the East?
Or perhaps the seething city
With its turmoil and its crowd
Is the bit of God's own country
That you're crying for aloud.

Take me back to God's own country
And where is that place, my friend?
Why, the spot where we are standing
Is to some most reverend.
Why, for all of us God's country
That is haunting like a ghost,
Is where handshakes are the realest
And where hearts and friends are most.

IF YOU SHOULD GO AWAY

IF you should go away,
I know this bubble world would still go
on,
And I would smile and laugh when you had
gone
My eyes would not be wet, my look forlorn,
I would not show the place my heart was
torn,
If you should go away.

If you should go away,
I'd still remember that I'd work to do
And have the world say "Well done" when
I'm through
I would not moan nor look for sympathy
They would not know how much it meant to
me,
If you should go away.

If you should go away,
The grass would still be green upon the hill,
The brook would babble and race onward still,
Its voice would sing as traveled it along
And only I would hear a sadder song,
If you should go away.

If you should go away,
I mean if you should go away from me,
The world? Why, 'twould not even pause to
see
And not a single soul would say "Alack"
And only I would long that you come back,
If you should go away.

UNUTTERED

IF I could paint, I'd paint the lily white,
And painting, I'd paint you.
Your hair with all the blackness of the night,
Your cheek with all the blush of roses hue.
If I could paint.

If I could write, I'd write about your ways,
For they have made me care.
I'd write a prayer of love for him who prays
That he might pray to you, my lady fair,
If I could write.

If I could sing, of you I'd make my song,
And make it, oh! so sweet
That all the birds would listen and ere long
Would pause and flutter downward to your
feet,
If I could sing.

I cannot paint, I cannot write,
I cannot utter tone,
But I can sit and think of you
Alone, alone, alone.

“A FELLER’S HEART”

A FELLER’S heart’s the dern’dest thing
I know,
They seems to be no way to keep it straight,
Fer almost any place that you may go
You’ll find that you can lose it,—why, of
late
If I go out at all it seems as though
My dern-fool heart will find another mate
An’ thump an’ bump—but say, the feelin’s
great.
I tell you my heart’s got me right in tow,
But I can’t help it—I suppose it’s fate.

A feller’s heart’s an awful funny thing,
An’ mine will cause me trouble some fine
day.
What else but trouble can it ever bring
If it keeps actin’ in this foolish way.
To every girl I see it wants to cling,
Not thinkin’ that it’s me what has to pay,
With heartaches, ’til another comes, then
“bing”!
I’ve only got to hear her talk er sing,
Er even on some old piano play,
When I jes’ want to rush an’ git a ring.

A feller’s heart should never act like that,
An’ play the tricks that my heart plays on
me;
Sometimes I hardly know where I am at—
I never know where I am goin’ to be.
My heart jes’ tingles if I even bat
An eye at some fair maiden that I see.
I wish my heart would let me tell them “scat,”
Fer girls is false, an’ apt to leave you flat.
Yet knowin’ this I feel a certainty
The next will find me waitin’ on the mat.

THE DOG THAT HANGS AROUND THE PLACE

YOU'VE been to see the kennel dogs,
The kind that take a prize;
You've raved about their marking,
An' their lovely coat an' size;
An' now you stop an' look at me,
With no blue ribbon grace,
Who am I? Well, I'm jes' the dog
That hangs around the place.

Them kennel dogs is fussed about
An' get the darndest care.
They've got a man to watch 'em,
An' to stroke each "silken" hair.
But nighttimes, when they go to sleep,
An' doggie wrongs efface,
Who am I? Well, I'm jes' the dog
That hangs around the place.

I've sometimes seen some human folks
That minded me of me.
They seemed so grateful when they got
Jes' a pat of sympathy.
Folks do get dazzled, I suppose,
By purple, gold and lace;
An' they fergit the foolish dog
That hangs around the place.

I watched a feller once one time
Come with a party here.
A woman stooped to pat my head,
And murmured "What a dear!"
"Who is he?" Then the feller sighed
An' looked right in her face.
"Who is he? Why, he's jes' the dog
That hangs around the place."

JES' ONLY HER

I NEVER was in love before,
Least, not since I was ten;
An' I guess I'll be as happy
If I never am again.
Fer tho' I try to concentrate,
My thoughts is all a blur;
I've got nothin' on my mind, jes' only her.

The boss jes' thinks I'm crazy, sure,
I'll maybe lose my job;
Fer I'm christened in the office,
"That absent-minded slob."
I've started out to do things, and
Forgotten what they were.
I've got nothin' on my mind jes' only her.

I mostly, when I sit at meals,
Put sugar in my soup.
An' if I meet her suddenly
My heart jes' loops the loop.
I sometimes sit fer hours jes' as
If I couldn't stir;
I've got nothin' on my mind jes' only her.

