



BLACK HILLS
BALLADS
By Robert V. Garr.



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With Best Wishes,

Robert V. Carr

BLACK HILLS BALLADS

By ✓
Robert H. Carr



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Dedication

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE BLACK HILLS OF SOUTH DAKOTA
THIS VOLUME IS MOST SINCERELY DEDICATED
WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY MAY FIND AS MUCH JOY IN THE
READING AS THE AUTHOR HAS FOUND IN THE WRITING.

Author's Note

The poems contained in this volume have appeared in *Collier's Weekly*, *Overland Monthly*, *The Dakotan*, *Chicago Post*, *Sioux City Journal*, *St. Paul Dispatch*, *Deadwood Pioneer-Times*, *Cripple Creek Star* and the *Denver Times*. To the editors of these publications, who have assisted me in gathering my scattered stalks of poesy into a single sheaf, I am greatly indebted.

ROBERT V. CARR.

WHITEWOOD, S. D., *November, 1902.*

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BLACK HILLS BALLADS

PART I

LITTLE FELLER :

CHILD OF THE SUNSET COUNTRY

I.

Little Feller, do you know,
That your daddy loves you so
That if harm would come to you,
If they'd close them eyes o' blue,
If I heerd your steps no more,
Makin' music on th' floor,
Guess I'd want 'em take me, too,
Right along, my boy, with you?

That's th' way your daddy feels,
Nothin' like it e'er appeals
To his heart an' makes it ache,
When he thinks some one might take
You, my lad, up there-away,
Where th' time is allers day;
An' I thinks if that's to be,
They've jes' gotter to take me.

Little Feller, come here now,
 Tell your daddy when an' how
 That they give to you, my boy,
 Secrets of jes' makin' joy.
 Huh! you wanter kiss your dad?
 Say, you're gittin' quite a lad;
 'Spects some day you'll be like paw,
 Now skip out an' kiss your maw.

II.

He's his pappy's boy, you bet!
 Never seen a youngun yet
 That could beat that little cuss—
 Land o' Lawdy! What a fuss!
 Playin' hoss an' prancin' round,
 Rollin', kickin' on th' ground—
 Say, young feller, seems to me
 That you're gittin' rollicky;
 Guess bin better if you had
 Bin a little less like dad.

Sez he wants a buckin' hoss,
 An' a cow outfit to boss;
 Sez he wants a six-gun, too;
 Don't know what I'm goin' to do
 If that boy keeps thatoway;
 Tho' I'll swear I'll have to say

That there youngun on th' ground
Jes' makes pappy stand eround.
'Cause he's all I ever had,
An' exactly like his dad.

III.

Little Feller's gone, I know,
Yet it seems to me as tho'
I can hear him callin' clear
Fer his daddy to come here,
Jes' to see th' house he's built
Out o' mammy's crazy quilt.
Little Feller's gone, I know,
Went about a year ago;
Yet it seems I can't ferget,
Fer I feel his kisses yet,
Hear his voice a-tellin' glad
How he's lovin' of his dad;

See him playin' hoss agin,
Jes' th' same as I did th'n.
Little Feller's gone, I know,
All th' minits tell me so;
Tho' sometimes I think an' smile,
He's a-vis'tin' fer awhile,
Jes' a-vis'tin' in th' sky,
To be with us by an' by.

Then his mammy sees my eyes,
An' she goes—away—an'—cries—
An', to tell th' truth, I do
Wish that I might jes' cry, too.
Little Feller's gone, I know,
Where we hope some day to go,
Me an' mammy—heart-broke pair—
An' find Little Feller there.

KICK OF THE RANCH HAND

Dern my hide, I feel so lazy,
Feel so stretchy, feel so dazy,
When th' ole, red day is dawnin',
An' I'm layin' here an' yawnin',

Thinkin' if I had a doller,
Like to see th' man who'd holler,
Or even dare to whisp'rin' say:
"Git up, Jim, don't sleep all day."

What man is there in this land,
Has th' trubbles of a hand?
Go to bed at dark an' more,
You git up at half-past four;

An' you pail 'bout forty-six
Gosh-blamed cow-brutes an' th' tricks
That they play an' put on you,
Jes' would make an angel stew.

Honestly, I git so mad
That sometimes I wish I had

Power to jes' make one swipe,
An' ev'ry kickin' cow-brute wipe

Off this whirlin', jiggy earth,
Fer 'twould give me scads of mirth.
Honestly, I know it would
Do me jes' a sight of good.

An' there's th' pigs to slop an' feed,
Give th' hosses what they need;
See th' chickins all are fed,
An' th' pigins overhead.

An' there's water fer to bring,
From that singy-songy spring;
An' there's wood to chop—an' all
This is done 'fore breakfast call.

Then you hook th' plow team on,
An' go stragglin' thro' th' dawn;
Work an' work an' sweat all day,
Work an' work an' work away.

Dern my hide I feel so lazy,
Feel so stretchy, feel so dazy,
An' th' ole red day is dawnin',
An' I'm layin' here an' ya-a-a-aw—nin'.

BALDY JOE'S SIMPLE LITTLE RHYME

Oh, I know an ole cowpuncher, an' they call
him Baldy Joe,
B'cause his hair is somethin' that is absent,
don't you know ;
An' he sits up in th' saddle, sort o' lives there
all th' time,
An' a-hummin' an a-hummin' this here simple
little rhyme :
There hain't no sense
Like a logie fer to sit,
'Cause you think you hain't a-gittin'
What you think you orter git.
So it's quit your jawin',
Keep a-cinchin' up your grip,
An' brace yourself an' allers
Keep a tight rein on your lip.

Joe is a queerish critter, he's a mighty funny
man ;
Never has a speck o' trouble, an' you never,
never can

Hear him kickin' or complainin', 'cause he's
happy all the time—

Jes' a-hummin' an' a-hummin' this here simple
little rhyme:

There hain't no sense

Like a logie fer to sit,

'Cause you think you hain't a-gittin'

What you think you orter git.

So it's quit your jawin',

Keep a-cinchin' up your grip,

An' brace yourself an' allers

Keep a tight rein on your lip.

Bin a-thinkin' an' a-thinkin' if th' world was
fashioned so,

'Twould tally with th' hummin' of that happy
feller Joe;

She'd be a blamed sight better, git some better
all th' time,

'Cause there's a scad o' hoss sense in his simple
little rhyme:

There hain't no sense

Like a logie fer to sit,

'Cause you think you hain't a-gittin'

What you think you orter git.

So it's quit your jawin',
Keep a-cinchin' up your grip,
An' brace yourself an' allers
Keep a tight rein on your lip.

LOVE OF BILL HAINES

Uster be that he lived back in them Hills we call
th' Black; was th' kindest sort o' cuss
you'd want a-see;

An' he'd no known relation in th' wide, wide
creation, an' he didn't know nobody 'cep-
tin' me.

He'd a cabin on th' crick where th' spruces
grewed that thick, you could camp down
underneadst 'em when it rains,

An' be all snug an' dry, sure enuff, it weren't
no lie; I learnt it from conversin' with
Bill Haines.

Ole Bill Haines—th' feller lived an' he panned
an' dug an' dived in th' gravel of th' Big
Bernanza Bar;

Never'd leave th' camp to rub up against th'
town 'cept grub was gittin' down to bed-
rock in th' jar,

Then he'd take a flour sack an' go trailin'
down th' track an' suddin into town
a-walkin' come,

An' buy a slab o' meat an' some other truck to
eat an' then about as suddin hit fer home.

Knowed Ole Bill fer many years—loved him,
too—an' say th' tears sort o' sluiced up in
my eyes one winter day,

When I comes into his shack an' see him layin'
back with a rippin' case of that new-
mown-nee-a.

Bin rarin' 'round all night an' his eyes were
shinin' bright, an' he didn't seem to know
me, sure he did;

Tho' I did th' best I could, it didn't do no
good, fer Bill was booked fer slidin' an'
he slid.

Stayed by him thro' thick an' thin, but no use
an' then agin, he was a-sort o' pinin'
thatoway,

Fer he had a lock o' hair, underneadst his pillow
there, that he'd kiss about a thousand
times a day.

“Meet me there,” he'd say an' sigh, “I'll be
with you by an' by, an' I'll never, no
I'll never go away,

An' our troubles 'll be o'er an' we'll laugh fer-
ever more,” them's th' words that he
would mumble night an' day.

An' that's th' way that Bill carried on until,
until one night he sort o' looked up, smiled,
an' said :

“Meet me there, my little one,” an' right there
Ole Bill was done, an' th' shack seemed
sort o' lonely with th' dead.

Laid th' blanket o'er his face an' went out to
breathe a space, an' git that 'culiar feelin'
out my throat,

Fer I loved ole, quiet Bill an' I'll love th' ole
man 'til my notice in th' Great Camp's
plainly wrote.

Planted him above th' bars where th' everlastin'
stars an' th' pines kin sort o' watch him
in his rest,

An' sing so soft an' low, 'bout th' gal he
worked fer so an' toiled an' slaved an'
died fer in th' West.

Fer it is th' story old that he'd find a mine o'
gold, come back to her an' see her smilin'
fine,

“Meet me there,” he'd say an' sigh, “I'll be
with you by an' by, an' bring a heap o'
gold fer sweetheart mine.”

A MATTER OF OPINION

If you ever stop over
At Happy-go-ville—
Ten miles from th' railroad
An' quiet an' still,
With a little postoffice
An' store all in one
Where all th' camp's tradin'
An' dickerin's done—
You'll find Ole Joe Felton
A-hangin' 'round there.
Like enuff on th' storestep
Enjoyin' the air,
An' cashully puffin'
A pipe o' small size,
Whilst tellin' us fellers
Some fictitious lies.
Joe Felton—Ole Joe—
Well, say I don't know,
But what a great awthur
Was lost in Ole Joe,
For I'd jes' as soon lis'n,
Nor give seven darns,

All day to Joe Felton,
A-spinnin' his yarns.

Some say he's untruthful,
Well, what if he is?
They're good healthy lies,
Be them lies o' his;
An' you might as well say
Them awthurs an' such,
Hain't fur behind Joseph
So overly much.

They've jes' got a lie-sunce
Fer lyin', that's all,
While Joe hain't got nuthin'
'Cept natural born gall,
Or a gift I would say
Of tellin' a thing,
'Til it sounds with th' clearest
True honesty ring.

