

CANZONI  
AND  
SONGS OF WEDLOCK  
BY  
T. A. DALY



Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_





CANZONI

*BY T. A. DALY*

McARONI BALLADS

MADRIGALI

CARMINA

CANZONI

SONGS OF WEDLOCK } One  
Volume

CANZONI  
AND  
SONGS OF WEDLOCK

BY  
T. A. DALY

FRONTISPIECE BY  
JOHN SLOAN



NEW YORK  
HARCOURT, BRACE AND HOWE

PS 3507  
.A47C2  
1916

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY  
T. A. DALY

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY  
DAVID MCKAY

605163

FEB 17 1941



To  
MY WIFE  
AND CHILDREN



# CONTENTS

## CANZONI

	PAGE
DA COMICA MAN . . . . .	3
GOOD MORNING . . . . .	5
CARLOTTA'S INDECISION . . . . .	7
BALLADE TO THE WOMEN . . . . .	9
IN THE AUGUST NIGHT . . . . .	11
DA BLUE DEVIL . . . . .	13
FATHER O'SHEA AND FATHER M'CREA . . . . .	15
HEARTS APART . . . . .	17
BALLADE OF THOSE PRESENT . . . . .	18
LEETLA HUMPY JEEM . . . . .	20
IF YOU WERE A BOY . . . . .	22
A NEW PATRIOT . . . . .	24
DOLCE FAR NIENTE . . . . .	25
A DIXIE LULLABY . . . . .	26
DA GREATA STRONGA MAN . . . . .	27
THE "OUCHES" . . . . .	29
FATHER DAN O'MALLEY . . . . .	30
CONTENT . . . . .	34
W'AT'SA USE? . . . . .	35
KISS HER . . . . .	37
DEAR UNSELFISH DAN . . . . .	38
HER ANSWER . . . . .	40
KITTY'S GRADUATION . . . . .	41
AN ITALIAN KING . . . . .	45
DA PRITTA LADY . . . . .	47
A FROSTY MORNING . . . . .	49
TO THE GROWLER . . . . .	51
THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT . . . . .	53

	PAGE
AT CASTLE GARDEN . . . . .	54
THE WISDOM OF THE SPARROWS . . . . .	57
THE MODEST COLLEEN . . . . .	59
THE OLD PARISHIONER . . . . .	60
THE "BUILDING INSPECTOR" . . . . .	62
THE IRISH BACHELOR . . . . .	64
TO A PLAIN SWEETHEART . . . . .	66
THE CONQUEST . . . . .	67
A BOOK NOT "GIVABLE" . . . . .	69
DA MUSICA MAN . . . . .	73
THE "MODERATE DRINKER" . . . . .	74
DA 'MERICANA GIRL . . . . .	76
FAINT HEART . . . . .	78
BALLADE OF FAMILY NAMES . . . . .	79
DA STYLEESHA LADY . . . . .	81
ALMOST . . . . .	83
CAREY, THE KILL-JOY . . . . .	85
A LESSON IN POLITICS . . . . .	87
MISTLETOE AND HOLLY . . . . .	89
HANDICAPPED . . . . .	90
A FANCY NICOTIAN . . . . .	92
UN LAZZARONE . . . . .	94
BEDFELLOWS . . . . .	96
THOSE DIRTY LITTLE FINGERS . . . . .	98
DA YOUNGA 'MERICAN . . . . .	100
NIGHT IN BACHELOR'S HALL . . . . .	102
THE INDOMITABLE CELT . . . . .	104
DA FAMILY MAN . . . . .	105
DA FIGHTIN' IRISHMAN . . . . .	106
THE SPOILED CHILD . . . . .	108
DA STYLEESHA WIFE . . . . .	110
THE KETTLE'S SONG OF HOME . . . . .	111
TO THE ATHEIST . . . . .	112
AT HOME . . . . .	114
TO AN OLD LOVER . . . . .	115
TREASURE-TROVE . . . . .	117

# CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
THE LITTLE BOY . . . . .	118
ALL'S WELL . . . . .	119
TO A VIOLINIST . . . . .	121
TO THE CITY UNBEAUTIFUL . . . . .	124
A SONG FOR FEBRUARY . . . . .	126
THE BIRTH-MONTH . . . . .	127
A SONG FOR JUNE . . . . .	128
THE VETERAN MARCHING ALONE . . . . .	130
THE BIRTH O' TAM O'SHANTER . . . . .	133
SUMMER'S SWAN-SONG . . . . .	139
A SUMMER IDYL . . . . .	141
" ADA REHAN IS DEAD " . . . . .	144
YESTERDAY'S RAIN . . . . .	146
BALLADE OF THE SEA . . . . .	148
THE SONG OF THE MARCH WIND . . . . .	150
DARBY AND JOAN . . . . .	151
THE VILLAGE POET . . . . .	153
A SONG TO ONE . . . . .	155

## SONGS OF WEDLOCK

THE PERFECT SOLITUDE . . . . .	159
WHEN DAY BEGINS . . . . .	160
TO A THRUSH . . . . .	161
THE JOURNEY . . . . .	166
IN WINTRY WEATHER . . . . .	167
INSCRIPTION FOR A FIREPLACE . . . . .	169
THE MOTHER . . . . .	170
A SONG FOR JANUARY . . . . .	171
INSPIRATION . . . . .	172
THE SANCTUM . . . . .	173
PERENNIAL MAY . . . . .	174
AT THE THRESHOLD . . . . .	175
HER MUSIC . . . . .	177
THE CITADEL . . . . .	179
A SONG FOR AUGUST . . . . .	181

---

	PAGE
LOVE IS ETERNAL . . . . .	182
THE QUEEN'S FLEETS . . . . .	184
THE LIVING-ROOM . . . . .	186
A SONG FOR NOVEMBER . . . . .	188
TO THE INCONSTANT . . . . .	189
THE GATES OF PARADISE . . . . .	190
NOVEMBER . . . . .	191
THE MAN'S PRAYER . . . . .	193
A SONG FOR DECEMBER . . . . .	194

CANZONI





DA COMICA MAN

**G** IACOBBE FINELLI so funny, O! My!  
By tweestin' hees face an' by weenkin'  
hees eye

He maka you laugh teell you theenk you' weell  
die.

He don't gotta say som'theeng; all he ees do  
Ees maka da face an', how moocha you try,  
You no can help laugh w'en he lookin' at you—  
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!

I deeg een da tranch weeth Giacobbe wan day;  
Giacobbe ees toss up da spadefulla clay,  
An' beeg Irish boss he ees gat een da way!  
Da boss he ees look at Giacobbe an' swear  
So bad as he can, but Giacobbe, so sly,  
He maka pretand he no see he was dere—  
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!

But w'en da boss turn an' ees starta for go,  
Giacobbe look up an' he mak' da face—So!  
I laugh an' I laugh lika deesa—Ho! ho!

Da boss he com' back an' he poncha my head,  
He smasha my nose an' he blacka my eye—  
I no can help laugh, eef I gona be dead.  
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!

## GOOD MORNING

**D**AY dawns, and bids the blushing sky  
“ Good morning! ”

The flute-voiced birds take up the cry:

“ Good morning! ”

And nearer home, beneath the eaves,  
The gnarled old maple's tender leaves  
That shivered in the midnight rain,  
Now whisper at my window-pane:

“ Good morning! ”

The genial sun peeps o'er the hill  
And laughs across my window sill.  
Eyes quiver under sleepy lids—  
This is the King himself who bids

“ Good morning! ”

I rise and ope the window wide.  
The sun-kissed breezes charge and ride  
Straight through the breach in merry rout,  
And scale the walls and fairly shout:

“ Good morning! ”

They make me captive to the King,  
They pluck at me and bid me sing  
Their pæan to the Golden Day,  
Whose conquering slogan is their gay

“ Good morning! ”

They frolic here, they scamper there,  
They clutch the singing birds in air,  
On all the world their music beats  
Until the captive world repeats:

“ Good morning! ”

Heart calls to heart. The surly wight,  
Who scorned his neighbor yesternight,  
With smiling visage stops to greet  
That neighbor in the busy street:

“ Good morning! ”

O! joyous day! O! smile of God,  
To hearten all who toil and plod;  
We hail thee, Conqueror and King!  
We hug our golden chains and sing:

“ Good morning! ”

## CARLOTTA'S INDECISION

**I** WOULD lika mooch to know  
Why Carlotta treat me so.  
Evra time I ask eef she  
Ees gon' marry weetha me,  
First she smila, den she frown,  
Den she look me up an' down,  
Den she shak' her head an' say:  
"I gon' tal you Chrees'mas Day."

Once w'en we are out for walk  
An' I am begin to talk,  
She say: "Don'ta speak no more.  
O! com', see dees jew'ler store.  
My! jus' look dat di'mon' reeng!  
Eet ees justa sweetes' theeng!  
Only seexa-feefty, see? "

Dat's da way she teasa me,  
Findin' theengs for talka 'bout  
Jus' for mak' me shut my mout'.  
Bimeby w'en she turn for go  
I say: "Com', I musta know—"  
"O! " she stamp her foot an' say:  
"I gon' tal you Chrees'mas Day."

I would lika mooch to know  
Why Carlotta treat me so.  
W'ata for she always say:  
"I gon' tal you Chrees'mas Day"?

## BALLADE TO THE WOMEN

**T**HE poets, extolling the graces  
Of sweet femininity, pay  
Particular court, in most cases,  
To Phyllis or Phoebe or Fay.  
“A toast to the ladies!” they say—  
As “ladies” they always address them—  
And bid us bow down to them. Nay!  
We sing the plain “women,” God bless them!

Though light-o’-loves, frail as the laces  
And satins in which they array  
The charms of their forms and their faces,  
Are “ladies” for their little day,  
The feet of such idols are clay.  
Our wives, when we come to possess them,  
Must loom to us larger than they.  
We sing the plain “women,” God bless them!

Sweet creatures who make the home-places  
As cheerful and bright as they may,  
Whose feminine beauty embraces  
A heart to illumine the way,  
Though skies may be ever so gray;  
Good mothers, whose children caress them  
And hail them as chums at their play—  
We sing the plain “women,” God bless them!

## ENVOY

O! Queen, teach the "ladies," we pray,  
Whenever vain notions oppress them,  
Though idly their charms we survey,  
We sing the plain "women," God bless them!



## IN THE AUGUST NIGHT

THE day is done, with all the heat  
That swathed the swooning city.  
The dusk that falls so cool and sweet  
Is doubly sweet with pity.

To those the blazing sun oppressed,  
What time he played the hector,  
The night-wind comes from out the west,  
A Hebe bearing nectar.

Impartially she gives to all  
A blessed draught ecstatic;  
The ennuyé in pleasure's hall,  
The sick child in the attic.

She seeks the squalid haunts of sin,  
With gentle self-abasement,  
She steals with inspiration in  
The poet's open casement.

I watch the pensive poet there,  
Beside his window dreaming.  
To him the night, so calm and fair,  
With rhapsodies is teeming.

Up through the fields of twinkling spheres  
His raptured soul is winging,  
And in his fancy's flight he hears  
The very heavens singing.

Sing, poet! Sing the night-wind's song,  
And weave your fancies through it;  
Some heart, world-weary, in the throng  
Will beat responsive to it.

## DA BLUE DEVIL

SOM'TIME w'en I no feela good  
An' beezaness ees flat,  
I gat so blue I weesh I could  
Be justa dog or cat.  
W'en evratheeng ees gona wrong  
An' I mus' feex eet right,  
I gat deesgust' for work so long  
An' theenk would be delight  
For be a leetla cat, baycause  
Da only work she do  
Ees wash her face an' leeck her paws,  
An' after dat she through.  
Eef you be dog you jus' can go  
For sleepin' een da sun,  
An' you don't gat a wife, you know,  
For aska you for mon'.  
Eet's mak' no odds how you behave  
Eef you are animal;  
You don't gat any soul to save,  
An' when you die, dat's all!  
O! my, how easy kind of life  
For justa nevva mind,  
To run away an' leave your wife  
An' evratheeng bayhind!

Dees ees da way I feela w'en  
I'm blue, but, alla same,  
W'en I am feel all right agen  
Eet mak'sa me ashame'.  
W'en devil gat eenside o' me  
For mak' me feel like dat,  
I guess I would not even be  
A decen' dog or cat.

## FATHER O'SHEA AND FATHER McCREA

YE might search the world's ends,  
But ye'd find no such friends  
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit  
Was Father O'Shea,  
But as droll every bit  
Was Father McCrea;

An' O! such a volley o' fun they were pokin',  
The wan at the other, as good as a play,  
Wid their ready replies an' their innocint jokin',  
When Father O'Shea met Father McCrea.

Now, upon a March Sunday it came for to pass  
Good Father McCrea  
Preached a very fine sermon an' then, afther  
Mass,  
Met Father O'Shea.

" 'Twas a very appropriate sermon for Lent  
Ye delivered this minute.  
For the season o' fastin' 'twas very well meant—  
I could find no meat in it! "  
Said Father O'Shea.

Then, quick as the laughther that gleamed in his  
eye,  
Good Father McCrea

Raised a finger o' protest an' made his reply  
To Father O'Shea.

"Faith, I'll have to be workin' a miracle next,  
To comply wid your wishes.

Dare you ask me for meat, my dear sir, when the  
text

Was 'the loaves an' the fishes'?"  
Said Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit  
Was Father O'Shea,  
But as droll every bit  
Was Father McCrea;  
Though ye'd search the world's ends  
Ye would find no such friends  
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.

## HEARTS APART

**T**O count the days until we twain  
May read each other's eyes again,  
And dwell once more in Arcady,  
Is all my joy away from thee—  
Is all my joy and all my pain.

When leaden-footed minutes wane  
To hours that burden heart and brain,  
'Twere but a useless agony  
To count the days,  
Did thy most gracious heart not deign  
To bid my own heart entertain  
The hope of better things to be;  
Did I not know thy constancy  
And that, until we meet again,  
Two count the days.

## BALLADE OF THOSE PRESENT

**T**O the papers whose trade is supplying  
The news in a gossipy way,  
All the workaday world should be hieing,  
Its compliments grateful to pay.  
How kind to the public are they  
When they publish our names in their pleasant  
Descriptions of ball or soirée  
As "among the most prominent present!"

When we sit at the banquet board, trying  
To tickle our palates blasé,  
Comes a thought that is more gratifying  
Than all the Lucullan array;  
More sweet than the sherry's bouquet,  
Or the flavor of succulent pheasant—  
The thought of appearing next day  
As "among the most prominent present."

Since the common folk simply are dying  
To know what we do or we say,  
It were really a shame our denying  
To them all the pleasure we may.  
Then the news let the papers convey  
To the shopman, mechanic and peasant,  
Noting *us* at the dance or the play  
As "among the most prominent present."



## ENVOY

St. Peter, receive us, we pray,  
When we've done with this world evanescent,  
Assigning us places for aye  
As "among the most prominent present."

## LEETLA HUMPY JEEM

**D**A 'Merican boys eesa vera bad lot,  
 Dey steala peanutta, banan',  
 An' evratheeng gooda for eatin' I got,  
 An' mak' all da troubla dey can.  
 I gotta be keepin' awak' weeth both eye  
 An' watch alla time for a treeck,  
 An' gotta be queecka for runnin' an' try  
 To spanka deir pants weetha steeck.  
 Ees wan o' dees boys dat ees call "Humpy Jeem,"  
 An' justa wors' wan in da pack,  
 But how am I gona gat madda weeth heem?  
 He gotta da hump on da back.