This love is mighty serious,
An' mine is mighty bad;
Fer when my thoughts are not of her
They're all about her dad.
He says that I'm a numbskull,
But to him it don't occur
That I've got nothin' on my mind jes' only
her.

“THE CHARIOT H-2-0”

YOU may talk about the triumph of the
water wagon high,
And quote: “Me, not another drop! That’s
straight, I hope to die.”
You may look with pity on the man who’s
“looked upon the wine,”
And shake your head in sorrow as he walks
a Marcel line.
But you’re feeling mighty lonely; there is
sadness in your heart,
As you gaze upon the long-faced saints beside
you on the cart.

Tell us on the wagon you have just as good
a time;
Tell us in the morning you are always feeling
prime;
And your appetite is husky, as it hasn’t been
in years;
Your step is full of rubber since you quit the
cup that cheers;
Your ambition is so busy that it never needs
a boost,
And you rise at seven-thirty, when you used
to go to roost.

But, tell me, on the level, when all is done
and said,
Don’t you miss those awful mornings when
you murmured, “Oh, my head!”
When the tinkle of the pitcher was a welcome,
joyous sound,
When your head jumped twenty inches as
your foot first touched the ground?
When the sizzling of the bromo sounded like a
waterfall,
And you sent regards to business as you left
another “call”?

Talk of music! Why, the shaker and a flock
of broken ice,
With a neat amount of absinthe, is indeed,
worth any price;
And the dear old resolutions, and the "take
that food away!"
Till you get the drink that tells you you can
live another day.
Would you miss them—tell me truly—for a
water cart and four,
With no memory of the bully time you had
the night before?

"I WAS HAPPIER WHEN I HAD A LOT OF FLEAS"

I 'M a dog, an' in my dog life
There has lately come a change;
Fer they've scrubbed me an' they've rubbed
me,
And they've cured me of the mange.
An' the other things that dogs has,
Why, they drove 'em all away,
An' I find no occupation
In what was a busy day.
So somehow I keep a-thinkin',
As I'm livin' at my ease,
I was happier when I had a lot of fleas.

Gee! Those days I was so busy
That my food I had to snatch,
An' I had no time fer mischief,
'Cause I had to stop and scratch.
I never went them places
Where trouble's bound to lurk,
'Cause the pesky little insects
Used to keep me hard at work.
You kin talk of livin' easy,
And of doin' as you please,
But I was happier when I had a lot of fleas.

I kept away from other dogs,
An' I never had a fight.
I used to use my teeth, but it
Was me I'd always bite.
I never longed to see the sights,
Ner wander 'round the town,
Because a flea mos' every foot
Would cause me to sit down.
They never used to coax me
To git up on ladies' knees,
An' I was happier when I had a lot of fleas.

I met a dog not long ago—
A little doggie-ess—
An' she was jes' as pretty,
So I fell in love, I guess.
But she's gone away an' left me,
An' I'm feelin' all alone.
I jes' don't care fer nothin';
Got no relish fer my bone.
Oh, those days when I was busy,
An' I couldn't think of "she's"—
Gee! I was happier when I had a lot of fleas.

“UPLIFTED”

I 'VE lately been sort o' uplifted,
Religion? Well, yes, of a kind.
But certainly goin' to churches
Ain't always religion, I find.
I've a certain fair human I worship.
She's makin' me do better things.
I've lately been sort of uplifted,
An' my ambition's taken new wings.

A feller don't do things that's rotten,
When eyes that are watchin' turn sad.
In fancy you feel hands that lead you,
Jes' lead you away from the bad.
When you feel a superior bein'
Sort o' pleased with yourself all the while,
Why, you've lately been sort of uplifted,
An' you know you've done right by her
smile.

When you sort o' shake out all the wrinkles
An' the wantin' to "do things" is real,
Jes' 'cause you know that she'd like it,
By gosh! They'se no stronger appeal.
When you feel that the world needs a lickin'
An' you jes' take your shoulders and shove,
Why, you've lately been sort of uplifted
By the kind o' religion called love.

WHERE NOBODY KNOWS

I KNOW a place what they's nobody knows,
A place that I found where there's no-
body goes,
Where brigands and bandits and pirates all
sleep,
Where treasures is buried, most awfully deep.
It's right on our lake, in a dangerous spot,
And some day I'll join them as likely as not.

I know a place what they's nobody knows,
A place that I found where there's nobody
goes,
They's lions and tigers and dangerous things,
They's wildcats and bats and they's lizards
with wings,
It's up in the woods there, just back of our
shed,
And some day I'll sneak up and shoot them
all dead.

I know a place what they's nobody knows,
A place that I found where there's nobody
goes,
It's darker 'n pitch, and the noises you hear,
Makes you all over creepy, and tingly with
fear.
Some day when I'm older, and big, strong and
stout,
What's down in our cellar, I'm going to find
out.