Joe Felton—Ole Joe—
Well, say I don't know,
But what a great awthur
Was lost in Ole Joe;
Fer I'd jes' as soon lis'n,
Nor give seven darns,
All day to Joe Felton,
A-spinnin' his yarns.

COWBOY'S SALVATION SONG

Oh, it's move along, you dogies, don't be
driftin' by th' way,
Fer there's goin' to be a round-up an' a cuttin'-
out they say,
Of all th' devil's dogies an' a movin' at sunrise,
An' you'd better be preparin' fer a long drive
to th' skies.

Oh, it's move along, you dogies, don't be
driftin' by th' way,
Fer th' boss of all th' rus'lers is a-comin' 'round
to-day.
So you'd better be a-movin', throw your dust
right in his eyes,
An' hit th' trail a-flyin' fer th' home-ranch in
th' skies.

So it's move along, you dogies, fer th' devil
has in hand
A bunch of red-hot irons an' he's surely goin'
to brand

All his dogies, an' some others, an' mighty,
suddin, too,
So you'd better be a-movin' so he won't be
brandin' you.

So it's move along, you dogies, tho' you have
th' mange o' sin,
There's a range you're sure to shake it when
you come a-trailin' in,
Where th' grass is allers growin' an' th' water's
allers pure,
So it's move along, you dogies, 'fore th' devil
brands you sure.

DANCE, YOU PUNCHERS, DANCE

Oh, whoop it up an' let's be gay,
 It's a long time now 'til break o' day;
 So fer a good time git a hunch,
 An' cut your gal from out th' bunch—

An' say—

You may
 Start them fiddles right away,
 An' Jiggin' Finn
 With his 'cor-din'
 Will do th' rest, so all join in,
 An' pound th' floor with your high-heeled boot,
 An' swing your granger gal so cute,
 An' dance, you punchers, dance.

Oh, lips are sweet an' eyes are bright,
 'Tis sparkin' time fer all to-night;
 So lope along an' do your best,
 An' cut right in an' lead th' rest.

An' say—

You may

Start them fiddles right away,
 An' Jiggin' Finn
 With his 'cor-din'
Will do th' rest, so all join in,
An' pound th' floor with your high-heeled boot,
An' swing your granger gal so cute,
 An' dance, you punchers, dance.

There's drink an' fodder fer you-all,
My land-o'-goodness! hear that call!
Th' set's a-formin'! Cut loose now!
An' show them bashful fellers how—

 An' say—
 You may
Start them fiddles right away,
 An' Jiggin' Finn
 With his 'cor-din'
Will do th' rest, so all join in,
An' pound th' floor with your high-heeled boot,
An' swing your granger gal so cute,
 An' dance, you punchers, dance.

LOAFIN' TIME

Th' trees are whisperin' a tale
Of shade an' lazy dreams;
Of loiterin' an' lingerin'
Beside th' singin' streams.
'Tis loafin' time.

Th' woods are makin' love to you,
They're sayin' you had best
Come out from work an' idle there,
Upon th' lap of rest—
'Tis loafin' time.

FISHIN' IN TH' SHADE

Did you ever go an' loaf on th' bank of some
ole crick,
With vi'lets fer your beddin' an' a bit o' line
an' stick;
With a pouch o' good terbacker or a chaw o'
yaller twist?
Didn't you? Well, honest, what a lot o' fun
you've missed.

Did you ever go an' loaf where th' canyuns
reared so high
That it seemed th' pines were pokin' little air-
holes in th' sky;
With a paper full o' eatin' an' a bottle on th'
list?
Didn't you? Well, honest, what a lot o' fun
you've missed.

Did you ever go an' loaf when th' afternoons
were long,
An' th' canyuns full o' dreamin' an' th' treetops
full o' song—

Jes' layin' back so peaceful, with a cob pipe
in your fist?

Didn't you? Well, honest, what a lot o' fun
you've missed.

SPRINGTIME ON TH' RANGE

Oh, it's gittin' onto spring, an' so let us up an'
sing of th' greenin' of th' prairies in th'
sun,

An' th' comin' of th' birds an' th' fat'nin' of th'
herds—start a-tunin' up your voices
ev'ryone—

Oh, my! see th' smilin' sky, winter's gittin'
ready fer to slide,

Air's some warmer, hain't it, say?

Chinook, yes, an' breath o' May,

An' crocuses along th' Big Divide.

Soon a feller hears an' sees blackbirds millin'
in th' trees, soon th' roses will be
bloomin' fer th' May,

Oh, it's comin'—don't you feel that it's gittin'
time to peel all your winter duds an'
sorto' sweetly say:

Oh, my! see th' smilin' sky, winter's gittin'
ready fer to slide,

Air's some warmer, hain't it, say?
Chinook, yes, an' breath o' May,
An' crocuses along th' Big Divide.

THE LIGHT OF THE SMILES IN HER EYES

The light of the smiles in her eyes,
The light of the smiles in her eyes,
Us two on the porch 'neath the vines all
a-bloom,
And the night gone to rest in a bed o' perfume,
And the hair 'round her face in a lover's caress,
And a bunch o' dark pansies in a dream on her
breast,
While the light o' the skies, Oh, the light o'
the skies,
Don't half way compare to the smiles in her
eyes.

The light of the smiles in her eyes,
The light of the smiles in her eyes,
With her in the rocker and I on the step,
And the lilacs talked and the shadows crept,
And the frogs sang away on the old pond's
rim,
While the stars went out and the fields grew
dim,

With her speaking soft and I likewise,
While my soul felt the light o' the smiles in
her eyes.

The light of the smiles in her eyes,
The light of the smiles in her eyes,
Has blurred sometimes with tears—shining
tears,
But it's been my true guide thro' all the dark
years,
Since we sat 'neath the trellis so long, long ago,
Since the time that my heart was beginning to
know
The dawning of joy in the spirit's bright skies,
And I fell in love with the smiles in her eyes.

YES, MA SHE CRIED

Went in last evenin' to a show, 'twas one of
great renown,
An' me an' ma jes' left th' ranch and drove
into th' town.
An', say, you know in that there show, a little
gal she died.
An' I—well, ma, she jes' broke down—yes, ma
she cried.

It kind o' hit us home, you see, we lost our gal
—our all—
Our honey gal left me an' ma and went away
last fall.
An' when that one th' show act done an' made
believe she died,
Well, I—oh, ma she jes' broke down—yes, ma
she cried.

Jes' seemed as tho' there wuz a blur that
dimmed an' hurt my eyes;
Jes' seemed I couldn't help but think of baby
in th' skies.

An' when that one th' show act done an' made
believe she died,
I jes'—well, ma she jes' broke down—yes, ma
she cried.

A WORD FROM THE OLD PROSPECTOR

I've bin diggin' 'round these hills,
Twenty winters with their chills,
Livin' like an ole muskrat.
Ven'son, flapjacks, bacon fat,
An' it kind amuses me,
When mos' ev'ry day I see,
Some pore feller from th' East,
Mighty lonesome sort o' beast,
Sighin' 'cause th' gold don't grow,
Like termaters in a row,
So he might fill up his sack,
An' go laffin', singin' back.

'Fore he came he rather thought,
That th' metal really ought
Be jes' plentiful around,
Anywhere upon th' ground;
An' that in a single day,
He'd git all he'd cart away.
But he run agin a stump,
Now he's sittin' in a dump,

Sort o' thinkin', sort o' blue,
Grub's eat up an' dollars few,
Wishin' that he never got
Such a ways from daddy's cot.

But 'twill do him lots o' good,
Larn th' feller to saw wood,
Stay to home an' do what is
In his 'tickler line o' biz.
Tenderfeet will find th' camps
Hain't lit up with golden lamps;
Streets hain't paved with it jes' yet,
Hain't a-layin' 'round, you bet,
Hain't no laffin' kind o' bluff,
Gold is where you find th' stuff;
Years of work an' toil an' heft,
Then th' chances you'll git left.

WHEN DUTCHY PLAYS THE MOUTH HARP

When Dutchy plays th' mouth harp,
All th' fellers gather 'round,
An' help on with th' music,
By a-stompin' on th' ground;
An' th' cook he cuts a shuffle,
An' the night hawk pats his hand,
When Dutchy plays th' mouth harp,
In a way to beat th' band.

When Dutchy plays th' mouth harp,
An' we've cached our chuck away,
An' a-feelin' mighty foxy
An' a-feelin' mighty gay,
There's nothin' we like better
Than to lend a pattin' hand,
When Dutchy plays th' mouth harp,
In a way to beat th' band.

When Dutchy plays th' mouth harp—
Plays a cake walk mighty fine—
'Tis then us ole cowpunchers
Come a-steppin' down th' line;

Around th' fire shuffilin'
An' a-pattin' of th' hand,
When Dutchy plays th' mouth harp,
In a way to beat th' band.

THE DON'T CARE MAN

Oh, I don't care if it's rain or shine,
Or whether she's calm or blows;
An' I don't think 'tis fault o' mine,
If it don't or if it snows.
Fer I don't want to even think
Or care which way I'm bound,
But jes' keep a smilin' an' lettin' things slide,
An' keep on a-dubbin' around.

Oh, I don't care if th' whole works quit,
Or whether they moves ahead;
Or what we're goin' to do or git,
When we're gone fer keeps an' dead.
Fer I don't want to even think,
Or care which way I'm bound,
But jes' keep a-smilin' an' lettin' things slide,
An' keep on a-dubbin' around.

Oh, I don't care what other folks say,
Or what in me they sees;
Fer each man's free to think his way,
An' do as he dern please,

An' I don't want to even think,
Or care which way I'm bound,
But jes' keep a-smilin' an' lettin' things slide,
An' keep on a-dubbin' around.

ALMOS' TIME FER FISHIN'

Golly! won't us kids feel fine,
When we gits our hooks an' line?
Me an' Ducky, Freckled Fizz,
All will go, fer sure it is
 Almos' time fer fishin'.

I knows where they bites th' best,
Up th' crick at Hermit's Rest;
There youse kin jes' pull 'em out,
Since it's gittin' jes' about
 Almos' time fer fishin'.

Fizz an' Ducky goes with me,
An' there's eatin's jes' fer three;
An' we've got some 'backer hid,
Fer to smoke same as we did
 Last time we went fishin'.

Golly! won't us kids feel fine,
When we gits our hooks an' line?
Me an' Ducky, Freckled Fizz,
All will go fer sure it is
 Almos' time fer fishin'.

