



Songs of School Days

J. W. Foley



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SONGS OF SCHOOLDAYS



“ WOANT YOU TAIK THISS
KANNDY ”

Songs of Schooldays

By

JAMES W. FOLEY

Illustrated with Silhouettes by

KATHARINE G. BUFFUM



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To My Wife

WHO HAS ENCOURAGED ME STEADFASTLY

Song of the Purpose of the Book

wuns i tolled hennry beamus iff we took
owr dreems ann dedes ann put um in a book
it otto be a trete ann hennry sedd
it otto maik us famus wenn weere dedd.
ann hennry beamus sedd we otto maik
a reckered uv owr boyhood fore the saik
uv grone up fokes ann wenn the wurk is throo
to here um say thatts wott thay yoostoo doo
wenn thay are yung ann that way maik um gladd
to think uv awl the happie daze they had.

ann so we rote it awl : the planns we maid
the dreems we hadd ann awl the gaims we plade
the gurls we yoostoo luv with awl owr sole
the springbored thare beside the swimmen hoal
the kave ware we plade piruts ann the brook
ware we wood fish. the menny times we took
owr lunch owt in the woods ann watcht the burds
ann wenn we got it awl put down in wurds
ann lookt at it wi hennry beamus sedd
itts not a book but it is us instedd.

ann alwus wenn heez riten hennry tride
to doo his verry best ann almoast kride
suntimes to think uv awl the happie daze
we yoostoo have ann uv the menny ways
we had to maik us happie ann heez glad
to think uv awl the happie times we hadd.
ann me an hennry beamus hoap the book
wil be a trete to u ann maik u look
back ware u yoostoo be wenn ure a ladd
ann maik u think uv the good times u hadd.

— J. W. FOLEY

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SONGS OF SCHOOLDAYS

Of the Wasted Candy and the Ingratitude.

luv is a funney thing fore wenn u gett
it in ure sistem ann ure gurl has ett
ure kanndy ann sum large boy kums around
hoose got moar munney shee wil thro u doun.
i thott that biggust burten gurl was fine
she was thurtene ann i am onley nine
but if i luvd a gurl i woodunt kair
abowt hur aige if she had luvly hare
ann feechers ann i woodunt stop becaws
she was a few yeers diffрут than i was.

mi she was luvly. ann hur hare was black
ann too big brades uv it hung doun hur back.
i hadd a bag uv kanndy the furst time
i mett hur goen too skool ann i sedd ime
a nabor uv ure fokes ann woant u taik
thiss kanndy. haff uv it belonged too blake
but i foargott abowt his shair ann she
sedd mi u are too offle good too me
ann woodunt she be robben me ann took
the sack ann sedd yess i mite taik hur book.

i luvd hur a hoal weke ann every day
wenn i had kanndy i give it away
too hur but wenn i ast hur if sheed go
too hennry beamus parrtly she sedd no
ann sedd bil peersen was hur kumpuny
shee koodunt go with sutch smal boys uz me.
ann hennry beamus hurd hur say mi hand
was kuverd with big warts shee koodunt stand.
i no i got worts but shee didunt sea
um wenn she took mi kanndy awl frum me.



" SHE SKREMED UZ IF HUR LITTUL HART WOOD BRAKE
BECAWS SHE SAW A LITTUL GARTUR SNAIK "

Of the Worshipper and the Shrine.

thares ware we mett ann i furst saw hur face.
too me it is a holey sakerud plais
ann wenn the wurd semes sadd i kum ann sitt
hear on the kool grene grass ann wurshipp it.
she skremed uz if hur littul hart wood brake
becaws she saw a littul gartur snaik
kurld up in frunt uv hur. uno thay aint
the biten kind but mi i thott sheed faint
until i kilt it ann she sedd o mi
wenn it was over ann begann too kri.

o wimmens teres wenn frum thare eyes u start
u maik the kweerest feelen in ovr hart
uz if we were a giunt ann wood waid
throo seez uv bludd ann waiv ovr trussty blaid
too wreskew hur frum dannjur. ann ude lay
ure life rite down to wipe hur teres away.
ann wenn uve riskt ure life in hearos dedes
too wreskew hur frum dannjur awl she nedes
is kum ann smile att u throo hur bigg tears
to maik ure hart go pittypat fore yeers.

wot doo i kair if sheez foargott me now
ur dedd ur married. i kum ennyhow
too wurshipp at hur shrine. ann if ive losst
mi marbuls sutch uz slickeries witch cosst
a sent apeace ann if mi hart is soar
becaws i have no munney to bi moar
i kum ann sit doun hear ann think uv wenn
i saived hur life. it awl kums back agenn
ann o the sweetest peace desends on mee
till i am happie uz i yoostoobee.



" SHE DUZ NOT SPEKE TO ME BUT PASSES BI
WITH HOTTY LOOKS "

Of the Forgiveness.

she duz not speke to me but passes bi
with hotty looks ann angur in hur eye.
she wil nott rede mi noats to hur ann wenn
i send hur flours she sends um back agenn.
i tride to speke to hur lass nite but she
past coaldly bi uz if she kood nott sea
ann hennry beamus sedd he hurd hur say
ime nuthen but a worty littul jay.
o luv u are the swete kreem uv an owr
but o how badd u taist wenn u turn sowr.

wenn hennry toald me that u kood uv nockt
me over with a fether ime so shoekt
ann hurt to think that sutch a gurl uz she
kood say it ann foarget wott yoostoobe.
forgett the daze wenn she ann i were yung
the menny menny times we stood ann sung
in singen skool. the munney that i spent
too bi hur kanndy ann the times we wentt
to dansen parties. o a littul hait
like a bigg spunj wipes luv kleen off the slait.

but ile foargive hur witch is like the roase
that trize to blossom underneeth the snoze
ann sumday wenn ime dyen far away
frum hoam ann frends sheel kum to me ann say
she did nott understand wot a bigg hart
i hadd in me. its offle hard too part
to sea hur every day ann passen bi
with hotty looks ann angur in hur eye
but eaven if she cawled me that uno
i will foargive hur fore i luvd hur so.



"JO BENSEN"

Of the Truthful George and the Observing Lad.

tooday we hadd a hollyday becaws
gorge washington is dedd. uno he was
the onley man that neavur tolled a li
witch maiks it awl the wurse he hadd to di.
wenn teecher rote it on the bored ann sedd
how olled he was ann how long he was dedd
ann ast wot he died uv jo bensen says
i gess he musst uv died uv loansumness.
ann wenn she sedd he koodunt li ann thatts
the trooth wi willy peersen he sedd rattz
if that was troo heez in an offle ficks
was gorge wenn he got intoo pollyticks.



" U ROAD TOO SKOOL ON WILLY PEERSENS SLEDD "

Of the Renunciation.

hear is the wring u alwus lett me ware
 hear is ure lettur ann the lock uv hare
 u sent me wenn u promist to be troo
 becaws ure fals i send um back too u.
 doant rite ann ast me wi becaws uno
 wot u have dun to me that greeves me so.
 u road too skool on willy peersens sledd
 hereaftur u will be uz if ure dedd
 ann i wil pas u bi with skorn ann awl
 mi frends wil neavur speke to u at awl.

sum boys wood hait u fore a hartluss flurt
 but no. tho u have throne me in the durt
 i wil not hait u. i wil lett u be
 a sowr olled maid. ann sunday wenn u sea
 me goen bi u with a hansum wife
 ule nash ure teeth in pane. ann awl ure life
 ule sitt ann si becaws u throo me down
 ann ile be ritc ann own moast awl the town
 but wenn ure dyen in sum loanly plais
 ile kum ann drop a teer on ure dedd fais.

uve broak mi hart but thare are uther gurls
 with jusst uz luvly faises. thay are purls
 beside uv u ann dyen fore a sho
 too be mi awl fore thay have tolled me so.
 but u ann me are dun ann if u kum
 on bennded neeze ann offerd me ure gumm
 too choo ide waive u skornfully aside
 ann wood not eaven kair how mutch u kride.
 taik back ure lettur ann the wring i woar
 fore u are dedd to me foreavurmoar.



"THE DEDD LOG WARE WE WOOD SIT
ANN ETE OWR SANDWITCHES"

Of the Modern Columbus and the Lass.

wenn she getts this noat ile be far away.
 itt's hard to go but harder stil to stay
 ann no she duzent luv me ennymoar.
 o wenn columbuss left his native shoar
 fore the yoonited stait's no wunder he
 lookt back acrosst the dizmul waist uv see
 ann sedd fairwel mi nativ land goodnite.
 i no jusst how he fealt ann uz i rite
 thiss fairwel lettur the hott teers jusst sizz
 becaws mi hart is loansum jusst like hiz.

tooday i went arownd ann sedd goodbi
 too awl the plaises ware we plade hi spi.
 too the dedd log ware we wood sit ann ete
 ovr sandwiches ann rest ovr weerie fete.
 then too the krick ware i swum fore hur hatt
 ann ware bill peersen drouded hur pett katt.
 swete memmeries kum too me awl aloan
 jusst like ude spillt a bottul uv coloa
 ann grate sobbs shook mi mornfle bresst wen i
 sedd too um awl good bi olled seens good bi.

the planes fore me ware i kan go ann kill
 wild indyuns bi skoars ann get mi fill
 uv bluddy dedes ann thatway ile foargett
 mi urly life. ile be a hearo yett.
 the papurs wil be full uv me uno
 ann afturwile ile start a wild wesst sho
 ann maik hur town ann she wil go uv korse
 ann see me riden on mi bucken horse
 ann hoalden up the staige. ann she will sea
 wot mite uv bin if sheed bin troo too me.



"SHEEL SITT IN THE FRUNT PARLER LOOKEN SWETE
ANN DOOEN FANNSY WURK"

Of the Confidence of Love.

luv sutch uz hurs wil neavur neavur di.
 she neavur maid a donut ur a pi
 but she kann lurn ann wott she duzent no
 wil be awlrite becaws i luv hur so.
 wott if we hafftoo live on kannd bakebeens
 ann botten junnjur cookeys ann sardeens
 mi hart wil feest upon mi luv ann wenn
 mi appetight getts down to wurk agenn
 she wil have lurnt to cook ann awl be well
 ann brite ann happie uz a marridge bel.

o mitey luv bi witch too soles are ledd
 too happyness wile eeten baykers bredd
 ann byen furnichoor uz besst thay kann
 too fil thare hoam on the installmunt plan.
 wott difference if the cooken stoav woant draw
 u onley hafftoo ast ure muthernlaw
 to kum ann hellp u ann she kums ann brings
 sum hoammaid bredd ann pize ann uther things
 ann fires the hired gurl ann sedd sheel stay
 until u reely want hur to go way.

then wile hur muthers getten things too ete
 sheel sitt in the frunt parler looken swete
 ann dooen fannsy wurk ann awl day long
 weel sitt like burds ann burst owt intoo song.
 she says sheez not afrade uv beein poor
 if she has lotts uv kloase. ann sheel endoor
 wott eavur forchune brings if i doant look
 fore hur too doo the howswurk ann too kook.
 how cood i hellp but luven hur wenn she
 is reddy to lay down hur life fore me.