I know a place what they's nobody knows,
A place that I found where there's nobody
goes,
And they's ghosts and they's goblins and
phantoms and sich,
And twice what I saw, was an old woman
witch;
It's up in our attic, and dangerous, gee!
Well they's none of our folks ever goes there
but me.

SETTIN' ALONG SIDE O' HER

WISH I could tell you the feelin' I feel
Sittin' along side o' her.
Sometimes I'm wonderin' if I'm really real
Sittin' along side o' her.
Sit all kinder tongue-tied an' turnin' bright
red,
Don't dare to look 'ceptin' jes' straight ahead
'Memberin' things that I ought to have said
Sittin' along side o' her.

Always get laughing at nothin' at all
Sittin' along side o' her.
Bet you most folks think that I got a gall
Sittin' along side o' her.
But I don't give a darn 'cause I'm happy, by
gum,
Pertectin' my place from the others that come
An' some day, well perhaps I won't have to
go hum,
From sittin' alongside o' her.

SEEMS LIKE THE OL' MAN UNDERSTOOD

I 'MEMBER the ol' man jes' as well—
He was grizzled an' quiet an' kind,
Wan't much on lickin's but jes' a look
An' somehow I always would mind.
Mother would tell him "Yes, spare the rod
Yer a-spoilin' the kiddie for good,"
But it seemed like the ol' man sort o' knowed
Like the ol' man understood.

I 'member they called me tomboy then
Said I never would act like a gal,
But it never worried the ol' man much,
He jes' tol' folks that I was his pal.
When days would come that acted as tho'
They wouldn't go right if they could,
Why it seemed like the old man sort o'
 knowed,
Like the ol' man understood.

I 'member the day the ol' man died,
It seemed like I'd turned into stone
An' then I 'member the feelin' came,
The feelin' that I was alone.
There wan't no tears tho' the rest all cried
An' I would 'a' cried if I could,
But it seemed like the ol' man sort o' knowed
Like the ol' man understood.

Old time's rolled many a turn since then
Some days have been happy, some grey,
But never one that he ain't been missed,
Since the ol' man was taken away.
Some days when the world seemed upside
 down
An' nothin' was right or good,
Why it seemed like the ol' man sort o' knowed,
Like the ol' man understood.

JES' WAITIN'

FOLKS often ask what I'm doin' the while
I don't never answer except with a smile,
Fer what do they care if my thoughts are
away
An' what do they care if I spend all the day,
Jes' waitin'.

Their sweethearts beside 'em I've seen 'em go
by
An' I'm durned if there ain't somethin' gits
in my eye,
I feel kind o' choaky a lump seems to press,
I ain't certain sure but it's lonesome, I guess,
Jes' waitin'.

An' then I remember her words, "Honey,
wait,"
Fer this goin' away's jes' a mean trick o'
fate,
But the same fate that took me, will bring me
back, dear,
I remember her words an' I'm glad that I'm
here,
Jes' waitin'.

So don't pay attention or worry yer head
Fer I'm recollectin' the words that she said,
Livin' on happiness gone in the yore,
Knowin' the future is always before,
Jes' waitin'.

On nights when I'm lonely her kisses I feel
An' often, by golly, they almost seem real,
So real that I whisper "Yer back, girl o'
mine,"
But she ain't, so I'm sittin', not makin' a
sign,
Jes' waitin'.

MIGHTY LIKE A BLESSIN'

SEEMS like folks mos' always say
When dey kneel 'em down to pray
"Lord! be blessin' me to-day
 Though I been transgressin',"
Always lookin' on de groun'
Always carryin' a frown
Never see de things aroun'
 Dat's mighty like a blessin'.

Never notice of de bees,
Never find a thing to please
When de wind up in de trees,
 Comes wid its soft caressin'.
Gee! I t'ink the babblin' brook,
Racin' like 'twas overtook,
Ef you'd only stop to look,
 Is mighty like a blessin'.

Love to see de mother hen
Ask her chickens "Whar you been?"
Laugh ma self sick now an' then,
 When I see 'em messin'.
Lord! De things folks lets go by
On der knees wid hands up high,
When de thing that's right here nigh,
 Is mighty like a blessin'.

One thing sweeter dan de res',
One thing better dan de bes',
Do' she cert'ney is a pes',
 Keepin' of me guessin'.
Hark, her footstep comin' here?
Hark, her voice so soft an' clear?
Jes' to know an' call her "dear,"
 Is mighty like a blessin'.

Sometimes, over yonder hill,
Moon look fo' a whip-poor-will,
Tellin' him he must keep still,
 As her lips I'm pressin'.
Den de moon, he was, he 'low'd,
'Shamed of makin' up a crowd,
When he'd hide behin' a cloud,
 'Twas mighty like a blessin'.