Ees only a poor leetla keed an' so weak,  
 An' I am so beeg an' so strong,  
 I no can gat mad an' I not even speak  
 For tal heem how moocha ees wrong.  
 Eet maka heem laugha baycause eet ees fun  
 For reach weeth hees theen leetla han'  
 An' grabbin' a coupla peanutta an' run  
 So fas' as hees skeenny legs can.  
 So always I maka pretand I no see  
 How moocha peanutta he tak'.  
 I guess I would like som' wan do dat for me  
 Eef I gotta hump on da back.

---

Da beeg Irish cop ees say: "Poor leetla Jeem!

Ees better for heem if he croke."

I tal you eef som'theeng no happen to heem

I guess pretta soon I be broke.

I no like to theenkin' bad luck, but O! my!

I weeshin' for evra one's sak'

Dey soon gat an angela up in da sky

Dat gotta da hump on da back.

## IF YOU WERE A BOY

**I**F you were a boy this morning,  
I wonder what you would do?  
Was ever a day more perfect,  
Was ever the sky more blue?  
I'm speaking to you, grave senior.  
I noticed you as you went,  
Hot-footing it into the city,  
To add to your cent. per cent.  
I noticed your sober manner,  
Your very important looks,  
And I noticed your boy beside you,  
The schoolboy with his books.  
I saw—and you saw—where the river  
Sweeps down to the "swimmin'-hole,"  
Another boy playing "hookey"—  
A boy with a fishing-pole.

If you were a boy this morning,  
I wonder what you would do?  
I saw you stooping to whisper  
A word to the boy with you.  
It seemed to me then you told him  
That the truant boy was a fool,  
That nothing ripens manhood  
Like the moments spent in school.

With the fresh blue sky above you  
And the green fields under it,  
How dare you utter such nonsense!

O! liar and hypocrite?

If you were a boy this morning,  
A boy with a heart and soul,  
You'd be, in spite of a licking,  
The boy with the fishing-pole.

## A NEW PATRIOT

**E**ES no so hard for Dago man  
 To be a gooda 'Merican.  
 Too dumb, too slow, you theenka me,  
 But I am sharpa 'nough for see  
 Da firsta theeng dat you mus' know  
 Ees how to speak da Inglaice, so  
 Dat you can wave your hat an' say:  
 " Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray! "

Eef you are smarta 'Merican  
 You try for skeen som' udder man,  
 Baycause you know dat he weell do  
 Da sama kinda treecks weeth you.  
 But you are good as heem an' he  
 Ees jus' so good as you an' me,  
 So long we all stan' up an' say:  
 " Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray! "

For land dat I was leevin' een  
 Da flag ees redda, whita, green.  
 So alla w'at I gotta do  
 Ees jus' forgat da green for blue.  
 I skeen you eef I gatta chance,  
 But dat ees mak' no deeferance.  
 I gooda 'Merican, an' say:  
 " Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray! "

## DOLCE FAR NIENTE

THERE'S lazy clouds a-driftin'

In the lazy sky o' June,  
An' Nature's just in keepin'

With this lazy afternoon.

I've strolled out through the meaders

To this pleasant little nook,  
An' I'm loafin' in the shadders,  
An' a-listenin' to the brook.

But I ain't a bit contented—

Not a bit, an' that's a fac'—  
For I can't help a-thinkin'  
Of the long walk back.

The little brook's a-singin'

Kinder lazy-like an' low,  
An' it's mighty cool an' restin'  
Where its crystal waters flow.

An' its singin' charms a feller,  
An' it seems ter say to him

As he's layin' nigh a-dozin':

“Don't yer wanter take a swim?”

Now there's nothin' I like better

Than to take a swim, but then  
There's the trouble of a-puttin'  
On yer clothes again.

## A DIXIE LULLABY

**O!** DE sun quit a-shinin' fo' dis arternoon,  
 De possum in de gum-tree mighty still,  
 An' de old San'-Man jump off f'um de moon  
 W'en hit done come obah de hill.  
 An' he come erlong totin' a baig full o' san'  
 Fo' ter frow inter pickaninnies' eyes,  
 An' he teck dem erway to de sweet slumber-lan'  
 Fo' ter stay 'twell de nex' sun-rise.

So g'long wif de San'-Man, deah,  
 De good Lawd keep  
 Yo' w'ile yo' sleep,  
 An' yo' mammy'll 'wait yo' heah.

O! he'll teck yo' up on a bright moon-ray  
 An' he'll rock yo' on a cloud in de skies,  
 An' he'll keep yo' dar 'twell de break o' day,  
 So, mah honey, jes' close yo' eyes;  
 'Less de moon go down in de far-off west,  
 An' outer de dahk swamp-lan'  
 De bad Boogy-Man come out ob he nest  
 An' skeer off de good San'-Man.

So g'long wif de San'-Man, deah,  
 De good Lawd keep  
 Yo' w'ile yo' sleep,  
 An' yo' mammy'll 'wait yo' heah.



## DA GREATA STRONGA MAN

**Y**OU oughta see my Uncla Joe  
W'en he ees gatta mad.  
He ees da strongest man I know  
W'en som' wan treat heem bad.  
Hees eye eet flash like blazin' coal,  
An' w'en he ope hees mout'  
He growla like you theenk hees soul  
Ees turna eenside out.  
He eesa gat so stronga den  
An' swell so big an' fat,  
Eet gona taka seexa men  
For justa hold hees hat.

You oughta see my Uncla Joe  
W'en he ees mad weeth you.  
You bat my life! den you will know  
I eesa speaka true.  
He gat so strong eenside of heem  
Eet mak' your hearta freeze,  
An' eef he looka at som' cream  
Eet turna eento cheese.  
Den you weell run, you bat my life!  
So fast as you can go,  
An' throw away your gun or knife.  
Ha! strong man, Uncla Joe.

. . . . .

You oughta see my Uncla Joe!  
Eet w'at you call "surprise."  
Las' night beeg Irish ponch heem so  
Eet close up bot' hees eyes.  
O! my! he eesa looka bad;  
Mus' be ees som'theeng wrong,  
Baycause w'en Uncla Joe ees mad  
He always been so strong.  
I guess dees Irish heet his blow  
So queecka an' so rough  
He no geeve time to Uncla Joe  
For gatta mad enough.

## THE "OUCHES"

**T**HE "Ouches" is the queerest crew  
On earth, or anywhere.

They al'ays live inside o' you  
An' you don't know they're there.

For jist as long as you are nice  
An' good as you kin be

They'll stay as quiet an' still as mice,  
Fur they're asleep, ye see.

But sometimes when you git a bump  
'At makes you kind o' mad,

It wakes an Ouch! an' out he'll jump,  
An' 'at's a sign you're bad.

Most Ouches makes your throat their home,  
Or, leastways, one appears

Right there when mother starts to comb  
Your hair or wash your ears.

An' funny thing about 'em, too,  
My mother tells about,

An Ouch can't do no harm in you  
If you don't let it out.

So if you really truly care

To be the boy you should,  
Jist shut your mouth an' keep 'em there,  
An' 'at's a sign you're good.

## FATHER DAN O'MALLEY

**W**HIN Father Dan O'Malley came as curate  
to St. Ann's,

There was work in Dublin Alley layin' ready to  
his han's.

Aye! 'twas work o' sich a nature that no common  
man could do,

Fur, indade, the only t'acher that the Alley gos-  
soons knew

Was the Divil that was lurkin' in the badness of  
their hearts,

And it's never aisy wurkin' fur to strive agin his  
arts.

But although he's cute, fur, sure, it is the Divil's  
trade to schame,

Ye can trust an Irish curate fur to bate him at his  
game.

There was little dilly-dally in the layin' out of  
plans

Whin Father Dan O'Malley came as curate to  
St. Ann's.

Now, the trouble jisht was layin' in the fact that  
as a rule

The gossoons thought more of playin' than of  
goin' to Sunda' school.

Ev'ry plisant Sunda' mornin', faith, ye'd find thim  
at their game,

Nor could any threat or warnin' make thim feel a  
sinse o' shame.

An' of all the little divils that desp'iled the holy  
day,

The ringleader of their rivvels was that rascal,  
Paddy Shea.

He could set a top a-spinnin' till ye'd think  
'twould never stop,

An' the marbles he was winnin' would have aisy  
stocked a shop.

Not a soul in Dublin Alley 'd won a vict'ry from  
his han's

Till Father Dan O'Malley came as curate to St.  
Ann's.

Father Dan was big an' jolly, wid a heart that  
filled his chist,

An' a smile that it was folly fur ye tryin' to resist.

Well, it took a bare half-hour of one Sunda' morn  
in May

Fur to dimonstrate his power over roguish Paddy  
Shea.

Though the bells had rung their rally to the  
Sunda' school, the hall  
Showed no lad of Dublin Alley had appeared at  
all, at all.  
Father Dan wint out a-gunnin' fur the rogues  
that stayed away,  
An' the rascals started runnin', but he captured  
Paddy Shea.  
Thin it was that Dublin Alley passed from out the  
Divil's han's,  
Fur Father Dan O'Malley now was curate at St.  
Ann's.

"Now, me boy," sez he to Paddy, "you're the  
champeen player here,  
So you'll play wid me, me laddie, jisht to make  
yer title clear;  
Is it marbles ye've been playin'? Well, we'll  
start again to play,  
But you'll bend yer knees to prayin' whin I've  
licked ye, Paddy Shea.  
Come along, you rogue! Your luck'll not avail  
ye now to win.  
Whisht! More power to me knuckle, 'tis the  
Church's work it's in."  
From the very first beginnin' Father Dan out-  
played the lad,

---

An' he wasn't long in winnin' ev'ry marble that  
he had.

After that the Dublin Alley lads was putty in  
the han's

Of Father Dan O'Malley, who is curate at St.  
Ann's.

So the Sunda' school is crowded to the doors this  
blessed day,

Fur the lads had lost their marbles to the skill of  
Paddy Shea,

An' the leader o' the Alley has in turn throwed up  
his han's

To Father Dan O'Malley, who is curate at St.  
Ann's.

## CONTENT

**A** LONG about this time o' year,  
The while I set a-blinkin'  
In the warm sunshine here,  
I always git to thinkin'  
The old farm ain't so bad a place,  
But what I feel some pity  
Fur the dumb fools thet's in the race  
Fur gold down in the city.  
You don't ketch me a-praying God  
To better my position.  
I only want my fishin'-rod  
An' time to go a-fishin'.  
I got a shirt, a pair o' pants,  
Coat, hat, an' appetite;  
I know the fish, an' all their ha'nts  
An' when they're like to bite.  
An' all the clo'es I want is what  
Will keep off chill an' shiver,  
While I'm a-settin' in this spot—  
The best along the river.  
Ketch me a-combin' of my hair  
An' wearin' cuffs an' collars!  
I wouldn't be a millionaire  
Fur seven hundred dollars!



## W'AT'SA USE?

**W**'AT'SA use for gattin' mad  
Jus' baycause you feela bad?  
You gon' feela worse an' worse  
Eef you gona stop an' curse  
Evra time ees som'theeng wrong.  
You no gotta leeve so long.  
Wan, two, t'ree, four year, bimeby,  
Mebbe so you gona die.  
So ees best from day to day  
Maka sunshine weetha hay.  
Don't be gattin' madda while  
You can hava time to smile.  
W'at'sa use?

Padre Smeeth he tal me, too,  
Justa like I tal to you.  
Wan day he ees say, "Hallo!  
W'at ees mak' you growla so?  
Evra time you gatta mad  
Eet ees mak' Diablo glad.  
Justa laugh an' don'ta care,  
Den you mak' Diablo swear."  
Smila now an' den bimeby

You can smila w'en you die.  
Growla now an' you weell yal  
Weeth Diablo down een—wal  
W'at'sa use?

## KISS HER

SAY, young man! if you've a wife,  
Kiss her.

Every morning of your life,  
Kiss her.

Every evening when the sun  
Marks your day of labor done,  
Get you homeward on the run—  
Kiss her!

Even though you're feeling bad,  
Kiss her.

If she's out of sorts and sad,  
Kiss her.

Act as if you meant it, too;  
Let the whole true heart of you  
Speak its ardor when you do  
Kiss her.

If you think it's "soft," you're wrong.  
Kiss her.

Love like this will make you strong.  
Kiss her.

If you'd strike with telling force  
At the Evil of Divorce,  
Just adopt this simple course:  
Kiss her.

## DEAR UNSELFISH DAN

**M**OST every one that knowed our Dan  
Agreed he was the kindest man  
They ever see. He had the knack  
Of takin' on his own broad back  
The burdens an' the slaps and pokes  
Belonged by rights to other folks.  
If any one was in distress  
An' went to Dan, he'd say: "I guess  
We'll pull you out all right; let's see,  
Suppose you leave all that to me."

Was nothin' finer than the way  
He cared for poor old Uncle Jay,  
Who was the most unlucky han'  
For havin' trouble with his lan'  
'Bout taxes, or the early spring  
Plowin', or some other thing  
That plumb upsot the poor old man.  
Then, in the nick o' time, our Dan  
Steps in, and sez, "Don't fret," sez he,  
"Suppose you leave all that to me."

It got to be that Uncle Jay  
He couldn't git along no way  
Without our Dan, an' our Dan he

---

Jest cared fur him unselfishly.  
An' when the old man come to die  
Our Dan, o' course, was right close by.  
Sez Uncle Jay: " I'm worrit, Dan,  
'Bout what's to come of all my lan'  
An' all my money out at loan,  
An' in the bank, when I am gone."  
Then Dan, he ups an' sez, sez he:  
" Suppose you leave all that to me."

## HER ANSWER

“**D**EAR Nell,” he wrote, “these violets  
I’ve made so bold to send to you  
Shall be my mute ambassadors;  
And each shall tell how deep and true  
The sender’s love is, craving yours  
For him. What messengers more meet?  
Are they not typical of you,  
They are so sweet? ”

“Dear Jack,” she wrote, “your violets  
Have just this moment been received.  
Their message took me by surprise,  
'Twas something scarce to be believed.  
I send my answer back with them;  
What fitter messengers for you?  
So typical of how you’ll feel—  
They are so blue! ”

## KITTY'S GRADUATION

**D**UBLIN ALLEY jisht was crazy, jubilation  
was the rule,  
Chewsday week whin Kitty Casey won the honors  
at the school.

Sure, the neighbors had been waitin', all impa-  
tient of delay,  
For to see her graduatin' on that most important  
day.

Eddication is a power, an' we owned wid one  
accord

Casey's girl's the sweetest flower ever blossomed  
in the ward,

Whin, wid dress white as the daisy, but wid  
cheeks that shamed the rose,

We beheld wee Kitty Casey in her graduation  
clo'es.

Now, this Casey loved his daughter in a most in-  
dulgent way,

An' he spent his gold like wather for her grad-  
uation day.

Sich a dale of great preparin'! Sure, ye'd think  
she was a bride;

Sorra hair was Casey carin' for a blessed thing  
beside.

For whin Casey once commences, faith, he niver  
stops at all,  
An' he dressed her like a princess at a Coronation  
Ball.  
An' 'twas Madame Birgette Tracy for dressmaker  
that he chose,  
For to fit out Kitty Casey in her graduation  
clo'es.

Of dressmakers, now, the oddest was this one  
that Casey'd got,  
For her bill-heads called her "Modiste," though  
the prices there did not.  
"But," sez Casey, "I can stan' it for to pay a  
few more cints,  
So jist go ahead an' plan it, ma'am, raygardless  
of expinse."  
"Bong Moonseer," sez she, "I'll try it if she  
have the 'savoit fair,'"  
"As fur that," sez Casey, "buy it, wid the other  
things she'll wear."  
So ye see the man was crazy for to get the best  
that goes  
For his little Kitty Casey in her graduation  
clo'es.



