

PS 3515  
.Y85 D7  
1920  
Copy 1



DOWN YAN  
AND  
THEREABOUT

---

GEORGE B. HYNSON



Class PS 2516

Book .Y85D7

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1920

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









*Down Yan and Thereabout*









*"Along the sun-swept, winding road  
That leads away—down yan."*

*(See page 78)*

# DOWN YAN

AND

## THEREABOUT

*COLLECTED POEMS*

BY

GEORGE B. HYNSON



Illustrations by  
R. M. Weeks and W. H. Roach

Philadelphia  
THE BIDDLE PRESS  
1920

PS 3515  
Y8517  
1920

Copyright, 1920  
By George B. Hynson



JAN 26 1920

©CLA559688



## CONTENTS

---

|                                | Page |
|--------------------------------|------|
| DEDICATION .....               | 13   |
| WITHOUT APOLOGY .....          | 15   |
| PRELUDE .....                  | 16   |
| THE FOOL'S APOLOGY .....       | 18   |
| JEEMS AND HIS VIOLIN .....     | 23   |
| ALACK! ALAS! A LADDIE! .....   | 26   |
| APPLE BLOSSOMS .....           | 27   |
| WHEN THE BAND GOES BY .....    | 29   |
| WHEN MY LADY SLEEPS .....      | 32   |
| WHO MAKES THE MATCH? .....     | 33   |
| LOS ANGELES .....              | 39   |
| SAN FRANCISCO .....            | 41   |
| OLD GLORY .....                | 42   |
| THE FISHING TRIP .....         | 43   |
| UNCLE TOMMY'S PHILOSOPHY ..... | 47   |
| GOOD-BYE, KINGS .....          | 50   |
| BOBBIE NEVER CAN .....         | 52   |

---

---

# Contents

---

---

|                                | Page |
|--------------------------------|------|
| THE GIRL THAT I ADORE.....     | 54   |
| THE MEANEST MAN .....          | 56   |
| THE 'SCURSION .....            | 57   |
| DOING YOUR BIT .....           | 58   |
| THE TROOP-TRAIN .....          | 59   |
| THE BOND BROTHER .....         | 61   |
| THE TENANT FARMER .....        | 63   |
| THE KING'S HIGHWAY .....       | 66   |
| IN GOOD OLD SUSSEX .....       | 71   |
| SUSSEX COUNTY APPLE-JACK ..... | 76   |
| "DOWN YAN" .....               | 78   |
| BEAUTIFUL KENT .....           | 82   |
| OUR DELAWARE .....             | 84   |
| EASTER .....                   | 86   |
| PROOF POSITIVE .....           | 88   |
| CHRISTMAS EVE .....            | 91   |
| POSTLUDE .....                 | 93   |



## PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

---

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| "ALONG THE SUN-SWEPT, WINDING ROAD" .. FRONTISPIECE   |         |
| "THEY FOUND HIM THERE AS THE LIGHT BROKE<br>IN" ..... | PAGE 27 |
| "WELL, WHAT'S THE USE TO WORRY?" .....                | PAGE 46 |
| "AND 'LONG IN WINTER EVENIN'S" .....                  | PAGE 70 |
| "MY CANDLE'S OUT; THE FIRE IS LOW" .....              | PAGE 90 |





## DEDICATION

To those whose laugh rings loud and clear,  
    Though jokes be dry and dusty;  
Who ever lend a friendly ear  
    To stories old and musty—  
Who pat us on the back and swear  
    We're deuced entertaining,  
Though all the wine is drained away  
    And but the lees remaining—  
Those who approve a wheezy song  
    With laughter strong and mellow,  
Transforming boredom into bliss—  
    *Because they like a fellow.*





### WITHOUT APOLOGY

A robin sat upon a tree  
And sang his song contentedly.  
Some envied him his vagrant lot;  
Some liked his song and some did not.  
But many passed the garden wall  
Who never heard his song at all.

Said one: "His voice is thin and flat."  
Another said: "It's worse than that,  
And everybody must agree  
The bird is singing off the key."  
He thought perhaps a well-aimed stone  
Might in a measure help the tone.

One critic spoke of pleasant vales  
Athrob with songs of nightingales.  
He much deplored the modern rant  
Of birds that try to sing—and can't!  
Then walked away still muttering:  
"Some birds were never made to sing."

*The old bird fluttered on the bough  
And just kept singing anyhow!*

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

### PRELUDE

Comrade of a vanished day,  
How our feet have led away,  
On and on with length'ning strides  
From the land where youth abides!  
Weary now, but joyous then—  
Let's go back and start again—  
Tread the dear, familiar ways,  
Live again the golden days  
When the world was fresh and new,  
And when all our dreams came true!

From the highway's endless strife,  
Through the quiet lanes of life!  
Fancy lifts an idle wing  
When we hear the thrushes sing—  
Or the quail at early morn  
Call across the fields of corn—  
Come! let's wander hand in hand  
Backward to that boyhood land!

There are birds upon the wing,  
There are songs we like to sing—  
Songs that float so crisp and clear—  
But we cannot sing them here!  
Oh, to wander back again  
Through the fields and down the lane  
Where the sunlit faces wait  
Mid the roses at the gate!

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

In the wood beyond the hill  
There's a brook that's laughing still,  
And the gems it prattles o'er  
Are as lustrous as of yore.  
Oft when summer suns were hot  
How we sought that shady spot,  
Where the grass was lush and wet—  
Come! the brook is calling yet!

Through the meadows cattle roam,  
Tinkling bells that lead to home,  
While the squirrels on the fence  
Chatter forth their impudence—  
Where the daisies greet the sun,  
Smiling blithely, every one;  
Bluebells nodding on the stem—  
Let's go back and search for them!

Dreaming as in days ago  
We will wander on and on—  
Not where throngs the pavement tread,  
Mid the clover blooms instead,  
Where the orchard branches sway—  
Hopes fulfilled of yesterday!  
Come! Let's journey trouble-free  
Through the haunts of Memory!