SOMETHING TO LOVE

WHEN yer as lonesome as lonesome kin be,
 Git something t' love.
If only th' hard things of life you kin see,
 Git something to love.
If all things around you seem empty and
 cold,
You feel pessimistic and wrinkled an' old,
Don't worry an' grumble an' cuss 'round an'
 scold,
 Git something to love.

Whether it's children or chickens or trees,
 Git something to love.
Or horses or women or yellow-back bees,
 Git something to love.
Don't close your heart up to Nature and
 things,
The world sometimes grumbles but mostly it
 sings,
Jus' take my tip, man, an' see what it brings,
 Git something to love.

*I'LL NEVER LOSE MY MONEY IF I
AIN'T GOT NONE TO LOSE*

JIM SMITTENS wuz a poor man,
Poor as church mice ever git.
Do ye think that Jim would worry
About money—not a bit.
Jim says “I got it all thought out
An’ poverty I choose,
'Cause I’ll never lose my money,
If I ain’t got none to lose.”

Folks said to him “Now, Jimsey,
You jes’ git yerse’f a wife,
It’ll give you an ambition
An’ a different view of life.”
Jim smiled an’ said “I thank you,
But I fear I must refuse,
'Cause I’ll never lose my wife, sir,
If I ain’t got none to lose.”

From the morning to the evening
He complained of feelin’ sick,
So they said “Go to a doctor
An’ he’ll cure you mighty quick.”
Jim coughed and smiling sadly,
Said “There’s hardly any use,
'Cause I’ll never lose my health, sir,
If I ain’t got none to lose.”

ON LOAFING

JIM BRIGGS he wuz a loafer
An' at loafin' took th' quince.
He started life by restin'
An' stayed restin' ever since.
He loafed from morn 'til evenin'
An' enjoyed hisself, I swan!
When most folks earned their daily bread,
Why Jim, he jes' loafed on.

The boys growed up around him
An' they made 'emselves careers
An' when they came back to our town,
Folks greeted 'em with cheers.
They'd set the world on fire,
In some spots, while they wuz gone,
They carved their names in hist'ry
An' Jim, he still loafed on.

Ed. Smart he's an inventor,
Took to flying in the air.
Sam Foot became a lawyer
An' the best that's anywhere.
Bill Wills took architecture
An' he worked from dawn 'til dawn.
Yes—all our boys succeeded,
But Jim—he jes' loafed on.

Mos' all our boys was sixty
When they shuffled off the coil
An' the doctor diagnosed it
As an overdose of toil.
They had worked an' they'd succeeded
An' at sixty they were gone,
While smilingly, at ninety,
Our Jim—he jes' loafed on.

“THE QUEENLY LADY”

BEAUTIFUL, lovely, regal,
We placed her upon a throne.
Down at the base we worshipped
And loved in a stifled tone.
Stately, she walked among us,
Bowling, we parted the way,
Cursing that we were common,
While she was of finer clay.

And we never knew, for how could we know,
As our lips touched her marble hand,
That her heart cried out from within her
breast,
“Why is it you won’t understand?
Tho’ you’ve made me a thing to worship,
I loathe it here above,
Tho’ I look like a queen, I’m a woman,
And what I want is love.”

Fluffy and soft and brainless,
Pretty as violets are,
Those are the kind we fondle
And drop like a burned cigar.
But she of the rose-like beauty—
We knelt at her feet, a slave,
No word of love we told her,
Not one of us was so brave.

And we never knew, for how could we know,
As our lips touched her marble hand,
That her heart cried out from within her
breast,
“Why is it you won’t understand?
Tho’ you kneel for an age at a kneeling,
Prating about my charms,
When my tired soul just hungers to be
Wrapped in a strong man’s arms.”

One of us one day married
This creature of regal state,
Often she called him "husband,"
But never she called him "mate."
With us he knelt and worshipped,
Down at the base of the throne,
And smiling alike upon us,
She sat there in state alone.

And we never knew, for how could we know,
As our lips touched her marble hand,
That her heart cried out from within her
breast,
"Why is it you won't understand?
It's so cold and terribly lonely,
Sitting up here above,
Tho' I look like a queen, I'm a woman,
And what I want is love."

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER

O H, the floor was simply littered
And the books were piled so high
And the dust upon his pictures
Often used to make him sigh.
Then he started in to fix things
And of neatness have a run,
But things, alas, would look far worse
Than when he had begun.

His shoes were in a corner,
His trousers on a trunk,
His waistcoats in the closet,
Looked like a lot of junk.
And when he wanted collars,
They were underneath the bed,
But he always found them, somehow,
No matter what he said.

At last he got a slavey
Some sixty-six years old,
She toiled from night till morning
And was worth her weight in gold.
His house is now in order,
There is neatness everywhere,
No dust upon the pictures,
No trousers on the chair.