All the women jisht were itchin' for to see her  
gettin' dressed,  
Some were crowded in the kitchen an' the stair-  
way, while the rest,  
The most favored ones, wint rushin' to the livin'  
room above,  
Where stood Mrs. Casey blushin' wid a mother's  
pride an' love.  
"Oh!" sez she, "'twould be a pity if I couldn't  
schame an' plan  
So that Kitty'd look as pritty as Mag Ryan's  
Mary Ann."  
"Tut! ye needn't be onaisy," sez a neighbor.  
"Goodness knows,  
There'll be none like Kitty Casey in her grad-  
uation clo'es."  
An' there's really no denyin', whin they marched  
into the hall  
Kitty Casey pushed the Ryan girl completely to  
the wall.  
Whin she made her prize oration an' they gave  
her her degree,  
There was sich a dimonstration as ye'll niver live  
to see,  
For the men from Dublin Alley voiced their feel-  
in's in a cheer

Like they utter whin they rally in a Dimmy-  
cratic year,  
An' of Casey's proudest days he counts that best  
of all he knows  
Which beheld his Kitty Casey in her graduation  
clo'es.

## AN ITALIAN KING

I AM so good for evratheeng  
I oughta be electa Keeng!  
Ees no som'body else at all  
So strong like me, so beeg, so tall,  
An' no som'body else can do  
So greata theengs like I can, too.  
How mooch you try you no can be  
So fina bigga man like me.  
You bat my life! I oughta gat  
A crown for wear eenside my hat,  
An' makin' all da style I can,  
Baycause I am so granda man.  
All dees ees true. Eh? how I know?  
My leetla boy he tal me so.

You maka fun weeth me an' tease,  
An' call me "Dago" eef you please;  
An' mebbe so I what you call  
"No good for anytheeng at all,"  
An' you weell thenk you speaka true  
Baycause eet looka so to you.  
Wal, mebbe som' time you are right,  
But not w'en I gat home at night.

Ha! dat'sa time dat I am Keeng  
An' I am good for evratheeng!  
I know; baycause Patricio,  
My leetla boy, he tal me so.

## DA PRITTA LADY

**E**ES playnta reecha ladies com'  
By dees peanutta-stan';  
I like to watcha dem, for som'  
Ees looka justa gran'.  
Dey got so fina hat an' dress,  
An' evratheeng so clean,  
Most any Keeng be proud, I guess,  
For calla one hees Queen.  
Beeg Irish cop say: "Looka dat!  
I tal you she's a peach!  
Dat's kinda wife a man can gat  
Eef he ees only reech."  
I thenk of Angela, my wife,  
An' weesha: "My, O! my,  
Eef she like dat, you bat my life,  
I would be satisfi'."  
  
But den I thenk, su'pose my wife  
Was beautiful like dees;  
I would be frighten of my life  
To aska her for keess.  
I would be scare' to hug her so  
Like w'at I always do  
To Angela, baycause, you know,  
She mebbe bust in two.

Baysides, my Angela she gat  
My baby at her breas';  
Eet mighta not be lika dat  
Eef she was reech, I guess.  
No reecha lady coulda be  
So pritta eef she try,  
Like Angela ees look to me,  
So I am satisfi'.

## A FROSTY MORNING

I LOVE these frosty mornings,  
When all the outer air  
Is tingling with a freshness  
And vim beyond compare.

The north-wind in the tree-tops  
Proclaims the coming dawn,  
And sends the crisp leaves rattling  
Across the frozen lawn.

From some adjacent farmyard  
A watchful chanticleer,  
With raucous, joyous crowing  
Assails the atmosphere.

Then, nearer home, a watchdog,  
Awakened from his sleep,  
Gives voice to his resentment  
In tones prolonged and deep.

A wagon, bound for market,  
Goes creaking down the road.  
I hear the axles groaning  
Beneath the heavy load.

The light grows at my window,  
And on the pane, I see,  
Jack Frost has limned a picture  
Of silvery tracery.

Now, from the servants' stairway,  
Slow feet descend the hall;  
And then a kitchen shutter  
Bangs out against the wall.

I love, these frosty mornings,  
To note these things, and then—  
To draw the bed-clothes closer.  
And go to sleep again.



## TO THE GROWLER

**B**E patient! Be a Christian and forbear  
To objurgate the Weather-man and swear  
Because the sting of winter's in the air.

Do you remember

Those days in June, a few short months ago,  
Whose scorching heat oppressed and baked you  
so,

And made you yearn the blest relief to know

Of cool September?

And when September came and in its train  
Brought days of frost and days of sodden rain,  
Good gracious! how you kicked and growled  
again!

Do you remember?

Those summer days will soon have come once  
more,

And you'll forget how bitterly you swore  
At all the winter weather gone before.

Will you remember,

When you are sweltering in mid-July,  
The flakes, frost-feathered, that were wont to fly  
From out the windy reaches of the sky,

This past December?

Meantime, if you should die and you should get  
Your just desserts, with O! what vain regret,  
These winter days (because they're *cold* and *wet*)  
You will remember!

## THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT

**H**E'S a-comin', he's a-comin'!  
An' he sets the town a-buzz.  
Though they ain't as many of 'im  
As what they useter wuz.  
He's a-growin' more important  
Jest because he's dyin' out.  
The G. A. R.'s a-comin',  
"Hats off!" along the rout'.

He's a-comin', he's a-comin'!  
An' a grateful people tries  
To bring the light o' gladness  
To the old-time fighter's eyes.  
So the old flag waves above 'im,  
An' he hears the people shout:  
"The G. A. R.'s a-comin',  
Hats off along the rout'!"

He's a-marchin', he's a-marchin'!  
There's a reminiscent touch  
Of his bearin' in the "Sixties"  
In the way he slings his crutch,  
As he marches ever onward  
To the last Great Muster-out.  
The G. A. R.'s a-comin'!  
"Hats off!" along the rout'.

## AT CASTLE GARDEN

HERE'S a whole ship-load of sweet femi-  
ninity—

Girls of the Sod!

Faith! but I'm glad to be in the vicinity.

Here with me hod,

Mortar and bricks have engaged me this solid  
day.

O! but I wish I was dressed fur a holiday!

Wouldn't I show ye the taste of a jolly day,

Girls of the Sod?

Let me stand by in this workaday guise of mine,

Girls of the Sod,

O! but the sight of ye moistens these eyes of mine.

Isn't it odd?

Maybe the view of yer solemn processional

Out of the ship, as it were a confessional,

Carries my heart in a tour retrogressional

Back to the Sod.

O! I am thinkin' 'twas jisht a mistake of ye

L'avin' the Sod.

All that is best ye have left in the wake of ye,

There where ye trod

Fields that were full of the sweetness that's bless-  
in' ye

Fresh with the breezes so fond of caressin' ye—  
O! but there's many a heart will be missin' ye,  
Girls of the Sod!

There ye reaped joy if ye only were knowin' it,  
Here 'twill be odd  
If what ye're reapin' will pay ye fur sowin' it,  
Girls of the Sod.

Arrah! No wonder ye're lookin' so serious,  
This is a country to make ye delirious,  
Toilin' an' moilin' to serve the imperious  
Mammon, its god.

Listen to me an' I'll have the whole crowd of ye  
Back to the Sod,  
Back to the valleys that love and are proud of ye,  
Girls of the Sod!

Ireland needs ye, her love that has girt ye there  
Yeans fur ye still an' will l'ave nothin' hurt ye  
there.

Gold isn't counted like goodness and virtue there,  
Thanks be to God!

Still if there's wan of ye bent upon tarryin',  
Girls of the Sod,  
Did I not mintion the merits o' marryin'  
I'd be a clod.

So if ye're needin' the love of a merry man,  
Merry but sober, a dacint young Kerry man,  
Faith, I could wishper the name of the very  
man—

Give me a nod!

## THE WISDOM OF THE SPARROWS

T WAS a city sparrow, wise and debonair,  
    Idly loafing through the country with his  
    mate.

Stupid country birds were building everywhere,  
    For the nesting-time was growing very late,  
        But the sparrow, with his lady,  
        In a tree-top, cool and shady,  
Gazed with scorn upon the work and twittered:  
    “ Stuff! ”

    To his mate he chirruped shrilly:

    “ Isn't all this labor silly,

When a roosting-place at night is quite enough? ”

'Twas a motherly old robin, near at hand,  
    Who was busy at her building with the rest,  
And she turned upon the sparrows to demand  
    How they meant to hatch their eggs without a  
    nest.

    “ Such impertinence! ” half sadly

    Said the sparrow; “ and yet gladly

I'll impart to you the knowledge that you beg.”

    Then, with haughty condescension,

    He remarked: “ I need but mention

That it's possible to obviate the egg.”

'Twas a congress of the birds of every sort,  
All indignantly assembled to protest  
Their displeasure, when the robin made report  
Of the threatened abolition of the nest;  
And they spoke of it as "awful!"  
"Selfish," "scandalous," "unlawful,"  
And they prophesied "the country's speedy fall."  
But the sparrows, quite disdainingly  
All this ignorant complaining,  
Simply went their way, unmindful of it all.

'Twas a sage old owl, a very solemn bird,  
Sat and listened while his feathered fellows  
fought.  
Never once he oped his mouth to say a word,  
But he did a lot of thinking—and he thought:  
"So the sparrows think it best  
To abolish eggs and nest.  
Well, perhaps the wisdom isn't theirs at all,  
But a plan of good Dame Nature's  
To eliminate such creatures.  
Let them have their way; the loss is mighty  
small."



## THE MODEST COLLEEN

**I**F I should sing of "Mary"  
Don't think that that's her name.  
My colleen bawn's conthrary  
And doesn't care for fame.  
She sez 'twould make her fidget  
To see her name in print,  
So I can't sing of —Murther!  
I nearly gev a hint!

She likes to watch me writin'  
A sonnet to her eyes,  
In poethry recitin'  
The love that in me lies,  
But holds one rosy digit,  
Resthrainin' of me pen,  
For fear I'll mintion—Musha!  
I almost wrote it then.

So whin the names of Nora,  
An' Nell an' Kate, betimes,  
Or Mary, Rose or Dora  
Are mintioned in me rhymes,  
They mean that modest midget,  
That charmin' little elf,  
Whose name is—O! I'll l'ave ye  
To guess her name yerself.

## THE OLD PARISHIONER

THE graybeard glories in the past  
And prates of "good old days."  
These times are out of joint, he growls,  
And sneers at modern ways.  
He shakes his head at every move  
That's up-to-date and new,  
And everything you do is just  
The thing you shouldn't do.  
It's: "Mercy save us! Look at that!  
We're slidin' back, I fear.  
The parish isn't what it was  
Whin Father Mack was here."

"The weddin's now are not as fine  
As weddin's used to be,  
An', faith, they're not so numerous  
At all, at all," says he.  
"Then, christ'nin's, too, were plentiful  
An' carried out wid style;  
'Twould warm your heart to see them there  
A-crowdin' up the aisle.  
An' sermons! How the crowds would come  
To listen! Dear, O! dear,  
The parish isn't what it was  
Whin Father Mack was here."

Yet, from a study of the rolls  
And records, 'twould appear  
The parish claimed but fifty souls  
When Father Mack was here.

## THE "BUILDING INSPECTOR"

WHEN ground is broken on the site  
For your new church, some busy  
wight

Is certain to assume the right

To pose as chief inspector.

He deems it quite the thing that he

Should represent the laity,

And watch the builder's work and see

He doesn't cheat the rector.

Of course the whole thing's badly planned,

He tells you, and you understand

How good it is that he's at hand

To check some greater blunder.

The mortar's bad. He breaks a crumb

Between his finger and his thumb,

And shakes his head and murmurs, "Bum!

Who sold 'em that, I wonder?"

Thus after church each Sunday morn,

With mingled pity, grief and scorn,

He goes about on his forlorn

Grim duty of inspection.

But, no, not every Sunday though—  
That statement's not exactly so—  
Some Sundays you take up, you know,  
The building fund collection.

## THE IRISH BACHELOR

**H**ERE fur yer pity or scorn, I'm presintin' ye  
Jerry McGlone.

Trustin' the life of him will be previntin' ye  
Marrin' yer own.

Think of a face wid a permanint fixture of  
Looks that are always suggistin' a mixture of  
Limmons an' vinegar. There! ye've a pixture of  
Jerry McGlone.

Faix, there is nothin' but sourest gloom in this  
Jerry McGlone.

Chris'mas joy, anny joy, niver finds room in this  
Crayture of stone.

Cynical gloom is the boast an' the pride of him,  
An' if a laugh iver did pierce the hide of him,  
Faix, I believe 'twould immajiate, inside of him,  
Change to a groan.

Whisht! now, an' listen. I'll tell ye the throuble  
wid

Jerry McGlone.

He preferred single life rather than double wid  
Molly Malone.

Think of it! Think of an Irishman tarryin'

---

While there's a purty girl wishful fur marryin'!  
Arrah! no wonder the divil's are harryin'

Jerry McGlone.

Ah! but there's few o' the race but would scorn  
to be

Jerry McGlone.

Sure, we all know that a Celt is not born to be  
Livin' alone.

O! but we're grateful (I spake for the laity)  
Grateful fur women the bountiful Deity  
Dowers wid beauty an' virtue an' gaiety,  
All for our own!

## TO A PLAIN SWEETHEART

**I** LOVE thee, dear, for what thou art,  
Nor would I wish thee otherwise,  
For when thy lashes lift apart  
I read, deep-mirrored in thine eyes,  
The glory of a modest heart.

Wert thou as fair as thou art good,  
It were not given to any man,  
With daring eyes of flesh and blood,  
To look thee in the face and scan  
The splendor of thy womanhood.



## THE CONQUEST

**L**AST night the winter's rear-guard passed  
In utter rout through lane and street;  
With faint and fainter bugle-blast

The North-wind sounded the retreat.

Far echoes of the stubborn flight

Crept backward from the distant hill,  
Stray stragglers lurched across the night,

But soon were gone, and all was still.

Then vaguely, through the pregnant hush,

The murmur of a marching host

Surged swiftly onward as the rush

Of breakers on a level coast,

Until up-swelled through lane and street,

In swift crescendo thundering,

The drums of Southern rain that beat

Reveille to the waking Spring.

O! glad gray army of the South!

Our sky is your triumphal arch.

Nor deed of arms nor word of mouth

Shall here oppose your onward march.

The little children of the North,

Long captive to the winter's cold,

Impatient yearn to sally forth

And tread the fields of green and gold.

For, love of life renewed, we greet  
With joy your conquest, welcoming  
Invading drums of rain that beat  
Reveille to the waking Spring.

## A BOOK NOT "GIVABLE"

I HAVE only poor words to send you in time  
for this Christmas Day;

My wonted gift of the season must suffer a slight  
delay.

Though I had what I felt would please you, I  
find that it will not do,

And I needs must wait till the morrow to pur-  
chase a gift for you.

I had you in mind this morning. The thought of  
you bade me drop

My daily cares for the moment and hie to the  
bookman's shop,

The shop that we haunted so often, down there in  
the little back street,

In the days when we slaved together over ledger  
and balance-sheet

And squandered our hard-earned pennies for an  
intellectual treat.

You remember those shelves in the corner where  
you discovered your Burns

And I unearthed those treasures of Congreve's,  
Smollett's and Sterne's?

Well, there's where I looked this morning in  
search of a gift for you,  
And I saw what I thought would please you, but  
I find that it will not do.

'Twas the title, "She Stoops to Conquer," that  
arrested my roving eye,  
And the make of the volume pleased me and  
prompted me to buy.  
So I tucked it away in my pocket, with only a  
casual look  
To the points that are most essential in a thor-  
oughly "givable" book.  
But to-night in my hearthside leisure, ere posting  
it off to you,  
I imposed on myself the duty to examine it  
through and through.  
I was rather shocked at the cover, and vexed that  
I had not seen  
How the russet calf was mottled with mildew-  
spots of green.  
Then the title-page is rather a trifle the worse for  
wear,  
And it really cost me an effort to read the an-  
nouncement there  
That the book was "printed for Griffiths," and  
the smaller line below:

“To be had of Timothy Becket in Paternoster Row.”