---

---

*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

THE FOOL'S APOLOGY

Oh, here's to jingle and to rhyme,  
The throbbing pulse of summer time—  
To vagrant voices in the wood  
That chant our common brotherhood!  
For prosiness is an abuse  
That in its nature lacks excuse;  
For though our message empty be,  
We yet may phrase it pleasantly.

Some books that you and I have read  
Leave every solemn truth unsaid;  
And yet we travel on apace  
Till "Finis" stares us in the face—  
As children wander far away  
Where woodland elves make holiday,  
Their toys and books and games forgot—  
Well, we are children, are we not?

And still our most persistent quest  
Is some good fellow's merry jest;  
We travel many a weary mile  
To capture an elusive smile.  
So let us all devoutly bless  
Him who invented foolishness!  
Sometimes our brains drop out a link;  
Sometimes we do not wish to think,

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

But search for some dear friendly tree  
And 'neath it ponder drowsily  
As one by one we count the sheep  
That leap the fence 'twixt us and sleep;  
While bumble-bees amid the vines  
Drone on till we forget the lines  
And drop the book—we are not sure  
What fool invented literature!

Sometimes the preacher's solemn gown  
But hides the motley of the clown,  
As beggar thoughts may often bear  
The garb that only princes wear.  
A quip, a merry song foretells  
The jester in his cap and bells.  
And yet the jester has his place;  
He smoothes the wrinkles from our face;  
He serves to pass the sober day  
And helps to drive dull care away.

The minstrel, too, with blithest song  
Yet walks his fellow-men among,  
Still, as he journeys murmuring  
The songs the birds forget to sing.  
This world would be a desert spot  
If song and laughter rippled not;  
'Twould be the worst of dreary schools  
Without its minstrels and its fools!

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

When men grow weary of the strife  
That marks the pilgrimage of life;  
When brooms of logic reach in vain  
To sweep the cobwebs from the brain,  
We hum a tune or write a scrawl—  
Because we wish to—that is all.  
And now, perhaps, the reason's clear  
Why this poor bard doth tarry here;  
To court the smile, to smite the frown,  
He'd be your minstrel, or your clown.









*"They found him there as the light broke in  
With his cheek pressed close to his violin."*

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

### JEEMS AND HIS VIOLIN

I shan't forget to my dyin' day  
How poor old Jeems would sit and play  
The old day out and the new day in  
That lovely tune on his violin.  
That's all he done, just sit and play;  
He'd hold it tight, just this-a-way,  
And slowly he would draw the bow  
And run the notes from do to do.  
There wasn't a night that Jeems would miss,  
And the tune that he used to play was this:  
    "Hi ding, hi ding, hi ding a-diddle,  
    Ding a-ding, ding a-ding,  
    Ding a-ding a-diddle."

At weddin's Jeems was in demand,  
And the way he stirred your soul was grand.  
The preacher overlooked the sin  
Of playin' hymns on the violin,  
And prayed the Lord, as a sign of grace,  
To look on Jeems as a special case;  
When folks have talent, so 'tis writ,  
'Tis a monstrous sin for to bury it.  
'Twas the music people hear in dreams  
And it came right straight from the soul of  
Jeems:  
    "Hi ding, hi ding, hi ding a-diddle,  
    Ding a-ding, ding a-ding,  
    Ding a-ding a-diddle."

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

At picnics or the village fair  
Or a country dance, sure Jeems was there;  
And "What'll you have?" was his reg'lar bluff,  
"The same old tune; that's good enough!"  
And there he'd play the livelong night  
To tickle the foot of an Anchorite.  
And "Play it again!" the boys would roar,  
And the girls would giggle and call for more.  
Then "Forward all!" and "Down through the  
middle!"  
And "Swing to the right," and "Follow the  
fiddle!"  
    "Hi ding, hi ding, hi ding a-diddle,  
    Ding a-ding, ding a-ding,  
    Ding a-ding a-diddle."

And Deacon Morris forgot his rule  
And let Jeems play in the Sunday school.  
The people came from near and far  
And the school was mighty popular;  
They'd throw the doors and the windows wide  
And Jeems would play to the birds outside;  
And the boys and the girls and the birds, it  
seems,  
They all knew the tune that was played by  
Jeems;  
For up from the seats and down from the trees  
Came the blended notes in the choruses:  
    "Hi ding, hi ding, hi ding a-diddle,  
    Ding a-ding, ding a-ding,  
    Ding a-ding a-diddle."

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

But "flesh is grass," as the preachers cite,  
So the Reaper came for Jeems one night.  
They found him there as the light broke in  
With his cheek pressed close to his violin.  
The neighbors stared as they gathered 'round,  
For faint and sweet there came a sound  
As if a breath had touched the strings,  
Or the softest brush of an angel's wings.  
And we held our breath and stood aside—  
'Twas the same old tune, but glorified!  
The wind? Ah, well, can mortals know?  
But this was the tune it was playing, though:  
    "Hi ding, hi ding, hi ding a-diddle,  
    Ding a-ding, ding a-ding,  
    Ding a-ding a-diddle."



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

### ALACK! ALAS! A LADDIE!

Who waits within that dormer room,  
No ray of light to pierce the gloom?  
Who parts the curtains in afright  
And peers out far into the night?  
Whose heart is wildly fluttering  
Like some caged bird with broken wing?

Alack! Alas! *A Lassie!*

Hark! Who comes prowling through the hedge  
With shaking limbs and teeth on edge?  
Who glances at the pane above—  
What is his mission—loot or love?  
Who reaches for his kerchief now,  
Waves it aloft, then mops his brow?

Alack! Alas! *A Laddie!*

He crouches low beside the wall,  
Lifts a contraption, strange and tall,  
And from the pavement's grassy edge  
It reaches to the window-ledge.  
The maiden stirs. Is she aware  
Of this grim menace thrust in air?