WHEN A MAN HAS MONEY

Friends a-smilin' ev'rywhere,
Weather lookin' mighty fair;
Skies a soft an' tender blue,
Birds a-singin' songs to you.
"Hello there," an' "mornin' Bill,"
How their eyes with gladness fill,
How they grab your hand an' shake,
How they bid you come an' take
Something wet an' hot with them,
Jes' to loosen up th' flem
In your throat, fer 'tis so,
Sich like favors count, you know,
 When a man has money.

Don't th' world look bright an' fine,
In her gown of sun an' shine?
Hain't she smilin' sweet an' pert,
Like a reg'ler little flirt?
Don't th' glad hands to you reach?
Don't they holler, "you're a peach?"
Don't luck come jes' on th' whirr,
When you hain't a-needin' her?

Don't things come, Oh, don't they, say,
Come a-runnin' down your way?
Don't it seem an easy game,
Pilin' up some more th' same,
 When a man has money?

FER I'M A BOY

Where is th' bestest huntin' now?
Where do th' rabbits go
An' make their tracks an' leave their trails
Across th' nice new snow?
I guess I know—
I guess I know,
Fer I'm a boy.

Where has th' squirrel his cupboard an'
Th' little chipmonk, too?
An' lots an' lots of secrits that
I hain't a-tellin' you—
I guess I know—
I guess I know,
Fer I'm a boy.

Where is th' chickens gone an' hid—
Th' ones what whirs their wings?
Why, you don't know much as a kid,
About such common things—
I guess I know—
I guess I know,
Fer I'm a boy.

A FELLER GITS DREAMY ONCE IN A WHILE

A feller gits dreamy once in a while, as dreamy
as dreamy kin be,
An' somethin' like that I'm a-thinkin' jes'
now,
Is sort o' affectin' me—
Sort o' affectin' me—
Sort o' affectin' me.

I see in my dreams th' willer-banked streams,
where th' trout splash th' riffles with
sunshiny gleams;
I see a cool place where th' white waters race
an' th' shadders move 'long at a time-
takin' pace.
I see jes' as plain th' twist in th' lane, with th'
little green leaves all a-drinkin' th' rain;
An' th' hills in a haze an' th' long, lazy days,
when a feller's whole heart at fergit-
fulness plays.

A feller gits dreamy once in a while, as dreamy
as dreamy kin be,

An' somethin' like that I'm a-thinkin' jes'
now,
Is sort o' affectin' me—
Sort o' affectin' me—
Sort o' affectin' me.

YOU'D BETTER LEARN HOW

If you don't know how to smile
To th' people all th' while;
If you don't know how to hand
Every feller in th' land
Jes' a little bit o' guff,
Kind o' complimentary stuff,
 You'd
 Better
 Learn
 How.

If you don't know how to do
When old trubble's hittin' you;
If you don't know how to take
Every single keen heartache,
An' jes' down it an' jes' lope
To th' shinin' camp o' hope,
 You'd
 Better
 Learn
 How.

If you don't know all these things
That a lifetime surely brings,
All th' tricks an' all th' ways
That'll make th' darkest days
Full o' sunshine, full o' song,
'Til they fairly skip along,
 You'd
 Better
 Learn
 How.

LULLABY IN HESPERIA

Baby, won't you go to sleep?
Baby, won't you go to sleep?
The dark is on and your pa's gone;
Baby, won't you go to sleep?
Baby, baby, what would you do,
If a coyote just stole you?
Baby, won't you go to sleep?
 Ba-bee,
 Ba-bee,
 Ba-bee.

Baby, won't you go to sleep?
Baby, won't you go to sleep?
The pines do sing like everything;
Baby, won't you go to sleep?
Baby, baby, just fly away,
Into Dreamland's shining day,
Baby, won't you go to sleep?
 Ba-bee,
 Ba-bee,
 Ba-bee.

Baby, won't you go to sleep?
Baby, won't you go to sleep?
Ride to rest on your ma's breast;
Baby, won't you go to sleep?
Baby, baby, your little hands,
Wave the trail to Sleepy Lands.
Baby, won't you go to sleep?
 Ba-bee,
 Ba-bee,
 Ba-bee.

AN EASTERN FARMER IN THE BLACK HILLS

Mountain air is mighty pure,
Doctors say that it will cure
Everything that comes along.
But I'm thinkin' rather strong
Of a little humly way
Where th' medder grasses play,
An' th' sunshine on th' wheat
Makes a picture sort o' sweet
To a pair of humsick eyes,
Fillin' up with glad surprise.

Makes a picture mighty sweet,
Makes a picture that's complete.
Lest you throw in other things,
Like th' lark that ever wings
Up into them skies o' blue,
An' the' singin' blackbird, too,
An' th' honey bees an' sich,
'Til th' picture gits so rich
That until th' sunset dies,
You could stand an' feast your eyes.

Mountain air is mighty pure,
Doctors say that it will cure
Everything that comes along,
But I'm thinkin' rather strong,
That a humsick heart was missed,
When they figgered up th' list.

COWBOY'S TRAIL-SONG

Little gal back in th' town,
 Be you a-lovin' me?
Little gal back in th' town,
 Be you a-lovin' me?

Uster think th' dawns were fine,
With their colors all a-shine;
'Til I seen your eyes, Lu-lee,
Smilin', laughin' back at me.

Uster think th' lilies tall,
Of all flowers passed 'em all,
'Till I seen you standin' there,
With th' sunshine on your hair.

Uster dream o' that Great Camp,
When I'd watch th' heavens' lamp
Light th' whole wide range o' blue,
Now I'm dreamin' jes' o' you.

Little gal back in th' town,
 Be you a-lovin' me?
Little gal back in th' town,
 Be you a-lovin' me?

PARTIALITY

You kin sing about th' glory
Of the summer sunset skies,
But I will keep a-hummin'
'Bout th' glory of her eyes.
You kin sing about th' roses,
But roses can't compare
To that little country maiden,
With some ribbon in her hair.

You kin sing about the lilies,
Jes' as pure as purest snow,
But I will keep a-hummin'
'Bout th' fairer flower, tho'
A purer, sweeter flower
Than th' lily bendin' there,
Jes' a little country maiden
With some ribbon in her hair.

All you poets sing of beauty
In th' flowers, skies an' streams,
But I will keep a-hummin'
'Bout that maiden in my dreams;

'Cause I think my subjeck's sweeter,
Think I sing the sweetest air,
'Cause it's all about a maiden,
With some ribbon in her hair.

DOWN AT HALLER'S DANCIN'

They're tunin' up th' orchestray,
Down at ole Bill Haller's,
He's th' feller that they claim
Jes' beats all th' callers
In th' country 'round fer miles,
Ole bow-legged feller—
Say, you orter hear that cuss
Jes' git up an' beller.

Swing your pardners! H-m-m-m! Well, yes.
Take th' next one after,
'Twon't harm nothin' if you do
Shake th' roof with lafter.
Fer it's joy-time, whoop-hi-ree!
Come around a-prancin',
Guess there's nothin' like th' time,
Down at Haller's dancin'.

Hear them fiddles! Hain't they great!
Sufferin' land o' lawdy!
Ragtime, night time, high time, too,
Come a-steppin' gawdy.

Come a-sailin' down th' line,
Whoop-a-lorum! let her,
Seems to me there's nothin' that
Makes a man feel better.

Hear ole Haller, hear him now,
All above th' funnin',
Jes' a-laffin', callin', too,
Keeps th' thing a-runnin'.
Fer it's joy-time, turn me loose!
Come around a-prancin',
Guess there's nothin' like th' time
Down at Haller's dancin'.

ROMANCE OF THE RANGE

She's bin out here a-teachin' fer this winter
now a-past,
An' I hear that she's a-tellin' that this winter is
her last—
That she's goin' to quit the schoolroom an'
goin' home to stay—
An' somehow I'm jes' hatin' fer to see her go
away.

Fer us fellers think that schoolmarm is an
angel; yes we do,
A little blue-eyed angel, yet a woman thro' an'
thro';
An' she treats us all so kindly, jes' th' same
most ev'ry day,
An' somehow I'm jes' hatin' fer to see her go
away.

She hain't never give me reasons fer to think
I'd have a show
To win her, but I'm honest when I say I like
her so,

That I dread her time fer goin', count ev'ry
passin' day,
'Cause I'm hatin', jes' a hatin', fer to see her
go away.

Well, her term is 'bout completed an', say, I
don't think I
Have got th' nerve to greet her an' to say a
last good-by;
Seems so tough! Oh, well, I'm feelin'—call
it heartsick, if you may—
An' I'm hatin', jes' a-hatin', fer to see her go
away.

LATER.

Oh, say' I'm 'bout as happy as a feller wants
to be;
Went to see her, an', by hookie, she jes' upped
an' cried—you see
Right there I had to say it, what so long I've
feerd to say,
An' now we've went an' fixed it so she'll never
go away.

SHE TAMED HIM

Jim Shivers was th' baddest man in th' camp,
b'jingo,

Not a fellow dast to give him a bit o' lingo.

Up an' shoot! well, I should say, an' he never
tarried

In his reckulous career 'til he went an' married.

Now when Jim do say a word or do a bit o'
tellin',

Or gits his ole time dander up an' has a fit o'
yellin',

His wife jes' sez:

“You great big clown

You jes' shet up an' you jes' set down”—

An' Jim does both.

He's meek as any lamb you'd see, meekest
sort o' critter,

Any boy around th' camp run him to a fritter.

Never has a word to say, never does no
gunnin',

Any shootin' goin' on all he does is runnin';

Jes' b'cause he's got a wife not afeerd to cross
 him,
An' 'twould do you good to see that there
 woman boss him,
An' hear her say:
 "You great big clown
 You jes' shet up an' you jes' set down"—
 An' Jim does both.

LET'S QUIT QUARRELIN' FER AWHILE

Let's quit quarrelin' fer awhile,
In this ornry kind of stile,
Let's quit envy, hate an' all,
Let th' light o' heaven fall,
Into hearts that's dark an' dim,
Thinkin' life's a mournful hymn;
Sing a song brim o'er with joy,
Like we sang as when a boy.
Let us smile an' let's be gay,
Let's quit quarrelin' fer to-day.

Let's quit quarrelin' fer awhile,
Let's shake hands an' let us smile;
Let's not think a single thought,
That we really hadn't ought.
Let us play th' friendship card,
Let us have a kind regard
Fer how othur folkse feel;
Let us quit this envy deal.
Let's jes' live an' let's be gay,
Let's quit quarrelin' fer to-day.