His house is now in order,
His papers put away,
And when he looks for letters
It takes him one whole day.
His shoes are safely hidden,
For his socks he seeks and seeks,
And she leaves him in the morning
To be gone for many weeks.

"THE GOSHDERN WORDS"

THEY always has been sumpin' wrong
About my memory.
The biggest part of all my brains
Is my fergittery.
When I was only one year old,
Gee! I could talk as plain,
Exceptin' when they's company,
An' then Pa 'd go insane,
'Cause I'd fergit the goshdern words.

An' later I was sent to school,
To learn to read an' write,
I knowed that I must study hard,
With all my main an' might.
I studied hard to learn a piece,
To speak before them all,
But when I got up on my feet,
I jes' began to bawl,
'Cause I fergot the goshdern words.

The boys all used to laugh at me,
An' sometimes call me "Sis,"
Though I could beat them at their games,
An' seldom ever miss.
I don't know that I blame them much,
Fer nothin' could be wuss,
'Cause when I tried to be a man
An' let right out an' cuss,
Why, I'd fergit the goshdern words.

My greatest trouble came at last,
When I met Sarah Ann.
She married Hiram Simpson,
Though I'm a better man.
I kep' my love locked in my breast
Er some such place as that;
Fer when I tried to speak of it,
Why, I jes' twirled my hat,
'Cause I fergot the goshdern words.

Now, I could go on writin' this
Fer jes' the longest time,
'Cause if you're fond of poetry,
Why, I jes' love to rhyme.
But you see how it is with me,
When I write jingle-ings,
I can't jes' seem to write so much
Of things, an' things, an'—things,
'Cause I fergit the goshdern words.

“*MARTHA’S CHRISTMAS TREE*”

’**M**EMBER Martha’s Christmas tree,
The first she ever had,
When she was big as half a foot
And couldn’t gurgle “Dad”
Ner “Ma” ner any other word
’Ceptin’ p’raps ’twas “goo”?
’Member her first Christmas tree,
When Martha jes’ was new?

’Member how I cut the tree
Back yonder in the wood?
An’ how we took an’ hid it too,
As ef she understood?
’Member how we popped the corn
An’ strung it all on strings,
An’ drove the cart ’way into town
T’ get them tinc’lee things?

’Member how the neighbors came
T’ see her Christmas tree,
An’ how she laughed an’ gurgled,
As she clapped her hands in glee?
An’ looked at all the faces
That gathered in the door,
The same that raised their glasses
To the bride the year before?

Once more it’s Christmas time, dear,
Tho’ forty years have passed,
An’ your old head and mine, dear,
Have whitened in the blast.
But still we’re stringin’ popcorn
An’ the tree is hid away,
An’ our heart is op’ed to welcome
Martha’s kiddies home to-day.

“THE POINT OF VIEW”

THE Optimist:

The Spring has come,
When Nature opens wide her eyes,
And, smiling, bids her children rise
To greet the azure of the skies.
When birds, new-plumed, are on the wing,
When they their song of greeting sing,
Rejoicing at the news they bring,
The Spring has come.

The Pessimist:

The Spring has come
And with it comes the rain and damp,
The muddy streets in which to tramp;
Spring cleaning—so I must decamp;
Spring fever lingers in the air;
'Tis cold, then warm, but I don't dare
To shake my Winter underwear.
The Spring has come.

The Optimist:

Oh, Summer-time!
The humming of the little bees,
The wind that's sighing on the trees,
The roses' perfume on the breeze!
The rising of the crimson moon,
The whippoorwill with plaintive tune,
My heart cries that you're gone too soon,
Oh, Summer-time!

The Pessimist:

Oh, Summer-time!
That humid horror of our lives,
When each for coolness vainly strives;
Mosquito bites, and sometimes hives.
When each one's cry is "Lots of ice!"
And damn the man that makes the price!
Compared to you, hell must be nice!
Oh, Summer-time!

The Optimist :

And now 'tis Fall.

Fair Autumn, dressed in red and gold,
Her splendid self bids you behold,
Before the Winter doth enfold.

The waving of the goldenrod
Gives Summer-time her farewell nod,
And watches Winter's onward plod.
And now 'tis Fall.

The Pessimist :

And now 'tis Fall

And comes the awful fume and fret
Of taking down mosquito net,
Or looking for a house to let.

The leaves out in the yard knee-deep,
Inside the house the dog must sleep,
And you ask why I cuss a heap!
And now 'tis Fall.

The Optimist :

Oh, Winter-time!

Within, the glow of hearth-fire bright;
Without, the earth in mantle white
Reflects the glory of the night.

The wide, wide world is pleasure-mad,
For young Jack Frost, that merry lad,
Commands that we shall all be glad.

Oh, Winter-time!

The Pessimist :

Oh, Winter-time!

There's naught to do but slide and slip,
To break your leg or back or hip;
And if not that, laid up with grip.