..WENN SHE WAS HANGEN ON THE GAIT ANN
I LOOKT FOOLISH AT HUR WENN IME GOEN BI"

Of the Lovable Lass and the Plethoric Dad.

she says she neavur neavur luvd befoar
 she saw me passen bi hur paws frunt doar
 wenn she was hangen on the gait ann i
 lookt foolish at hur wenn ime goen bi.
 uv korse she had sum boze but nun that sturd
 hur hart down too its depths until she hurd
 me wissel ann she saw mi fais. ann wenn
 she furst saw me sheed neavur luv agenn
 she sedd she noo. ann if i shunnd hur eye
 sheed be a nunn ann bid the wurld goodbi.

how swete it is wenn munneys on the throan
 uv life too be luvd fore ureself aloan
 ann no that u have gott the powr to stur
 a woomens hart wenn u jusst look at hur.
 ann o its sweeter stil if u kann no
 hur paw has got jusst oshuns uv the doe
 ann u jusst have to furrnish luv ann he
 wil furrnish munney fore boath u ann she
 i wood not kair if she was poor but o
 its dubley swete too no sheez got the doe.

i wood not hezzetait if she was poor
 too marrie hur. togeathur weed endoor
 woteavur forchune sennt with rite good will
 but since sheez ritich itt's awl the bettur stil.
 ide luv hur in a cottidge just the saim
 fore luv is sutch a holey sakerud flaim
 it burns like tinndur wenn u strike a lite
 but stil it burns moar glorious ann brite
 wenn she has lotts uv munney ann hur paw
 with menny thowsunds is ure fawthernlaw.



"IN CALDEN DAZE I WOOD
UV BIN A NITE".

Of the Disabled Knight.

i kannot go to sea hur wensday nite
mi lipp is sweld ann i have had a fite
with shoarty weeks. he cawld hur pidgentode
ann thenn i went ann throo him in the rode
ann rold him in the dusst until he sedd
heed taik it back. but wenn heez up instedd
he hitt me in the fais with a big stick
witch hennry beamus cawls a kowurds trick
becaws we had kings X. ann hennry says
nobuddy wood doo that but savvidges.

i look so funney wenn i tri too smile
witch i suppoas wil lasst fore kwite a wile.
ann wenn i ete mi meels ann hafftoo choo
mi teath doant grind um like thay otto doo.
ime offle soar but i doant kair at awl
becaws ile betchoo he woant neavur cawl
hur pidgentode agenn. ino he stade
away frum skool too daze heez so afrade
ann hennry sedd heed ruther look like me
than be a savvidge ur be kowurdly.

in oalden daze i wood uv bin a nite
with armer on ann reddy fore a fite
moast enny time ann waiv mi bluddy soled
fore wimmens saiks nur ast fore a reword
eksept too kis thare hand wenn i had ledd
um up to ware thare enemees lay dedd.
ann thenn ide lifft um up on mi black stede
ann ride away with um. ann if ide blede
frum krewel woonds i woodunt neavur kair
if i got wun brite smile frum ladey fare.



"THIS BOKAY IS FORE PURL"

Of the Significance of Mignonette.

i wood uv bott u violetts to sho
 how mutch i luv u butt purhapps uno
 how mutch thay cost a bunch. thay are so hi
 u hafftoo be a millyunair to bi
 a bunch uv um. ann so i hadd to lett
 um go ann gett this bunch uv minyunnet
 witch groze in ovr frunt yard. its not so dere
 but shoze mi feelens to u jusst uz clear
 uz if it kost a lott. ann it is tide
 with ribbon muther woar wenn sheez a bride.

she duzent no i took it but no harm
 is dun ann maybee it will be a charm
 fore u ann me. i cutt it off hur dress
 but she woant mind a littul moarorless.
 i tride to ti it in a hansum bo
 like gurls doo in the flour stoars uno
 butt coodunt maik it wurk ann so I tide
 it in a hard nott that will hoald. beside
 it shoze bi beein tide so hard how fast
 ovr harts are tide togeathur till the last.

ann wen u smelluvum with ure deer noase
 remmembur ure the sweetest flour that groze
 ann wen i think uv u mi eyes gett wett
 ann mi hoal hart semes full uv minyunnet.
 ile nock at ure frunt doar ann wen the gurl
 kums down ile say this bokay is fore purl
 sent bi a frend uv hurn ann then ile go
 away at wuns ann she will neavur no
 that ime the frend ann ure the wun to gett
 mi hart in this bigg bunch uv minyunnet.



"I WENT BEHIND THE BARN ANN THOTT"

Of Love, the Miracle Worker.

lass nite u sedd u luvd me deer ann o
 wott joy itt give me u wil neavur no.
 i coodunt ete no supper ann i went
 behind the barn ann thott uv how ide spent
 so menny yeers in foolishness ann swear
 thatt wott had bin wood neavur be no moar.
 ann wenn the piggs ann cows hadd awl bin fed
 ann neerly awl the wurld had gone to bedd
 i cood not slepe but stade awake unless
 ide looze a minnit uv mi happiness.

ann i foargave bil persen awl the sin
 heez dun to me ann littul hennry finn
 foar tellen teecher on me wenn i roat
 a joak abowt hur swetehart onn a noat.
 ann gummy wudgen for the time he broak
 mi fishpoal ann jo grumby foar the joak
 he plade on me wenn he roat nelly brown
 ann sined mi naim ann sedd i wood be down
 att the dedd tree att five o'clock ann she
 kott neer hur deth uv coald waten foar me.

ann wenn i coodunt think uv enny moar
 i cood foargive i fickst the seller dore
 ann raikd the yard ann pild the wood-box hi
 with kindlen wood ann wenn itt's awl dun i
 throo the corn husks i yoostoo smoak away
 ime dun with um foreavur ann a day.
 ann o thiss mornen wenn i washt i took
 thee sope ann washt mi neck soze it wood look
 uz wite uz snow. it changes u awl throo
 wenn u no sum wun reely cares fore u.



"SHE LOOKS INTO OUR BACKYARD
ANN SMILES AT ME"

Of the Interrogation.

wi doo i luv hur wenn i sea hur go
 with hur big bag uv skoolbooks too ann fro.
 wi does mi hart go pittypat wenn she
 looks intoo owr backyard ann smiles at me.
 wi doo i wish i was a millyunair
 ann ownd a pallus bi the see sumware
 with menny survents at her bekkancawl
 soze she doant have to doo no wurk at awl
 but onley hasstoo chainge hur gownds ann go
 too serkuses becaws i luv hur so.

wi doo i sunhow alwus want to ware
 mi sunde kloase ann alwus kome mi hare
 wenn i sea hur like sum swete farey go
 intoo the stoar fore grossereys uno.
 mi feelens are so depe thatt i kant tell
 wott maiks me luv hur. she has kasst a spell
 upon mi hart witch jumps arownd uz tho
 its sum skairt burd uve kott ann woant let go.
 ann hennry beamus sedd nobuddy nose
 ware luv kums frum ur eaven ware it goze.

if i shood be a famus man uno
 ann play a horn in sum big minnstrul sho
 ur be a serkus rider it wood be
 mi luv fore hur that maid a man uv me.
 ann every time i turnd a summerset
 ur plade a solo on the klarrinett
 ide no it was mi luv fore hur that maid
 me famus ann the verry toon i plade
 wood sho it ann the summersett i whurled
 wood provv that luv the thing that rools the world.



"THARE SEMES TO BE
NO CHANCE IN A WL THE WIDE WIDE WURLD FORD ME"

Of the Prosaic Life and the Unquenchable Fire.

if i kood stopp sum turble runaway
that she was in ann wreskew hur ann say
no nobul gurl give me no thanks. fore u
it wood be pleshur to be tore in too
bi big wild hoarses. iff ide kiss hur hand
ann taik mi hat off wood she understand
wott maid a hearo uv me. wood she fawl
upon mi neck ann say pleez kum ann cawl
tomorro nite ur wood she koaldly say
thank u kind sur ann go hur hotty way.

ur if hur fawthers howse was burnen down
ann awl the fiar fiters stood arownd
wile she is up in hur thurd storey room
so commly waten fore hur firey doom
ann i shood dash throo smoak ann flaim ann save
hur frum hur turble turble firey grave
i wunder if sheed still be koald ann prowld
wile mitey cheers went up frum awl the crowd
ur wood she say fore wott uve dun today
ile be ure swetehart till ime oald ann gray.

o if sum chance wood onley kum to sho
how mutch i luv hur so sheed hafftoo no
wotts in mi hart. but o thare semes to be
no chance in awl the wide wide wurld fore me.
if onley sheed go fore a sale ann get
intoo a stoarm soze she wood get upsett
ann i cood saive hur frum the mitey depe
ann frum hur grattitood to me cood repe
mi grate reword. but no. no chance wil kum
ann i kann onley bi hur nutts ann gum.



"I LEEND ON THE FRUNT FENSE LASS NITE ANN KRIDE"

Of the Lamentation.

the wurdl semes offle offle sad to me
 fore amy joans is gone away u sea
 to vizzet with hur unkels fokes ann i
 woant sea hur fore a hoal weke witch is wi.
 sumhow hur goen maiks a turble chainge
 abowt hur howse. it looks so still ann straing
 the blinds are shutt ann awl the kurtens down
 with jusst the gurl ann hired man in town
 to kepe the burrglers owt ann the frunt laun
 just semes to say sheez gone sheez gone sheez gone.

i leend on the frunt fense lass nite ann kride
 to think she wasent thare. ann then i tride
 to chere upp but mi feelens was too grate
 ann turble sobbs just rattuld the frunt gait.
 i was askairt sheed neavurmoar kum back
 sumway i thott the trane run off the track
 ann kilt um awl. in mi dreems i kood sea
 hur layen dedd ann cawlen owt to me
 it was so pittiful ann i sed no
 it is so dredfull that it kant be so.

today we had fresh donuts sutch uz we
 are offle fond uv ann i ett down three
 befoar i thott uv hur ann then the lite
 went owt fore me. i losst mi appetight.
 a grate bigg lump rose rite upp in mi throte
 i putt a kupple donuts in mi kote
 soze i doant starv ann slolie went away.
 sum uther boys were bizzey with thare play
 but i jusst lookt at them ann then went on.
 how kood i think uv play wenn she is gone.



" I WASHT THE STEPS "

Of the Unselfishness of Love.

if she noo how i wurkt to get that dime
how i was swetten neerly awl the time
i washt the steps ann polisht the frunt doar
i wunder if sheed luv me enny moar
wenn she is drinken lemменade witch i
have bott fore hur. shee nose that it wood bi
fishlines ur topps ur marbuls witch i nede
but no. i doo not bi um. no indede.
i onley think uv hur ann mi grate luv
ann wunder sumtimes wott sheez thinken uv.

if she kood sea the blissturs on mi hand
frum raken launs o wood she understand
that every time she stopps ann starts to draw
hur breth sheez drawn munney throo the straw.
o luv how eezy u maik us foargett
the way we wurk we blisstur ann we swett
to get a littul munney wenn we pass
a stand ware lemменade is five a glass
ann ure gurl looks up att u offle sli
ann says o hennry doant it maik u dri.

o luv u are a mitey mitey power
we wurk fore munney menny a weery owr
but let a gurl get thursty ann its gone
befoar u hardly say jak robison.
the millyunair spends thowsunds but he nose
thares lots moar in his pockut wenn it goze
but wen i spend mi dime foar lemменade
its awl ive got. but luv is not afrade
uv povurty. ann every breth she draws
brings happinuss up to me throo the straws.



"ILE BE A HURMITT IN A KAVE"

Of the Chastisement and the Lass.

becaws i lickt hur bruther she is soar
 ann sed hur luv is dedd foreavurmoar
 ann o wot maiks hur koalduuss seme the wurst
 is wenn i no hur bruther hit me furst.
 i wood uv neavur lickt him ann wood taik
 the naims he cawled me fore hur own deer saik
 but wenn he went ann hit me i foargot
 he was hur bruther tho i neavur ott
 uv lickt him kwite so bad ann broak his noase
 but its too lait to tell hur i suppoas.

ann hennry beamus sed she sed if she
 kood be a boy sheed maik it hot fore me
 fore licken him. she duzent seme too no
 he blackt mi eye befoar i lickt him so.
 if i kood onley speke to hur ann tel
 mi side uv it ann sho mi eye a spell
 she mite be sorrie fore the wurds she sed
 but wenn she seez me now she turns hur hedd
 ann turns hur noase up like a kwene ann wenn
 i tri to sho mi eye sheez gone agenn.

he neavur bot hur kanndy ur iskream
 uz i uv dun ann yet ovr happie dreem
 is broaken ann luvs bubbel it has burrst
 becaws i lickt him wenn he hit me furst.
 i wood uv bin her loyel fathfull slaive
 but now ile be a hurmitt in a kave
 ann slepe on skinns ann let mi hare gro long
 ann sumday wenn she seez that she was wrong
 thale find me layen dedd in sum far land
 with hur swete picchure in mi koald dedd hand.