THE KIND HE WANTED

Oh, now that sleyin' time is here an' wether is
jes' boss,
I like to take her ridin' with th' tamest kind o'
hoss.
I wants no prancin' critter that makes a suddin
dive,
An' rars an' tears hissself in two,
But one
That she
Kin drive.

I wants a hoss that knows his biz an' minds it
to th' chalk,
I wants a hoss kin pass th' rest, yet slow down
on a walk
When I have got my arms engaged, while
hearts from bustin' strive,
I wants a hoss, that kind of hoss,
That kind
That she
Kin drive.

When sparkin' nights an' sleyin' nights an'
 moonlight nights are here,
An' she an' I are sleyin' an' a-snugglin' clus
 an' near,
I wants a hoss that goes along an' lets our
 hearts revive
On Love's champane, behind a hoss,
 A hoss
 That she
 Kin drive.

WHEN IT'S GITTIN' PLANTIN' TIME

Did you ever feel that way,
When warm weather's comin' on,
An' you smell th' green things growin',
Thro' th' dusk an' thro' th' dawn?
Jes' a sort o' stretchy feelin',
With your thoughts all out o' rhyme,
Jes' a lazy, dazy feelin',
When it's gittin' plantin' time.

When it's gittin' plantin' time,
An' th' grangers sort th' seed,
An' th' wimmin start house cleanin',
An' the blackbird's in th' reed.
Land-a-mighty! hain't you lazy!
Why, you're scarcely worth a dime,
All th' work you do is hardship
When it's gittin' plantin' time.

Druther go an' set an' lis'n
To th' curlews callin' there,
Druther watch th' sunbeams dancin'
On th' gleamy, glinty air.

Druther lay back sort o' languid,
Druther do mos' anything
'Sides workin', when it's gittin'
Plantin' time along in spring.

IN SEARCH OF LOCAL COLOR

Loafin' Jim
I nicknamed him,
'Twas 'bout th' same ole deal
Of all th' West
That's sort o' blest
With speakin' as they feel.

He never'd seem
To even dream
Of liftin' of his hand,
An' lazy—pshaw!
You never saw
His equal in th' land.

'Twas his way
To never stay
Around where hard work wuz,
An' twas his style
To set an' smile
An' tell me that becuz

Th' world knowed
To him she owed

A livin' by th' way
It wern't his part
To sweat an' smart
Fer it th' live-long day.

Loafin' Jim
I nicknamed him,
'Til he left camp one day,
An' 'fore he went
Jes' kindly spent
Some dust a-treatin' way;

'N sort o' laffs
An' kinder gaffs
Me where I least suspec's—
"I write," sez he,
"Them books, you see,
An' you go in my nex'!"

OUT WEST

March is here,
And the brand-new calf
Doth wobble 'round with mellow
Laugh.
The chickens cluck.
And the glad, young bronco
Snorting there,
In all his mad delight doth try
To kick the
Scroll work
Off
The
Sky.

TIME'S HEAVY HAND

She was jes' a little granger an' her folks lived
on th' crick,
Jes' a little dark-eyed granger an' she allers
drest that slick
You'd think she'd caught th' fashion from th'
ladies of th' town,
'Specially when buggy-ridin' in her Sunday-
meetin' gown.

Uster take her 'way out drivin' on a-Sunday,
don't you know,
But I let her do th' drivin' fer I liked it bet-
ter so;
An' then my arm would wander in a circle
close eroun'
Th' place that was th' smallest in her Sunday-
meetin' gown.

Starlight, yes, an' prairies dreamin', cotton-
woods a-sighin' there,
An' th' wind a-sort o' triffin' with th' roses in
her hair;

An' a ribbin on my shoulder or a strayin' curl
of brown,
An' her heart a-beatin' gently 'gin her Sunday-
meetin' gown.

Uster to kiss her, huh, well, sort o'—when th'
moon got back a cloud,
An' she'd pout her lips pertendin' she was mad,
an' then out loud
She'd laff, an' fix her ribbins fer at times such
things come down,
When a girl goes buggy-ridin' in her Sunday-
meetin' gown.

Goodness my! but time's skedaddled; jes' a-
gittin' there away;
I'm bald-headed—gittin' worsen ev'ry single
passin' day;
An' mother, Oh, well, mother broke th' scales
up in th' town,
An' she's made herself a necktie of that Sun-
day-meetin' gown.

LET'S GO BACK

Let's go back an' let's go loafin' where th' wil-
lers lean an' bend ;
Where th' colors of th' canyun like a picture's
softly blend.
Let's go back an' lay a-dreamin' where th' tiger
lilies grow,
Where th' hoss-mint an' th' roses all th' love
of summer know.

Let's go back an' let us wander in th' twilight,
you an' I,
When there's jes' a ghost of glory in th' faint
an' fadin' sky ;
When th' night-hawks are a-boomin' an' th'
sleepy oat field's still,
An' there's shadders in th' gulches an' there's
shadders on th' hill.

Let's go back an' go a-trailin' when th' leaves
are gittin' red,
When th' squir'lls are talkin' sassy in th' tree-
tops overhead ;

When it's gittin' sort o' hazy, with a crispness
in th' air,
An' there's gold an' crimson gleamin' on th'
hillsides ev'rywhere.

Let's go back where life's worth livin'; let's go
back, jes' you an' I,
Let's go back an' in th' open let us live an' let
us die.

Let's go back, big boys together, where we
uster gladly roam—
Come now, pardner, let's go trailin', let's go
trailin' back fer home.

THIS MELLER AUTUMN WEATHER

Oh, this meller autumn weather,
When th' chickens fly together
 An' th' hills are wearin' tassels
 Made o' haze;
An' th' sunshine is so yeller
That it kinder strikes a feller
 To go driftin' down th' twisty
 Trail a ways.

Fer 'tis meller autumn weather,
An' your heart breaks loose from tether,
 An' you want to go an' sense th'
 Piney smell;
When th' light th' woods adornin'
At th' break o' th' mornin',
 When th' squirrel gits up an' hollers,
 "All is well!"

Jes' a-kinder loafin' wander
Where th' sumach burns out yander,
 An' th' aspens are a-talkin'
 All alone;

While th' sky is blue above you,
An' th' ole pine voices love you
An' th' hills seem all a-callin'
Fer their own.

HOLOWAY

Holoway, that is his name,
Guess he hain't much known to fame,
Lived here in these hills a few,
Bin to Californy, too.
Got a ranch jes' down th' crick,
An' a cabin clean an' slick;
Fer an ole batch, Holoway
'Sneater than a pin they say.
But that hain't a mark
To the kindness o' him,
Or a mark to what he can do,
If you happen around
With a case of th' blues
That's eatin' th' heart out o' you.
'Tis then that he'll up
An' he'll bust you kerbang,
A slap on th' back an' he'll say,
"What's th' use o' your mopin',
You might better smile,
Fer you look a lot sweeter that way."

Holoway, yes, Holoway,
Hair an' beard a-turnin' gray,
Yet his heart is jes' as young
As when all his boyhood sung.
Yes, his heart is jes' as true,
Got th' same bright hopin', too,
Of them days that you an' me
Cry into eternity.
But that hain't his style,
Fer he always has said,
What's the use fer to fuss, anyway,
What's past is sure gone
An' you might better live
Fer what you can gather to-day.
An' then he will up
An' he'll bust you kerbang,
A slap on th' back an' he'll say,
"What's th' use o' your mopin',
You might better smile,
Fer you look a lot sweeter that way."

NOT BUILT THAT WAY

Most folks think it grand to go an' hear th'
opera an' all,
But don't you know I'd rather hear th' blue
jays an' th' squirrels call.
I'd rather set on some ole rock, out where th'
meller sunlight gleams,
An' listen to th' opera of all th' singin' moun-
tain streams.

I'd rather set out there an' dream b'neath a
smilin' sunset sky,
An' hear th' jack-pines talk an' see th' yaller-
hammers flyin' high,
Than go to operas galore, tho' most folks like
to, so they say;
But I am diffrunt; guess b'cause I'm not 'xzact-
ly built that way.

THEM WHITE FAIREES

Them there white fairees jes' go,
When th' moon is gittin' low,
An' holler 'cross th' fiel's, "Hello!
Hello!
Hello!"

Bin out an' by th' cur'nt row,
Watched their dwarfy shadders grow,
An' listuned to that sweet "Hello!
Hello!
Hello!"

Bin where th' pine-songs driftin' low,
Swayed my heart to rapture slow,
Yet 'bove it all I heard, "Hello!
Hello!
Hello!"

Night an' stars a-leanin' low,
An' all th' hills a silunced so,
But hark, I hear 'em call, "Hello!
Hello!
Hello!"

Fer sure, them fairees jes' go,
When th' moon is gittin' low,
An' holler 'cross th' fiel's, "Hello!
Hello!
Hello!"

A WESTERNER'S LAMENT

Th' city's no place fer a feller who's used to th'
 life of th' camp,
Layin' down with th' stars fer companions by
 th' light o' th' heaven's great lamp;
With th' smell o' th' hoss-mint an' roses from
 th' canyons so wide an' so deep,
Where th' crick's talkin' sweet to th' willers
 an' rockin' th' lilies to sleep;
Where th' whip-o-wills call to th' night time
 an' th' wind sighs soft thro' th' pines,
An' talks to itself in th' clover or stirs in th'
 raspberry vines,
Or kisses th' tips of th' foxglove or down in th'
 dusk an' th' gloom,
A-wooin' with tender caressin' th' dark little
 violet's bloom.

The city's no place fer a feller whose heart is
 built on th' plan
Of freedom from styles an' from fashion like
 th' heart of a natural man;

Whose hand's ever out to th' stranger, whose
home is his while he stays,
Who's tryin' to be a straightforward man in
these coin-chasing days.
Th' city's no place fer a feller who's pillowed
his head on th' sod,
Alone with th' stars fer companions, alone with
himself an' his God;
Alone where th' stream tells a story to th'
canyon so wide an' so deep,
Alone where th' voices of nature sing his heart
an' its troubles to sleep.

HOMESICKNESS

A man is he,
From God's country;
A private in the infantry;
Foreign service—Philippines,
Well, any rook knows what that means.