Alack! A Lad! *A Ladder!*

A year has passed. "Now, dear," she said,  
"Drop in the store and match this thread.  
Then call up dad, and after that  
Please run down town and get my hat,  
And coming back—it isn't far—  
Bring mother out, she likes your car."

Alas! Alack! *A Lackey!*

---

---

*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

**APPLE BLOSSOMS**

And yet I remember that still night in spring-  
time,

    We stood in the path by the old orchard  
    bars,  
With the sway of the music and dancing be-  
hind us,  
    Out in the silence, and under the stars!

And yet I remember how fragrant the breezes  
    That came from the meadows, all dense with  
    perfume,

While, through the gaunt boughs of the apple-  
trees spreading,  
    The moon glinted down through the masses  
    of bloom.

Away from the whirl of the music and danc-  
ing,

    The blare of the lights and the press of the  
    throng,  
And up through the path of the sweet-scented  
orchard  
    We heard the far notes of the whippoor-  
will's song.

The balm of the night and the scent of the  
clover,

    The blossoms all fresh with the touch of  
    the rain,  
And the old orchard bars that I lifted you over  
    Come back from the past in a vision again.

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

And something I whispered—ah, do you remember?

You started to speak, but we heard in dismay

A clamor of voices; the party had ended;

And they swept down upon us and bore you away.

---

The old orchard blooms in its prodigal beauty,  
The meadows of clover are fragrant again;  
And I stand by the bars and repeat the words over—

Oh, what was the answer you had for me then?





---

---

*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---



**WHEN THE BAND GOES BY**

Oh, listen to the music  
When the band goes by!  
A touch of frost upon the air,  
The stars within the sky!  
The tramp of feet, the blare of horns,  
The music and the light;  
The village guards are on parade,  
The boys are out tonight!  
All down the street the people stir  
And throw the windows high,  
When they hear the drums a-rolling  
And the band goes by!

When the band goes by,  
Oh, the glitter and the swing,  
When heads are high and eyes are bright  
And hearts are fluttering.  
Along the street are farmers' rigs  
That scatter left and right,

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

The horses gaily dancing jigs,  
The drivers holding tight!  
When drums are calling unto horns,  
And horns to drums reply—  
Oh, it's glory hallelujah  
When the band goes by!

For we all are young together  
When the band goes by;  
The brooks forget to murmur  
And the winds forget to sigh!  
The feet of young, the feet of old,  
A-beating out the tune,  
While overhead, observing all,  
The fellow in the moon,  
A smile upon his jolly face,  
A twinkle in his eye  
For the merry lads and lasses  
When the band goes by!

When the band goes by!  
When the band goes by!  
The golden day of jubilee  
Is drawing pretty nigh!  
The children flocking in the street,  
Of every size and hue;  
And all the babies in the block  
Awake and cooing, too—  
Oh, "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie Land,"  
And "Comin' Through the Rye"  
Are just a-dripping music  
When the band goes by!

---

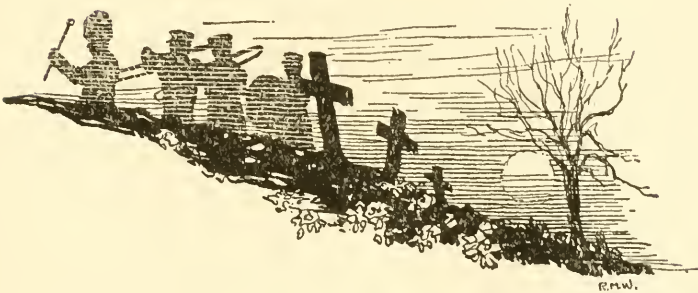
---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

When the band goes by  
And the tramp of marching feet  
Grows fainter, ever fainter,  
Dying softly down the street,  
We sigh and pull the windows down  
And smile and shut the door;  
We are thankful for the respite;  
We are braver than before.  
And maybe when, beneath the stars,  
We undefeated lie,  
We'll hear the quick'ning music  
When the band goes by!



---

---

Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

WHEN MY LADY SLEEPS

Lady, when the stars at night  
Through your window twinkle bright,  
'Twixt the darkness and the dawn,  
They salute you, one by one.

Some in blushing, as they threw  
Ardent messages to you,  
Stained your cheek so soft and fair  
Crimson deep—and left it there!

And the arrows, gleaming bright  
From the quiver of the night,  
In your tresses left the hue  
Of the gold they sifted through!

A reflection from the skies  
Is the azure of your eyes—  
Heaven swept her broidered hem  
Over earth, and kindled them!

There's a star that always glows  
When my lady seeks repose,  
And the softness of its beams  
Is reflected in her dreams.

Lady, when this star tonight,  
Looking through your window bright,  
Wafts endearments to your ear—  
*They are mine, by proxy, dear!*

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

### WHO MAKES THE MATCH?

*(To the Editor of the Woman's Page)*

This heart-searching problem,  
I'm led to believe,  
Dates back to the wooing  
Of Grandmother Eve.  
I may be mistaken—  
Perhaps I should say  
From the wooing of Adam  
By Eve—anyway  
We'll take the first pair,  
With our reference pat,  
And no one's acquaintance  
Goes farther than that.  
Yes, let us begin  
With the first man of all—  
As good an example  
As I can recall—  
And, reading his story,  
We see in amaze  
How great is the part  
That heredity plays.

And though he was tempted,  
And paid for his sin,  
Man's not a free agent  
And never has been;  
For down through the ages  
That run like the sands,



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

Poor Adam walks blindly,  
While two slender hands  
Are beckoning, guiding  
And luring him on ;  
And that is the way  
Through the ages he's gone.  
So why should we murmur  
Or seek an excuse?  
Since Fate has decreed it—  
Well, then, what's the use?  
Yet, let us proceed  
And discern, if we can,  
Some hint for the comfort  
And guidance of man.