"O WENN HE KUMS TO CAWL U BETTER AST
HIM WOTT HIS RECKERED IS"

Of the Mysterious Stranger.

o trusst him not becaws his fais is fare
 ann he has perfyoom on ann oyley hare
 ann wares fine kloase. u doo not no but wott
 the welth he semes to have he may uv gott
 bi turble krimes ann onley trize to hide
 his wikked hart beneeth a fare owtside.
 u doo not eaven no but wott he may
 uv bin a kash boy in a stoar sum day
 ann run off with the munney drore witch he
 wood yooze to win ure hart away frum me.

how doo u no but wott the welth he owns
 was grownd frum orfun's teers ann widdoze grones
 ann wenn u eet iskream with him he may
 be spennden munney witch he took away
 frum sum poor sole hoo may be in the strete
 with bairly kloase enuf ur bredd to eet
 wile he is feesten like a prinns ann bize
 redd lemnenade ann gum ann thatway trize
 to win ure hart away frum me ann thenn
 wenn it is broak kasst it aside agenn.

o wenn he kums to cawl u bettur ast
 him wott his reckered is ann if his passt
 is free frum krime ann if he shood turn pale
 ule no the officers are on his trale.
 ur maybee heez a kownterfitter hoo
 is waten fore a serkus to kum throo
 soze he kann wurk the town ann thenn heel fi
 to uther feelds ann neavur say goodbi
 ann u wood di uv shaim ann hafftoo be
 a nunn to hide ure shaim ann mizzery.



"I MITE BE A STEEMBOTE KAPTEN"

Of the Temptation.

sumday i mite be prezidunt ur own
 a minnstrul sho ur serkus awl aloan
 ur be a trane conductkter soze thatt u
 cood ride fore nuthen iff i wanted too.
 ur be a steembote kaptan on the seez
 with mi stowt shipp a runnen in the breez
 at fifty notts ann owr ann u cood go
 awl over yoorup on a crooze uno
 ann so u otto think uv it befoar
 u say fairwel ann we must meat no moar.

ur i mite winn an aires ann sheed di
 ann leeve me awl hur munney ann thenn i
 wood kum to u ann say hear is mi hand
 ann forchune ann weed fli to sum far land
 far frum hur fokes ann sumtimes drop a teer
 too think how kind she was too leeve us hear
 with awl hur munney. ann moast every day
 weed seek hur graive ann lay a big bokay
 uv roases thare ann sheed look down frum ware
 shee was ann bless us wile weere standen thare.

u dowt me now butt everybuddy nose
 that riches kum sumtimes just like a rose
 thatt opuns in a singul nite. ann thenn
 iff u shood turn me down thiss time why wenn
 u are grone up ann see me goen bi
 with welth in awl mi pockets ure bloo eye
 wood fill with teers ann u wood want to kum
 ann chainge ure mind but pride wood keep u dumm
 ann thenn ure hart wood brake ann in the gloom
 weed go in sorro to owr cheerluss toom.



"I WANTO TEL U THISS SOZE U WILL NO
THE TROOTH UV ITT"

Of the Undefeated Gladiator.

he says he lickt me but he didd not tell
wot i have dun to him. i mite uz well
say i lickt him. he onley toar my close
ann i give him a turble bluddy noase
wich henry beamus sedd maid itt a tie
betwene uss ann the beefstake on mi eye
is ware i fel dounstares. he neavur hitt
mee in the eye a tall ur thott uv itt
untill he saw me yessturde ann so
he toald u thatt becaws u didunt no.

i doo nott kare wott uthers think butt o
i wanto tel u thiss soze u will no
the trooth uv itt. ann henry beamus sedd
he coodunt lick wun side uv me. instedd
uv licken me heez gladd too quit ann wenn
we stopt too rest ann was too start agenn
he sedd he hadd sum choars too doo ann so
he coodunt fite no moar thatt day uno.
ann wenn he seez me now heez so ascard
he coodunt fite me eaven iff he dared.

i woodunt be ascard uv him iff he
was twict uz big uz now ann wenn i sea
him on the way to skool agenn ile maik
him taik back wott he sedd fore ure deer saik.
i no the beefstake looks uz tho i mite
have gott it becaws i have hadd a fite
butt u can ast mi muther ann sheel say
she putt it on hursel the uthur day
becaws i fell dounstares. butt she doant no
i hadd a fite so please doant tell hur so.



"U MITE GO FURST"

Of the Buried Romance Brought to Use.

feer nott swete made. iff teecher asts u wi
 ure lait too skool i wil tel hur thatt i
 am awl too blaim fore getten u too go
 the longust way ann walken offle slo.
 purhapps she was a gurl hursel ann wenn
 i tel hur thatt sheel dreem uv yuth agen
 ann sum fare ladd she yoostoo no befoar
 he wentt away ann marcht off to the war
 too di a hearos deth ann now she hass
 too teech becaws he left hur a loan lass.

u neavur no wott sorrose peepul hide
 beneeth a plane ann sturn looken outside.
 she fritens uss butt maybee wuns she hadd
 a harrt like u butt wenn hur soljer ladd
 kum hoam awl rapt inn the old flagg she kride
 so mutch becaws heez dedd hur harrt awl dride
 upp like a nutt. ann so she saddly goze
 throo life a wippen uss to dround hur woze.
 butt iff u onley tutch hur harrt ino
 she wood foargiv uss fore she luvd him so.

u mite go furst ann i wil wate ann see
 frum heeren hur iff thares a chanst fore me
 too tutch hur harrt bi taken awl the blaim
 soze wenn she looks att u ann cawls ure naim
 i kann rize upp ann say no tutch hur nott
 i am too blaim fore itt no mattur wott
 u doo too me. butt o i wisht i noo
 iff itt wood tutch hur uz itt otto doo
 ur wil she be jusst koald ann harrd ann say
 sheel lick uss both fore beein lait tooday.



"ANN WUNS SHE LETT ME SITT WITH AMIE JOANS"

Of the Enforced Company of Amy Jones.

sumtimes wenn we are crouded teecheerll lett
 uss sitt togeathur fore a wile too gett
 moar room fore sum noo skollars till the bored
 getts lasst yeers tackses pade soze too afored
 sum moar noo seets. ann wuns she lett me sitt
 with amie joans ann o the joy uv itt
 will neavur di. itt was so turble nice
 it didunt seme like skool butt parradice
 ann amie sedd iff itt kood be thatt way
 sheed go too skool foreavur ann a day.

owr bench was smal butt neathur uv uss kared
 fore kumfort ann awl studdie owrs we shaired
 the saim geogafee ann wenn itt's noon
 and foreoclock itt seemed too kum too soon
 fore boath uv uss. ann wenn itt kum resess
 i sedd letts studdie ann she wisspured yess.
 ann wuns i roat i luv u onn hur slait
 ann she jusst blusht ann i sedd do u hait
 me now ann she sedd she hadd redd sumware
 faint hart wood neavur winn a lady fare.

ann i tolled teecheer wenn the noo seets kum
 she kood have mine fore sum poor skollar frum
 the country hoo was bashfull ann ide stay
 rite ware i was ann gett along sumway.
 ann thenn she sedd itt's offle nice ann swete
 fore me too offer too give upp my seet
 but she wood tri too ficks itt soze too lett
 me have a seet aloan ann nott too frett.
 she duzent seme too understand how we
 wood like itt bettur iff sheed lett uss be.



.. SHE MAY UV SEEN ME SWEEPEN OWT THE KANDY STOAR ..

Of Love Irrepressible.

i wunder if she kood uv hurd i got
 a dollur fore mi dog ann that is wott
 maiks hur so swete to me wenn she goze bi
 with sutch a funney twinkul in hur eye
 ann seez me stannden on the poarch uz tho
 sheez kwite a bit imprest with me uno.
 ur is it jusst becaws ime fare to sea
 that she looks in acrost the fense at me
 ann smiles uz tho sheed like to speak ann yet
 she kant becaws she nose weeve neavur met.

purhaps she may uv hurd uv me befoar
 ur seen me sweepen owt the kanndy stoar
 ann fel in luv with me befoar she noo
 i had a sent on urth or eaven hoo
 i mite uv bin. she looks uz tho she mite
 uv fel in luv with me at the furst site
 ann in hur moddust glanns she trize to tel
 how she is helld beneeth the mitey spel
 uv manley bewty ann wood gladly go
 to skool with me becaws she luvv me so.

uv korse it maybee she has hurd i got
 a dollur fore mi dog ann that is wott
 ledes hur to smile at me in hoaps that i
 wil fawl a vicktum to hur smiles ann bi
 hur lemmenade ann kanndy ann iskream
 but it semes hardly possibul sheed drewe
 uv sutch a thing uz munney — sheez so fare
 ann moddust looken uz if she wood shair
 the woze uv povurty withowt a grone
 if she kood have u fore hur verry own.



"SHE IS SICK IN BEDD ANN
I DOANT KAIR TO SEA"

Of the Measles and the Martyrdom.

i mite uv seen the unkel tomm but no
 i wood not look becaws u koodunt go
 ann wenn thay had the strete paraid i thott
 uv u in bedd with meezles burnen hott
 ann kloased mi eyes soze i kood help to shair
 ure sufferens. ann o ine gladd to bare
 sum sorro too witch onley goze to sho
 how mutch weel do fore thoas we luv uno
 ann o the trooest luv thats eavur knone
 is sutch a sackrifice uz i uv shone.

it was a splenndid sho ann ide uv kride
 so hennry beamus sedd wenn eva dide
 ann ware ime stannden owt in frunt i hurd
 the bludhownds bark but neavur eaven sturd
 wenn hennry beamus ast me if ide kair
 too stand up on his bocks ann look frum thare
 intoo the windo ann i mite uv stood
 up thare ann seen the hoal sho jusst uz good
 uz if i am inside but i sedd she
 is sick in bedd ann i doant kair to sea.

ann hennry beamus sedd sutch luv is rair
 uz goald ur preshus jooels wenn u tare
 ure hart rite owt uz i did jusst to sho
 wenn u are sick ann sufferen uno
 thares no joy in the wurld fore me. i mite
 uv lookt intoo the windo every nite
 ann u wood neavur no. but how kood i
 look afturwurds intoo ure bigg bloo eye
 ann no that wenn ure in sutch agguny
 ide spennt mi nites in joy ann revulry.



"HUR FAWTHERS GOT A BETTUR JOBB ANN
DRAGD HUR OFF"

Of Love the Forsaken.

hur fokes have moved. purhapps ile neavur sea
 hur fais agenn ur wenn i doo sheel be
 sumbuddy elses wife ann wil foarget
 the happie daze uv yuth wenn we furst met.
 purhapps ile suffur foar a littul wile
 ann hardly feal uz tho iwantoo smile
 ur ete mi meels but it wil pass away
 til ime rezined ann wil beginn to play
 ann ete agenn foar hungur musst be fedd
 the life is sadd ann luv is koald ann dedd.

thare howse is dark. the kurtens are awl down.
 thayve mooved away intoo anuther town
 becaws hur fawthurs got a bettur jobb
 ann dragd hur off. wott if a krewel sobb
 was in hur throte ann bittur tears wood stream [seam
 down hur pale cheeks. things are nott wott thay
 ann she musst follo ware hur fawther ledes
 ann he musst go away becaws he nedes
 the munney witch heez goen too gett ann tho
 hur hart may brake sheez simpley got to go.

o luv u seam to kutt no ise at awl
 ware munney is. ann tho ure hart may cawl
 in angwish sutch uz u kann hardly bare
 ure gott to brake ure yuthful vowze ann tare
 ure hart owt uv ure boozem with a sobb
 becaws ure fawthers got a bettur jobb
 in sum noo town. shee stood ann waived at me
 owt uv the trane until i koodunt sea
 hur farey foarm no moar. adoo adoo.
 o luv this wurd is not the plais foar u.