When they sound "lights out" an' th' quarters
git quiet,
With the stillness as deep as oceans of
gloom;
An' nettin's pulled down o'er th' cots an' jes'
seemin'
Like white hearses standin' around th' dim
room.
Then, oh, say,
It gits lonesome,
An' a feller can't help it.
He can't sleep, so his thoughts
Git away and they roam
To th' lights an' th' music
An' sweet-soundin' voices,

On a night at th' place
That his heart loves as home.

When they sound "lights out" an' there hain't
nothin' doin',

An' you smoke 'till tobacco hain't got any
taste;

An' then you turn over, but still your mind
travels

Back, back to that country across th' white
waste.

Seems to me that I'm hearin' Hallie Jonsus'
pianner,

An' they're havin' a soshal out on her dad's
lawn;

Seems to me that I'm talkin' to all th' town
people—

Tho' it's been a long lifetime since first I
"took on."

"Lights out, lights out," an' a-thinkin', an'
thinkin'.

What's the use of it all you ask, an' you
hark,

An' the palms near th' winder a-whisperin'
answer,

"What's th' use, what's th' use; you're alone
in th' dark."

Then, oh, say,
It gits lonesome,
An' a feller can't help it.
He can't sleep, so his thoughts
Git away and they roam
To th' lights an' th' music
An' sweet-soundin' voices,
On a night at th' place
That his heart loves as home.

Manila
1898

THE WAY OF THE REGULAR

Reg'ler soldier, such they name me—bin that
way fer twenty years.

Arizona, Injun-fightin'; Cuba, helpin' volun-
teers.

Googoos got some malo feelin's after Old
Manila's fall,

Then we takes a hike to China—up against that
heathen wall;

Which Pekin was good, however, loot there
was with the advance,

But a reg'ler wouldn't touch it—not unless he
got a chance.

Fightin', yes, an' foreign service, sights an'
things to fill your eyes,

Heathen gods an' heathen people, heathen
lands an' heathen skies.

An' I'm here in 'Frisco loafin'—clean discharge
an' mucho tin,

An' I'm sayin', my amigo, that I won't take on
agin.

No, siree! I'm thro' with hikin' an' the service
has my scorn—
Shave-tail, I was fightin' plenty 'fore your
shoulder-straps were born.

Then you came around all snarly, "Dress up,
there! Say, can't you see?"
"Front!" you yell, you kid of twenty, lookin'
bayonits at me.
An' you fill my soul with feelin's of extreme
an' great fertig,
With your way of doin' business, like a private
was a pig.

Why, the service's gone to blazes; everything
is clear N. G.,
An' you bet your extra pesos that the same is
shut of me.
Fer I'm here in 'Frisco loafin'—clean discharge
an' mucho tin,
An' I'm sayin', my amigo, that I won't take on
agin.

LATER

Well, say! I jes' got lonesome, couldn't stand
it much nohow,

This civilian life's a dead one, mucho malo I'll
allow.
Loafed around an' spent denero till no mas of
such I had,
Got to thinkin' that the service wasn't—well,
oh, not so bad.
Chow an' quarters an' a bunkie, an' your clock
a bugle call,
Once a soldier, soldier always; you can't help
it, that is all.
Queerest thing, you git so lonesome, honestly,
that's what you will,
Actually you git clear homesick fer inspection
or a drill.
So I quit the game of loafin' when I'd spent my
travel tin;
Say, amigo, I feel better since I have took on
agin.

Manila
1898

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MAKERS OF MEN

"We had to shoot lead into those Filippinos so that they would stand still long enough for the American school teacher to shoot knowledge into their children, and so the government could force the outfit to be brown men with white men's hearts."—*Remark of Private Green, 23d U. S. Infantry.*

There was Ruby of Dakota an' a Van from old
New York,
An' O'Hara fresh from Ireland, whose father
lived in Cork;
There was Placer Pete from Idaho, one Injun
with a name
'Twould cramp your tongue, amigo, to twist
around th' same.
There was Hanson, a Norwegian, who lived
up near St. Paul,
An' for a true American that feller capped
them all;
There was a dude from somewhere, he was
boloed later on,
An' a squad went out an' got him at th'
breakin' o' th' dawn—

But such were th' men that went with me,
 To a burnin' place across th' sea,
 Where hope was dead an' men died for
 Some things not told in th' rules of war.
 What's th' use to tell th' story, what's th' use
 to tell th' rest,
 How Ruby died a-coughin' with a Mauser
 thro' his chest;
 How Placer Pete defended his lone outpost 'til
 beside
 His pile o' em'ty cartridges th' feller down an'
 died.
 An' th' Injun took his medicine an' Hanson
 took his, too,
 With a badge o' red adornin' each ole faded
 shirt o' blue—

For such were th' men that went with me,
 To a burnin' place across th' sea,
 Where hope was dead an' men died for
 Some things not told in th' rules o' war.

What was th' reason, ask you, that called that
 this be done,
 In a land where white men babble with th'
 sickness o' th' sun?

An' I'm here to answer promptly that they
gave their lives away
That eight million brown-skinned people might
see a better day;
Might know th' light o' knowledge, might
learn to rally to
Th' colors that we carried all that killin' hikin'
thro'—

For such were th' men that went with me,
To a burnin' place across th' sea,
Where hope was dead an' men died for
Some things not told in th' rules o' war.

THE ROSES THE FLORIST DON'T KEEP

When the frost-laden winds nip her little pug
nose and flirt with her rude front hair,
Then you'll see in her cheeks the roses a-bloom
in a garden of freckles there.

They're the roses you have a desire to wear
on your shoulder when papa's asleep;
They're the roses, red roses, caressed by the
wind, they're the roses the florist don't
keep.

When she sails down the street and the boister-
ous snow sifts down from the heaven
above,

And finds in her cheek a heaven below, and
melts in a spasm of love—

Then the roses—American Beauties—flame
out, and the price you would think
wasn't steep,

If you only could buy a bouquet for your heart
of those roses the florist don't keep.

And again, when you tell her, or when you
infer, that your mind won't permit you
to rest;

And that it's unsettled from thinking of her,
and you want her for bad or for best;

You will notice the blush give the dimples a
fright, and the bloom of the roses will
creep

In her cheeks, and will tell you the words she
can't say, will those roses the florist
don't keep.

WHEN SHE GOES TO GIT TH' MAIL

She hain't got any dimunds nor a rustlin' lot of
silk,

Never uses them cosmetics, never bathes her
face in milk;

But she's jes' a little chicken livin' out there
by th' trail,

That a feller meets a-Sunday when she goes
to git th' mail.

When she goes to git th' mail an' th' sunset's
gittin' pale,

An' th' grass is like a carpet long th' ole Pactola
trail,

When she goes to git th' mail, allers meet her
without fail,

Jes' to stroll home thro' th' twilight on th' ole
Pactola trail.

Freckles, yes, but lips of honey, nose turns up
a bit, I guess,

An' there's jes' a scad of patches in her little,
homely dress;

L. of C.

But I'd rather, rather have her than most
others that I know,

Because well, honest Injun, jes' because I love
her so.

When she goes to git th' mail, an' th' sunset's
gittin' pale,

An' th' grass is like a carpet long th' ole
Pactola trail,

When she goes to git th' mail, allers meet her
without fail,

Jes' to stroll home thro' th' twilight on th' ole
Pactola trail.

Left her one night lookin' back with th' tear-
shine in her eyes,

An' her voice were sorter trembly like most
women's when they cries,

An' I've roamed th' dreary country from the
start to ev'rywhere,

But somehow I'm allers thinkin' that I left my
heart back there.

When she goes to git th' mail, an' th' sunset's
gittin' pale,

An' th' grass is like a carpet long th' ole
Pactola trail,

When she goes to git th' mail, allers meet her
without fail,
Jes' to stroll home thro' th' twilight on th' ole
Pactola trail.

YOU'D BETTER KEEP A-SMILIN'

You'd better keep a-smilin' an' a-drivin' back
the tears, fer tears don't pay nohow;
So you'd better keep a-smilin' 'stead o' mopin'
thro' th' years, an' have your good time
now.

You'd better keep a-smilin' while you have
your swing, tho' tears will come, I
know;

But you jes' keep a-smilin', fer smilin' takes
the sting right out th' bite o' woe.

You'd better keep a-smilin', kinder limber up
your face, an' quit th' lost-hope crowd;
Fer long's you keep a-smilin' sorrer's slackin'
up her pace, so smile an' smile out loud.

PART II

DAWN IN THE BLACK HILLS

Grotesque and dim doth loom the Hills,
The cool west wind is blowing;
The air a subtle fragrance spills,
While pink the east is glowing.

From off the craggy wooded height,
The ghostly mists are lifting;
To join the minions of the night,
To utter darkness drifting.

Emblazoned lies the eastern sky,
A thousand birds are singing;
And o'er the rugged hill-tops high,
The song of day is ringing.

*THE PINES SING WILD AND THE WINDS
ARE FREE*

Oh, the peaks loom white against the sky,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free;
And the sluices roar and the foam leaps high,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free.
The sunset's flame is tinged with gold.

The pines sing wild and the winds are free;
The gods of to-day are the gods of old,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free.

Thro' mist and rain and spring-storm's strife,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free;
And opening buds and the dawn of life,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free.
Come away with me thro' shine and rain,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free,
We'll splash thro' the flood in the mountain
lane,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free.

Come away with me, the canyon's dim,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free;

There's greenish tufts on the aspen slim,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free.
There's a song for you and a song for me,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free,
'Tis the spring's own sweet, sweet minstrelsy,
The pines sing wild and the winds are free.

ON THE TRAIL TO SLEEPYVILLE

On the trail to Sleepyville,
Sleepyville, Sleepyville;
Loaf and loiter as you will,
On the trail to Sleepyville.

There the purpling sunsets glow,
And the crimson poppies grow;
And the tiger lilies bend,
Where the mountain rivers wend.
There the dusky fairies sing,
And the wanton roses fling
Gifts of fragrance everywhere,
On the mellow summer air.

On the trail to Sleepyville,
Sleepyville, Sleepyville;
Loaf and loiter as you will,
On the trail to Sleepyville.

There the spirits of the June,
Thro' the pine trees softly croon,
And bright heaven's glory lies,
On the peaks that kiss the skies.

There from dawn to vesper chime,
It is ever dreaming time.
And the summer, matchless fair,
Reigns a queen forever there.

On the trail to Sleepville,
Sleepyville, Sleepyville;
Loaf and loiter as you will,
On the trail to Sleepyville.