Well, Adam went courting—  
A rather crude phrase,  
But the best they had then,  
And the best nowadays.  
He had no intention  
Of taking a wife ;  
It was stuffy at home ;  
He was hungry for life.  
It was just an adventure ;  
He had no desire  
To be indiscreet  
Or to trifle with fire.  
You see, he was not yet  
Aware of the fact



---

---

*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

That trouble may follow  
An indiscreet act.  
And whom should he visit?  
He had little choice;  
He found but one charmer;  
He heard but one voice.  
Perhaps she was homely,  
Red-headed and cross;  
Still, Adam was never  
Aware of his loss.  
And we might be boasting  
Of beauty and grace  
Had another grandmother  
Been first of the race.  
That's merely a hint,  
For it never is wise  
To frankly discuss  
All our family ties.

Yet, choosing our ancestors  
Certainly pays,  
For we see the great part  
That heredity plays.  
But whether Eve squinted,  
Was lean or was fat—  
It profits us little  
To go into that,  
Since all have the habit,  
With blemish and scar,



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

To contemplate fondly  
Themselves as they are.  
Now, Adam was young  
And he presently found  
He could see but one woman  
When Eve was around.  
She was coy and demure,  
And I venture to say  
She kept every other  
Girl out of the way.  
Propinquity? Yes;  
Just a maid and a man,  
A moon—and you see  
How the trouble began.

So the courting of Adam  
By Grandmother Eve  
Was the simplest of problems,  
I'm led to believe.  
For the fellow was young,  
And his circle was small—  
Indeed, it was hardly  
A problem at all.  
He couldn't evade her  
An ell or an inch;  
It was surely dead easy,  
A snap and a cinch.  
She made him confess,  
With his head in a whirl,





---

---

*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

For him the world over  
    Contained but one girl;  
And unless she consented,  
    Becoming his wife,  
He meant to stay single  
    The rest of his life.  
A man and a maiden—  
    You know very well  
There was only one answer;

    And so Adam fell.  
That night in her cave  
    As she took down her hair,  
When for needed repose  
    She began to prepare,  
She murmured: "Since really  
    Nice fellows are few,  
I reckon that Adam's  
    The best I can do.  
I fancy in time  
    He'll appear very well  
When I've snubbed him and coaxed him  
    And trained him a spell.  
He never could see  
    He was playing with Fate;  
He walked in the trap  
    While I dangled the bait."  
So Grandfather Adam,  
    Quite youthful and raw,



---

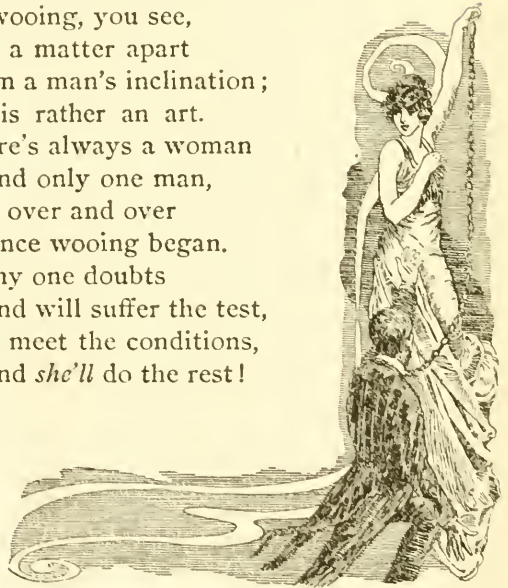
---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

Just married the very  
First woman he saw ;  
No safety in numbers—  
For better, for worse,  
He happened around  
And she nabbed him, of course.  
And, all things considered,  
A pretty good catch ;  
And we are the fruit  
Of this first hasty match.  
So wooing, you see,  
Is a matter apart  
From a man's inclination ;  
'Tis rather an art.  
There's always a woman  
And only one man,  
Just over and over  
Since wooing began.  
If any one doubts  
And will suffer the test,  
Just meet the conditions,  
And *she'll* do the rest !



---

---

*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

**LOS ANGELES**

Thou land of sunny splendor,  
With memories so tender,  
    My waking thoughts, my dreams, are all of  
    thee;

Thy poppy banners blowing  
Where the olive trees are growing—  
    Thou land of many voices calling me!

Thy maidens are the fairest,  
Thy vintage is the rarest,  
    Thy sons are brave and chivalrous, I know;  
And the bees are humming ever  
In the blossoms by the river  
    Where the orchards sweep the valley, row  
    on row.

There are visions so alluring  
Through the fleeting years enduring;  
    Mystic smiles and covert glances calling me.  
Still the blood of Castile flowing  
Keeps the olive cheek a-glowing—  
    Thou bewitching Mexic maiden by the sea!

And the priests and native classes  
So devoutly saying masses  
    In the mission church, with pepper trees  
    around;  
And the church-yard by the river  
Where the señors sleep forever  
    In the bosom of the consecrated ground.

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

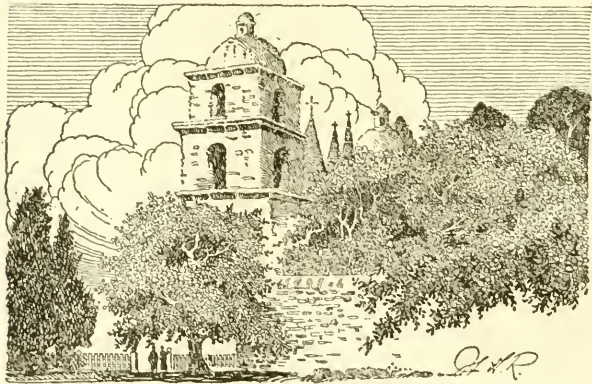
---

---

'Neath the vines and mosses creeping  
There are silent heroes sleeping;  
    Where the brazen northern cannon laid them  
        low;  
And they fell in silence gasping,  
And their crucifixes clasping,  
    Dying for their blessed Mother, Mexico!