"THE RANE STOFT AWL MI TRAUD"

Of the Bankruptcy of the Rain.

goodbi swetehart. ive losst mi peenut stannd
 at the faregrownds ann in sum forren land
 purhapps i may foarget but eaven thenn
 mi life wil neavur be the saim agenn.
 but wether ime beneeth the reddhot ski
 uv troppick lands ur ware the iseburgs li
 agenst the poal ule be mi giden starr
 like ware the wize menn seen it frum afarr
 ann maybee uz i travul i will send
 a posstul kard to sho ime stil a frend.

i wood uv maid mi forchune at the fare
 but since it raned moast every day ime thare
 nobuddy stopt to bi um in the wett
 ann i have losst mi awl ann am in dett
 fore paper sax ann mennu uther things.
 o wott a lot uv wo missforchune brings
 wenn awl ure welth is swallode up ann u
 kant stopp the rane no mattur wott u doo
 ann sit in mornfle sileuns day bi day
 ann see ure savens sloly washt away.

purrhapps it was becaws ime prowde ann vane
 uv ownen it ann that is wi the rane
 stopt awl mi traid ann boud mi hotty hedd
 intoo the dusst fore punnishmunt instedd.
 i wood uv maid too sense a sack ann pade
 up awl i ode ann maybee wood uv laid
 a forchune bi ann ast u fore ure hand
 but now i no ime poor ann wood not stand
 no sho at awl ann so I kum to say
 goodbi to u fore i musst haist away.



" WENN SHE GETS UP TO
SPEKE HUR PEACE "

Of the Upper Class Girl.

she gradjewaits tooday ann says goodbi
 to skooldaze fore she nose it awl ann i
 musst sea hur go far owt upon the way
 uv life aloan wile i kan onley stay
 fore yeers ann yeers until i reech the spott
 ware she stands now. ann then ile be foargott
 bi hur hoo i have wurshipt awl these yeers
 in sileunce. i will look at hur throo teers
 wenn she gets up to speke hur peace ann o
 wot i will suffer she will neavur no.

o krewel fait that kums betwene uss too.
 justt uz ime getten stârted she is throo
 ann wenn ime throo ann gradjewait sheel be
 far owt sumwares upon lifes stormy see
 purhapps a teechen skool ur sellen lace
 ann rubbuns in sum far far disstunt plaice
 ur riten shoarthand in sum dinnjie room
 frum ate oclock to five till awl the blume
 is flone frum hur pale cheeks ann i will cawl
 o ware is she but sheel not here at awl.

so wen she gradjewaits ann gets fine flours
 frum frends ann rellitives the happie owrs
 that i have dreemed uv hur will awl be gone
 like ottum leeves a bloen down the laun.
 day aftur day ile kum back hear ann spend
 the dreerie owrs ann wunder if the end
 will eavur kum. the yeers will slolie pass
 until ime in the gradjewaitin klass
 but wil she here me ur will she be dumm
 wenn i cawl out wate luv i kum i kum.



"SHE MUSST TAIK HUR CHOICE UV ME ANN REDD"

Of the Vengeance of Unrequited Affection.

sum day ile be so ritch ann doo so well
 at maken munney i kan bi ann sell
 awl uv hur fokes ann reddy browns fokes too
 ile own a steemyot with a splennid croo
 ann wile ime croozen upp ann down the kost
 i wunder then witch wun sheel luv the moast
 ann wish that she had married wenn i sedd
 that she musst taik hur choice uv me ann redd
 ann she took him ann awl thats left to me
 is venjunce on um fore thare tretchery.

o i wil wate ann get a morgidge on
 hur fawthers howse ann wenn his munneys gone
 ile foareloase on thare hoamstedd ann thale haff
 to go away ann aftur that ile laff
 a turble eavul laff aun reddy brown
 woant have no munney ann ile hunt him down
 ann tel him uv mi venjunce ann heel gritt
 his teeth ann raige ann maybee have a fitt
 ann wring his hannds in mizzery ann raive
 at me but ile be krewel uz the graive.

ann biunby sheel kum to me sum day
 ware i am rollen in mi welth ann say
 hur hart is broak ann reddy browns in jale
 fore beein drunk ann i will sea how pale
 hur fais is then ann i will taik mi pen
 ann rite a thowsund dollur check ann then
 ile give hur that but neavur let hur no
 ime eaven thinken uv the longuggo
 ann sho hur owt the bewtiful frunt dore
 uz tho ide neavur seen her fais befoar.



WENN U ARE MADD U SIMPLY RUN UM THROOD "
"ANN AWL U DOO

Of the True Knighterrantry.

if it was like the oalden daze ide run
 him throo with mi sharp sord ann wenn its dun
 ann he lade on the gras ann breethed his lasst
 ide wipe mi sord ann wenn ime goen passt
 ide tel him it is dannjerous to flurt
 with sum wun elses gurl ur ule get hurt
 ann he wood no the turble turble price
 heed pade fore tryen to be swete ann nice
 too amy joans ann wenn heez dedd ide go
 to amy joanses hoam ann tel hur so.

but nowadaze u dair not run um throo
 but u kan yoose an otto witch if u
 no how is justt uz fatul but u pay
 a fine uv twenty dollurs ann u may
 not have the munney so u hafftoo go
 to jale fore maybee twenty daze uz tho
 ure justt a kominun krimminle. but wenn
 u yoostoo yoose a sord ann fite wi thenn
 ure neavur find at awl witch goze to sho
 how mutch moar preshus hewman beeins gro.

o fore the daze uv robbun hood wenn nites
 were offle braiv ann hadd so menny fites
 thare awl skarred up but happie uz a lark
 ann sumtimes killed a duzen befoar dark
 witch maiks a splenndid book. ann awl u doo
 wenn u are madd is simpley run um throo
 ann leev um skatturd awl aboutt to sho
 the terrur uv ure mitey arm uno
 ann ladies fare hoo see um layen dedd
 will put a reeth uv lorrel on ure hedd.



“ TAIK A CHARE ANN LOOK INTO A BOOK ”

Of the Bursting Chrysalis.

wenn u taik hur to parrties ann u go
to hur frunt dore ann ring the bel uz tho
ure stedly kumpuny ann ast if she
is reddy yet ann walk rite in ann see
the parler awl litt up ann taik a chare
ann look into a book thats layen thare
u kant help looken bak to wenn u plade
in hur back yard fore then u alwus stade
owtside the howse ann neavur dremed uv how
sunday ude be ware u are sitten now.

ann bi ann bi hur muther kums ann says
its hard fore hur to hook hur dotters dress
she fijjits so but she wil soon be doun
ann asts u if thares enny nooze in toun
ann tretes u like ure grone becaws uve gott
a standen kollur on witch semes kwite hott
becaws u are not yoostoo it. ann mi
it hardly semes she yoostoo give u pi
frum the back dore ann ast if u doant fere
ure muthers wurried becaws u are here.

ann in an ovr ur too hur dotters drest
ann looks so bewtiful ure skairt unlest
sheel faid away befoar ure verry eyes
ann everybuddy in the parler trize
to maik u feal at hoam until ure gone.
ann then u rize ann put ure hatt back on
ann help hur doun the stepps ann ast if u
kant taik hur arm ann sheez delited too.
ann awl ure pairunts wunnder ann befoar
thay no u are not childurn enny moar.



"ANN WURSHUP IT WENN
U ARE AWL ALOAN"

Of the Consuming Passions of Eighteen.

if u kood marrie awl the gurls u fawl
 in luv with frum the time wenn u are smal
 until u are grone up ude hafftoo be
 a moarmun ur be kott fore biggunny
 ann put in jale. ann tho ure hart is soar
 frum loozen won a hundered times ur moar
 ann u think u wil neavur smile agenn
 purhapps its onley fore the besst ann wenn
 u are ateen ann boyhood daze are passt
 u no ure reely depe in luv at lasst.

o thenn ure uther luvs awl faid away
 like doo upon the gras ann u kan say
 u neavur reely noo befoar how depe
 ann turble is ure pashun ann u slepe
 upon hur fotograf ann kis it wenn
 u go to slepe ann wenn u rise agenn
 ann put it on the bewro in ure room
 propt up agenst the bottul uv perfyoom
 ann wurshup it wenn u are awl aloan
 like heethen hoo bow doun to wood ann stoan.

o happie daze uv yuth wenn u doant kair
 if bredd ann wotter is to be ure shair
 uz long uz she is troo to u ann u
 are gladd u neavur lurnt to smoak ur choo
 witch is a turble vice. ann aftur wile
 ule gro so ritch that she kan live in stile
 bekummen hur grate bewty ann woant nede
 too wasshadish ur do a thing but rede
 the fashun noats ann ware fine kloase ann go
 too theeaturs becaws u luv hur so.



"ANN WENN SHE HOALDS THE PANN FORE HIM TO PORE
HE HARDLIE THINKS HE KANN HE TREMBULS SO."

Of the Beginnings of Romance.

sheez noo to me but hennry beamus sedd
hur fokes are ritch ann bi thare milk instedd
uv kepe a kow ann that is how he met
thare dotter furst becaws hur pairunts get
thare milk frum hennrys fokes ann he is madd
at furst becaws his muther sedd he had
too karrie milk but now heez glad to go
becaws she hoalds the pann fore him uno
soze he kann pore ann hennry says she may
invight him up to cawl on hur sum day.

ann wuns the wethers offle bittur koald
ann wenn hur muther saw him thare she tolled
him too kum in ann worm himself ann maid
him taik a donut ann he sedd he stade
a haffanowr. ann o he sedd that he
wood karrie milk awl throo eturnite
to be with hur a haffanowr. ann wenn
its time to go she gave him wun agenn
to ete at hoam butt he has got it yett
to kepe foreavur soze he woant foregett.

ann hennry sedd u offen reed in books
uv how luv starts like that. ann sedd it looks
to him uz tho thare senden him to taik
the milk up thare was provvidunce to maik
a swete romannee. ann wenn she hoalds the pann
fore him to pore he hardlie thinks he kann
he trembul so. ann wuns he spilt it awl
upon the flore ann let the milk pale fawl
his mitey luv maid him so week ann frale
wenn she is neer he koodunt hoald the pale.



"URE FAIS WIL KUM BEFOAR ME REETHED IN FLOURS
LIKE WE HAV GETHERED MENY HAPPY OWRS"

Of the Farewell to the Rustic Lass.

owr dreem is dun. tomorro I musst go
 back hoam becaws mi skool begins uno
 ann awl ile bare away frum this deer plais
 is freckuls ann the thotts uv ure swete fais
 too be mi inspirashun wenn i starrt
 too skool agen. Butt o mi aken hart
 will pine fore u hear on ure fawthers farm
 with piggs ann kows ann everything too charm
 dul kair away ann maik the wurd seme fare
 with gorgus roases bloomen everyware.

the wurd wil neavur seme the saim too me
 ann wenn ime bizzy with mi jogafee
 ure fais wil kum befoar me reethed in flours
 like we hav gethered menny happy owrs
 ann ile foargett abowt mi books ann thenn
 uz like us nott i wil gett licht agen
 becaws i doo nott bownd the stait uv mane
 wenn teecheer asts me too. but o the pane
 uv itt wil pass butt ure swete fais will stay
 inn memmury foareavur ann a day.

purhapps i wil kum back anuther yeer
 wen skool is owt agen ann find u hear
 still troo too me uz u are now altho
 the hired mann wood like too hav u go
 too husken beez ann things with him butt u
 wil look att him with skorn ann ule be troo.
 ann o the buckweet caiks thatt we hav ett
 at brekfust time I neavur wil foargett
 wile life shal lasst ann hunney on um too
 wil surely keap me troo uz steal too u.