GREEN PRAIRIES

Green prairies, green prairies,
All drenched in the rain,
Or a-gleam in the dance
Of the sunbeams again
In the sheen and the shine,
Of the dawn and the light;
Or the murk and the gloom
Of the shadows of night,
In hearts that have known thee
Thy memories reign,
And thy voices clear calling,
Call never in vain.

JUNE IN THE HILLS

Now the golden summer sunlight,
Gleams athwart and thro' the pines,
And the fragrant breath of June-time,
Stirs the tangle in the vines.
And the echoes from the canyons,
Drift in ecstasy along—
Drift in ecstasy and languor,
On a tide of liquid song.

Lo, with flash of purple fire,
Comes the sunset edged with gold,
With amethysts and rubies
Burning, glinting thro' the fold
Of clouds, rich crimson-tinted,
Growing fainter, fainter still,
'Til the land is steeped in twilight
And the shadows haunt the hill.

Now the tender, mystic starlight,
Thrills the fairy haunts of June,
Silvery glancing where the willows,
Bend to hear the river's tune.

Where the crickets sing together,
And the daisies light the sod,
And the musky, dusky night-nymphs,
Chant a symphony to God.

SILHOUETTE IN SEPIA

The camp's asleep and thro' the gloom,
The white-topped wagons spectral loom;
And weird the lonesome coyotes call,
And quiet stars stand watch o'er all.
The fire's down—the shadows creep,
Their work is done—the camp's asleep.

WELCOME, MISS MAY

By the way, Miss May, you are coming, they
say,

With your blossoms and bees,
And green-mantled trees ;
And your songs by the way,
Each sunshiny day,

'Til we can't help it say you are welcome,
Miss May,

Welcome, thrice welcome,
Miss May, Miss May.

By the way, Miss May, with your robes flaunt-
ing gay,

With your violets blue,
All gemmed with the dew,
And the paths that we stray,
Thro' the moonlight away,

Make us love you and love you, Miss May,
Miss May,

Love you and love you,
Miss May, Miss May.

FLOOD-SONG OF THE MOUNTAINS

Rain-drenched rest the spruices,
The water-worn sluices,
Run high with the floods of the year's cleansing
time;
While the echo-haunts thunder
The towering cliffs under,
A lost river moans where the cave-voices chime.

Where shaggy pines wander
O'er crags looming yonder,
The wind sobs for aye like a mortal in pain;
And mists roll in masses
Thro' flame-blackened passes,
Gray warriors with plumes all a-drip in the
rain.

Wildly sweet is the singing
Of glad torrents bringing
Fair gifts to the plains and the valleys below;
Fair gifts of green bowers
And grass-sheltered flowers,
And all of the joys that the spring-spirits know.

LEGEND OF THE CHINOOK

The west wind wooed the blushing rose,
And blew her kisses sweet with musk,
From dawn of day until the stars
Shone tenderly thro' purple dusk.

The west wind wooed the blushing rose,
And sang to her a heart-song true;
And placed upon her head a crown
Of sunshine's gold begemmed with dew.

The west wind wed the blushing rose,
Embowered there in leafy nook,
And heaven blessed their first born fair,
The fragrant and the warm Chinook.

AH, THERE, MISS VIOLET

Ah, there, Miss Violet,
You're the most unkind coquette,
That the bonny spring has met,
Violet, blue violet.

First you hid yourself away,
Where the deepest shadows lay,
Where the ferns bent over you,
And the waving grasses, too,
Hid your slender form from view.
Then when other buds adorned
All the hillsides, you that scorned
Our advances in those days
Of sweet April, swift your ways
Did mend, and in the May-time air,
You jumped up most everywhere.

Ah, there, Miss Violet,
You're the most unkind coquette,
That the bonny spring has met,
Violet, blue violet.

THE SHAMELESS STREAM

Hear its tinkle and its chime,
All the scented summer time,
Hear its music o'er the lispings
 Of the trees;
Where its glinting waters pass,
Hear it talking to the grass,
Hear it singing in the sunshine
 With the bees.

Hear it sighing tender, sweet,
At the tiger lily's feet,
Hear it laughing when the fragrant
 Chinook blows;
Hear it whispering thro' the dells,
Hear the tale the rover tells,
To the lovely and the willful
 Little rose.

Hear it telling all the while,
In its heartless merry style,
Every bud or grass it kisses
 On the way;

That old, ancient tale of yore,
That it never had before,
Kissed a flower 'til that very
 Time of day.

Hear its tinkle and its chime
All the scented summer time,
Hear its music o'er the lispings
 Of the trees ;
Where its glinting waters pass,
Hear it talking to the grass,
Hear it singing in the sunshine
 With the bees.

PRAIRIE WOLVES

Up where the white bluffs fringe the plain,
When heaven's lights are on the wane;
They sing their songs as demons might
Shriek wild a chorus to the night.
Gaunt, gray brutes with dripping fangs,
And eyes a-flame with hunger pangs;
With lips curled back in snarls of hate,
They wail a curse against their fate.

THE RATTLESNAKE

O'er sunbaked plains he winds his way,
Slow squirms his glittering length along;
And from the sage brush sanded gray,
Doth come his fearful warning song.
Watch, watch for him, his sting is death,
And in those angry, flaming eyes
Doth lurk the awful hate of years.

Sunning where the barren bluffs arise,
He lies in lazy coil. The scaly lid
Doth curtain o'er those vengeful eyes;
Doth hold their murderous fire hid—
When lo, a step is heard, the horrid head
Is swiftly reared, and keen he sounds
A challenge full of deathless hate.

MARCH ON THE PLAINS

Shadow-shapes of skulking wolves along the
bluffs,
They prey upon some weakling of the herd.
Snow-mottled all the prairie lies,
The sky an ashen gray, the sunlight blurred.
Gone, gone, are all the hopes that bloomed
In summers past, 'neath skies of blue;
But see! a crocus in a bed of snow,
Ah, hope of summer blooms anew.

THE WESTERN TRAIL

A SIOUX VERSION

In the beginning the Great Spirit gave the
prairie rare gifts:

The mirage, the warm rains of springtime, the
grasses and the flowers;

The buffalo, the village by the river and the
children basking in the sun.

Happy were we then, O, my people!

But from the East a white warrior came and
with a mighty arrow wounded the
prairie;

And the grasses and the flowers withered and
the herds and villages melted away—

Melted, O, my people! as the snow melts before
the Chinook.

In time the wound healed, but a scar was left—
a long, white scar across the prairie's
breast.

SILENCES OF THE NIGHT

Silences of the night—

 A down the sky's blue way,
Hand in hand the smiling stars,
 Like happy children stray.

Silences of the night—

 Cloud-white the glory gleams,
As tenderly God's angel
 Doth drape the world in dreams.

HONOLULU

Honolulu, Honolulu,
Ah, the languor of thy eyes,
Deep the glory of the heavens
In their starlight splendor lies.
Midnight tresses—perfume laden,
Poppies sleeping on thy breast,
And the whitened sheen of moonlight,
On thy throat and round arms rest.

Honolulu, Honolulu,
Sweet thy lips and scarlet warm;
Rich thy robe whose silken smoothness,
Shows the curvings of thy form.
Rich thou art in hearts, proud beauty,
Languid queen o'er southern sea,
Who would not dare heaven's anger,
Just to reign a king with thee?

Honolulu
1899

JUST FOR YOU

Maid of summer, lilies quiver
All along the mountain river,
Thro' the dawn and thro' the dew
All the bird-songs are for you.
Maid, the roses and the dreaming
Of the dusk and all the gleaming
Of the stars up in the blue
Are for you and just for you.

Sweet, you hold the June enchanted,
All the streams are music-haunted;
Low they murmur tender, true,
Love's dear secrets just for you.
Maid of summer o'er the hushes
Of the eventide, the thrushes
Sound their flutes and crickets, too,
Twang their banjos just for you.

Deep and sad the pines are sighing,
And the quaken asps are crying
All the murky midnight thro',
Just for you, O, just for you.

Breath of flowers, scent of meadows,
All the weird and shifting shadows
That the lonely woodlands view
Are for you and just for you.

Starlight tangled in thy tresses
That the lover-wind caresses ;
Arms that beck and luring gleam,
White as moonlight on the stream.
Voice as soft as fairy laughter,
Or the echoes that come after,
All that Love can offer true,
Is for you and just for you.

PICTURES THREE

Mirroring the glories of tinted skies,
The dreamful lake unruffled lies ;
The sun the hills' dark heads enfold
In a dazzling mantle of beaten gold,
And sunset comes.

The sky grows dim, a grayish light—
A ghostly forerunner of the night—
Creeps down the mountain's ragged crest,
And soothes the valleys all to rest,
And twilight comes.

The moon glides up clad in a shroud
Of a delicate fragment of fleecy cloud,
The pines moan shrill and the shadows creep
And the childish brook sobs itself to sleep,
And night-time comes.

PART III

THE SONGS I'D LIKE TO SING

Those, sweet, sweet songs I'd like to sing,
they'd tell of all the splendor
Of summer skies and summer dawns and sum-
mer sunsets tender.
They'd tell of all the fairy bells thro' purple
dusk-time chiming,
Their tinklings clear and silver sweet, with all
the echoes rhyming.

They'd tell of all the lips that thrill with love's
enthraling blisses ;
They'd tell of eyes caressing eyes, and all the
blind god's kisses ;
They'd tell of dreams by happy streams, where
bends the blue sky over,
And songs of birds and drone of bees among
the fragrant clover.

Those, sweet, sweet songs I'd like to sing,
they'd tell pure childhood's story,
The innocence, the care-free heart, and all of
youth's bright glory.

They'd echo e'en the laughter blithe, when
childish footsteps airy,
Along the pathway from the school just for a
moment tarry.

Those sweet, sweet songs I'd like to sing,
they'd tell of hearts o'erflowing
With love that makes a hovel seem a palace
warm and glowing.
They'd tell of good deeds and the words of
kindness to another,
They'd tell of strong and willing hands out-
stretched to help a brother.

They'd tell of Hope, robed angel-like, the queen
of Land To-morrow,
Who conquers ever all the hordes of pain, de-
spair and sorrow.
Those sweet, sweet songs I'd like to sing,
they'd tell of light and laughter,
And happiness, contentment and a home in
heaven after.

THE GOOD IN SORROW

On the corner the blind man played and played,
While the hurrying crowd surged by,
But never a tinkling coin he heard,
Until with somber eye
And lips stern-drawn with grief and pain,
And face all worn and gray,
A man stepped out from the throng and gave
A coin, and walked away.