I discover the date of the printing is 1774.

Was it after the author's exit, I wonder, or before?

The thought that this book had being in the very year of his death,

Perhaps in the very hour that claimed his departing breath,

Makes misty the reader's vision and carries the fancy back

To the times and the haunts of the genius, poet and bookman's hack.

What phantasies, sweet and tender, out of that golden age,

March by in the time-dimmed type of the quaintly printed page!

But, pshaw! I am boring you, surely, with this sort of folderol;

You never were partial as I am to “poor old lovable Noll.”

The book's well enough in its fashion, but it wouldn't be proper to send

A thing—well—so battered and shabby as a holiday gift to a friend.

As I told you, the old leather cover is very much  
mildewed and worn,

And a few of the pages are dog-eared and others  
are torn.

I thought at first sight it would please you, but  
I find that it will not do,

So I needs must wait till the morrow to purchase  
a gift for you.

I've only "God-bless-you" to send you in time  
for this Christmas Day,

But my wanted gift of the season will follow.  
Forgive the delay.

## DA MUSICA MAN

**Y**OU knowa Giovanni, da musica man?  
He playa da harpa, he playa pian',  
For maka da mona wherevra he can.  
Da styleesha peopla dey geeve heem da chance  
For maka da music for helpa dem dance.  
He playa da music so gooda, so gran',  
He tal me, da ladies dey calla heem "sweet"  
An' geeve heem da playnta good fooda for eat.  
I like be Giovanni, da musica man.

Giovanni, da musica man, he ees fat,  
An' sleepy an' lazy so lika da cat,  
So moocha da dreekin' an' eatin' he gat.  
I gotta da music eensida my heart;  
I weesh I have also da musical art  
For mak' eet com' outa my heart like he can,  
An' filla my stomach weeth fooda for eat.  
I digga da franch; I work hard on da street—  
I like be Giovanni, da musica man.

## THE "MODERATE DRINKER"

**I** HONOR more the merry wight  
Who, though he curbs his appetite,  
Still takes a social beaker,  
Than any Prohibition crank  
Who prates about the "water-tank."  
I hate a temperance speaker.

So, come, lift up a brimming cup  
To all who've wit to use it.  
And let it be our boast that we  
May use but not abuse it.

Kind Nature brings her gift of wine  
That Thought may glow, that Wit may shine,  
And shall we then reject her?  
'Tis true the sodden sot's a beast,  
But he's a death's-head at the feast  
Who will not touch the nectar.

Once more! Lift up a brimming cup  
To all who've wit to use it.  
And let it be our boast that we  
May use but not abuse it.



---

What need to men of common sense  
Is any "total abstinence"?

There's shimply nothin' to it.

What harm to use th' good ole stuff  
If you (hic) shtop when you've enough?

That'sh way that I (hic) do it.

Whoopla! fill up a brimmin' cup

To all (hic) wit t' ushe it.

(Hic) let (hic) be ou' boash (hic) we

(Wow!!) ushe (whoop!) not (hic) 'buzhe it.

## DA 'MERICANA GIRL

**I** GATTA mash weeth Mag McCue,  
 An' she ees 'Mericana, too!  
 Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so,  
 You weell no calla me so slow  
 Eef som' time you can looka see  
 How she ees com' an' flirt weeth me.  
 Most evra two, t'ree day, my frand,  
 She stops by dees peanutta-stand  
 An' smile an' mak' da googla-eye  
 An' justa look at me an' sigh.  
 An' alla time she so excite'  
 She peeck som' fruit an' taka bite.  
 O! my, she eesa look so sweet  
 I no care how much fruit she eat.  
 Me? I am cool an' mak' pretand  
 I want no more dan be her frand;  
 But een my heart, you bat my life,  
 I theenk of her for be my wife.

To-day I theenk: "Now I weell see  
 How moocha she ees mash weeth me,"  
 An' so I speak of dees an' dat,  
 How moocha playnta mon' I gat,  
 How mooch I makin' evra day

An' w'at I spand an' put away.  
An' den I ask, so queeck, so sly:  
" You theenk som' pretta girl weell try  
For lovin' me a leetla beet? "—  
O! my! she eesa blush so sweet!—  
" An' eef I ask her lika dees  
For geevin' me a leetla keess,  
You s'pose she geeve me wan or two? "  
She tal me: " Twanty-t'ree for you! "  
An' den she laugh so sweet, an' say:  
" Skeeddo! Skeeddo! " an' run away.

She like so mooch for keessa me  
She gona geeve me twanty-t'ree!  
I s'pose dat w'at she say—" skeeddo! "—  
Ees alla same " I lova you."  
Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so  
You weell no calla me so slow!

## FAINT HEART

I WONDER if she knows how much  
My heart cries out for her dear heart.  
I wonder if she's felt the touch,  
The joyous thrill, the bitter smart  
Of Cupid's dart.  
I wonder.

I wonder what she'll say to me  
When I have told my tale to-night.  
O! will it be my fate to be  
Transported to the sun-kissed height  
Of sheer delight?  
I wonder.

I wonder if I'll tell my tale  
At all! I've often tried before.  
By Jove! I feel my courage fail,  
And here, a timid mouse once more,  
On past her door  
I wander.

## BALLADE OF FAMILY NAMES

C HANGE is the order in man's estate,  
Times have changed and the customs, too;  
Everything now must be up-to-date.  
Things old-fashioned will never do.  
Even the names that our fathers knew—  
Jonas, Zachary, Zebedee—  
Fashion adjures us we must eschew.  
What will the names of To-morrow be?

Patronymics with frills ornate,  
Out of the roots of the old names grew.  
"Kathryn" cooed in the arms of "Kate,"  
"Hugo" lisped at the knees of "Hugh."  
Nursery walls of the wealthy few  
Rang with titles of high degree,  
All affecting the blood that's blue—  
What will the names of To-morrow be?

Greater changes have come of late;  
Even these new names fade from view.  
Wife and husband no more debate  
Titles fitting their infant crew.  
Even the infants lie perdue.

“ Fido,” “ Rover ” and “ Tige ”—Ah! me,  
    These are the names that the maids halloo.  
What will the names of To-morrow be?

## ENVOY

Man, it is sad, but alas! it's true,  
    Fashion's killing your family tree.  
If but a little bark's left to you,  
    What will the names of To-morrow be?

## DA STYLEESHA LADY

I TAL you w'at, you oughta see  
Carlotta, dat's my girl, w'en she  
Ees feex' for holiday. I guess  
You nevva see sooch styleeshness.  
She gotta yallow seelka skirt  
Ees look so fine you theenk ees wort'  
'Bout twanty dollar, mebbe more,  
Eef you gon' buy eet een da store.  
So, too, she gotta purpla wais'  
Dat's treem' weeth pretta yallow lace,  
An' bigga golda breasta-peen  
Ees steeckin' ondraneat' her cheen.  
Eh? Wait, my frand! On toppa dat  
She got da beega redda hat  
Weeth coupla featha, brighta green,  
An' whita rosa een baytween.  
Da redda, whita, green, you see,  
Ees lika flag of Italy!

Ha! w'at you theenka dat for style?  
Ah! yes, my frand, eet mak' you smile;  
You can eemagine, den, of me,  
How proud I smile w'en first I see.  
You can baylieve how proud I feel  
For walkin' out weeth her; but steell

I gatta—w'at you call—" deestress "  
Baycause for all dees styleeshness.  
You see, w'en she ees look so sweet  
I 'fraid for let her on da street.  
I justa feela scare' dat som'  
Beeg reecha man ees gona com'  
An' see how styleesh she can be,  
An' steala her away from me.



## ALMOST

“THERE stands the parson’s house,” he said.

The maiden hung her modest head,  
Lest he who thus was moved to speak  
Should note the blush that dyed her cheek.  
The moonlit fields, the sky above,  
Were mutely eloquent of love;  
And love surcharged the ambient air  
Breathed in by this young rustic pair.  
With beating hearts, across the road,  
They saw the minister’s abode.  
The study lamp a welcome gleamed,  
And, through the summer twilight, seemed  
Inviting them to near the door.

“There stands the parson’s house!” Once more  
His fervid thoughts broke forth in speech.  
Then silence, thrilling each to each,  
Surrounded them and held them mute.  
Far-off they heard an owlet hoot  
“To whit! to woo!” The maiden’s heart  
Was warm for him, but hers the part  
To modestly await the word  
That she in fancy oft had heard,  
And which, instinctively she knew,  
Was trembling on his tongue. He, too,

Was conscious of his own love's strength,  
And meant to speak. He said, at length:  
"There stands the parson's house, and there—"  
His hand a-tremble cleft the air—  
"Is where it used to stand!" And then  
He led her down the road again.

## CAREY, THE KILL-JOY

**I**F ye iver see Timothy Carey  
Jisht trust to the speed o' yer heels.  
Take warnin' from Malachy Cleary—  
That's me, an' I know how it feels.  
If ye're bint on revivin' yer nature  
Wid innocint pleasure, me boy,  
Get out o' the way o' this crayture—  
His thrade is the killin' o' joy.

Now, wan day whin I sat at me dinner,  
Wid hunger enough an' to spare,  
In walks this same gloomy ould sinner  
An' leans on the back o' me chair.  
“Come an' jine me,” sez I; “I'd be hatin'  
Mesel' fur the glutton I am  
To deny ye this taste o' good 'atin'—  
'Tis luscious b'iled cabbage an' ham!”

“Man alive! are ye crazy?” sez Carey,  
An' frowns in his soberest way,  
“Sure an' have ye furgot, Misther Cleary,  
That this is a fasht-day th'-day?”

An' wid that the ould joy-killin' sinner  
Jisht turned on his heel an' wint out,  
An' he left me me illigant dinner  
Like ashes, stone-cowld, in me mout'.

'Twas a sin o' me, bein' forgetful;  
I should have remimbered the day,  
But I couldn't help feelin' regretful  
To see me feast fadin' away;  
For 'twas not for me soul's sake that Carey  
Shpoke up, but 'twas jisht to annoy.  
'Tis his nature that's mane an' conthrary—  
His thrade is the killin' o' joy.

## A LESSON IN POLITICS

I NO care for gattin' meex'  
Een dees Ceety politeecs.  
I no gatta vote, an' so  
I no weeshin' mooch to know  
W'eech side right an' w'eech side wrong:  
I no bother mooch so long  
Dey no bother mooch weeth me—  
I jus' want do beez'ness, see?

I no like poleecaman  
Com' to dees peanutta-stan',  
Like he do most evra day,  
Jus' for talka deesa way:  
"Wal, my frand, I tal you w'at,  
Politeecs ees gattin' hot.  
Don't you mind all deesa queer  
Talka 'bout da 'Graft' you hear.  
Notheeng een eet!" (Here he tak'  
Bigga pieca geenger cak'.)  
"Dees 'Reforma' mak' me seeck!  
Sucha foolish theengs dey speak!  
All dees 'graft' ees een deir eye."  
(Now he taka pieca pie.)  
"I been een dees politeecs  
Seexa year an' know da treecks,

But I tal you I ain't met  
 Any kinda grafta yet."  
 (Here he taka two banan'.)  
 " Evra publeec office man  
 Worka for a salary  
 Jus' da sama lika me.  
 We no want no more dan dat—  
 Jus' contant weeth w'at we gat."  
 (Den he tak' weeth botha hand  
 Som' peanutta.) " So, my frand,  
 Don't baylieva all dees queer  
 Talka 'bouta ' graft ' you hear."

Nutta, caka, pie, banan',  
 All for wan poleecaman!  
 Mebbe ees no " grafta "—say!  
 W'at ees " grafta," anyway?

## MISTLETOE AND HOLLY

**T**HE mistletoe is gemmed with pearls,  
Red berries hath the holly.

Remember, all ye modest girls,  
The mistletoe is gemmed with pearls,  
And when it hangs above your curls,  
Away with melancholy!

The mistletoe is gemmed with pearls,  
Red berries hath the holly.

Since mistletoe is hard to find,  
We do not need it, Mollie.  
O! do, I beg of you, be kind;  
Since mistletoe is hard to find,  
Pretend that you are color-blind  
And kiss beneath this holly.

Since mistletoe is hard to find,  
We do not need it, Mollie.

## HANDICAPPED

**E**EF I could talka 'Merican  
Like w'at I can Italian,  
So stronga langwadge eet would be  
You would be scare' for joke weeth me.  
Een Italy I am so queeck  
For theenk of sassy theengs to speak,  
W'en som' wan makin' fun weeth me,  
Dat nexta time dey let me be.  
Da professori from da school  
Som' time was try for mak' me fool;  
Ah! wal, dey find, you bat my life,  
My tongue ees sharpa like da knife.  
So, evra wan was 'fraid weeth me  
W'en I am home, een Napoli.  
But een New Yorka Ceety here  
Ees deefferant; an' eet ees queer!  
Da streeta keed, so tough, so small,  
He ees no scare' weeth me at all.  
He talk to me so sharp, so queeck  
My tongue ees gat too twist' for speak;  
He mak' da face an' laugh, an' den  
Ees gat me tangla up agen.  
W'en he ees two, t'ree blocks away,  
I theenk of som'theeng sharp to say



---

Dat mak' heem stop from be so tough—  
Eef I have say eet queeck enough.

Wal, mebbe eet ees better so,  
Baycause eef soocha keed could know  
How sharpa tongue ees een my head  
He be so scare' he droppa dead!

## A FANCY NICOTIAN

**T**IME was, my love, ere you came as queen  
To this bachelor heart of mine,  
I bowed to the princess of Nicotine,  
Who dwelt in an amber shrine.  
And there, when I willed, her heart glowed red  
And her languorous spirit rose,  
And my soul followed where her soul led,  
Away from the world of prose,  
To a world risen from out of the shade  
Of ages passing belief,  
Where she was again a Delaware maid  
And I was a Huron chief.

. . . . .  
I had made a journey to seek her hand,  
I had come from the inland seas,  
Far down to the Big Salt Water's strand  
Where clustered her tribe's tepees.  
And thither I brought a hundred pelts  
Of the beasts my arm had slain,  
And beaded garments and wampum belts,  
That my love-quest be not vain.  
Then her people said: "It is meet indeed!  
The eagle shall mate with the dove."  
O! their little hearts they were drunk with greed,  
But hers was big with love.

When into my hand she slipped her own,  
And our souls thrilled each to each,  
My full heart clogged my throat like a stone  
And robbed my tongue of speech.  
But faith burns fervid and hope is high  
In the heart of a loving maid,  
And reading but joy in her lover's eye  
She follows him, unafraid.  
Beasts of the forest there were, and men,  
To harry our path with strife,  
But her love gave me the strength of ten.  
We were masters of love and life.

. . . . .  
All this, my love, was before you came  
To brighten this life of mine.  
But still I dream when the touch of flame  
Enkindles that amber shrine;  
And the fragrant spirit of Nicotine,  
In circles my head above,  
Discloses ever the self-same scene,  
The picture of world-old love,  
That world risen from out of the shade  
Of ages passing belief;  
But now it is *thou* art the Delaware maid  
When I am the Huron chief.