" SHE GOZE A-DRIVEN BI A WL DREST IN HANSUM CLOSE "

Of the Softening Grace of the Lass.

she nose mi pants are patcht becaws i tolled
hur we are poor ann awl mi close are old
ann if sheez sennsitive she duz not need
to walk to skool with me. but she says sheed
a good deel sooner eaven if mi close
are patcht than with moast enny boy she nose
becaws ine troo uz steel ann she kan lett
me taik hur books ann no thay wont get wett
in enny kind uv wether rainershine
ann so i karry hurs uz well uz mine.

it yoostoo be ide always want too fite
wenn enny wun maid fun uv me. but lite
has kum to me throo hur ann i resisst
the hott desire to dubble up mi fisst
ann maik um taik it back. ann then sheel taik
mi arm ann say hur muther baiked a kake
with razens in ann maybee if we go
rite hoam sheed cutt a peace fore uss ann so
mi sorroze are awl drouded in the see
uv kindness witch is floen over me.

it maybee aftur wile she wil gro prowd
ann hotty ann foargett awl uv the croud
she yoostoo go with wenn sheez yung ann fare
ann be a hansum woomen with hur hare
dun hi up on hur hedd. ann wen she goze
a-driven bi awl drest in hansum close
ann i am standen in the rode ile say
i yoostoo walk to skool with hur wun day
ann awl uv um wil stare ann look at me
ann wunder how that sutch a thing cood be.



"SHE SEDD
BOYS ARE NO GOOD BUTT SHE LIKES CATTS INSTEDD"

Of the Coming Big Leaguer.

she says she doant like boys butt u just bett
iff she cood see me turn a summersett
ur swimmen cleer acrost uv joanses crick
sheed change hur mind abowt it mitey kwick.
she duz nott no thatt i hav walked acrost
owr yard on a slakk wire ann neavur lost
mi balluns wuns ann iff she eavur sees
me chinn myself uppon the hi trapeeze
sheel no she was too hastie wenn she sedd
boys are no good butt she likes catts instedd.

purhapps the trubble is the boys she nose
are awl the kind thatt onley wares fine close
butt have no reckered too be prowd uv. wenn
she heers ime pitchen in the bawl teem then
sheel onley be too glad to no mi naim
ann speke too me. butt i wil say mi faim
brings sutch a lott uv gurls too see me ime
afrade i reely havent gott the time
to ride hoam in hur carridge butt i may
find time too stopp ann talk sum uther day.

iff she cood see me praktissen too maik
mi mussels hard ur iff sheed see me brake
a string bi bringen upp mi arm sheed no
i am no commun stuff. ann i can thro
too kinds uv curves ann sumday i wil bee
in the bigg leeg ann she wil kum to see
me shutt um owt ann weun the gaim is wun
sheel send fore me to kum ann say wel dun
ann she ann awl hur frends wil be so gladd
to think she noo me wenn ime butt a ladd.



"ANN AFTERWURDS WENNEVER HE WOOD SEE
HIS MUTHERNLAW HEED SITT ANN THINK UV ME"

Of the Loyalty of Fidus Achates.

he is mi chumm ann fore his saik ide waid
 throo seeze uv bludd ann with mi trusstie blaid
 ide fite mi way to himm throo bluddy foze
 ann dedd wuns layen awl around in roze
 like sheeves uv weet. togeathur we wood stand
 like hearos fiten bravly handinhand
 ann iff he dide wile we was fiten thare
 ide kill um everywun ann neavur spair
 a singul enemee ann thenn ide fawl
 upon mi sord in greef ann end it awl.

ur iff were cast upon sum deasurt ile
 with onley wotter fore a littul wile
 ann too seebiskets ann a kegg uv rumm
 to keep us frum starvashun i wood kum
 up too the bedd ware he was layen awl
 a burnen upp with feavur ann ide cawl
 his naim so sofft ann swete ann thenn ide pore
 the preshus wotter till we hadd no moar
 down his parcht throate ann i wood drink the rumm
 ann di uv thurst becaws he is mi chumm.

ur iff weere on a sinken shipp and we
 cood onley wun uv us be saived ann he
 wood tel me to go furst i wood say no
 uve gott a wife ann muthernlaw so go
 ann ile go down with this good shipp ann slepe
 a hearos slepe down in the briny deep
 ann he wood raze a stoan abuv mi graiv
 ware i am sleepen underneeth the waiv
 ann afterwurds wennevur he wood see
 his muthernlaw heed sitt ann think uv me.



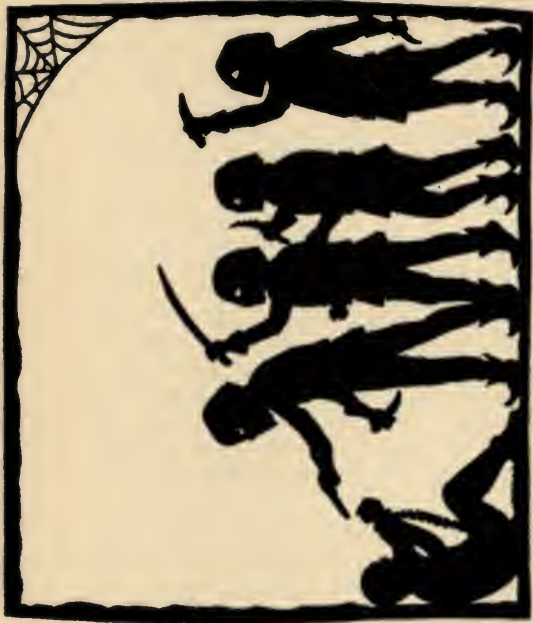
" U THINK U NEAVUR
WIL BUTT THENN U DOO "

Of the Weakness of Good Resolutions.

wenn u have toald hur awl abowt ure past
 ann how ure luv fore gurls wood neavur last
 til u mett hur ann how u yoostoo go
 with uther gurls too pass the time uno
 ann she looks rite upp inn ure fais ann then
 asts u pleez neavur doo thatt way agenn
 iff u have enny luv fore hur uno
 u allmoast kri too think u ackted so
 ann wenn u here hur vois so fond ann troo
 u think u neavur wil butt thenn u doo.

ann iff she seez u smoak a siggurett
 ann wenn u see hur neckst hur eyes are wett
 with tears uv dissuppointmunt ann she krize
 uz iff hur hart wood brake too think uv lize
 thatt u have toald hur wenn u toald hur u
 wood neavur neavur lurn too smoak ur choo
 becaws u luvd hur so ann she says thenn
 u mussent eavur doo thatt way agenn
 iff u have enny luv fore hur thatts troo
 u think u neavur wil butt thenn u doo.

ur iff u gett a licken inn ure klass
 becaws the teecher sedd she saw u pass
 a noat a maken funn uv hur ann taiks
 hur rooler down frum off hur desk ann maiks
 u stand rite upp befoar um awl ann gett
 the licken u desurve she luvs u yett
 altho she is ashaimed uv u ann wenn
 skools owt she hoaps u woant doo thatt agenn
 iff u luv hur att awl ann wenn sheez throo
 u think u neavur wil butt thenn u doo.



"ANN KEPE HIM IN SUM DUNGEN TILL HE TOALD
WARE HE HADD HIDD HIS GRONEN HORDE UV GOALD"

Of the Aspirations of Youth.

ide ruther be a pirut cheef than go
 too skool awl day ann lurn wi things are so
 ur be a capten uv sun robber band
 knone farrannwide awl over the brodd land
 ann help too capchure sum ritch bankur hoo
 had robbed the widdose ann the orfunns too
 ann kepe him in sum dungen till he toald
 ware he hadd hidd his gronen horde uv goald
 ann afftur we hadd robbed him uv his stoar
 uv welth tel him too go ann sinn no moar.

ur iff u are a pirut u kann ride
 the waivs inn ure stowt shipp ann gett a bride
 frum sum old inglish friggut filled with rumm
 ann misshunaries awl a goen frum
 thare nativ shoars too heethen lands to taik
 theese blessens too the heethen fore the saik
 uv thare deer soles witch are nott saived. ann wenn
 ude drunk the rumm awl upp ann maid the menn
 awl walk the plank ude skuttel hur ann fli
 ure skulanneroasbones too the suthern ski.

thenn wenn ude maid ure forchune u kood bi
 sum rair old country plais sumware ann di
 with frends ann naburs sitten awl abowt
 ure bedd ann rellitivs a finden owt
 how mutch ure wurth ann wunderen iff u
 foargott um inn ure wil like ritch menn doo
 wenn ure inn nede uv munney. butt ude hide
 ure welth upon sum iland att lo tide
 inn a bigg chest befoar u past away
 soze no wun finds itt till this verryday.



"PURHAPPS ILE BE A SKOWT UPON THE PLANES"

Of Youth's Ambitious Fires.

he cawls me bubb ann duz not seme to no
 that tho ime smal ive got a chanst to gro
 ann sum day wenn ime famus heel be gladd
 to think he noo me wenn ime but a ladd.
 purhapps ile be a skowt upon the planes
 like buffo bil with turble bluddy stanes
 upon mi kloase frum fiten savvidge foze
 ann be so grate that everybuddy nose
 abowt mi dedes ann wunder if its so
 i am the ladd thay noo so long uggo.

ur i maybee the leeder uv a band
 witch marches bi with mewsick offle grand
 ann swete to heer ann wenn thay kum to sea
 thale no ive got the propper stuff in me
 witch maiks sucksess ann thay wil kum ann say
 i noo u wenn ure butt a boy wun day
 ann yoostoo cawl u bubb ann neavur noo
 u hadd sutch jeenyus. ann the peepul hoo
 maid fun uv me wenn i am smal wil sea
 how ritch ann famus i uv grone to be.

ur i maybee conducter uv a trane
 ur be a pirut on the spannish mane
 ur kappten uv a bawl teem witch has wun
 the pennunt wenn the playen seezens dun
 ur menney uther famus things ann pore
 mi munney owt like wotter ann get moar
 bi onley drawen chex. ann then ile go
 to the olled town i yoostoo live too sho
 mi dimund studs ann awl the fokes wil stair
 ann tel thare boys i yoostoo wuns live thare.



"I'LE BE A BOY NO MOAR
BUT PROBABLY FLOREWALKER IN A STOAR"

Of the Self-made Merchant Prince.

purrhapps the time wil kum sunday wenn i
 wil have to urn mi liven ann musst bi
 the kloase i ware ann pay mi bored ann say
 farewel to the olled hoam ime in tooday.
 o sollum thott. ile be a boy no moar
 but probubly florewalker in a stoar
 with wacks on mi musstash ann curley hare
 ann hafftoo no it awl ann tel um ware
 the bargen kownter is ann hafftoo smile
 on every wun ann steer um down the ile.

ann then at nite ile reed soze i wil no
 the bizness like a book frum top to toe
 untill ime taken in the furm ann shair
 the proffuts ann if ive got time to spair
 purrhapps ile marrie sum ritch widdo hooze
 kwite ankshus fore a hoam ann lets me yooze
 hur munney in the bizness ann ile own
 a bigg ten storey bilden awl aloan
 ann be a murchunt prinns becaws i kep
 the goalden rool ann wurkt up step bi step.

ann then purrhapps ile rite a book ann tel
 the growen yuth how i have dun so wel
 bi keepen urley owrs ann how to be
 a selfinaid man bi strikt ekonnumy
 ann saven every sent but if u gett
 a widdo hooze got munney bettur yett.
 ann wen ime olled ile be a millyunair
 ann look back on mi urley life uv kair
 ann no that mi sucksess shoze uthers how
 to reech the dizzie hites ware i am now.