The snow within your collar blows;
Last night, no light—the gas main froze.
What coal has risen to, God knows!

Oh, Winter-time!

JES' YER LITTLE WAYS

I SUPPOSE that they's more reason why a
feller loves a girl

Than any other known complaint he's got.
Her face, her form, her tiny foot, some foolish
little curl,

And some, when asked for reasons, don't
know what.

But, honey, I've a reason, an' it's dearer than
them all,

That God with your sweet nature
interwove—

'Tain't yer eyes, ner yer hair, ner because
you're grand and tall.

It's jes' yer little ways I've learned to love.

I've heard 'em call you pretty, yes, and
beautiful as well.

I've heard the fellers rave about your hair.
They told about yer figure, an' the clothes you
wore was swell,

As they assumed a critic's knowin' air.

They've often set me smilin' at the foolish
things they see.

'Tho' because yer pretty I don't disapprove.
But, Lord, girl, when I'm dreamin', why, the
things that come to me

Is jes' yer little ways I've learned to love.

No, girl, I can't describe 'em; they're so
different and so quaint;

An' besides, describin' women is an art.
They may tell you that it's hard to understand
you, but it ain't

If they'll look a little deeper in yer heart.
I love to watch you 'round a room or cuddle
in a chair;

I follow with my eyes, afraid to move
An' I realize it, honey, when yer fingers
touched my hair,

It's jes' your little ways I've learned to
love.

“THOU SHALT NOT”

MY head is bowed, my heart is lead,
My arms are pinioned to a wall.
I heard a voice, and this it said:
“Thou shalt not.” And I heard the call.

I saw her face, and thought I saw
A haunting hunger ling’ring there.
I said, “I’ll break these cords;” then heard,
“Thou shalt not!” And I did not dare.

The passing world saw not our bonds;
To them we passed along, serene.
They did not see as our hands met,
“Thou shalt not!” staring in between.

We looked away; for what might pass
We did not know, if our eyes met.
For though we were above the rest,
“Thou shalt not!” we could not forget.

Just once we looked each in our eyes,
And then it seemed there was no choice,
But yet we did not dare to move.
“Thou shalt not!” came the awful voice.

God’s word, they say, was made for good.
For breaking it an angel fell
And so we passed along, we two,
“Thou shalt not!” leading us through hell.

“LAVENDER”

I LAID you away in lavender,
I turned the key in the lock,
And even tried to lose it,
As time went round the clock;
Just as I'd lost a hundred,
That once seemed just as dear.
I laid you away in lavender,
But yet you're always here.

On nights when the wind is wailing,
And the fire is burning bright,
It isn't the smoke from the embers
That seems to clog my sight;
And it isn't the smell of tobacco
That permeates the air.
'Tis the odor of old lavender
From memory 'way back there.

On nights when the wind is wailing
I sometimes pick the lock
Of my memory's leaden casket;
Sometimes turn back the clock.
The odor of that lavender
So far away and faint;
It crowns you with a halo,
And makes you seem a saint.

I laid you away in lavender,
Forever and for aye.
I hope that that old fragrance
Within my life will stay.
But I never want to see you—
'Tis far from now to then;
And the days we lived together
Can never live again.

“WHICH?”

TWO dusty packages tied with string,
Letters of days gone by.
Two dusty memories upward spring,
But which of them gets the sigh?

“Jack, dear, I am writing you to-night
To tell you that I’ve been proud
Since first our friendship came to light,
And I hope that never a cloud
Of evil thought will mar its way.
’Tis sweet when I think of you,
To know that on through the months and
years
Our friendship’s been pure and true.”

“Jack, dear, I am writing you to-night,
For I must, do you understand?
Oh, would I could feel you hold me tight,
Or even the touch of your hand
Against my cheek, and then one kiss
With that heaven that we know.
Oh, Jack, for a moment of that bliss,
And I—I’d never let you go.”

Two dusty packages tied with string,
Letters of days gone by.
Two dusty memories upward spring,
But which of them gets the sigh?

PERHAPS—SOME DAY

PERHAPS some day when you are all
alone,
When all the world assumes a sombre tone,
And you are searching for some other thing,
A trick of fate my memory will bring.
Perhaps some day.

And you'll remember that short, fleeting time,
When our two hearts became a happy rhyme,
And you will know that I, too, paused a while
To let your memory make the world to
smile—
Perhaps some day.

Perhaps some day that fate will guide us
back,
And we will put behind "Alas, alack!"
And live a moment, only you and me,
The answer to all this can only be—
Perhaps some day.

'MEMBERIN' OF YOU

EF yeh see me settin' silent,
In a solemn kind o' way,
I'm a 'memberin' of you, dear gal.
Ef I'm lookin' in the distance
An' a dreamin' thro' the day,
I'm a 'memberin' of you, my pal.
Ef yeh see me stroke my fore'ead,
And I kinder softly smile,
Don't put me down as crazy,
Er of most erratic style.
And I 'opes they won't disturb me,
But jest let me dream a while,
Fer I'm 'memberin' of you, dear gal.