## UN LAZZARONE

**S**O lazy man I nevva see  
 Like Joe Baratt' een Napoli.  
 You no could mak' heem work at all;  
 Een Napoli he w'at you call  
 "Un lazzarone"; dat' sa "bum."  
 No gotta job, no gotta home,  
 No gotta weesh for maka mon',  
 But jus' for seetin' een da sun.  
 So lazy, good-for-notheeng, O!  
 Da worsta wan ees deesa Joe.  
 You say "Gelato, Joe?" to heem—  
 "Gelato" ees da same "ice-cream"—  
 He ope' hees eyes a leetla beet  
 Baycause he ees so fond of eet,  
 An' den he ope' hees mout' so wide  
 An' wait for you to put eenside.  
 He weell no tak' da deesh of cream,  
 But so you gona feeda heem!  
 So lazy man I nevva see  
 Like Joe Baratt' een Napoli!  
 I no can tal how eet should be,  
 But deesa Joe he cross da sea  
 An' com' Noo York last' Fall, you know,  
 W'en evratheeng ees ice an' snow.  
 Ees nevva so disgusta man

---

Like Joe Baratt' w'en he ees lan'.  
Oh! my! he sheever, shake an 'sneeze,  
An' he mus' dance for keep from freeze.  
So lively man I nevva see  
Like Joe Baratt' from Napoli!  
An' now he work for stevedore  
Like w'at he nevva do bayfore,  
Baycause he needa mon', so he  
Can gat back home een Napoli,  
For sleepin' een da sunshine w'en  
Da weenter-time ees com' agen.  
So lively man you nevva see  
Like Joe Baratt' from Napoli.

## BEDFELLOWS

A IN'T no one so glad as me  
When they's lady-company  
Comes to visit us an' stay  
All that night until it's day.  
Ain't much sleepin'-room at all  
In our house—it's made so small—  
But my Pa he'll always 'low  
We kin "double-up somehow."  
'Nen when all my prayers is said  
Ma she tucks me into bed  
'Way 'way over on one side.  
'Nen I feel real satisfied  
To be sleepy an' to go  
Right spang off, because I know  
When I wake fust thing I'll see  
Will be Pa in bed with me.  
'Nen for fun! I tell you what,  
'At's the time I have a lot.  
I jist crawl on Pa an' shake  
His ole head till he's awake.  
Fust he'll lay real still an' play  
He's asleep an' goin' to stay.  
'Nen he'll raise up in the air,  
Growl an' cut up like a bear  
Come to eat me up, an' I

---

Laugh an' squeal an' yell. O my!  
We jist run things, me an' Pa,  
Havin' lots o' fun, till Ma,  
In the next room, sez: "You boys  
Best git dressed an' quit that noise."  
I wisht every night 'at we  
Might have lady-company.

## THOSE DIRTY LITTLE FINGERS

**F**ROM the moment he could stand alone and  
toddle

Across the bed-room floor from chair to chair,  
There was never any respite for his mother;

He was getting into mischief everywhere.

There were somersaults distracting down the  
stairway,

And tumbles off the sofa, to be sure,

And the bumps he got were really quite terrific,

But none a mother's kisses couldn't cure.

He'd a most plebeian fondness for the kitchen,

Whose precincts were his favorite retreat,

And the coal-hod held for him a fascination,

For he seemed to think its contents good to eat.

But the thing that caused his mother's greatest  
worry,

And made her ply her house-cloth o'er and o'er,

Was his subsequent invasion of the parlor

With his grimy little fingers on the door.

How the whiteness of the paint was desecrated

By those dirty little digits every day;

Though his weary mother wept and begged and  
scolded

He pursued the even tenor of his way.



It was evident that he was only happy

When his fingers held their share and more of  
dirt;

And the only thing he loathed was soap and water,

And O! my goodness gracious! how that hurt.

But it hurts us now to contemplate the cleanness

Of everything about this quiet place;

All the finger-marks that used to mar the wood-  
work

Have disappeared, nor left the slightest trace.

For the last of them were wiped away last sum-  
mer,

Glad summer that is gone forevermore!

We are lonely, Lord, and hungering to see him,

With his grimy little fingers on the door.

## DA YOUNGA 'MERICAN

**I** MYSAL', I feela strange  
 Een dees countra. I can no  
 Mak' mysal' agen an' change  
 Eento 'Merican, an' so  
 I am w'at you calla me,  
 Justa "dumb ole Dago man."  
 Alla same my boy ees be  
 Smarta younga 'Merican.  
 Twalv' year ole! but alla same  
 He ees learna soocha lot  
 He can read an' write hees name—  
 Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

He no talk Italian;  
 He say: "Dat's for Dagoes speak,  
 I am younga 'Merican,  
 Dago langwadge mak' me seeck."  
 Eef you gona tal heem, too,  
 He ees "leetla Dago," my!  
 He ees gat so mad weeth you  
 He gon' ponch you een da eye.  
 Mebbe so you gona mak'  
 Fool weeth heem—an' mebbe not.  
 Queeck as flash he sass you back;  
 Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

He ees moocha 'shame' for be  
    Meexa weeth Italian;  
He ees moocha 'shame' of me—  
    I am dumb ole Dago man.  
Evra time w'en I go out  
    Weetha heem I no can speak  
To som'body. "Shut your mout',"  
    He weell tal me pretta queeck,  
"You weell geeve yoursal' away  
    Talkin' Dago lika dat;  
Try be 'Merican," he say—  
    Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

I am w'at you calla me,  
    Justa "dumb ole Dago man;"  
Alla same my boy ees be  
    Smarta younga 'Merican.

## NIGHT IN BACHELOR'S HALL

THEY'VE gone away! It seems a year,  
Aye! weeks of years, since they were here;  
And yet it was but yesterday  
I kissed them when they went away,  
Away from all the scorching heat  
That grips this brick-walled city street.  
And it was I who bade them go,  
Though she, dear heart, protested so,  
And vowed I'd find no joy at all,  
Nor any peace, in Bachelor's Hall.  
I laughed at that, but she was right;  
I never knew a sadder night  
Than this, while thus I tread, alone,  
These silent halls I call my own.  
I never thought this place could change  
So utterly and seem so strange.  
The night is hot, and yet a chill  
Pervades the house; it is so still.

I miss the living atmosphere  
That comforts me when they are here;  
I miss the sigh, long-drawn and deep,  
The music of refreshing sleep,  
That undulates the gentle breast  
Of weary motherhood at rest.

---

And in the unaccustomed gloom  
That shrouds the small adjoining room  
I miss the moans, the muffled screams,  
Of childhood troubled in its dreams.  
And is this all? No! more I miss  
The strong, heart-thrilling joy, the bliss  
Of warding, with protecting arm,  
Between these precious hearts and harm.

O! sing your song, all ye who roam,  
Your wistful song of "Home, Sweet Home,"  
But, though unhappy is your lot,  
You will not find a sadder spot  
In all the world than Home, when they  
Who make it Home have gone away.

## THE INDOMITABLE CELT

**A**LTHOUGH the joy's denied to me  
This blessed "Patrick's Day"  
To be where I would wish to be  
And whistle Care away,  
My mem'ry lives within me still;  
So I may close my eyes  
And fancy I can feel the thrill  
Of spring from Irish skies,  
And make myself believe to-day  
I'm off with my colleen  
To Clogher's, where the pipers play  
"The Wearing of the Green."

It's cold and drear in this far land,  
And winter's skies are gray,  
And there's no sign that spring's at hand  
This drear St. Patrick's Day.  
But though no shamrocks brave the air  
Of this new home of mine,  
I've found a bit of green to wear—  
This sprig of Northern pine.  
So I'll be joyful as I may,  
And dream of my colleen  
And Clogher's, where the pipers play  
"The Wearing of the Green."

## DA FAM'LY MAN

**I** AIN' gon' gatta mad so queeck  
Like w'at I use' to do.

I gon' geeve up dees ogly treeck  
Of speakin' swear-words, too.

An' now w'en com'sa badda keed  
For call me "Dago!"—wal,

I ain' gon' do like w'at I deed  
An' tal heem "gotohal!"

Eef som' one com' for makin' fool  
Weeth me, I show dem how

I jus' can smile an' keepa cool—  
I gon' be good man now.

I am too prouda man to-day  
For wanta swear an' fight,

An' I no care w'at bad keeds say  
For makin' me excite'.

So eef som'body com' an' try  
For makin' fool weeth me,

I justa gon' be dignifi'  
Like fam'ly man should be .

Las' night da doctor bring my wife  
A baby girl. Dat's how

I am so proud. You bat my life,  
I gon' be good man now!

## DA FIGHTIN' IRISHMAN

**I**RISHMAN he mak' me seeck!  
He ees gat excit' so queeck,  
An' so queeck for fightin', too,  
An', baysides, you nevva know  
How you gona please heem. So  
W'ata deuce you gona do?

W'en I work een tranch wan day,  
Irish boss he com' an' say:  
" Evra wan een deesa tranch,  
I no care eef he ees Franch,  
Anglaice, Dago, Dootch or w'at,  
Evra wan he musta gat  
Leetla pieca green to show  
For da San Patricio.  
Dees ees Irish feasta day.  
Go an' gat som' green! " he say,  
" An' eef you no do eet, too,  
I gon' poncha head on you! "  
So I gat som' green to show  
For da San Patricio.  
Bimeby, 'nudder Irishman  
He ees com' where I am stan',  
An' he growl at me an' say:  
" W'at you wearin' dat for, eh?



---

Mebbe so you theenk you be  
Gooda Irishman like me.  
Green ees jus' for Irishman,  
No for dumb Eyetalian!  
Tak' eet off! " he say, an', my!  
He ees ponch me een da eye!

Irishman he mak' me seeck!  
He ees gat excite' so queeck,  
An' so queeck for fightin', too,  
An', baysides, you nevva know  
How you gona please heem. So  
W'ata deuce you gona do?

## THE SPOILED CHILD

W'EN Gran'-pa takes me on his knee  
I'm jist as glad as I kin be;  
'Cause he's the bestest friend I got,  
An' in his pockets they's a lot  
Of candies, sugar-cakes an' things  
Like dear ole Gran'-pa always brings.  
An' he'll say: " Now, my little dear,  
Let's see w'at's in this pocket here; "  
And I put in my hand and take  
Some candy out or else some cake.  
'Nen Gran'-pa laughs, an' so do I;  
He'll play he's s'prised an' say: " O! My!  
I wonder how that got in there,  
Now w'at do I git fur my share? "  
I laugh, an' climb right up an' kiss  
Him where his tickly whiskers is.  
He hugs me tight, an' sez: " Oho!  
Here's jist the goodest boy I know."  
An' I am good as I kin be  
W'en Gran'-pa takes me on his knee.

When Papa takes me on his knee  
I ain't so glad as I might be.  
He ain't as nice as Gran'-pa wuz,  
For he don't do like Gran'-pa does.

He on'y does it w'en he's mad,  
An' w'en he sez I'm awful bad.  
He don't like Gran'-pa's "carryin's-on."  
Fur onct w'en Gran'-pa'd been an' gone  
He told Ma: "Say, it drives me wild  
The way you Pa jist sp'iles that child,"  
An' 'nen he maked a grab fur me  
An' upside-downed me on his knee,  
An' says, "Now if it's in the wood  
I'll see if I can't made you good."  
An' w'en Pa let me off his knee  
I promised him how good I'd be.

## DA STYLEESHA WIFE

**G**IUSEPPE, da barber, ees catcha da wife!  
 O! my, you weell laugh w'en you see w'at  
 he gat.

She gotta da face ees so sharp like da knife—

He say "ees no styleesh for face to be fat."

Her fingers, so skeenny, ees notheeng but bone;

You 'fraid dey weell bust w'en you go for shak'  
 han'.

He say: "Dat'sa sign she ees vera high-tone',

She no gotta han's like two bonch da banan'."

Ha! w'at you theenk dat

For talk een hees hat?

W'at good eesa wife eef she don'ta be fat?

Giuseppe he tal me I no ondrastan'

Da 'Merican lady so gooda like heem;

He tal me hees wife ees da "swell 'Merican,"

An' looka so styleesh baycause she ees "sleem."

I tal heem da "styleeshness" notta so good

For keepa da house an' for helpin' her mooch

To nursa da baby an' carry da wood.

He say: "I no care eef she nevva do sooch."

Ha! w'at you theenk dat

For talk een hees hat?

W'at good eesa wife eef she don'ta be fat?

## THE KETTLE'S SONG OF HOME

A IN'T berry menny people w'at'll listen to a  
niggah,

Or 'low dey's enny sense in w'at he say,

But I gwine to gib de 'sperience ob mah feelin's,  
an' I figgah

Dat dey's quite a smaht ob people t'inks mah  
way.

W'en a man begins a-shoutin' 'bout de good t'ings  
dat he's missin',

Kickin' kase dey ain't no fo'tune in his job,

Let 'im go home to his kitchen, an' set down a  
while an' listen

To de singin' ob de kittle on de hob.

De rich man kin inhabitate a palace ef he wishes,

Wif chiny-war' an' pictuals on de wall,

An' kin lay on velvet sofers an' eat off'n golden  
dishes,

But I wouldn't swap mah kitchen fo' it all.

Fo' hit wouldn' seem laik home to me, but 'ceptin'

I could listen,

A-puffin' at de backy in mah cob,

While de good Lawd seemed a-speakin' ob a  
home-like kind o' blessin'

Frough de singin' ob de kittle on de hob.

## TO THE ATHEIST

**S**AY! you gat to hal weeth your talk!  
 I gotta da troubla my own.  
 You please me by taka da walk—  
 I wanta for seet here alone.  
 Eh? W'at? Yes, I s'pose I am dumb,  
 An' so you no maka me wise  
 No matter how moocha you com'  
 For tryin' to open my eyes.  
 Jus' s'posi my eyes dey are blind—  
 So blind like you theenk dem to be—  
 More beautiful theengs dey can find  
 Dan w'at you are able to see.  
 You want I should tal you da sight  
 I see w'en I seet here alone?  
 You wanta for see? Alla right,  
 I geeve you my eyes for your own.  
 Com', look! dere is beautiful girl,  
 So sweeta, so good an' so true;  
 Ah! you are a keeng of da worl'  
 To know dat she smila for you.  
  
 Now, see! she ees geevin' her han'  
 Forevra da wifa to be  
 To "no-good-for-notheenga" man—  
 Dat no gooda man, eet ees me!

Now—presto!—da pectura change.  
Da beautiful girl eesa gon';  
Da man ees look olda an' strange  
An' he ees jus' seettin' alone.  
But steell you can see weeth hees eyes,  
So blind, like you say, an' so dumb,  
An angela up in da skies  
Dat smila an' wait teell he com'.  
You sneer; you no gotta belief.  
You tal me we die an' we be  
Like dogs, an' you com' lika thief  
For steala my faitha from me.  
Wal, even eef you no be dam,  
An' eef w'at I see ees no true,  
I radder be dumb like I am  
Dan wisa beeg foola like you!

## AT HOME

AT home to-night, alone with Dot,  
I loaf my soul and care not what  
In worlds beyond may come or go.  
Four walls, a roof, to brave the snow,  
Suffice to bound this Eden spot.

Dot has her sewing things; I've got  
My pipe, a glass of something hot  
And Dot herself. The world's aglow,  
At home to-night.

As lovers in some golden plot  
The poet weaves of Camelot,  
We feel apart from earth. We know  
The servant in the hall below  
Will say to all who call we're not  
At home to-night.



## TO AN OLD LOVER

**T**HERE is silvery frost on your hair, old boy,  
There are lines on your forehead, too;  
But your clear eyes speak of the peace and joy  
That dwell in the heart of you.  
For the passing of youth you have no regret,  
No sighs for the summer gloam  
And the lovers' moon. They are with you yet  
In the light of the lamp at home.

In your summer of youth, in that sunny hour  
That will come to you never again,  
When you wooed your love as the bee the flower,  
The sweets that you gathered then  
You have hived and stored for your later life,  
And your heart is the honeycomb—  
Ah! I've seen your face when you kissed your  
wife  
In the light of the lamp at home.