On the corner the blind man played and played,
Played sweet, "A Soul's Lament,"
But never a soul did halt to fling
That soul a copper cent,
Until a woman with tear-drenched cheeks,
And dreary, mourning gown,
Paused there by his side and in the cup,
A silver coin dropped down.

On the corner the blind man played and played,
And he played a sweet, sad air ;
But none but those to heartaches known,
Left tokens of pity there.

For sorrow makes the world akin,
As eyes with tears grow dim,
But the blind man never knew that pain
Filled up the cup for him.

WHEN SHE PLAYS

Dainty, slender, each white finger, all tremu-
lous they linger,

On the gleaming ivory linger tenderly;
And the lamplight on her tresses—growing
faint with fond excesses—

Every gleaming strand caresses lovingly.

Storm of passion and the singing of the sea
a message bringing,

To the sands a message bringing sobbingly;
Undertones wove from the crying of the waves
the wind defying,

Of the waves the wind defying mockingly.

Dreams of brook-song never-ending, all the
sylvan music blending,

All the sylvan music blending goldenly;
Pipes o' Pan and moon-haunts dusky, Pipes o'
Pan and twilight musky,

Pipes o' Pan and twilight musky, hauntingly.

Old World secrets mystifying, see her fingers
swift descrying,

Fairy fingers swift descrying happily;
Life and Death and Love full tender, Hate and
 all of Glory's splendor,
Hate and all of Glory's splendor, thrillingly.

Dainty, slender, each white finger, there they
 linger, linger, linger,
On the gleaming ivory linger tenderly;
And the lamplight glows above her, and a
 shadow bends to love her,
And a shadow bends to love her hopelessly.

THE DOOM OF THE LOITERER

Thus spake the Masters to him who trod
The path that led away from God:
“Mock not, we know thee, know thy ways,
Thy puny strength, thy small-spanned days;
Thy boastings bubble-built and all
Thy lustful heart doth fondly call
Contentment sweet.

“Braggart art thou, thy feeble trust
Rests tottering on crumbling dust.
A flute-voiced siren calls to thee,
And thou dost hearken breathlessly.
Thy reward? Thou hast none to claim,
Lest 'tis eternal, lasting shame
And agony.

“Why should we repentant tears assuage,
From thee thou flungest heritage.
Naked thou dost stand alone.
And Death a withered, black-gowned crone,
With hollow laugh and ghastly leer,
Doth fill thy cringing soul with fear—
The end! The end!”

THE WELCOME ONE

I.

We want not the sad-voiced singer,
 Away, 'tis untold pain
To hark to his dreary chanting,
 His sad and solemn strain.
Away with the one who's burdened
 With gloom and smiles grown dim,
A hopeless, mourning specter,
 Away, away with him.

II.

And ho, for the rippling laughter,
 Up from the meadow way,
And the simple-hearted minstrel
 Trilling a roundelay.
To him we will ever listen,
 We'll encore every part,
For he sings a song that echoes
 Forever in the heart.

THE BEST

One hoarded gold
And spent his soul
In long pursuit of wealth.
One chose power
That he might grind
Beneath his heel
His fellow man.
And yet another chose
False pleasure
In her scented court,
Garlanded with flowers,
And on her hair the heavy
Scent of musk.
But in the end
They tasted of
The bitter draught
Of discontent.
But there was one,
A man, white of soul
And pure of heart,
Who sought not these things
But strove to live

So that he might look back
O'er all the years
And behold no haunting
Specter of regret.
He had not gold,
Nor power ;
Of pleasure he knew not,
But in the end
He found content.

T E A R S

Tears,
Tears,
Tears,
Thro' all the years,
The dreary years,
Tears,
Tears,
Tears.

Oh, the tears of the babe
On the young mother's breast,
And the quavering cries
And the soothing to rest.
Sleep, little one, sleep,
And away with thy fears,
Both lo, e'en in slumber,
Come the sighs and the tears.

Oh, the tears of a mother
With heart all forlorn,
As swift from her bosom
Her dear one is torn;

And down thro' the silence
Of all the dead years,
Comes the wail against Fate
And the tears—bitter tears.

Oh, the tears of a maiden—
Her first taste of pain,
The one whom she loved
Lies there with the slain;
And her white hands strain upward
And upward to God,
While her tears—her bright tears,
Fall fast on the sod.

Oh, the tears of a man,
Ah, a man never cries,
'Tis a pain in the throat
And an ache in the eyes.
And a struggle to master
The curses that burn
In his heart against Fate
And her last cruel turn.

Oh, the tears of the world,
Thro' the centuries shed,
By the nations now numbered
Out there with the dead.

But God is a just God,
So calm all thy fears,
But hark! hear the sobs!
And the tears—bitter tears.

Tears,
Tears,
Tears,
Thro' all the years,
The dreary years,
Tears,
Tears,
Tears.

TO THE ONLY ONE

A hillside gemmed with roses
And the roses splashed with dew,
And a June-time moon a-smiling
From a gleamy sky of blue.
A patch of fragrant clover,
Where the trail goes winding thro',
And a cricket telling stories
Something like I've told to you.

A night bird in the thicket,
Singing soft and singing slow,
Calling for its mate a-hiding
In the aspens just below—
Sweetest songs like mellow moonbeams
Melted into music true,
Songs without no words, my honey,
Something like I've sang to you.

A canyon dimmed with shadows
And the pines up overhead,
A-whispering sad and lonesome,
Now the golden day is dead.

A stream a-laughing tender
To the foxglove bending blue,
Telling her a story, honey,
Something like I've told to you.

L'ENVOI

Starlight, starlight, scent of flowers,
Sleeping woods and dreaming skies,
What's their glory to the splendor
Of your dancing, western eyes?
Streams a-laughing, crickets chirping;
Wood-haunt voices tinkling thro',
Singing heart songs, sweet songs, honey,
Something like I've sang to you.

THE COAT IN THE PAWNSHOP DOOR

Faded, frayed, its seams all worn, its color past
redeeming,
A memory of other days, perchance, when Love
was dreaming,
And some fair head upon its breast sought
tender consolation,
While 'neath its cloth a manly heart throbbed
out in adoration.

Perhaps, in other days, there fell upon its yet
black shoulder
A baby's hand, her fingers in the creases, just
to hold her;
Then darkness came and hid away Love's fair-
est, dearest token,
And tear drops on that breast told of a mother's
heartstrings broken.

Merciless old Time reaped on. Ah, cruel are
the traces
Upon that faded, frayed, old coat that now the
pawnshop graces,

With sweet and bitter memories, eve' tho' it is
just only
A worn-out, shapeless, old, old coat, forlorn
and sadly lonely.

YOU WENT AWAY

You went away and now no more,
The lilies kiss the stream;
The wind is hushed, the night bird still,
The cottonwoods in shadow dream.
You went away and now no more
The prairie's mystery
Doth bind my soul in moonlight chains,
In rhapsody enthralling me.

You went away and now no more
The song along the trail,
When night-nymphs fling across the sky
A gold bespangled azure veil.
You went away and now no more
The dusk or e'en the dawn
Doth hold for me sweet witchery,
Since all the hope of Love is gone.

JUST YESTERDAY

'Twas yesterday you smiled and Hope
Reached out her helping hands to you;
'Twas yester eve the tracery
Of golden stars gleamed thro' the blue.
'Twas yesterday you smiled and love
Swung wide its shining gates for you—
When lo, to-day has dawned—the clouds
Drift down the sky in drear array—
Adown the sky that seemed so fair,
Just yesterday—just yesterday.

'Twas yesterday you smiled and thought
Yourself secure and sorrow-proof;
You fancied want and misery
From you would ever hold aloof.
Confidence and pride and strength,
And in yourself unholy trust,
When lo, to-day your pride is crushed
And humbled in the common dust.

'Twas yesterday you smiled and gazed
Adown the path of happy years—

A way of flowers, laughing streams—
When lo, to-day doth well the tears
Up from a broken heart that sang
A rippling, merry roundelay
To all the world, so happy then,
Just yesterday—just yesterday.

DREAMS YOU DREAM

They come to you in the dreams you dream,
The red gold's glint and the diamond's gleam;
The glimmering silk and the laces rare,
And musk from the Isles of Overthere.

They come to you in the dreams you dream,
As shackled serfs in an endless stream;
Kings—vanquished kings—to kiss the hand
Of you—the ruler of all the land.

There is music fine in the dreams you dream,
And hauntingly sweet are the songs that seem
To float from the space of heaven's blue,
And into the dreams swift dreamed by you.

There are fragrant groves that wan lights rim,
In the ghostly hours of the twilight dim;
There rest and peace your tears redeem,
In the mystic realms of the dreams you dream.

But ever to all of the dreams you dream,
Awakenings come, and the tinselled gleam

Of Pleasure's court by the rose-strewn way,
You thought pure gold—is dust to-day.

Reality, Fate—the twain doth call,
The world is real, and the somber pall
Is but the beginning of joys that seem
So sweet to you in the dreams you dream.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE

Mirth, give us mirth in the trail of the jest,
Or a smile with a touch of sweet sympathy
 blest ;
Or tears—happy tears—they're humanity's
 part,
They're diamonds—bright diamonds—mined
 down in the heart.
Give us music sweet as the songs of the rills,
That rush from the shades of the pine-black
 hills.
Give us love and joy and fling far away
The saws and the screeds of the wise to-day ;
We want but the scent of Love's roses mild,
That bloom in the heart of an innocent child.

THY VOICE

Even as the music haunts the strings,
And on the hour of midnight rings
Sweet melodies and tender lays
That speak the joys of other days,
So doth thy sweet voice
Haunt my heart.

Even as the melody of dreams,
In memory far sweeter seems,
And faint the dreamer ever hears
Its haunting echoes thro' the years,
So doth thy sweet voice
Haunt my heart.

HER EYES

Her eyes, her eyes,
What witchery lies,
In the smile-haunted depths
Of her beautiful eyes!

And when I wander by the streams,
That silver all the Land o' Dreams,
Where lilies bend 'neath cloudless skies,
And lark-songs with the dawns arise,
Or at the twilight's mystic hush,
Awakes the velvet-throated thrush,
I dream of naught beneath the skies
But her dear eyes—but her dear eyes.

Her eyes, her eyes,
What witchery lies,
In the smile-haunted depths
Of her beautiful eyes!

They smile to me, they smile to me,
In all their tender witchery;
From where the ghostly shadows play,
Along the mem'ry-hallowed way.