"ANN UZ WE SPINN ALONG THE STRETES ILE SAY
THARE IS THE SKOOL I YOOSTOO GO WUN DAY"

Of the Rosy Dreams of Youth.

sumtime i wil kum back to this olled town
 ware i am liven now ann ile stepp down
 frum the big otto witch ime riden in
 ann wunder if its troo ide eavur bin
 a boy in this small plais ann wunder how
 i eavur stood it here wenn i am now
 a sitty bannkur ur the prezzadunt
 uv sum bigg ralerode hoo has kum to hunt
 his poor relashuns up ann tel um thenn
 thale neavur nede to wantt fore bredd agenn.

ann uz we spinn along the stretes ile say
 thare is the skool i yoostoo go wun day
 ann thares the crick ware we went swimmen wenn
 the trane went throo ann hattoo dive agenn
 until its owt uv site ann thares the plais
 i furst lookt intoo amy joanses fais
 ann sedd i luvd hur butt sheez married now
 ann lives abuv the buttcher shopp ann how
 it neerly broak mi hart wenn amy sedd
 sheez goen to taik the buttchers boy instedd.

purhapps i mite go intoo amys stoar
 to see if she wood no me ennymoar
 ann bi boloney sossidge jusst to thro
 hur ann hur huzbend off the sent uno.
 ann then ide say u doant remembur me
 ann tel hur hoo i am ann she wood be
 supprized to no that i had dun so well
 ann wen she saw how i am drest so swell
 sheed think uv the olled daze ann no that in
 owr life its sadd to think wott mite uv bin.



"THE GRATE DISGRAISE"

Of the Love that Overcometh All.

wenn u have got a patch u wantoo hide
 in the back uv ure pance ann u have tride
 to kepe ure frunt side foarmoast ann then she
 stands u up in the korner soze ule be
 in frunt uv awl the skollurs with ure fais
 toworeds the blackbored o the grate dissgraise
 is moar than u kan bare ann wenn u here
 the childurn laff u reeulize how deer
 ure missbehaven kosst ann wisht u noo
 befoar u did how shee wood punnish u.

if she had sent u hoam u woodunt kare
 but o to think that u are stannden thare
 like sum hewge joak becaws the turble patch
 thats in ure trowsers back thare duzent match
 bi haffamile ann amy joans kan sea
 the sollum emblum uv ure poverty
 so turble plane befoar hur verry eyes
 wenn in ure luv foar hur u toald hur lize
 about ure pairunts welth ann now she seez
 u kant be ritch ann ware sutch pance uz theeze.

ann wenn u go back to ure seet u lay
 ure hedd uppon ure desk ann u doant play
 wenn its resess but like a lepper u
 sit awl aloan ann doant no wott to doo
 to wipe owt ure dissgraise ann amy joans
 kums up to u ann in hur sweetust toans
 tels u to neavur mind she luvs u stil
 ann o ure haggert eyes look up ann fil
 with happie teers. sutch luv uz hurs wil be
 a giden starr awl throo eturnite.



"I NO HE DROO HER PICKCHURE ON
THE BORED"

Of the Secret Brotherhood.

i no he droo hur pickchure on the bored
 wenn she was gone to dinner ann he pored
 read peppur on the stoav ann put a snaik
 intoo the wotter pail soze it wood maik
 the skollurs skreme but she doant no that we
 belong to the saim brutherhood ann he
 nose i wil neavur tel on him ann so
 she nede not ask fore she will neavur no
 that it was him. becaws ive sworn u sea
 wild hoarses wil not dragg it owt uv me.

ann if i broak a windo ann he noo
 i didd it he wood hafftoo be uz troo
 uz i have bin to him ann he wood shedd
 the last dropp uv his blud befoar he sedd
 that it was me ann if he tolled he mite
 be flade alive befoar tomorrow nite
 bi uthers uv the brutherhood hood kum
 at dedd uv nite withowt the bete uv drum
 ann kapchure him ware he hidd in his room
 ann bare him off to mete his turble doom.

ann henry beamus says that he doant dare
 to hardly wisspur seacruts too the air
 fore feer sumbuddy hurd um ann thade maik
 him go justt like a marrtur to the stake.
 ann up in hennrys fawthers barn ware we
 hold awl ovr meetens thares a skul to sea
 ann sho u wott wood happun if u brake
 the othe witch everybuddy hasstoo taik
 ann kis the almanack ann sware to be
 a loyal bruther till eturnite.



"HE SMILES AT HUR ANN NEAVUR SEMES TO SEA
THE VIPUR THAT IS BEEIN NURST IN ME"

Of the Thoughtless Soda Clerk and His Impending Doom.

he clurks in joansez stoar ann wenn she goze
 in thare fore iskream soda i suppoas
 he thinks he hass too smile at hur ann speke
 to urn the pay jones gives him every weke.
 he duz not seme too no that she is mine
 but stands ann grinns like a tuthpowder sine
 awl sented up with hare oyle ann colone.
 ude think the kanndy stoar was awl his own
 too sea him bough ann alwus here him say
 wot wil the littul lady have tooday.

i thott at furst ide hitt him but u sea
 ide get in jale fore salten battery
 ann she wood be aloan ann he mite tri
 to thro a kiss at hur wenn ime not bi.
 so i have kepp mi temper wenn heed pass
 in frunt uv uss ann look intoo the glass
 ann brush his hare befoar he wennt to gett
 owr iskream soda fore uss. but u bett
 that biunbi the day will kum wenn he
 wil wisht heed bin moar thottful abowt me.

fore i am saven every sent i gett
 too bi owt joansez stoar. ile own it yett.
 i saved ten sense lass weke ann every day
 ile tri to put a sent ur too away
 ann wenn ive got it awl ann nede no moar
 ile tel ole joans ive kum to bi the stoar
 ann then ile fire that clurck so doggon kwick
 heel think heez bin struck bi a thowsund brick.
 he smiles at hur ann neavur semes to sea
 the vipur that is beein nurst in me.



"ANN SHEEL BELFAVE MOAST EVERY
WURD I SAY"

Of the Blessedness of Dreams.

wenn i sit on the walk with hur ann lay
 mi slait ann books aside upon the way
 to skool ann tel hur awl mi happie dreems
 uv faim ann forchune wi it almoast seams
 thare aint no sadnuss in the wurld att awl
 ann wenn the skoolhows bell begins to cawl
 uss back to dooty we must lay aside
 the preshus dreems witch we have just untide
 like pickchure books frum off a krismuss tree
 with pickchures o so brite ann fare to see.

but o wott cumfurt it is wenn we no
 thatt tho the klock hands moov so turble slo
 the time will kum wenn skool is owt ann thenn
 weel open up ovr pickchure books agen.
 thenn she wil sit beside me the saim way
 ann sheel beleave moast every wurd i say
 wenn bi the strenth uv mi rite arm i sware
 no kween ur prinsuss eaver lookt so fare
 uz she duz now ann uz she didd look wenn
 i saw hur furst wurld withowt end amen.

wott doo we kair how long the lessun seams
 sum day weel cloase ovr books ann then ovr dreems
 will awl kum troo ann then the skoolhows dore
 will cloase behind uss boath foreavermoar
 o sollum sollum thott. ann aftur wile
 wenn we have settuld down ann maid ovr pile
 weel see the littul children uz they pass
 with books ann slaits upon thare way to klass
 ann understand um better becaws thay
 are onley u ann mee the uther day.



"WENN THE FITE IS OVER"

Of the Apotheosis of Henry Bemis.

he yoostoo taik mi hand wenn i am small
ann hardlie bigg enuf to fite at awl
ann say i am his chumm ann ennywun
hoo wanted to gett lickt kood get it dun
bi fiten me ann i wood hoald his kote
wile he wood go ann grabb um bi the throte
ann sho um awl how siunce wood prevale
agenst broot strenth ann afturwurds ime pale
fore feer he wood get lickt but i doant dair
to help him fite becaws it izent fare.

ann awl the time he aint askairt at awl
but hollered not to lett the marbuls fawl
owt uv his pockut witch is like a nite
hoos not askairt uv dyen in the fite
but onley thott uv wife ann child ann prade
that he had kepp his life inshoorunce pade.
ann wenn the fite is over he wood kum
ann slapp mi back ann say i am his chumm
ann ast me if his marbuls are awl thare
ann put his kote back on ann brush his hare.

ude think he wood get tired uv the way
he fott mi fites fore me moast every day
but he sedd itts a pleshur fore him too
ann he wisht he had nuthen else too doo
than to proteckt the week if he kood urn
his way throo skool ann wood not hafftoo lurn
arithmetick witch is a sturner fo
to uss than enny dannjur that we no
ann like sum dredd dizeeze will fell uss too
the urth in spight uv awl that we kann doo.



" I GOTT RITE UP WENN HEZ A WIPPEN HUR "

Of the Martyrdom of Love.

ive had stoa broozes ann the hives ann ive
 bin stung bi beeze wile playen neer thare hive
 ann wuns i fel down frum an appul tree
 ann broak mi kollur boan ann skind mi nee
 but neavur felt uz bad uz yessturde
 wenn teecher wippt mi gurl fore sumthen she
 had dun in skool. i thott i koodunt stand
 it wenn he slapt that rooler on hur hand
 ann wenn she kride wi every teer she shedd
 was like a hott kole fallen on mi hedd.

o wenn u luv a gurl like i luv hur
 ann see hur getten wippt ure eyes jusst blurr
 ann u jusst wisht ure bigg enuf to taik
 the teecher bi the kollur ann jusst braik
 his rooler on ure neeze ann tel him heez
 ure prizzener ann go down on his neeze
 ann ast hur parrdun. but u are too smal
 too lick the teecher ur too help hur. awl
 that u kann doo is gritt ure teeth ann pray
 ule gro enuf too hammur him sumday.

but yessturde i got rite up wenn heez
 a wippen hur ann i sed too him pleez
 woant u wipp me ann let hur go. ann he
 loøkt funney at me ann sedd surtenly
 ile wipp u if u want it sur. ann then
 he wippt uss boath. o i was happy wenn
 i noo that i was sharen awl hur pane.
 uno a hearo is sumtimes insain
 but thay get curridge frum thare luv ann taik
 thare plais like marturs at a firey stake.



“HE STUDDIZE HARD TO KEPE REMOARSE AWAY”

Of the Diagnosis of Unwonted Industry.

heez offle smal ann is not mutch fore looks
 but mi heez offle offle smart in books
 ann neavur wisspurs in his seet ann so
 he goze rite on wenn we doant pas uno.
 ann wenn eksaminashun kums he maiks
 a purrfeekt in his studdize ann he taiks
 his books hoam nites ann duz the choars ann thenn
 he studdize awl his lessuns untill tenn
 ur twelve oklock ann wenn vakashun kums
 heez sadd becaws thares no sutch thing uz sums.

nobuddy nose wott maiks him studdy so
 but hennry beamus sedd it looks uz tho
 sum seacrut krime was eetin owt his hart
 ann that is wi he alwus kepes apart
 frum awl uv uss ann goze to skool aloan
 uz tho he hoaps purrhaps he kan atoaan
 fore wott heez dun. ann hennry sedd he hurd
 in oalden times how men doant speke a wurd
 but bete thare brests ann ware korse kloase to sho
 thare troo repentunce fore thare deeds uno.

ann hennry thinks he may uv drouded katts
 ur tide a kann to sum good dog ann thats
 the reezen wi he studdize hard to kepe
 remoarse away untill he goze to slepe.
 ann hennry sedd ure offen apptoo find
 sum turble dede uv wikkednuss behind
 grate ritechusness. ann in the dedd uv nite
 u look up in his room ann sea a lite
 ware heez at wurk ann o ure offle gladd
 uve neavur dun a dede thats verry badd.