O! you rare old lover! O! faithful knight,  
With your sweetheart of long ago.  
You are many days from the warmth and light  
Of the summers you used to know;

But you need not yearn for the glamor and gold  
Of the fields you were wont to roam—  
O! the light for the hearts that are growing old  
Is the light of the lamp at home.

## TREASURE-TROVE

**T**HERE'S a letter come this minute  
From across the boundin' sea,  
And it has a treasure in it  
That delights the soul of me.  
Not a shinin' bit o' gold  
Does this blessed letter hold,  
But a priceless gem as ancient as the world is old.

'Tis meself, to-morrow mornin',  
Will be proud to let ye see  
This most precious gem adornin'  
Of the Sunday hat of me.  
'Tis a little sprig o' green  
Of the sort I've often seen  
My grandfather wearin' in his ould caubeen.

Then here's to the trefoil,  
An' may it grow in free soil  
That knows not the dominion of a Saxon King or  
Queen;  
The Shamrock of old Erin!  
That the patriot's still wearin'  
Where the whole world may see it, in his ould  
caubeen.

## THE LITTLE BOY

**T**HE little boy Jack was a Jack o' Hearts,  
For every one loved the lad,  
And the birds from near and foreign parts  
Were some of the friends he had.  
The man in the Moon was his friend at night.  
When little Jack's prayers were said,  
And his doting mother had dimmed the light  
And cuddled him up in bed,  
He'd lie and talk to his friend in the skies  
Through the casement open wide,  
And ask if the stars were not the eyes  
Of good little boys who had died.

O! the Moon-Man laughed at this odd conceit  
Of his little boy friend on earth,  
And the wee stars, clustered about his feet,  
Just winked at his childish mirth.  
But once when the moon rose over the hill  
And shone on the cottage wall,  
The birds in the neighboring trees were still  
And a gloom hung over all.  
Then the Moon-Man wondered much of Jack,  
And he pondered it o'er and o'er,  
Till he saw two stars in the sky at his back  
That he never had seen before.

## ALL'S WELL

**N**OW fared the fight with thee to-day?

Not well? Ah, nay,  
Thou hast not lost; thou can'st not lose,  
However much they tear and bruise  
The panting breast, the straining thews  
Which are thy spirit's citadel,  
If thou and Faith, upon the walls,  
Are comrades still when darkness falls.

Rest now! In sleep thy veins shall swell  
With Hope's new wine; and like a bell  
From valleys deep heard on the height,  
Thy 'leagured soul, throughout the night,  
Shall call to thee: "All's well!"

It is thyself alone that may

Thyself betray.

Arise again! Arise and fight!

God's smile is in the morning light;

Lift thou thy banner brave and bright

Above thy spirit's citadel!

What matter if its fall be sure?

The pilgrim soul thy walls immure,

Clinging the wings of Azrael,

In face of all the hordes of hell,  
Shall take, full-armed, its homeward flight,  
And o'er thy ruins, from the height,  
Shall call to thee: " All's well! "

## TO A VIOLINIST

**A**PPLAUSE! A rapturous burst  
Spreads downward from the gods, who see  
you first

As you come bouncing in,  
A little fat, unconscious harlequin. . . .  
Clutching your fiddle in your hand,  
Now in midstage you stand,  
Bobbing and bowing, stiffly, jerkily,  
To left, to right, to left.

And never for a moment still,  
We, in the stalls, we smile to see  
How droll you look; and even when your deft,  
Quick fingers rouse the charm'd strings to  
your will,

The laughter, lurking in our lashes still,  
Beats back the elfin voices at our ears.

How like a boat your violin appears  
As, under lowered lids, our listless eyes  
Watch its alternate rise and fall and rise,  
Where, as the music sways, it seems to be  
Tossed by the tempests on a fairy sea. . . .  
And this strange sense, this sense of finer air

That, like a tide at flood, is everywhere,  
Bearing up from depths unfathomed voices long  
imprisoned there,  
Voices of the singing birds that flattered unto  
happy tears  
Lovers lingering in the twilights of how many  
thousand years!  
Voices moaning and intoning of old sorrows,  
hopes and fears!  
Sounds of waves on craggy beaches and of winds  
that shout above,  
Melting, dwindle to a murmur, like the cooing of  
the dove,  
Rise again and, waxing stronger, swell into a  
chant of love.  
Round and round the waves of music sweep  
through this enchanted place,  
Catch the souls come forth to listen, trembling on  
each hearer's face,  
Draw them on and whirl them swiftly, lightly  
through the fields of space,  
Till the music and its maker and the hearers are  
as one—  
And the masterwork is done!

Applause, spontaneous, springs,  
Pursues you to the wings



And hales you out once more.  
Encore! Encore! Encore!  
Come back and bow, bow, bow—  
You are not comic now.

## TO THE CITY UNBEAUTIFUL

**T**HEY are gone! O! implacable City,  
'Twixt a night and a night,  
With no pang of regret or of pity,  
You have slain them outright.  
Though their beauty besought you to spare it,  
To keep it forever and wear it  
For your own and your children's delight,  
You have fattened your greed and you merit  
The squalor your streets shall inherit.

In their innocent glory and grace,  
They, the primeval lords of the place,  
Ere your earliest highway was trod,  
Had grown old in the service of God;  
And with arms lifted up, as in prayer,  
Gave Him thanks for the sunlight and air,  
For the nourishing moss at their feet;  
And the thrushes that made their retreat  
In the heart of this Eden so long,  
For their lodging gave tribute of song.  
E'en the violets, dotting the sward,  
Breathing perfume of prayer to the Lord,  
Paid in full for their leasehold; but you—  
In the service of Mammon, you grew

To a huddle of houses and mills,  
Spreading squalor through hollows and hills,  
Till your grimy arms reached through your  
    smoke  
To this grove of the Poplar and Oak.

They are gone! O! implacable City,  
    'Twixt a night and a night,  
With no pang of regret or of pity,  
    You have slain them outright.  
Though their beauty besought you to spare it,  
To keep it forever and wear it  
    For your own and your children's delight,  
You have fattened your greed and you merit  
The squalor your streets shall inherit.

## A SONG FOR FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY!

Chilly, chary  
Of the vistas visionary  
Through savannas blue and airy,  
Where the fancy seeks to see  
Promise of the days to be!  
Little sun and little blue  
Pierce your dull, gray mantle through;  
Saddest of our months are you,  
February.

Out upon you! We will sing  
To another, kindlier thing,  
Hoping that our song may bring  
Some returning, flashing wing  
Which is augural of spring  
To the heavens' brightening arch.  
Come, then, forward from the South  
Birds with music in the mouth!  
Forward! all ye sleeping seeds,  
Forward! brooks among your reeds,  
Violets and eglantine,  
Forward! all along the line,  
March!

## THE BIRTH-MONTH

**I**N the merry month of May,  
Gemini, my stars, are swinging  
Midmost in the great sun's way;  
And the marching planets, bringing  
Once again my natal day,  
Strangely stir my heart to singing  
In the merry month of May.

In the merry month of May,  
Life and all it holds is dearer;  
Be the zenith blue or gray—  
Possibly my vision's clearer  
Now than ever, who shall say?—  
Heaven, to me, seems surer, nearer,  
In the merry month of May.

In the merry month of May,  
Closer than my birth-stars, o'er me  
Broods a spirit, bright as they;  
Spirit potent to restore me,  
Blessing still my natal day—  
She, the sainted one who bore me  
In the merry month of May!

## A SONG FOR JUNE

OUR purse, my dear, is flat  
(It never yet was fat),  
Our garments worn and sere  
(They were the same last year),  
And frugally we dine  
(Who never craved for wine).

Admitting that,

O! why, my dear,  
Repine?

The merry world's in tune,  
And fruits and flowers thrive  
And robins sing, like mad:

“Ho! it is June,  
And we're alive;  
Be glad!”

Here are we, still together  
(And richer by the weather);  
There's nothing we would borrow  
(O! certainly not sorrow),  
But just what Heaven lends us  
(This blue sky that attends us).

Why care a feather  
What the morrow  
Sends us?

This golden afternoon  
    Bees buzz about the hive  
    And robins sing, like mad:  
“ Ho! it is June,  
    And we're alive;  
    Be glad! ”

## THE VETERAN MARCHING ALONE

WHEN the Post turns out to-morrow  
To honor our martial dead,  
Let them count me among the absent,  
Let them reckon me ill in bed;  
Yet gallant shall be my marching  
And holy the ground I tread.

I have vaunted too long my valor  
And the valor of other men;  
But the wisdom my years denied me—  
My threescore years and ten—  
The dream of a night has supplied me:  
I never shall march again!

For this was the sleep-wrought vision  
That came to me in my bed:  
I was dead; I had passed in battle  
And my warrior-soul had fled  
To the field of the last great muster,  
The bivouac of the dead.

I was one of the countless millions,  
The heroes of many lands;  
Pale spirits who stood in silence  
Awaiting the Lord's commands,  
The vanquished like to the victors  
With drooping palms in their hands.



Then a great voice swept above us,  
And it winnowed us like a wind,  
Crying: "Ye who have suffered in battle  
And given to help your kind,  
Ye shall find the greater before ye  
And the lesser givers behind!"

Then I looked behind and about me  
And rejoiced that my rank was good,  
Far back as my gaze could fathom  
Was a knightly brotherhood;  
Then I turned to the ranks before me,  
Where the greatest of givers stood.

And lo! where the clouds of glory  
Encompassed the God of War,  
There were numberless legions of women  
All standing His throne before,  
And each, in her wan arms lifted,  
A living child upbore!

Then the palms in my hand were withered  
And I wept in the dark, alone;  
And I thought of a long-dead woman,  
Whose giving outweighed my own,  
And I thought of the grave that held her  
Unmarked of flower or stone.

When the Post turns out to-morrow  
To honor our martial dead,  
Let them count me among the absent,  
Let them reckon me ill in bed;  
Yet gallant shall be my marching  
And holy the ground I tread.

## THE BIRTH O' TAM O' SHANTER.

[To a friendly challenge from Captain Grose we are indebted for this admirable masterpiece (Tam o' Shanter). Burns having entreated him to make honorable mention of Alloway Kirk in his Antiquities of Scotland, he promised compliance with the request upon condition that the poet should supply him with a metrical witch story as an accompaniment to the engraving. Mrs. Burns it was who related to Kromek the marvelous rapidity with which this poem was produced. According to her, it was the work of a single day, \* \* \* as Alexander Smith puts it, with an exultant chuckle, the best day's work ever done in Scotland since Bruce won Bannockburn. Burns, during the early part of that memorable day, had passed the time alone in pacing his favorite walk, upon the river bank. Thither in the afternoon he was followed by his "bonnie Jean" and some of their children. Finding that he was "crooning to himself," and fearing lest their presence might be an interruption, his considerate wife loitered some little distance behind among the bloom and heather with her brood of young ones. There her attention was caught by the poet's impassioned gesticulations. She could hear him repeating aloud, while the tears ran down his face: "Now, Tam! O, Tam! had they been queans." Toward evening, when the storm of composition had fairly run out, Burns, we are told by M'Diarmid, committed the verses to writing upon the top of a sod dyke, overhanging the river; and directly they were completed rushed indoors to read them aloud by the fireside in a tone of rapturous exultation.]—  
REV. DR. J. LOUGHRAN SCOTT, in the Alloway Edition of Burns' Works.

[Read before the Burns Club of St. Louis on January 25, 1916].

**H**OW broke the east upon that day,  
In fire and blood or ashes gray?  
And did a rich or niggard boon  
Of sunlight gild the Nith at noon?  
Who knows or cares? For on that morning,  
When Tam o' Shanter, without warning,  
Came gloriously down to earth,  
The river, singing at his birth,  
Wore on its face a mystic light;  
For in that moment reached its height  
The lyric fire, the dying flare  
From out the heart of Burns of Ayr!

O! little Nith! O! happy river,  
You shall not lose that gleam forever;  
Your waves, whatever moods betide them,  
Shall sing of him who walked beside them  
And from his great heart wove a story  
That was the crown upon his glory.  
And on that morning when he came  
With frenzied eye and cheek aflame  
To feast his soul upon the food  
That poets find in solitude,  
What was the charm you held him with,  
O! helpful little river Nith?  
Ah, well I know the way you did it!  
I shall not mince nor gloss the credit,

But, auditing the dim dead past,  
Shall here set down your score at last.

To you, that morning (Who shall care  
If skies above were dull or fair?)  
The poet, seeking comfort, brought  
His fecund fancy, big with thought.  
Beside your bonnie banks he walked,  
And ever as he went he talked  
The quaint, blithe things that thronged his brain  
And conned them o'er and o'er again;  
And presently the liquid laughter  
Of pleasant waters gurgled after,  
And, as a voice by harp attended,  
With borrowed beauty grows more splendid,  
So waxed the poet's budding song  
Where light your ripples leaped along.  
You smiled and danced and made your measures  
To match his song of ale-house pleasures,  
Where Tam and cronies came to mingle  
Beside their comfortable ingle;  
But when the "reaming swats" came thicker  
And Robin's tongue, that sang of liquor,  
Grew overloud and full of yearning,  
No doubt you set your rapids churning,  
To draw his thoughts from off the "nappy"  
And keep him singing, blithe and happy.

Then, when he pushed those joys aside  
And sallied forth with Tam to ride,  
(For well you know that Tam o' Shanter  
Was not alone upon that canter)  
How well again his mood was fellowed!  
Among your rocks the thunder bellowed;  
Your spray upon the light breeze passed  
For "rattlin' showers upon the blast";  
You made the "Doon pour all his floods,"  
The "doubling storm roar through the woods";  
And somewhere in your shadows lurk  
The dancers in the ruined kirk.

But when that dance grew wild and furious  
And Tam, with watching, much too curious;  
And Robin, prattling of the "queans,  
A' plump and strapping in their teens,"  
Seemed bent on lingering overlong,  
I like to think that then the song  
In all your rippling waves you stilled,  
As by the breath of winter chilled,  
That Robin, in the pause, might hear  
His "bonnie Jean" and children near;  
And draw his thoughts from "sarks o' flannel"  
And back into the proper channel.

. . . . .

Then with your song and liquid laughter  
You rose again to follow after,  
With O! what sympathetic feeling,  
Where faithful Meg, the mare, goes reeling  
Across the bridge that spans the flood,  
By all the ghostly crew pursued,  
And carries off her master, hale,  
But leaves behind her own grey tail.

And when the day was done you knew  
The poet's exaltation, too;  
'Twas yours at fall of dusk to share  
The calm that soothed the Bard of Ayr,  
And through the night, O happy stream!  
You were a music in his dream.  
There, musing by some mossy stone,  
Perhaps, ah, yes, you must have known  
That though again upon your shore  
The poet still would walk, no more  
Would Time bring round to you the bliss  
Of any day to match with this—  
The very cap-sheaf on the past,  
The greatest labor and the last.

Oh! in the fire of that one day  
How many years were burned away?  
And in the torrents of his tears

Were lost how many unborn years?  
For this man took life's cup and laughed  
And strove to drain it at a draught,  
What tragedy was in this mirth,  
O! river, singing at its birth?  
What holocaust was in the light  
With which your morning face was bright?

O! little Nith! O! happy river,  
You shall not lose that gleam forever;  
Your waves, whatever moods betide them,  
Shall sing of him who walked beside them  
And from his great heart wove a story  
That was the crown upon his glory!



## SUMMER'S SWAN-SONG

**O!** HAVE ye seen Rogue Autumn?  
He's hiding hereabout  
To rob me of my green domain  
And put my birds to rout.  
He's marshaling his army;  
The skirmishers are out.  
"All's well! All's well!" the katydids,  
His nightly pickets, shout.