Now thy battles all are ended,  
For thy Mexic blood is blended  
    With the milder blood, and all again is calm.  
No more the forces rally;  
All is quiet in the valley,  
    And the olive branch is growing by the palm!

*Los Angeles, 1887.*



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

### SAN FRANCISCO

It's a grim sort of world we inhabit, my friend,  
Disasters abound from beginning to end.  
We're hoarding our treasures and piling up  
pelf,

Each prostrate, adoring an idol—himself.  
But see, there's a change when the shelterless  
cry;

A nation responds with an eager reply.  
Forgotten are trifles of creed and of race—  
*The heart of the people is in the right place!*

We strive and contend as the years roll away  
But in retrospection how empty are they!  
We boast of possessions of fabulous worth;  
What trash! when the very foundations of  
earth

Are shaken, unstable, like waves of the sea—  
Ah, lords of creation, how helpless are we!  
Behold destitution! We look in its face—  
*And the heart of the people is in the right place!*

And still is our avarice trampled as lust,  
And still are our treasures laid low in the dust,  
And still is our brother the man in his need,  
And yet there's religion unshackled by creed;  
For thanks be to God who hath given us grace,  
*The heart of the people is in the right place!*

*April 18, 1906.*

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

### OLD GLORY

A group of stars on an azure field;  
There the bond of the Union stands revealed.  
With bars of red and bars of white,  
That spurn the earth and seek the light—  
*'Tis a flag that men have died for!*

That star-flecked banner marked the line  
From Bunker Hill to Brandywine;  
I fancy that its bars of red  
Proclaim the blood our grandsires shed,  
*For this is the flag they died for!*

It graced the heights of Monterey;  
It fluttered at Manila Bay.  
"The flag is there!" Thus flashed the news  
From Peking and from Vera Cruz;  
*And this is the flag they died for.*

The world beheld and understood  
Its message flung from Argonne Wood—  
Rejoiced to see its colors shine  
Above the crests that guard the Rhine!  
*And this is the flag they died for.*

Blow on o'er land! Blow on o'er sea,  
Oh, star-lit banner of the free!  
Though foes abound and tyrants rave,  
Blow on, oh, banner of the brave!  
*And this is the flag we'll die for!*

*November 11, 1918.*

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

### THE FISHING TRIP

*(Ned's Story)*

Once I went fishin' along with Lee  
'Way down to the crick where we mustn't be;  
And Ma, she says, "If you ever go  
You'll wish you hadn't for sure, I know."  
And Pa, he says, "If you ever dare,  
You'll get one whippin', I declare."  
But the other boys have lots of fun;  
*Their* parents never bother none;  
They just go fishin' most every day—  
I wish our parents was thataway.

So Lee said: "Let's go fishin', too;  
We'll run away, that's what we'll do."  
So we bent some pins and found some twine,  
And fixed ourselves a fishin' line;  
Then we hurried off, and purty quick  
We both were fishin' down the crick.  
And we fished and fished till nearly night;  
But we lost our bait and never a bite.  
Then, after a while, Lee's line got caught  
On a stump or sumthin'—that's what he  
thought—  
And he gave a pull on the old bent pin,  
And the line snapped off, and Lee fell in!  
Right quick I threw him an old boat oar;  
And then I couldn't see him no more.

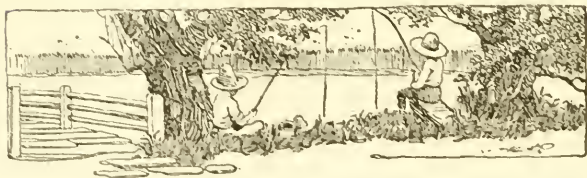
---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

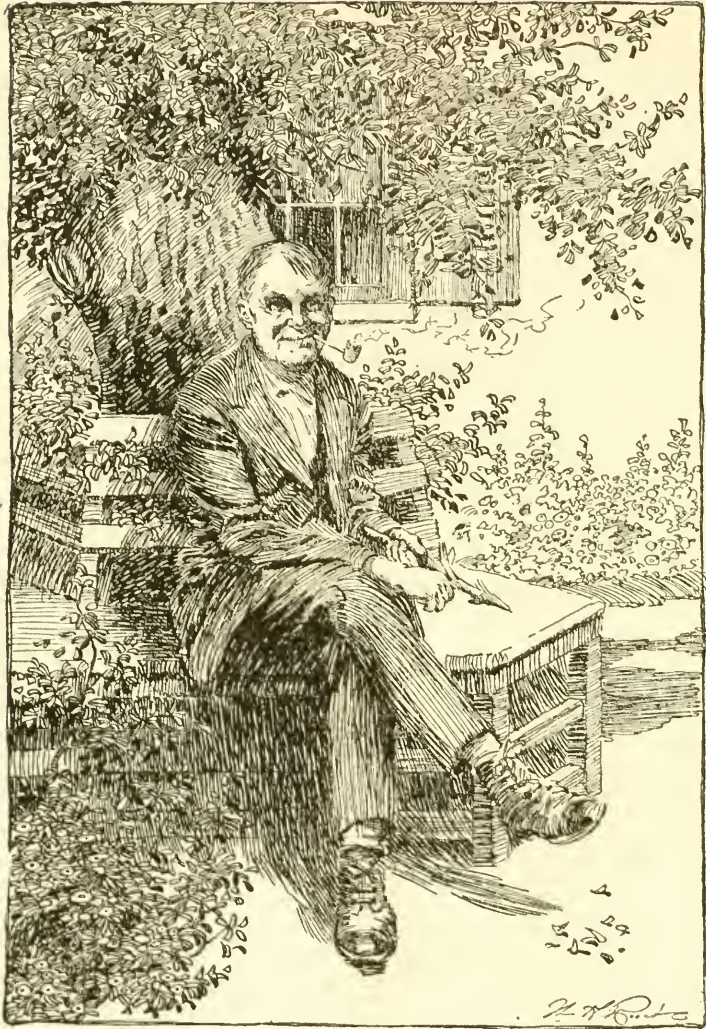
Then I got scared and hollered some  
And wished that Ma or Pa would come,  
And I crawled way out on a rotten pile,  
And held Lee's coat by the tail awhile;  
And shouted as loud as I could bawl:  
"Man gettin' drowned! Murder!" an' all.  
But I just kep' a-slidin' and slippin' down  
Till I thought for sure I's goin' to drown.  
But I shut my teeth right tight to—so;  
And I said: "I'll drown, but I won't let go!"  
And then, bimeby, I heard some men,  
And I don't know a thing that happened then.