Ef yeh 'ear me sighin' softly
Like a load was off my mind,
I'm 'memberin' of you, dear gal
And ye'll know that I am tired
O' the other sort and kind,
When I'm 'memberin' of you, my pal.
Ef yeh catch me awful busy,
Like I 'aven't been before,
An' a-chasin' my hambition,
Like the world had things in store,
Jes' give yerself the credit,
I say, lay it at your door,
Fer I'm 'memberin' of you, dear gal.

“HELLO!”

HELLO, girl!
Hello, boy!

This, with hand-clasp, was our greeting.
Seems as tho' at our first meeting
“Hello, girl,” and oh, what gladness
In her echo, “Hello boy!”

“Hello, girl!”

“Hello, boy!”

This, and then a moment's kissing,
Gave us what in life was missing.
“Hello, girl,” and oh, what madness
In her echo, “Hello, boy!”

“Good-bye, girl.”

“Good-bye, boy.”

Thus we spoke it at our parting.
Just a little tear was smarting.
“Good-bye, girl,” and oh, what sadness
In her echo, “Good-bye, boy!”

THE RIGHT ONE

I 'M settin' lookin' backward on a rather
checkered past,
Checkered as to heart affairs, I mean.
An' I'm settin' kinder lonesome, with a
memory that's vast,
When it comes about the gals that I have
seen.
Seen 'em—yes, an' I have known 'em—every
different kind and style—
From the kind that dressed in satin down
to lawn.
But somehow I ain't never stuck but just a
little while,
An' I'm wonderin' if the right one's come
an' gone.

I remember I liked Nelly, 'cause she had the
bluest eyes,
An' I thought a paradise was hidden there.
An' in Sally's sweet direction, gee! I threw
a lot of sighs,
'Cause my heart went simply mad about
her hair.
For a while I lived a romance as contributed
by Kate.
Just to see her window I'd get up at dawn.
Then somehow I turned to Elsa, an' I simply
called it fate,
But I wonder if the right one's come—an'
gone.

Helen, she was brainy. Gee! she knew most
every thing,
An' was good to look at, too, like all the
rest.
Still, I somehow turned to Mabel, an' I almost
bought the ring,
But I wasn't certain sure I loved her best.
'Cause you see I met my Peggie, with her
figure and her clothes.
Gee! I raved about the things that she had
on!
Why didn't I wed Peggie? Well, goodness
only knows,
An' I wonder if the right one's come—an'
gone.

There were Gladys, Jane and Marjie, just as
sweet as they could be.
Not one of them that weren't worth a sigh.
Each of 'em with a little trait that made 'em
dear to me,
But somehow I just let 'em amble by.
So I'm settin' by my lonely, thinkin' of the
days that's past,
The curtain of my memory open drawn.
I'm regrettin'—but how could I tell my last
would be my last?
An' I wonder if the right one's come—and
gone.

“ABSOLUTE CONTROL”

MAN should be superior to all of
womankind,
Should be the boss and always have his
way.

Woman ought to follow him an' let him lead
her blind

And he should never let her have her say.
You bet your life in my house, I'm the one
lays down the law.

It ain't no good to coax me or cajole.
'Course I let her make suggestions an' accept
'em if they're good,
But I feel that I'm in absolute control.

Tho' as I say “I'm absolute,” o' course I
sometimes find

It's easier to let her have her way.
An' when she calls “John Henry!” I answer
her so kind,

An' go at once—she knows I hate delay.
Ef she tells me, “Do an errand,” why I get
right up and go;

I kin afford to be a generous soul.
'Cause she knows, I know she knows it, and I
know she knows it, too,
That I feel that I'm in absolute control.

If I come home with my wages, an' she says,
“John, give 'em here!”

She knows she daresn't ask me more than
once.

When I've walked, an' said I rode it, and I've
spent that much for beer,

If I told that, she'd think I was a dunce.
My home's the way I want it, 'cause I make
myself the head.

A man ruled by a woman strikes me droll.
I'm generous—can afford to be—an' I let her
run the place,

'Cause I know that I'm in absolute control.

TO-MORROW'S GIRL

SHE'S a sweet little girl
Is my girl of to-day,
With a sweet little, neat little manner;
And my heart gives a bound
In the usual way,
As she softly requests that I fan her.

Of the yesterday girls
That I've loved well and true;
And I've loved quite a few, I confess it.
There was none with a smile,
Nor an eye quite as blue,
Nor a hand quite as soft when I pressed it.

Oh, those yesterday girls,
How their shadows grow dim,
As I think of to-day's charming maiden,
And I almost believe
That my fluttering heart
At last with pure love is o'erladen.