Rogue Autumn, bold pretender,  
Conspiring with the sun,  
Is working in the morning mists  
That I may be undone.  
Already through my fields and woods  
The fires of treason run;  
My myriad leaves are putting on  
His colors, one by one.

Thy breath at night, Rogue Autumn,  
Strikes chill upon my brow;  
My crown uneasy rests upon  
The head I soon must bow.

Take thou thy spoil! But there will come  
A mightier than thou,  
Whose winds shall pierce and break thy  
heart,  
As mine is breaking now!

## A SUMMER IDYLL

THE scene: A public city square,  
With crowded benches here and there.  
The time: A drowsy afternoon,  
Charged with the heady wine of June,  
Chief actors: Voice, Law's voice, supreme  
And harsh with petty power: and Dream,  
A vagrant sprite that stops to play  
'Round one old head unkempt and gray.

*The Dream:*

Ah! rest. How far off seems the street—  
Its heat still tingles in my feet,  
But Lord! how sweet this is, how sweet!—  
And O! the shade, this blessed shade  
That all the little leaves have made—  
The little leaves—they're whispering now—  
Whispering? They're singing on the bough!  
How clear and sweet the whole tree sings—  
Tree? It's a golden bird with wings!  
How soft its back is! Sweet to lie  
Snug in its feathers here and fly  
Where Heaven is so wide and clear—

*The Voice:*

Hey! Set up straight; ye can't sleep here!

*The Dream:*

. . . The nurse-maid smiled,  
 But she looked kind; so did the child.  
 What dimpled cheeks! so round, so fair,  
 Like peaches. . . . Peaches, everywhere!  
 Wait, little boy, don't climb the trees.  
 See how the fruit swings in the breeze.  
 Lie here with me until they fall.  
 Here where the grass is thick and tall,  
 Stretch yourself out and lie at ease.  
 Don't shake! don't shake! don't shake the  
     trees!  
 Here they come pelting down like rain—

*The Voice:*

Here, Bo! I warn ye onct again.

*The Dream:*

. . . . His coat is blue,  
 Yet Heaven has the self-same hue;  
 How odd; . . . His belt looks tight in back,  
 And mine—it never was so slack.  
 Somewhere, somewhere, there's bread and  
     meat;

Somewhere, perhaps, but then the street—  
If I could wet my face and hair  
With water from that fountain there—  
How sparkingly the ripples break,  
And what a pleasant sound they make!  
Drip! drip! . . . the mill-wheel turns so  
    slow,  
So slow, so slow—Ah! there's a fish!  
He's in the net! Now for a dish  
That any royal king might wish! . . .  
O! peaceful pipe beside the fire—  
The moon's up now and rising higher.  
Snug is the camp, crisp-cool the night,  
The embers flare up, warm and bright!  
The waves of heat that beat, beat, beat,  
Upon the weary, way-worn feet—

*The Voice:*

I warned you twice an' now you're done,  
Git out o' here! Move on! move on!

## "ADA REHAN IS DEAD"

THOSE few lines on the printed page  
Call up for me a darkened stage. . . .  
And Fancy in the shadowy wings  
Paints ghosts of dear, once happy things—  
Bright elves which in that place had birth  
Of clear-eyed Truth and frolic Mirth,  
And, having filled their hour of grace,  
Now, mute, on tiptoe, haunt the place. . . .  
Nor light nor any sound is there  
To strike across the brooding air,  
But still a sense above it all  
Of something evil to befall. . . .  
Then sounds, off-stage, one tap—no more—  
As of a knuckle on a door,  
And with the sound a gust upblows,  
Chill as the breath of Arctic snows;  
The grisly call-boy in the dark  
Is waiting at the threshold. Hark!  
He speaks! His tones sepulchral frame  
The loved, but half-forgotten, name.  
A brave, sweet voice makes answering hail,  
And merging with it breaks a wail  
Of sobbing in the upper air. . . .  
A thin light stabs the dark—and there

A youth—nay, but the merest boy—  
Who loved this Priestess of Pure Joy,  
Leans from the gallery and peers  
Down, stageward, through a mist of tears. . . .  
The weeping stops; the last faint note  
Chokes back into my aching throat,  
For in this boyish mourner see  
The lad that once I used to be. . . .

With all a boy's abandonment  
I loved her then, this Heaven-sent  
Interpreter of all the moods  
And womanly beatitudes.  
I loved her graceful ways and each  
Delicious little trick of speech  
That marked her dearer than the rest,  
But O! my heart was happiest  
In this, which in that heart I knew:  
That she was wholly sweet and true. . . .  
I mourn for her, but are these tears  
Not also for the buried years?  
And for the thought that with her dies  
Another of the crumbling ties  
Between me and my happy youth?  
Ah, yes, I know it, and the truth  
Makes sudden riot in the heart,  
Where once she queened it with her art.

## YESTERDAY'S RAIN

A SUNDAY misty and wet  
Moves us to chafe and complain,  
Robbed of our outing, and yet  
Came there in yesterday's rain—  
Light as the spray of the sea,  
Soft as the dropping of dew—  
So many blessings to me,  
Surely you noticed them, too.

Windows fronting the East  
Bare of shutter and pane,  
Took, as the light increased,  
Silver driftings of rain.  
Slowly the moisture crept  
Over my pillow and bed  
Drowning the dream I'd kept  
Warm in my drowsy head. . . .

There to me came, as I lay,  
Out of the neighboring woods  
Waking sounds of the day,  
Calls of the solitudes;  
Thrushes caroling near,  
Church-bells over the hill,  
The whine of the housedog here  
Under my window-sill—



But over and through it all  
The liquid laughter of leaves  
Glad for the gifts that fall  
Over the world's wide eaves,  
Glad for the cleansing rain,  
Drenching branches and sod,  
Suckling the ripening grain,  
Plumping beans in the pod. . . .

Possibly, so I thought,  
These are the tears of the bless'd  
Shed for a world distraught  
By hatreds and wild unrest;  
This is a holy rain  
Cleansing the blood-stained sod,  
Bringing to earth again  
Peace and the smile of God. . . .

Call it a mood if you will,  
Call it my fancy alone;  
That may account for it; still,  
Possibly others may own  
Share in this little refrain,  
Share in the blessings I drew  
Out of the mist and the rain.  
Surely, you noticed them, too.

## BALLADE OF THE SEA

**M**ARK and chart my midmost foam;  
Catch and hold my spindrift's snow.  
Is there under God's wide dome  
Anything doth freer go  
Than my pulsing to and fro?  
Save for the eternal One,  
Unto whom my all I owe,  
Lord or mistress have I none.

All the grandeur that was Rome  
Barely set my face aglow;  
Earth it won and made its home;  
But my waves, unbridled so,  
Over buried cities flow.  
Save for the eternal One,  
Unto whom my all I owe,  
Lord or mistress have I none.

Spanish Philip's vaunt the gloom  
Of my coral depths below  
Holds in age-forgotten doom.  
Me may other braggarts know  
Their most sure and potent foe.

Save for the eternal One,  
Unto whom my all I owe,  
Lord or mistress have I none.

## L'ENVOI

Prince, thy pride may get thee woe!  
Save for the eternal One,  
Unto whom my all I owe,  
Lord or mistress have I none.

## THE SONG OF THE MARCH WIND

I AM the minstrel, the maker of mirth,  
And the forest my harp is:  
From the fibres asleep in the heart of the earth,  
Where its woof and its warp is,  
I fashion the spring  
With the song that I sing!

I, that am breathed of the mouth of my God,  
Am His music in motion;  
And His breath on my winds shakes the slumber-  
ing sod  
And the floor of the ocean;  
And I fashion the spring  
With the song that I sing!

I am the breath of your nostrils, O man!  
And akin to your spirit;  
But our God's voice was mine ere your singing  
began,  
So rejoice when you hear it;  
For I bring you the spring  
With the song that I sing!

## DARBY AND JOAN

THEY come into the parlor car  
And take their seats beside me.  
How very commonplace they are!  
I know my wife would chide me,  
And call it rude of me to stare  
At this old man and woman,  
But, since they do not seem to care,  
Why shouldn't I be human?  
I've read my paper through and through—  
There's mighty little in it—  
And so I've nothing else to do  
But watch them for a minute.  
They offer little promise, though,  
Of charm to the beholder;  
I judge her sixty-five or so,  
And he a trifle older. . . .

I've watched them for a hundred miles!  
I'd watch another hundred,  
To share the paradise that smiles  
Around them! How I blundered,  
To call this couple commonplace.  
Youth's glory and Romance's  
Play sunnily about each face  
And glimmer in their glances.

His heart, a bee above the flower,  
    Around her form is flitting,  
And she—how well she knows her power!—  
    She snares it in her knitting.  
Here's Love that is forever new,  
    That feasts and still doth hunger—  
Ah! he's eternal twenty-two  
    And she a trifle younger.

Let my love, Lord, for my mate grow  
    Thus god-like, to enfold her,  
When she is three-score-ten or so,  
    And I a trifle older.

## THE VILLAGE POET

WHENEVER it's a Saturday—oh, long before the dew  
Is drunken by the golden sun that climbs the  
cloudless blue,  
Almost before the nested birds have started in to  
stir,  
I rise an hour earlier and take a walk with HER.

I wonder if you realize the joy—and joy to  
spare—  
The May-time morning carries in its lilac-laden  
air;  
I wonder if you know what lyric breezes are about  
To take the trees and shake their lovely leafy  
banners out,  
To fill the winds with music and to blow a  
vagrant tress  
Across your cheek, that burns at such unwonted  
wantonness.  
Of course you cannot know all this. You would,  
though, if you were  
To rise an hour earlier and take a walk with  
HER.

I wonder if you know what joys, when morning's  
gates unlock,

The winds of May blow round the world 'twixt  
dawn and six o'clock.

I wonder that with droning nose above your  
blanket's hem

You lie there in the growing light, oblivious to  
them.

How can you be a slug-a-bed and soak yourself  
in sleep

When there are in the dewy dells sweet trystings  
you might keep?

Oh! If you'd know the best of joys of all that  
ever were

You'd rise an hour earlier and take a walk with  
HER.

That's why when it's a Saturday—oh, long before  
the dew

Is drunken by the golden sun that climbs the  
cloudless blue,

Almost before the nested birds have started in to  
stir,

I rise an hour earlier and take a walk with HER.



## A SONG TO ONE

**I**F few are won to read my lays  
And offer me a word of praise,  
If there are only one or two  
To take my rhymes and read them through,  
I may not claim the poet's bays.

I care not, when my Fancy plays  
Its one sweet note, if it should raise  
A host of listeners or few—  
If you are one.

The homage that my full heart pays  
To Womanhood in divers ways,  
Begins and ends, my love, in you.  
My lines may halt, but strong and true  
My soul shall sing through all its days,  
If you are won.



SONGS OF WEDLOCK



## THE PERFECT SOLITUDE

WHEN, sick at heart and weary of my kind  
And of the day-long traffic, I would find  
The peace and healing touch of solitude,  
I envy no lone eremite who stands,  
Sealed up with silence on the desert sands,  
Where never murmurs of the world intrude.  
I know a sweeter place, a holier bower  
For the enshrining of the quiet hour.

Mine is a solitude that two may share,  
A lamp-lit table, with an easy chair  
At either end, a friendly book for each,  
And—save for clock-ticks pulsing in the room—  
Sweet silence; but a silence that may bloom,  
At her will or at mine, to loving speech.  
This is the dearest place, the holiest bower  
For the enshrining of the quiet hour.

## WHEN DAY BEGINS

WHEN doth the light of day begin,  
And what far gates first let it in?  
The calm deep blue of morning skies  
Doth greet me earliest from your eyes;  
My first warm glint of sunlight flashes  
Across the soft gold of your lashes;  
And the first breath of day that thrills  
'Twixt dawn-flushed sky and waking hills,  
O'er pure mid-ocean's foam-flecked reaches,  
O'er spume-swept rocks and silvern beaches,  
To the near fields whose chalice blooms  
Catch and distill the winds' perfumes  
To honey-dew that wild bees sip,  
    Is not so pure,  
    So quick, so sure  
As the warm kiss upon your lip—  
The golden kiss which is the key  
That opes the day for me.

## TO A THRUSH

SING clear, O! throstle,  
Thou golden-tongued apostle  
And little brown-frocked brother  
Of the loved Assisian!  
Sing courage to the mother,  
Sing strength into the man,  
For they, who in another May  
Trode Hope's scant wine from grapes of pain,  
Have tasted in thy song to-day  
The bitter-sweet red lees again.  
To them in whose say May-time thou  
Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough,  
To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,  
O! prophet then, be prophet now  
And paraclete!

That fateful May! The pregnant vernal night  
Was throbbing with the first faint pangs of day,  
The while with ordered urge toward life and light,  
Earth-atoms countless groped their destined  
way;  
And one full-winged to fret  
Its tender oubliette,  
The warding mother-heart above it woke.  
Darkling she lay in doubt, then, sudden wise,

Whispered her husband's drowsy ear and broke  
The estranging seal of slumber from his eyes:  
"My hour is nigh: arise!"

Already, when, with arms for comfort linked,  
The lovers at an eastward window stood,  
The rosy day, in cloudy swaddlings, blinked  
Through misty green new-fledged in Wister  
Wood.

Breathless, upon this birth  
The still-entranced earth  
Seemed brooding, motionless in windless space.  
Then rose thy priestly chant, O! holy bird!  
And heaven and earth were quickened with its  
grace;  
To tears two wedded souls were moved who  
heard,  
And one, unborn, was stirred!

O! Comforter, enough that from thy green  
Hid tabernacle in the wood's recess  
To those care-haunted lovers thou, unseen,  
Shouldst send thy flame-tipped song to cheer  
and bless.  
Enough for them to hear  
And feel thy presence near;



And yet when he, regardful of her ease,  
Had led her back by brightening hall and stair  
To her own chamber's quietude and peace,  
One maple-bowered window shook with rare,  
Sweet song—and thou wert there!

Hunter of souls! the loving chase so nigh  
Those spirits twain had never come before.  
They saw the sacred flame within thine eye;  
To them the maple's depths quick glory wore,  
As though God's hand had lit  
His altar fire in it,  
And made a fane, of virgin verdure pleached,  
Wherefrom thou might'st in numbers musical  
Expound the age-sweet words thy Francis  
preached  
To thee and thine, of God's benignant thrall  
That broodeth over all.

And they, athirst for comfort, sipped thy song,  
But drank not yet thy deeper homily.  
Not yet, but when parturient pangs grew strong,  
And from its cell the young soul struggled  
free—  
A new joy, trailing grief,  
A little crumpled leaf,

Blighted before it bourgeoned from the stem—  
Thou, as the fabled robin to the rood,  
Wert minister of charity to them;  
And from the shadows of sad parenthood  
They heard and understood.

Makes God one soul a lure for snaring three?  
Ah! surely; so this nursling of the nest,  
This teen-touched joy, ere birth anoint of thee,  
Yet bears thy chrismal music in her breast.  
Five Mays have come and sped  
Above her sunny head,  
And still the happy song abides in her.  
For though on maimèd limbs the body creeps,  
It doth a spirit house whose pinions stir  
Familiarly the far cerulean steps  
Where God His mansion keeps.

So come, O! throstle,  
Thou golden-tongued apostle  
And little brown-frocked brother  
Of the loved Assissian!  
Sing courage to the mother,  
Sing strength into the man,  
That she who in another May  
Came out of heaven, trailing care,

May never know that sometimes gray  
Earth's roof is and its cupboards bare.  
To them in whose sad May-time thou  
Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough,  
To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,  
O! prophet then, be prophet now  
And paraclete!