And then, purty soon, we're home, you see,  
And the doctor there and the family.  
And Pa was a-laughin' and huggin' Lee,  
And Ma was a-cryin' and huggin' me.  
Pa said: "You're a hero!" And I said, "Yes,  
It'll teach Lee a lesson for once, I guess."  
And then I forget what all was said,  
For they marched us both straight off to bed.  
And I heard Pa say as he laughed a bit:  
"Well, that little rascal has got the grit!"  
And Lee says: "S'posin' we both was dead;  
Let's don't go fishin' tomorrow, Ned."









"Well, what's the use to worry  
Over trouble, anyway?"

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

### UNCLE TOMMY'S PHILOSOPHY

My old Uncle Tommy,  
Why he often used to say:  
"Well, what's the use to worry  
Over trouble, anyway?"  
"The older that I get," he says,  
"The more and more I see  
That learnin' *not* to worry  
Is a wise philosophy.  
It's a good religion, every word,  
And common-sense beside;  
It sees the gates of Mercy there,  
And throws 'em open wide."  
And so I just repeat the words  
My uncle used to say:  
*"Well, what's the use to worry  
Over trouble, anyway?"*

Old Uncle Tommy had his share  
Of worriment, I guess;  
He said that grievin' 'bout it  
Was the worst of foolishness.  
He had an ear for suffering  
And a mighty hate of wrong;  
And when he gave his sympathy  
His money went along.  
There was a mortgage on his farm  
For twenty years he'd owed;  
It seemed to thrive and get ahead  
Of every crop he growed.

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

But when they come to sell the place  
The sheriff heard him say:  
*"Well, what's the use to worry  
Over trouble, anyway?"*

He even kept his spirits up  
When Aunt Eliza died;  
He'd tended to her day and night  
And never left her side.  
And when they tried to comfort him,  
Old Uncle Tommy said:  
*"There ain't no use o' grievin',  
For my dear old wife is dead;  
Them poor old hands o' hers at last  
Have found a place to rest;  
It ain't for me to worry,  
For the Father knoweth best.  
It may be lonesome, but I know  
She couldn't allus stay,  
So what's the use to worry  
Over trouble, anyway?"*

Oh, brave old Uncle Tommy!  
How he seemed to fill the place  
With the music of his shaky voice  
And the sunshine of his face!  
And when he took to bed at last,  
The preacher come to pray;  
He thanked him for his visit,  
Then he sent him on his way.

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

"I know one thing," he said to us,  
"As sure as sure can be,  
The Bein' who has made me  
Is a-lookin' out for me;  
He's led me on through storm and calm;  
He's leadin' me today,  
*So what's the use to worry  
Over trouble, anyway?"*

And when they had the funeral  
The people came for miles,  
The meetin'-house was packed with folks  
And crowded in the aisles;  
And there was silence when at last  
The preacher took his text:  
"Let not your hearts be troubled,"  
And he preached a sermon next.  
His voice was low and shook a bit,  
And tears were in his eyes;  
He said: "Dear Uncle Tommy now  
Is safe in Paradise,  
And with his dear old wife, I know,  
Is happy there today,  
*'So what's the use to worry  
Over trouble, anyway?'*"

---

---

*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

**GOOD-BYE, KINGS**

Good-bye, kings, how we shall miss you.  
You were always such an issue ;  
Though the rabble danced about you,  
They can get along without you.  
They have served you without measure,  
Filled your coffers with their treasure ;  
On their bellies crawled before you,  
Lived and died but to adore you ;  
But you only deigned to smite them—  
That's the way that you requite them.  
So you're going? Get their things,  
Call the dogs off! Good-bye, kings!

Thrones and scepters, crowns and baubles  
Were the source of all our troubles—  
Robes of state and decorations—  
Now you'd trade them all for rations!  
Heaven's regents—self-appointed—  
Strutting as the Lord's anointed.  
Glare of spot-lights, vestures splendid—  
Let's go home ; the farce is ended!  
See no more the rabble fawning—  
Only wearied people yawning!  
Going now in such a hurry.  
Well, good-bye, and none will worry!  
Broken, helpless, hapless things ;  
Pleasant journey! Good-bye, kings!

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

Good-bye, kings, but not forever;  
We have other clowns as clever  
Who, in years to follow after,  
Will convulse us all with laughter.  
They will don your splendid vesture,  
Mimic well your gait and gesture,  
Mock and jeer at your removal—  
While the rabble roars approval—  
Or, with manners quite forgotten,  
Maybe swear the show is rotten!  
Worn-out plot and ancient acting;  
Modern folk are so exacting!  
Ere they rise up, throwing things,  
Draw the curtain! Good-bye, kings!