They smile to me and then alone
I look across to the Unknown,
Into the Great Eternity.
But still they smile and smile to me.

Her eyes, her eyes,
What witchery lies,
In the smile-haunted depths
Of her beautiful eyes!

THE ROSES OF LOVE

The roses of Love bloom red by the stream,
Great clusters of crimson with petals a-gleam ;
In sunshine and rain, in starlight and dew,
They're nodding and nodding and nodding for
you.

They bloom thro' the days of God's summer-
time,

When sweet in your dreams the fairy bells
chime ;

And castles of air you roam thro' and thro',
Those bright gilded halls that Hope builds
for you.

Make haste while they bend in beauteous bloom,
And gladden your heart with their matchless
perfume ;

Make haste, go and pluck them out under the
blue,

They're nodding and nodding and nodding
for you.

Make haste, for the summer is speeding away,

And they'll wither and mould in the Autumn's
decay.

Go out 'neath the sky, they are waiting there
true,

And nodding and nodding and nodding for you.

I HAVE SANG TO THEE, LOVE

I have sang to thee, love, of the days to come,
In the sweet by and by, my dear ;
When the wild roses nod 'mid the tall golden
rod,
And summer enchanteth the year.
I have sang to thee, love, when thy heart was
cold,
And the ghost of a dying day,
The wan twilight thro' beckoned sadly to you,
And lured every hope far away.

I have sang to thee, love, of a heart as true
As the promise of God, my dear ;
In the silence alone, I have whispered, mine
own,
Thou hast nothing, O, nothing to fear.
I have sang to thee, love, of the days to come,
Wilt thou ever have faith, my dear ?
In the silence alone, I have whispered, mine
own,
Thou hast nothing, O, nothing to fear.

P E R H A P S

Perhaps, beyond the weary years,
Beyond the sound of sobs and tears,
 There're fairer days,
 There're fairer days,
When 'cross the fields the sunshine plays,
And all the days bring happiness,
And for each soul a soft caress.

Perhaps, beyond the shades of gloom,
Where specter shapes thro' shadows loom,
 There're golden noons,
 There're golden noons,
When low the bloom-banked river croons
A song to you, while calm doth lie
The fragrant mead 'neath dreaming sky.

Perhaps, beyond this reign of pain,
A dear heart waits for you again,
 'Neath shining stars,
 'Neath shining stars,
When night her glory realm unbars;
And hope and tenderness release,
The mystic message of sweet peace.

A SONG OF HOPE

To ye who peer thro' Misfortune's veil of
gloom,
To ye who grope in darkness and know the
pain
Of watching, with dry aching eyes, the long
night thro'
For the dawn—thy vigils are not in vain.
To ye who dream and Hope's bright castles
build,
To see each shining picture grow dim and
wane
Before the dark and frowning face of Fate,
'Tis but thy part—thus not in vain.
To ye who moan in Sin's abysmal depths,
Where Remorse, Despair relentless reign,
Lift up thy tear-stained face to God,
And know thou seekest pity—not in vain.

SISTER MINE

Oh, sister mine, the years are long,
Hope is a faint and fading light,
The gray gloom comes and shadows throug
The spirit-haunted halls of night.
The world is still, all save the sob
Of pines that weep and weep alone,
And brooding specters from the heights
Call mournfully unto their own.

Oh, sister mine, the years are long,
Yet hearts are warm and hearts are true,
And there is love in every song
That drifts adown the years to you.
Adown the years to you, to you.
So smile to me and kiss your hand
Across the tide, dear heart, that flows,
Where heaven's lilies gem the land.

Oh, sister mine, the years are long,
The June's red roses bloom and fade;
The wild birds sing, then hush their song
And to the southland wing dismayed.

And yet when dreams of you press back
The sordid thoughts that fill the day,
It seems Love's summer never dies
And Love's red roses bloom for aye.

ONJINJINTKA

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE BLACK HILLS

Camped in the foot hills, their fires bright
With flame and sparks flung back the night,
And there we smoked, the chief and I,
And hearkened to the soft wind sigh;
The distant music of the mountain stream,
And all the voices that e'er seem
Half-hushed to whispers in the trees,
That speak of night's vast mysteries.
The old Sioux spoke and his eyes grew dim,
As mem'ry kissed her hand to him,
And lured him on to tell the tale,
Of why the lonesome pine trees wail,
Thro' long, long nights of murk and dread,
Like hopeless spirits of the dead.

Onjinjintka, the rose, lovelier than the flower,
She came and blossomed in our hearts;
We loved her as a child of the sunlight,
Smiles of the dawn rested in her eyes,

The spirit of the Good Spirit abided with her
spirit,
Thus we loved Onjinjintka, the rose.

Many were the warriors who loved her,
Many were the gifts laid at her father's feet;
But to the warriors her father spoke:
"She is my best beloved, her way is my way."
Calm as the mountain lake was the heart of the
rose—

The heart of Onjinjintka, the rose.

From the land of the rising sun a white man
came,
Yellow as gold was his hair and he laughed
After the manner of his tribe—
Face to face met they—face to face,
Onjinjintka, the rose, and he of the yellow
hair,
The maid seeing no evil in his smile.

For he would pluck the wild rose and when its
fragrance died,
Fling it down in the dust of forgetfulness.
Onjinjintka basked in his smile,
It was as warm sunshine to her soul.
The white man abided with us to the Spirit
Hills,

Happy then was Onjinjintka, the rose.
Here at the foot of the Spirit Hills we made our
camp,
Going no farther, being fearful of the anger of
the gods.

Broken then was the heart of Onjinjintka.
At the dawn she awoke and found him not,
Found not her white lover by her side.
In the dark night he had departed.

His trail led to a great trail,
A great trail made by many wagons;
For he had found his kind.
The white man had found his own people.
For him Onjinjintka wailed as for the dead.
Like ashes was the heart of Onjinjintka, the
rose.

We heard her wailing in the darkness,
Wailing for her love in the darkness.
She wandered afar into the Spirit Hills.
Her father called her and she answered not.
We waited and she returned not,
Lonesome were we without Onjinjintka, the
rose.

Hearken, the wind comes through the pines.
It is the voice of her,

It is the voice of her wailing through the dark-
ness,
Wailing for him who loved her not.
We shiver as we listen to her wailing,
Sad and lonesome is the spirit of Onjinjintka,
the rose.

TO A MANILA MESTIZA

Senorita, garlanded with bleeding hearts,
The heavy scent of ylang-ylang in thy hair ;
Brown-breasted maid, of far Luneta's strand,
Again I linger with thee there.
Beyond yon peaks the night-gloom lies,
See! the regal sunset flames and dies ;
Again the white stars seem to meet
The lights that burn in Old Cavite—
Silence, save the voice of thee,
And all the sea's sad melody.

Written on the Steps of a Temple
back of Nagasaki, Japan
May, 1899

STORY OF LITTLE FELLER

STORY OF LITTLE FELLER

Little Feller lived out in the Sunset Country where the prairie dogs bark all the long summer days and the meadow larks sing sweetly in the box elder trees along the creek.

He was a big-eyed urchin with very white hair and a countenance which he twisted grotesquely when he made faces at the chickens. He was much beloved by his father and mother, as he was all they had. Yet his mother was known to spank him severely at times, but the spanking was generally followed by a vast amount of kissing and most always a cookie. Sometimes she would hold him close to her and talk to him in a language no one else could understand. Perhaps it was the language of love. Anyway, at such times Little Feller was tearfully happy.

Little Feller's father never spanked him, and many times he interfered when the boy was in imminent danger of chastisement from the maternal side of the house. He was a tall,

full-chested man with a long mustache which the boy always felt a desire to investigate, pulling down his father's lip to see it fly back. This operation filled Little Feller with delight, and he laughed gurglingly. He did not know what made him love his father so. He could not explain. Perhaps it was because the man prepared his bread and milk before he touched his own supper, or, perhaps, it was because when he grew sleepy his father's arms cradled him and his father's voice, deep and tender, soothed him to pleasant dreams. Then the man would say to the woman: "Mammy, I guess I'll put Little Feller to bed," and he would carry the boy into the bedroom, walking softly lest he awaken him. After that the man would seek his pipe.

Thus Little Feller lived. During the day he built strange-looking villages out of stones and firewood, or made believe he was an Indian in the tent he had made, with his father's assistance, out of an old quilt he had found behind the house. Under this quilt he emitted queer grunts and talked to himself quaintly. He also played horse a great deal, and made believe the stick he held between his chubby

legs was a real bucking bronco. When the bronco became especially fractious he would call his mother to watch him subdue the unruly animal. But the happiest period of the day to him was when his father came home. Then he would stand at the gate and call in thick, lispy accents and jump up and down in an ecstasy of joy. He always rode on his father's back from the gate to the kitchen.

But one day Little Feller lost interest in the tent, the villages of stone and wood, and even the bucking bronco held no charms for him. He had eaten no breakfast and had not offered to go out of doors. He sat in the rocking-chair and cried fretfully. His mother looked at him and noted his cheeks were flushed, and when she pressed her face against his she found it very hot. After which she made him swallow something which Little Feller made up his small mind never to swallow again. In the evening the father came home and found the mother holding the boy in her arms and singing soft lullabys to him. But the lullabys seemed to have lost their soothing power. Sometimes Little Feller cried out as if in pain. The father bent over him and, clasping a hot

little hand in his, asked him "where it hurted." But the boy did not know. He only looked up a moment and turned his face to his mother's breast and cried.

The father rushed from the house and harnessed his fastest team and drove swiftly toward the distant town. The next morning a strange man with a leather case full of bottles came and felt of Little Feller's hand; he also placed a glass tube in his mouth, and talked very low and kind to the worn-out mother. The father was pacing up and down in the kitchen.

Little Feller was having many adventures now. Beautiful visions blossomed out before his wondering baby eyes in brightness and in splendor; then a horrid black monster blew its hot breath in his face, and he shrieked in terror. Then there would come sweet music, like one of his father's cowboys used to play on the mouth organ.

He called for his father repeatedly, although the man was beside his bed day and night. Little Feller seemed to think he was far away.

One morning just as it was growing gray

in the east, the boy sighed one faint, gentle sigh. Little Feller was tired of play and so he went to sleep. His mother fell across the bed sobbing wildly and his father went out and stared into the dawn. Presently the trees hushed their voices for they heard him cry out, "Oh, God!" after which he wept hoarsely.



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