## THE JOURNEY

**Y**OU are so brave, so loyal and so true!  
You bring such sunshine to the last farewell  
When some far duty calls me forth from you,  
    What fears consume your heart I cannot tell;  
Not mine to know what prayers or teardrops pour  
    From your pent heart, when you have closed  
    the door.  
But this I know: How long, how far I roam,  
    My honor and my babes are safe with you  
And light and sweetness shall illumine our home;  
    You are so brave, so true!

You are so brave, so loyal and so true,  
    I should be worse than craven did I fail  
To make the last long kiss I had from you  
    My knightly sword and shield and triple mail.  
You cannot see, through leagues of space that  
    part,  
    If passion or if peace be in my heart,  
But this believe: How long, how far I roam,  
    Whate'er my mind may plan or hands may do,  
I would be worthy to be welcomed home  
    By you, so brave, so true!

## IN WINTRY WEATHER

WHAT was the impulse wild that led us forth  
That boist'rous night,  
When to the gusty wooing of the North  
The world lay white,  
And trees in icy mail  
Gave battle to the gale  
That armed them so?  
What spell impelled us, dear,  
To quit our ingle's cheer  
To frolic in the snow?

O! Youth! O! wild, sweet fire  
That burnest brighter, higher,  
With strong and pure desire  
At touch of wintry weather,  
With equal flame inspire  
My love and me together!

What of the pale, gray years that are to come  
Upon us twain?  
When nights tempestuous then rage 'round our  
home  
Will we be fain  
To pluck with fingers chill

From Winter's heart the thrill  
That now we know?  
Shall either care, my dear,  
To quit our ingle's cheer  
To frolic in the snow?

O! Age, when Youth is over,  
And we, old wife and lover,  
About this hearthstone hover  
In wild and wintry weather,  
With peaceful mem'ries cover  
My love and me together!

## INSCRIPTION FOR A FIREPLACE

I 'M Home's heart! Warmth I give and light,  
If you but feed me.

I blossom in the winter night,  
When most you need me.

To melt your cares, to warm your guest,  
My cheer's supplied you;  
But, O! to know me at my best,  
Hold Her beside you!

## THE MOTHER

**S**HE was so frail, my little one,  
She had not yet begun to stir  
Her tiny limbs; from sun to sun,  
This breast, these arms maternal were  
The bounded universe for her.

But now far spaces feel her might,  
And sad, sweet thoughts of her arise  
With every sun; she stirs the night  
With sighing winds, and from the skies  
She looks at me with starry eyes.



## A SONG FOR JANUARY

**A** NEW door opens to the fresh, sweet air,  
And one swings shut behind us.  
Time still is ours! but in the darkness there  
We've left a little joy, a little care,  
Whose ghosts alone go with us to remind us.  
How transitory pleasure is and pain,  
How brief may be our faring ere we gain  
One quiet nook—our own for evermore—  
And next year may not find us  
With eager feet before its opening door  
When this swings shut behind us.

But cheer! Sing cheer  
To the glad New Year!  
Come, blend your voice in the chorus!  
Ho! what care we  
Where the shut doors be?  
Here's an opening door before us!

## INSPIRATION

“GOOD NIGHT,” and then your candle’s  
    **G** feeble flare  
Went glimmering up the stair;  
    A door closed and the house was still,  
Slow, hour by hour, the night grew old,  
And from the smouldering hearth the cold  
    Stole forth and laid its chill  
On fingers weary of the pen,  
On heart and brain that had been fain  
    To make a song of cheer.  
For, oh, the summer warm and bright  
You conjured in the winter night  
Went upward with your candlelight,  
    Went with you up the stair.

## THE SANCTUM

LORD, God of love, the wedded heart's  
Sure Comforter,  
O! make mine pure in all its parts,  
For Thee and Her!

Pour, Lord, the flood-tide of Thy grace  
Through all its chambers, and efface  
Each secret thought's abiding place.

I pray thee make  
One shrine of it, which Thou and she  
May jointly share, that it may be  
Open to her, Lord, as to Thee,  
For her dear sake.

Lord, God of love, who givest me  
Her heart of fire,  
Long keep it mine, but let it be  
Not mine entire.

Though mine the honeyed tenderness,  
That wells therein to cheer and bless  
When joys elate or cares depress,

I pray Thee make  
Thy secret shrine within its core.  
Let me before one close-sealed door  
Cry " Non sum dignus " o'er and o'er  
For her dear sake.

## PERENNIAL MAY

**M**AY walks the earth again,  
This old earth, and the same  
Green spurts of tender flame  
Burn now on sod and tree  
That burned when first she came,  
Dear love, to you and me.  
If any change there be—  
A greater or a less  
Degree of loveliness—  
It is not ours to see,  
Dear love,  
Not ours to feel or see.

May thrills our hearts again,  
These old hearts, and the bough  
Burns not with blossoms now  
That blow more splendidly.  
For, since our wedded vow  
Made one of you and me,  
If any change there be—  
A greater or a less  
Degree of tenderness—  
It is not ours to see,  
Dear love,  
Not ours to feel or see.

## AT THE THRESHOLD

CARES of the day, like a peddler's pack,  
Tawdry and profitless, weighing me down,  
Burdened my brain and my bended back  
As I turned to you out of the town.  
Listlessly, slowly, my laggard feet,  
Timed to the torpor of heart and brain,  
Brought me at length to the quiet street  
With the home-light warm at the pane.  
Then I shook my cares from their lingering hold  
And I laid them there in the outer cold  
Till the workaday morrow to rest,  
For these were things for the teeming mart,  
And not for your gentle breast, dear heart,  
Oh! not for your gentle breast.

Wearing a smile that my heart belied,  
Over the threshold I passed to you.  
What was the charm of our ingleside,  
Where we dreamed our old dreams anew?  
What was the spell of delight we wove  
Out of soft laughter and song and jest?  
Glamor of youth and the old, old love  
And the peace, of your quiet breast.  
And, behold! when the day is come once more,

And I shoulder my cares at the outer door,  
    What miracle sweet is this?  
All the burden I bear to the teeming mart  
Is light and sweet as your kiss, dear heart,  
    Oh! sweet as your fragrant kiss.

## HER MUSIC

THY soul was in thy fingers when they  
strayed

Among the keys, at twilight hour to-night;  
Then, winging with the melody they made,  
It soared, by mine companioned, to the height  
Where holy Melancholy sat, arrayed  
One length in gloom and one all golden  
bright. . . .

Thy soul, returning, brought but shreds of shade;  
Mine filched the golden light.

Then, when I smiled and would not match thy  
mood

With solemn speech, thou sought'st thy lonely  
bed.

But that was hours ago, and thou hast wooed  
Forgetfulness with tears so softly shed.

But I! How swift this June-night solitude

Hath poured prophetic sorrow on my head.  
Here is my soul stripped bare, Promethean food  
For one sharp-taloned dread.

Death is a wholesome thing for inward thought,  
But not for mutual speech, dear heart.

Oh! long may Azrael leave us twain unsought;  
But when he comes, I pray, not thine the part,  
Lorn lingerer in years with sadness fraught,  
To scent new-broken earth with such a start  
And pang of loss as June's sweet breezes brought  
To me to-night, dear heart.



## THE CITADEL

**I**N dust of petty war  
My plume to-day was trailed:  
With barbs that pricked me sore  
My enemy assailed,  
And for the nonce prevailed.  
'Twas *his* day, I admit.  
But now the west has paled  
And here's an end of it.

My enemy—the fool!—  
Believes me beaten well.  
With boasts and ridicule  
His conquest let him tell;  
But when the shadows fell  
I rose up and withdrew  
To this my citadel—  
The quiet night and you!

Another day awaits  
Beyond the orient rim;  
But, ere it opes its gates,  
Your love shall mend my vim;  
One day's defeat shall dim

Your faith in me no whit.

    This day belonged to him,  
But here's an end of it.

How fatuous this foe,

    Who wars in street and mart  
And hopes to lay me low,

    Yet hath no venom'd dart,  
    Howe'er it bite and smart,

To strike his hate unto

    This stronghold of my heart—  
The quiet night and you!

## A SONG FOR AUGUST

**H**ERE'S the year on the wane.  
There are signs in the sky,  
In the woods, on the plain,  
That its noon has gone by.  
But the harvest's to gain  
And the cool nights are nigh,  
When the year's on the wane.

Here's the year on the wane.  
There's a hawk in the blue;  
In the wheat a red stain  
Where the poppy peeps through.  
But there's bread in the grain  
And there's warmth o' love, too,  
When the year's on the wane.

Here's the year on the wane.  
From the night-shrouded hill,  
Comes the katydid's strain,  
And the wind's whistle shrill.  
But two hearts may contain  
All the spring's music still,  
When the year's on the wane.

## LOVE IS ETERNAL

**L**OVE is eternal. It never can die.  
Though we lull it with laughter or drug it  
with sorrow,  
Not the primeval sea, not the sun in the sky,  
Not the reaches of space are so sure of a mor-  
row.  
As the waters of ocean in vapor ascending,  
Then in rain-nourished streams through the green  
valleys wending  
Have the ocean again for their ultimate win-  
ning,  
Shall not Love, through all changes, move on to  
its ending  
In the bosom of God, whence it had its begin-  
ning?

Love is immortal. It is not of earth.  
Though ill fortune retard it, dear, what does  
it matter?  
Shall a harvest of roses be deemed of no worth  
When the taint of each canker is purged in the  
attar?  
If earth's waters are purest through heaven's re-  
fining,

Shall the ills of this world chill our love with  
repining?

Here we sow, but not here reap the meed of  
endeavor,

For the fruits of our love, past all human divining,  
In the bosom of God we shall harvest forever.

## THE QUEEN'S FLEETS

**T**AKE for thy throne, my queen, this niche  
my hand  
Hath carved for thee,  
Here in the gray breast of this dune of sand  
That fronts the sea.  
In sovereign state aloof, the solitude  
Hedging thee round, as once thy maidenhood,  
Make me no partner of thy thought or speech  
This hour when day and darkness meet,  
But count me merely jetsam of the beach,  
Here at thy feet.

It is mute beauty's hour. No late bird sings;  
Voiceless, serene,  
The sea dreams; Silence holds all lovely things—  
And thou art queen!  
For Silence, in the twilight's gold and red  
Behind thee, sets a crown upon thy head.  
Send forth, O Queen, thy fleets upon the main,  
Send forth thy daring fleets of thought,  
And let me wait to hail them home again  
With riches fraught.

By Fancy captained, send thy fleets afar  
To win the sea;  
Send them to know what spoils in ocean are,  
What mystery,  
What beauty in all things that "suffered change"  
In coral caves to "something rich and strange."  
Then bring them home and I with kingly might  
Will take their treasure, as it lies  
Safe-harbored in the starlit, purple night  
Of thy dear eyes.

## THE LIVING-ROOM

**H**ERE throbs the home's deep heart!  
From these four walls the full, warm  
spirits start,  
Pulse through the halls, return, and richest bloom  
In this small room.  
For all who gather here when day is done,  
But, most of all, for her, the central One,  
Whose great love to the whole doth warmth  
impart,  
As to the lesser planets doth the Sun,  
Here throbs the home's deep heart.

This is a Queen's domain,  
And all her subjects, happy in her reign,  
Pray God she may, with her sweet woman's grace,  
Long bless this place.  
This is her court. The little airs that stir  
About the room are eloquent of her.  
Each senseless thing whereon her hand hath  
lain  
Becomes in its own way a courtier.  
This is a Queen's domain!



This is a holy spot.

Ah! pity for the man who knows it not!  
But peace and holy calm, the light o' love  
Knows nothing of,

The Queen's mate hath, when in the quiet night  
He broods alone beside his ingle's light.

He knows, when all his heart burns pure and  
hot

With thoughts too sweet to speak aloud or write,  
This is a holy spot!

## A SONG FOR NOVEMBER

A GRAY old hag, in cloak and hood  
Of somber gray,  
Gleaning gray twigs and bits of wood  
At close of day,  
November creeps across the land.  
Yet magic gifts are in her hand—  
Her fagots cold need but a spark  
And hearth-stone room,  
And warmth of June from out the dark  
Will burst to bloom.

Of foster-mothers tenderest,  
Close-harboring  
Earth's sleeping seeds within her breast  
Until the spring,  
Let gray November clasp the land.  
Yet from her lean but kindly hand  
Let us, dear heart, her fagots take,  
And on this stone  
A warm and cheery June-time make;  
Our own, our own!

## TO THE INCONSTANT

**Y**E are the dullards, and not I,  
Ye conscienceless philanderers!  
From one love to the next ye fly  
And are forever wanderers.  
O! poor, blind votaries of the chase,  
Ye deem me coldly dutiful  
Who, steadfast, watch one love-lit face  
Grow year by year more beautiful!

Each new love lives in your desire  
For but a moment's cherishing;  
Your passion is a smouldering fire  
That is forever perishing,  
That, seeking change, hath only found  
The ashes of satiety—  
While mine hath but begun to sound  
Its one love's sweet variety!

## THE GATES OF PARADISE

**T**HE gates of Paradise are double,  
And they are blue;  
Blue as the skies when no clouds trouble  
Their perfect hue;  
Blue as the calm face of the ocean  
When winds are still,  
And sunlight only is in motion  
To work its will.  
When skies are dull, the sea is lonely  
And moans or sleeps;  
The quick winds or the warm sun only  
May stir its deeps.

The gates of Paradise are double,  
And they are blue;  
They ope to love, but cold, gray trouble  
Will clang them to.  
Lord, give me strength that I who love them  
May live aright,  
And spread no tristful clouds above them  
To dim their light.  
By other paths may other mortals  
Win Paradise,  
But keep for me its clearest portals  
In her pure eyes.

## NOVEMBER

JUNE is sweet, for then I found thee;  
But November, gray and cold,  
Weaves warm memories around thee,  
Spun of gold.

June a rose-time we remember,  
Ere the boy became the man;  
But in earnest with November  
Life began.

Still I see thee, as we threaded  
Gray woods under grayer skies;  
Strange new hopes and fears were wedded  
In thine eyes.

And when these had been translated  
Into awed and reverent speech,  
Stronglier then our souls were mated  
Each with each.

Deep with vernal promise laden,  
As with buds the leafless wood,  
Here was blossoming of the maiden—  
Womanhood.

Rich the memories now that hover  
'Round that day when Life began,  
And the lightheart boy, thy lover,  
Was a man.

## THE MAN'S PRAYER

WHEN all is still within these walls,  
And Thy sweet sleep through dark-  
ness falls

On little hearts that trust in me,  
However bitter toil may be,  
For length of days, O Lord! on Thee,  
My spirit calls.

Their daily need by day entralls  
My hand and brain, but when night falls  
And leaves the questioning spirit free  
To brood upon the days to be,  
For time and strength, O Lord! on Thee  
My spirit calls.

## A SONG FOR DECEMBER

AUTUMN'S fruits are gathered in  
And the birds have taken wing,  
What of pleasure's left to win  
After song and harvesting?  
Winter hath its own delight,  
Garnering in fields of snow  
Berries red and berries white—  
Holly and the mistletoe!

So come, come along!  
Winter's winds shall swell our song,  
While with shouts and merry din  
Comes the Yuletide harvest in!

Age hath reaped its youth and prime  
And the blood stirs cold and thin,  
What for Age hath winter-time?  
What of pleasure's left to win?  
Harvests still of rare delight,  
Joys that once it used to know;  
Berries red and berries white—  
Holly and the mistletoe!



Come, Age, come and sit  
Where the cheery hearth is lit,  
While the young with merry din  
Drag the Yuletide harvest in!





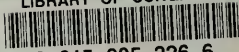






150

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 905 226 6