*February, 1917.*



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

### BOBBIE NEVER CAN

When Bobbie goes a-visiting  
He falls into the creek  
And musses up his linen suit  
That ought to last a week ;  
And then he makes his best excuse,  
The way it always ran :  
“I couldn’t help it, mother, dear”—  
*But Bobbie never can.*

When Bobbie gets all dressed again  
He climbs upon the shed  
Where there are splinters, nails and things.  
He mustn’t, mother said.  
“I didn’t hurt myself a bit,”  
Thus promptly he began ;  
He couldn’t see why folks should fret—  
*But Bobbie never can.*

Then Bobbie fell and scratched his leg,  
Then lost his treasured ball,  
And sicked the dog upon the cat—  
That isn’t nearly all.  
He cannot see why harmless sport  
Is placed beneath the ban,  
And little boys are made to mind—  
*But Bobbie never can.*



---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

And Bobbie wouldn't go to bed  
When it was time to go;  
He didn't care what people thought,  
And told his mother so.  
But then at last he snuggled down,  
Poor, weary little man!  
Some boys can go to bed unkissed—  
*But Bobbie never can.*



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

### THE GIRL THAT I ADORE

The girl that cooked the flapjacks

Is the girl that I adore—

With me a-shovin' up my plate,

And her a-cookin' more,

And peekin' o'er her shoulder

With a sly and sassy look,

As purty as a picter—

And the way that she can cook!

And so I mention once again

As I remarked before:

The girl that cooked the flapjacks

Is the girl that I adore.

'Twas mighty nice and cheerful,

For the girl dispersed the gloom;

'Twas the object of her bein'

Just as mine is to consume.

I forgot to ask a blessin',

'Twasn't needed, I contend;

'Twas a genuine thanksgivin'

From beginnin' to the end!

In gratitude for flapjacks

Why, my spirit seemed to soar—

And the girl that did the cookin'

Is the girl that I adore.

That girl so sweet and sassy

And the great flapjack array

Divided my affections

In a most distractin' way;

And maybe that old sayin',

It ain't altogether true

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

As how your cake you mustn't eat  
If you would have it, too.  
And here's a bit of common-sense  
Not writ in any book:  
Just eat your cake and have it, too,  
While courtin' of the cook!  
Just smile and make yourself to home  
And view the landscape o'er—  
And sort o' intimate that she's  
The girl that you adore.

We had some conversation,  
For she'd peek in through the door  
And sing out: "Mr. Johnsing,  
Won't you have a dozen more?"  
And back I'd send the answer:  
"I can read my title clear  
And, though I'm sort o' sickly,  
Fetch along a dozen, dear."  
Her cheeks would flame like roses  
And I'd set back and roar—  
Oh, the girl that cooked the flapjacks  
Is the girl that I adore.

Come in and stay for supper,  
For there's flapjacks due tonight;  
When old friends come so seldom  
They're obliged to take a bite—  
Yes, Sally, we're a-comin',  
Needn't call us any more;  
Here's the girl that cooked the flapjacks;  
She's the girl that I adore.

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

### THE MEANEST MAN

The meanest man, it seems to me,  
The meanest man I ever see,  
Was old Bob Skinner, who, I guess,  
Just took the prize for stinginess.  
He gave his boys a cent a head  
One night if they would go to bed  
Without their supper; for, says he,  
“Learn thrift if you would happy be.”

They cried a little, but that cent  
Looked awful big, and so they went.  
Next morning they came down the stairs  
And, after they had family prayers,  
“Come to your breakfasts,” Skinner said;  
“They’ll cost you all a cent a head.  
Pay as you go, my boys,” says he;  
“Be honest and live thriftily.”

He took them pennies back to buy  
Their breakfasts with, and that is why  
I say that Skinner seems to me  
The meanest man I ever see.

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

### THE 'SCURSION

(Serenade)

Wake up, mah honey!  
Don't you heah dem roosters crow?  
Wake up so early in de mo'n;  
De 'scurSION train am ready,  
An' we's all a-gwine to go,  
Though de weeds am a-flirtin' wid de co'n!

Chorus:

So I'll sharpen up mah razor  
An' be ready foh de train;  
Oh, I'll sharpen up mah razor right away.  
Wid mah black-jack in mah pocket,  
An' mah alligator cane  
Der'll be sumthin' doin' at de beach today!

O, Miss Melinda Jackson  
Will parade de walk wid me;  
She's mah honey an' she's got de propah style;  
She is lovely an' flirtatious,  
As a lady ought to be;  
She's mah million dollah baby when she smile!

Cho.: So I'll sharpen up mah razor, etc.

Dat little yaller preacher  
Bettah mind his manners well,  
Foh I's just a-gwine to bust him purty soon;  
If he flirts wid mah Melinda,  
Den it's nigger fare-you-well,  
Foh mah razor am an-itchin' foh dat coon!

Cho.: So I'll sharpen up mah razor, etc.

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

### DOING YOUR BIT

Let every fellow do his bit,  
And *smile* while he is doing it.

It may be leading hopes forlorn ;  
It may be only hoeing corn ;  
Still he is acting like a man  
In doing it the best he can.

Oh, just find out what duty means,  
In bearing arms or planting beans.  
You may not ever reach the goal,  
But that's the way to save your soul!

Let every fellow do his bit,  
And know *the fun* in doing it.

February, 1918.



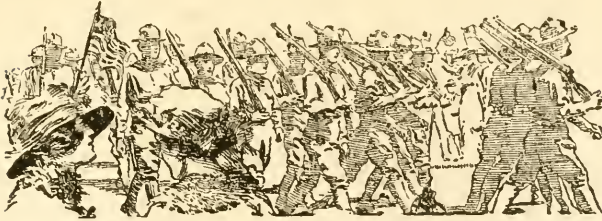
---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---



### THE TROOP-TRAIN

When we come swinging down the street,  
Ta-rum! Ta-rum!  
When we come swinging down the street,  
Ta-rum! Ta-rum!  
When we come swinging down the street,  
It's "Eyes to front!" and "Watch your feet!"  
Oh, girls, how can you look so sweet?  
Ta-rum! Ta-rum! Ta-rummy!  
Then, good home people, fare-you-well,  
We're off to France to fight a spell  
For good old Uncle Sam-u-el,  
Who gives us board and lodging.