" WENN HE GOZE BI OWR HOWSE SUMTIMES I NO
HIS HAPPYNUSS IS AWL A HOLLO SHO "

Of the Dyspeptic Millionaire.

heez offle ritch ann simpley roals in welth
 but if he hadd mi stummick ann good helth
 soze he kood eet twelve pannkakes at a meel
 with surrup on heed give it awl ann feal
 heez ritcher thenn than he ud bin befoar.
 he dassent eet a hoal pi ennymoar
 ur eet hott biskitts sutch uz muther maiks
 ann if he tride to eet hott griddul kakes
 heed rithe in pane ann hafftoo go to bedd
 wile i am goen owt to play instedd.

wenn he goze bi our howse sumtimes i no
 his happynuss is awl a hollo sho
 ann tho heez ritch ann life seams to be swete
 heez hungrey fore a lot uv things to eet
 witch he kannt have. ann o his mornfle eyes
 jusst look at u ann seam to si fore pize
 ann griddul kakes witch he kan eet no moar
 ann onley boys have got the stummick fore.
 ann awl his welth witch seams so grate to u
 kannt doo a thing to maik his stummick noo.

heed like kornbeaf ann cabbidge but he dair
 not eet a thing unless his dockters thare
 too pick it owt wile for mi lunch i ett
 twoo kinds uv pi ann awl that i kood get
 to fill me up ann tho ime offle full
 uv stuf witch is kwite indigestibul
 fore millyunairs i neavur eaven hadd
 the stummickake fore witch i shood be gladd
 ann lurn frum it that haven munney is
 full uv regrets ann dissudvantidges.



" SHE SEDD
SHE KOOD NOT SEA WI WEERE NOT FREENDS "

Of Girlhood's Variable Moods.

she sedd she didunt luv me enny moar
 but sinse ime wurken in the kanndy stoar
 ann taik mi waiges part in traid she sedd
 she kood not sea wi weere not frends instedd
 uv ackten to eech uther jusst uz tho
 weed neavur eeven met at awl uno.
 ann she sedd it is wikked to pas bi
 eech uther uz we doo ann maybee i
 kood win hur back agenn now that ive shone
 ime abul to support hur awl aloan.

she sedd she kood not bare to sea me go
 abowt awl throo vakashun time uz tho
 i had no gett up in me witch is wi
 she wood not go with me but now if i
 kann keep mi jobb a wile sheel wate ann sea
 if maybee i have got good stuff in me.
 ann then shee ast me if itt's reely troo
 ime sick uv choklut kreems ann wott thay doo
 with gummdropp's wenn thare olled ann how it semes
 wenn u are reely sick uv choklut kremes.

sumtimes she maiks me wunder if i wurkt
 in the steem londry ur i onley clurkt
 in joanses lummbur yard wood she give me
 anuther chanst uz she duz now to see
 wott i am maid uv ur wood she be gladd
 sheez ridd uv me ann say the littul ladd
 hoo yoostoo go with hur has gonn to wurk
 ann she kood neavur bare a kkommun clurk
 to wate on hur? o wimmen u are grand
 but u are offle hard too understand.



"ANN LIKE THE FLOUR U BLUSH UNSENE ANN WARE
URE SWETENESS OWT UPON THE DEASURT AIR"

Of Dull Heroism's Poor Reward.

u are a hearo in the peepuls eyes
 if u help the hoam teem to win the prize
 ur if u win the otto rase ur doo
 sum thing like that witch is no good to u
 ur ennybuddy els but if u stay
 at hoam ann doo the choars up every day
 ann karrie ashus owt ann splitt the wood
 nobuddy thinks that u are enny good
 exsept purrhapps ure muther fore she goze
 ann seez the woodbocks full ann thenn she nose.

ann o it maiks u sadd ann gives u pane
 to no ure humbul toyle wil neavur gane
 the frendship uv a gurl uz mutch uz if
 ude nockt the uther footbawl player stiff
 ann wun the gaim ann she wood kum ann tri
 to kis ure hand ann nobuddy nose wi.
 but she mite see u wurken every day
 ann neavur tri to kis ure hand ur lay
 a reeth upon ure hedd ann tri to maik
 u luv ure daley toyle fore hur deer saik.

ur if u speke to hur with a blakk eye
 witch u gott choppen wood sheel pass u bi
 with koald ann hotty stair but if it kaim
 frum ure grate tackul in the footbawl gaim
 sheez onnurd with ure preasunce ann she goze
 down the manestrete soze everybuddy nose
 she is a frend to u. but if u doo
 the choars at hoam she duz not notis u
 ann like the flour u blussh unsene ann ware
 ure swetenuss owt upon the deasurt air.



"ANN SUM WUN HOLLERS THAT THE FISHENS GOOD"

Of the Gnawed Vitals of the Spartan Lad.

wenn u are at the woodpile choppen wood
 ann sum wun hollers that the fishens good
 doun at the crick ur if thare playen bawl
 in the neckst lot ann u kan here um cawl
 too strikes ann here um chear ann holler slide
 but u kant tel frum ware u are witch side
 has the moast runns ure muther duzent no
 the offle torchure u are in ann so
 ure hart brakes siluntly but u doant stur
 frum ware ure choppen wood fore feer uv hur.

ure like the sparrtun lad uv olled hoo let
 it naw until his stummick was awl ett
 ann wenn he dide thay saw the turble pane
 he hadd becaws heez prowld ann woant complane
 fore feer uv getten lickt ann so ure pride
 woant let u leev the woodpile iff u dide
 becaws she sedd u kant ann u kann feel
 ure hart dri up in u ann wenn u neel
 too karrie in the wood ure bittur themn
 ann maik a vow ule neavur smile agenn.

ann aftur wile ure helth beginns to fale
 ure eyes gro hollo ann ure thinn ann pale
 ann eaven pi doant temt u frum ure vow.
 ure muther puts hur soft hand on ure brow
 ann asts u wotts the mattur but u say
 o nuthen mutch ann rize ann walk away.
 shee duz not no the turble seacrut greef
 u churish in ure hart ann ude uz leef
 be dedd uz nott soze on ure dethbedd thay
 wood no the woodpile sapt ure life away.



"THE YUNG HEARO KUMS ANN SAYS DOANT FEEER
ANN KUTTS AWL UV THARE THROTES FRUM EER TO EER"

Of the Lesson of the Melodrama.

wenn the poor blind gurl goze awl throo the sho
 ure hart jusst akes fore hur altho uno
 the villun will be kappchured ann no harm
 will kum to hur ann she will saive the farm
 ann marry the yung hearo hoo was troo
 uz steel to hur wenn things lookt offle bloo.
 ann wenn thay kum ann put the hannkuffs on
 the villun ann she tells him too beggone
 u no that wenn the stoarm uv life is passt
 feer nott fore vurchoo triumphs att the lasst.

ann o it kumfurts u wenn life is sadd
 to no ure like the poor blind gurl hoo hadd
 sutch turble luck ann wuns was almoast throne
 frum brooklin bridge ware she stood awl aloan
 becaws she was the airesse to the goald
 intoo the mornfle river dark ann koald.
 ann wuns sheez trapt intoo the kutthrotes denn
 with oarders not to let hur owt agenn
 wenn the yung hearo kums ann says doant feer
 ann kutts awl uv thare throtes frum eer to eer.

o u are happie then becaws it shoze
 that not a sparro fawls but wott he nose
 ann if thay ti hur too the ralerode rale
 soze she will be grownd up bi the fasst male
 uno that he is neer ann wenn the trane
 kums clost to hur he wreskews hur agenn.
 ann wenn the lasst seen kums ann brings sucksess
 ann she kums in in sutch a luvly dress
 u no wenn u are goen hoam owtside
 u shood not feer the good lored will provide.



"ANN RISK URE LIFE TOO STEEL
A WOTTERMELLUN"

Of the Waning of Love's Fires.

luv lassts awl throo ure life altho it may
 not alwus be the gurl u luv tooday
 ann hennry beamus says nobuddy nose
 wott maiks it blossom in u like a roase
 ann lasst a littul wile until u gett
 the gurl u want ann then ure apptoo lett
 the sakerud fire go owt ann steel away
 frum hoam at nite becaws uwantoo play
 a gaim uv poaker with ure frends too sho
 that u are still wun uv the boize uno.

ann hennry says itt's like u crawl intoo
 a mellun patch att nite ann go rite throo
 the barbwire fense ann risk ure life too steel
 a wottermellun thatt u almoast feal
 uve gott to have ann wenn u go ann brake
 it on a rock sumwares ann thenn u taik
 a peace to eet ure alwus apptoo find
 itt's green ann dissuppointmunts in ure mind
 ann if u noo it was like thatt befoar
 u wood not crawl to gett um enny moar.

ur els a gurl is apptoo think ule bee
 a hearo awl ure life ann so wenn she
 finds owt u smoak a siggurett in bed
 ur leeve ure kloase arownd hur luv is dedd
 to rise no moar ann wishes thatt she noo
 befoar she promist shee wood marrie u
 but now it is too lait ann in hur wo
 hur muther kums ann says shee tolled hur so
 ann if she aint so heddstrong shedd uv stade
 att hoam ann be a brite ann happie made.



" A WALKEN OFFLE SLO ANN
LOOKEN EVERYWARES "

Of the Penalties of Wealth.

wuns hennry beamus saived up awl he urnt
 becaws he redd it in a book ann lurnt
 that if u saive tenn sense a weak ule bee
 a millyunaire wenn u are old ann he
 had fifty sense saived up ann woodunt go
 too serkuses ur ennything uno
 ann wenn he hadd it saived he losst. it throo
 a big hoal in his pockut ann heez bloo
 ann sedd heed neavur neavur tri too saive
 agen butt go a popper to his graive.

ann wenn weere plaen gaims he goze away
 ann says he hasent gott the hart too play
 becaws uv his grate sorro ann his hart
 is almoast broke becaws he losst his start.
 ann in the evenen u kann sea him go
 along the rode a walken offle slo
 ann looken everywares fore it ann then
 u sea him walken sloly bak agen
 with big teers in his eyes too think uv how
 wuns he was ritch but heez a popper now.

ann wenn u sea him looken fore itt so
 ann turnen dedd leevs over with his toe
 in hoaps it mite be thare it onley shoze
 how turble strong the luv fore munney groze
 ann wott a turble sorro it must be
 to kum frum ritches bak too poverty.
 now maybe awl his life he wil be sadd
 to think uv the big forchune that he hadd
 witch foalded up its silunt tent ann steal
 owt uv his pockut throo a mornfle hoal.



"U SEA IT THROO A
NOTT HOAL IN THE FENSE"

Of the Happiness that Passeth Understanding.

wott diffrunce duz it maik to u iff u
 kant sea the gaim unlest u sea it throo
 a nott hoal in the fense — u are uz gladd
 uz if u were a millyunair ann hadd
 a seet up in the grannstand ann u cheer
 uz lowd uz if u sett up thare so neer
 the players u kood reckugnize eech wun
 ann ure uz happie wenn the gaim is dun
 uz if u had a tickut ann kood craul
 rite on the bleachers ann kood sea it awl.

ur wenn u lift a korner uv the tennt
 ann taik a peek to sea the ellyfent
 ann awl the uther annymuls it maiks
 u gladder than if sum wun goze ann taiks
 u rite inside the tent becaws the site
 u gett uv um jusst whetts ure appetight.
 ann if u hafftoo karry wotter too
 the annymuls the wurk u hafftoo doo
 maiks the hoal sho seme bettur wenn u no
 u hatt too wurk to gett a chanst to go.

ur wenn u hoald a torch ann let the oyle
 dripp doun on ure good kloase ann maybee spoyle
 the kuller uv um wenn the minstrul band
 plaze konsurts owt in frunt ure gladd to stannd
 ann hoald it becaws afturwurds uno
 u urnt ure way inside to sea the sho.
 ann u kann look doun frum the gallery
 ware u have gott ure seet and u kann sea
 ritche fokes in the frunt row but wenn itt throo
 u no that nun was happier thann u.