And yet, as I gaze
At this sweet little miss,
My gaze rests upon her with sorrow.
For although she is sweet,
She's not sweetest, by half,
As the girl I'll be loving to-morrow.

“JES’ ME AN’ NATURE”

COMPANY is needful
To a certain class of folks;
Got to hev folks singin’
And a cuttin’ funny jokes.
Overlookin’ friendship
With a far more deeper tone,
Gee! but I am happy
When we’re sittin’ all alone—
Jes’ me an’ nature.

Sittin’ by the river
With your back agin a stump,
List’nin’ to the bullfrogs
Jumpin’ in kerplump;
Hark’nin to the skeeters,
With a tune that’s all their own.
Gee, but I am happy
When we’re settin’ all alone,
Jes’ me an’ nature.

Wind a-singin’ love songs,
Singin’ to the woody wild,
Whisperin’ to the saplin’s,
Like the grown-ups to a child.
You kin do yer talkin’
Of companionship you’ve known;
Gee! But I am happy,
When we’re settin’ all alone—
Jes’ me an’ nature.

RILEY MUST 'A' KNOWED

I SOMETIMES sit an' wonder in the soft
September day
Of the strange why-for of nature, an' what
nature has t' say;
Why none of us can understand the birds
along the road,
And then I jes' remember Whitcomb Riley
must 'a' knowed.

I love to watch the flowers when they're
bursting into bloom;
I love to pick the roses an' to smell their
sweet perfume.
I'm wonderin' why nature gave 'em sweetness
when they growed,
An' then I jes' remember Whitcomb Riley
must 'a' knowed.

I've set fer hours thinkin' in some still,
moss-covered nook,
An' listened to the ripplin' an' the babblin'
of the brook;
I've wondered what it told me, as down the
hill it flowed.
An' then I jes' remember Whitcomb Riley
must 'a' knowed.

What a lot of Heaven's comfort we'd be
gettin' as we pass,
If we knowed what winds was sayin' as they
whisper to the grass;
If we knowed advice was given by the
whippo'will an' toad,
I'd be happier if I knowed the things that
Riley must 'a' knowed.

“NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN”

WHEN I was a baby so pretty and pink
They made such a fuss over me,
I thought to myself in my infantile think
What a glorious life this will be,
For though I was plump, how the deuce could
I tell,
That I'd grow to be built like a cow,
I can't get a sweetheart, you wonder why,
well,
Just take a good look at me now.

CHORUS:

Hell, nobody loves a fat man,
I'm as lonesome as I can be.
Wish I was just a slat man,
Then they might make a fuss over me.
Feet are weary from carrying me o'er the
ground,
Mouth is tired of eating up food by the
pound,
And now that the summer time's coming
around,
Hell, nobody loves a fat man.

I can't go in bathing I make such a sight,
And they say that it raises the tide,
I always catch cold as I go home at night,
On the street car I can't get inside.
With a shoehorn they've tried to get me in
a hack,
They can't do it because of the shelf.
When I go to a dance, the girls say, “What's
the use?”
In a corner I sit by myself.

CHORUS :

Hell, nobody loves a fat man,
I'm as lonesome as I can be.
Wish I was just a slat man,
Then they might make a fuss over me,
They say that I look like a crowd in the
street.

I stand at a show, I won't fit in a seat,
And it's years since I had a good look at my
feet,
Hell, nobody loves a fat man.

If I call on a lady and enter the room,
She says, "Please, don't sit over there,
The furniture's weak, if you'll pardon me,
sir,

I'll bring in my grandfather's chair."
I once proposed marriage, I murmured to
her,

"It's to tell you I love you, I'm here."
She took a good look at my size, then she
said:

"Why, I'd feel like a bigamist, dear."

CHORUS :

Hell, nobody loves a fat man,
I'm as lonesome as I can be.
I wish I was just a slat man,
Then they might make a fuss over me.
I was terribly sick in the year that is past,
"Your appendix" they said, "and it may be
your last,

We can't operate so we'll just have to blast."
Hell, nobody loves a fat man.

MY PRAYER

THE prayer, Oh God, I offer up to Thee
Is not that countless wealth may come to
me,
Nor yet for greatness far beyond the rest,
I only ask, Oh, Lord, that she be blest.

Greatness? I only would be just so great
That she could understand and be my mate.
I ask no wealth that goes beyond her need
And that my greatest wealth be wealth of
deed.

I do not pray for life that lasts for aye,
Nor that Your sun may shine on me each day,
I only ask, Oh, Lord, when her you bless,
That I be in her scheme of happiness.

I do not pray for life that lasts for aye,
Because I would not live beyond that day
When she was gone, and I'd no longer see
That smile that what I am had bid me be.

Oh, God, as in the darkness here I grope,
Leave me that ray of sun that bids me hope
And in the chain of favors let it be
That she will come at last alone to me.

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