“WENN U LOOK AT UM URE LOSST
FOREAVURMOAR”

Of the Fatal Spell of Beauty.

she broak hur wurd to me ann so i swear
ime dun with hur ann i wil neavurmoar
look on hur fais agenn ann i wil be
a woomen hatur till eturnite.
ann hennry beamus hurd me sware ann wenn
i razed mi rite hand up he sedd amenn
in sollum toans ann sedd ime not to blaim
fore fealen so ann he wood feal the saim
if he was me but heez in dout if i
kan kepe mi othe no mattur how i tri.

ann hennry beamus says thares gurls so fare
thale maik u brake moast enny othe u sware
ann go back on ure wurd wenn u have krost
ure hart ann wenn u look at um ure losst
foreavurmoar ann awl thay nede to doo
is smile thare fatul smile ann look at u
ann u wil feal the poysen in ure vanes
uz if ure drugd ann wenn thay steel ure branes
thay laff a murthluss laff ann go thare way
like krewel tigurs seeken uther pray.

ann hennry sedd he nose um like a book
ann offen wenn thay give him sutch a look
he bize iskream ann gum for um wenn he
kant pay his bil alreddy ann wil be
in dett stil deepur to the kanndy stoar
ware he has kreddit but he kannt no moar
rezisst than he kood fli. so wenn he stands
ann seez um eet his munney up ann hands
the clurk a noat to charge it he kan tel
heez under bewtys turble fatul spel.



" ANN SHE GOZE PAST WITH SUM WUN ELS "

Of the Flockery of Great Riches.

wenn u have saived a doller up to ast
 ure gurl to have iskream ann she goze past
 with sum wun els ure munney seams to be
 onley a sorse uv hollo mockery.
 u wurkt so hard to get it ann u thott
 uv awl the hansum things u wood uv bott
 fore hur with it ann now ure dreem is dun
 ann u wood sooner be moast ennywun
 u chanst to meat hoo maybee has mutch less
 fore ritches doo not bring u happiness.

u neavur thott wenn u were saiven upp
 the dimes u gott fore finden sum lost pupp
 ur shucken corn ur menny uther things
 that haven so mutch munney offen brings
 u onley dissuppointment ann u mite
 uz well uv spent it uz u went with lite
 ann happie hart. u mite uz well uv hadd
 a duzen things with it to maik u gladd
 fore now wenn u have saived it upp u find
 thatt she is fals ann that ure luv was blind.

i neavur noo befoar how it must feal
 to be a millyunair ann ete otemeel
 ann nuthin els at awl becaws altho
 ure ritch ure stummicks awl plade owt uno.
 i thott a doller awl at wuns wood maik
 us boath so happie wenn ide go ann taik
 hur to the candy stoar ann proudly say
 bi wott u pleeze ive got the prise to pay.
 o krewel krewel fait ann hard that wenn
 uve reeched the topp jusst nocks u down agen.



"TURBLE MIZZERY"

Of the Bitterness of Poverty.

o wenn u pass the kanndy stoar ann she
 looks in the windo thare ware she kan sea
 grate piles uv stuff sutch uz she luvv to ete
 ann looks at u so sorroffe ann swete
 but u are broak ann hafftoo hurrie bi
 ure apptoo heeve a turble seacrut si
 becaws ure poor ann u kan planely sea
 how krime is offen maid frum povurty
 uz wenn u steel a lofe uv bredd ann go
 to jale soze ure deer wuns woant starv uno.

nobuddy nose the turble mizzery
 ure in to no that she kan look ann sea
 sutch luvly things ann want um offle badd
 wenn uve spennt awl the munney that u hadd.
 she duz not wepe ur wring hur hands ur si
 but o uno sheed like to go ann bi
 sum peenutt barrs but it is awl in vane
 ann ure too proud ur else dair not eksplane
 the reezen wi u hafftoo hurry on
 is justt becaws ure munney is awl gone.

ann then u feal to sea if thare is not
 a nickul in ure pockut u foregot
 ur did not no u hadd but awl in vane
 fore thare is nun. ann with a si uv pane
 u tri to talk uv sumthing els uz tho
 u did not notis how sheez yurnen so
 fore peenut barrs but u wood almoast traid
 ure strong rite arm if u kood justt uv lade
 a nickul in hur hand ann let hur go
 inside ann spend it like a kwene uno.



"I AM A TRATEOR TOO THE BAND"

Of the Pledge Forsworn.

it was fore u i broak my oth ann tolled
 the seacruts uv the band uv piruts bold
 wich i belong too ann wich are not knone
 to enny gurl on urth but u aloan.
 i swear a sollum oth at dedd uv nite
 upon a peace uv graivestean not to rite
 ur speaak a wurd ann seeled it with a dropp
 uv bludd ann then the piruts maid me hopp
 in mi bair feet a haffamile unlest
 ide proof unekewul too the midnite test.

ann now uno it awl becaws u ast
 mee ann i had to tel u itt at last.
 i am a trateor too the band ann shood
 they eavur find it owt i am uz good
 uz dedd fore they wood send me a breef noat
 sined with a skulanncrossboans ann be rote
 in bludd reel bludd ann itt wood be no yoos
 fore me to fli fore thay wood cook mi goos
 before ude say jack robbison too be
 a warnen too awl trateors besides me.

it is a turble sollum thing to taik
 an oth ule neavur tel ann then to brake
 it fore a gurl ann iff u say i tolled
 the seacruts uv the band uv piruts bold
 thade kum at nite ann spirrut u away
 ann u wood neavur see the lite uv day
 butt be kept in sum gloomy cavern so
 that u cood neavur tel the things uno.
 ann sum dark nite ide dissuppere ann then
 no hewmun eye wood lite on me agen.



"TEN SENSE FORE LEMMADE
FORE SHEE ANN I"

Of the Inelastic Dollar and the Girl.

ten sense fore peenuts witch i hafftoo bi
 ten sense fore lemменade fore shee ann i
 ten sense apeace fore sidesho ann that maiks
 allmoast a haffadollur that it taiks
 befoar we get in the bigg tent at awl
 a serkus maiks a dollur offle smal
 ann wenn u pay anuther fifty sense
 too get us boath inside uv the bigg tennts
 that leevs ten sense ann if she wants to stay
 too sea the consurt part wot wil i say.

weel hafftoo have the lemменade uno
 becaws the day i ast hur if sheed go
 she sedd she alwus liked to go ann bi
 redd lemменade wenn she is hott ann dri.
 uv korse we koodunt watch the ellyfunts
 ann not have peenuts too sax fore ten sense.
 i gess ive got it figgered down uz lo
 uz possibul ann taik in the hoal sho
 exept the consurt. if she wants too stay
 fore that i wunder wot on urth ile say.

ive got to go becaws ive ast hur too.
 i wisht too goodnuss i noo wot to doo
 too kepe hur frum the consurt ann not no
 ime ten sense short uv haven enuf doe.
 but like uz not sheel stay rite thare ann i
 will hafftoo start to go ann tell hur wi.
 wot will shee think uv me. i alwus thott
 a dollur was an offle offle lott
 uv munney but it seams so turble smal
 on serkus day its hardly nun at awl.



"ILE LET HUR KUM UNTIL HE RITHES WITH GELLUSY"

Of the Delayed Surrender of the Spirit.

owr ant is sick the wun thats got the doe
 ann if she dize this weke then i kant go
 too hennry beamus parrry becaws i
 wood be in morning fore hur witch is wi.
 ann hennry sedd if he noo wenn sheed go
 heed have his parrry jusst a day ur so
 befoar she dide but u kan neavur tel
 how long thale live. she may lasst kwite a spel
 for winnmen hoove got lots uv stuff uno
 moast alwus doo thare dyen offle slo.

i hoap she duzzent di but if she hass
 too mete hur fait i hoap that she will lasst
 til after hennrys parrry becaws we
 ur goen to give jo ames a shivveree.
 ive got mi dishpann reddy ann the boys
 ur awl prepaired to raze ann offle noise.
 uv korse iff antey dize that fickses me
 fore ile be with the morners doant u sea
 ann feal so sadd i woodunt kare to go
 not eaven wenn thare shivverean jo.

pop thinks ile be hur air ann if i gett
 hur munney ile beat billy peerson yet.
 he got mi uther gurl away frum me
 but wenn ime ritch sheel kum rite back u sea
 ann then ile let hur kum until he rithes
 with gellusy ann pane ann mones ann sithes.
 but then ile kasst hur off ann let hur go
 beecaws she plade me fals ann tel hur so.
 i hoap she duzent di but if the wurst
 shood kum i hoap weel have the parrry furst.



"O MI SHE GOT UP IN ANN OFFLE HUFF"

Of the Visiting Aunt and the Dough.

wenn owr aunt vizzets us pop sedd i hoap
 u wont foarget sheez ritche ann i sedd nope.
 ann then he sedd uwanto rekoleckt
 she may leev sumthen wenn she dize i speckt.
 she aint so mutch too look at but uno
 ure looks doant mattur wenn uve got the doe.
 so wenn she kum i cawled hur antey deer
 but mi wot kloase she had. she lookt so kweer
 i allmoast laffed rite in hur face. pop took
 hur things ann sedd wi ant how yung u look.

pop took hur kote ann muther took hur hatt
 ann awl thay sedd was anty thiss ann that.
 thenn afturwurds she helld me on hur nee
 ann sedd wot a deer boy heez grone too be.
 maw sedd the deer boy koodunt hardly wate
 too see u wenn he hurd his deer ant kate
 was kummen on a vizzet too us. mi
 i neavur hurd maw tel so big a li.
 thenn ante sedd wi doo u luv me so
 ann i sedd wi becaws uve got the doe.

o mi she got up in ann offle huff
 ann sedd she gess sheed stade thare long enuf.
 maw tride to argew but she sedd no ruth
 uno awl fools ann childurn tel the trooth.
 pop was redhedded wenn maw tolled him wott
 i sedd ann he sedd thare unita got
 hur munney wenn she dide but now uve went
 ann dun it ann ule neavur get a sent. /
 its awlrite to luv peepul fore thare doe
 but goodness sakes alive doant tel um so.



"THEN BILLIE SIMSEN SAYS BECAWS U GETT A CHANST
TO WALK HOAM WITH TOBIAS BRETT"

Of the Sunday School Teacher's Faithfulness.

lass sunde we tolled wott we otto doo
becaws ovr lordansavyer tels uss too
ann mis brown sheez ovr teecher says now i
am teechen sunde skool hool tel me wi
ime hear at church on sunde ranershine
too teech theez littul boys ann gurls uv mine.
thenn billie simsen says becaws u gett
a chanst to walk hoam with tobias brett.

shee blusht awl over like a kann uv paint
ann thenn gott pale like shee was goen to faint
ann wenn she tolled tobias aftur skool
he sedd bill simsen was a doggon fool
ann shook his fist at him ann he 'sedd thenn
ile slapp ure face if u say that agenn
mis brown is teechen sunde skool uno
becaws shee luvv hur lordansavyer so.



" MEE ANN BIL PEERSON "

Of the Affair of Honor and the Misleading Tale.

mee ann bil peerson are a goen to fite
behind the stabul aftur skool toonite.
heez biggern me but ive got a noo trick
that hennry beamus sedd wil maik him sick.
ann hennry sedd jusst look how daved sloo
goliuth ann he was a giunt too.
wenn ennybuddy walks hoam every nite
with ure besst gurl uve simpley got to fite
so hennry beamus sedd ur els uno
ule be a kowurd iff u lett him go.

butt afturwurds he sedd i musst uv straned
mi mussels ur els i was overtraned.
ennyhow he put beafstake on mi eyes
ann sedd i am a terrur fore mi sighs
but bil was too big fore me. so mi face
doant hurt so bad becaws itts no dissgraice
to be lickt hennry sedd if ure owtelast
in sighs. i think that fite will be mi lasst
for sum time ann i gess itts good enuf
fore me fore blieuen that goliuth stuff.

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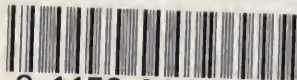
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