The troop-train's waiting on the track,  
Ta-rum! Ta-rum!  
The troop-train's waiting on the track,  
Ta-rum! Ta-rum!  
The troop-train's waiting on the track,  
So, girls, be true till we get back  
And send along the socks we lack,  
Ta-rum! Ta-rum! Ta-rummy!  
We've signed up tight and no regrets,  
The old home guard, the village pets—  
Say, don't forget them cigarettes,  
We'll hold you to your promise.

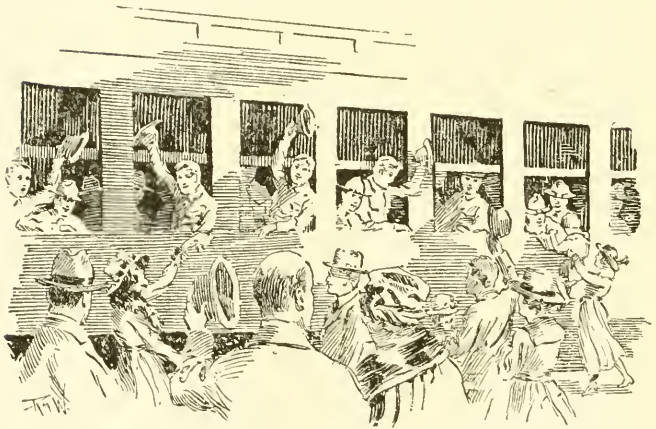
---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

The whistle sounds, the train pulls out,  
Ta-rum! Ta-rum!  
The whistle sounds, the train pulls out,  
Ta-rum! Ta-rum!  
The whistle sounds, the train pulls out,  
There, Ma, don't cry, you good old scout;  
We'll be back soon—or thereabout,  
Ta-rum! Ta-rum! Ta-rummy!  
So good-by folks, and good-by town;  
The engine snorts, the wheels turn roun';  
The old flag's up and won't come down;  
Don't worry, Dad, don't worry!





---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

### THE BOND BROTHER

I've purchased bonds until, by gum,  
I haven't got a cent.  
I told my landlord yesterday  
To whistle for his rent.  
I stepped right up and bought for cash  
When first the drive began;  
And then I went and bought some more  
On the installment plan.  
And now I slink around the streets  
For I am poster shy;  
I dread to meet the smallest Scout  
And look him in the eye.  
I shudder when I pass a booth  
And hear some damsel purr:  
"Oh, Mister, won't you buy a bond?"  
I'm sure to fall for her.  
And when I pick my paper up  
The headlines plainly say  
That John H. Mason urges me  
To "Buy that bond today!"  
I've got to do as I am told  
And so I sign again;  
I've worn the nib entirely off  
Of my old fountain pen.  
I've wrapped it up so lovingly  
And mailed it second class,  
A most delightful souvenir,  
Addressed to Carter Glass.

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

I've purchased bonds at movies,  
And I've bought them on the train;  
I've signed up blanks for little tots  
That stopped me in the rain.  
I've bonds to sell and bonds to keep,  
And bonds to give away—  
At least I've signed a stack of blanks  
That I am bound to pay.  
Oh, when I saunter out of life  
Into the vale beyond,  
I'll hear some Scout rise up and yell:  
"Oh, Mister, buy a bond!"

May, 1919.



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---



### THE TENANT FARMER

(Optimist)

The winter, it came on so severe  
That he hauled up wood for to last a year;  
But he ran clean out ere the new year come,  
So he stood in the snow while he chopped up  
some.

His old hoss died and his cows went dry,  
And his pumpkins froze he had saved for pie.  
It got so cold that the fruit buds died,  
The frost killed them and the trees beside;  
But he smiled and said: "I am still on top  
With a right good chance for next year's crop."

His old pump froze till it wan't no use;  
It split wide open when he pried it loose,  
So he toted water for many a day  
From his nearest neighbor's some distance  
away.

Then the thieves broke in and stole his corn,  
And that was the night that the twins were  
born!  
And often he'd say so his wife could hear:

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

“Well, you can’t be lucky through all the year.”

Then he’d take down his Bible and read a verse,

And smile and say: “It might be worse.”

When spring came on, though he felt his loss,  
He borrowed a plow and he borrowed a hoss;  
He planted some peas that never did sprout,  
So he hitched up the hoss and plowed them out.

The corn he planted inclined to rot  
And what came up, that the crows soon got.  
He planted potatoes like other men,  
And the bugs, you bet, had a picnic then.  
Yes, bugs and worms and flies, oh, my!  
They wriggled and swarmed as he went by.

His chickens throve till along in June,  
When they disappeared in the dark of the moon.

His watermelons, when they came on,  
All went the way that his hens had gone.  
Disaster made him a shining mark  
And always appeared when the nights were dark.

His wheat had “fly” and then took “smut,”  
But he got some straw when the crop was cut.  
And he had good health and he had the soil,  
And he thanked the Lord for a chance to toil.

---

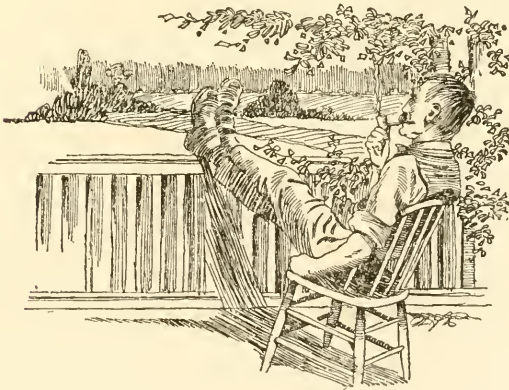
---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

Then he got a letter one day in town:  
His city cousins were coming down  
To spend a month, if they found they could,  
For the air of the country would do them good.  
He wrote right back: "Though the days are  
warm,  
There is lots of shade on the dear old farm,  
And we'll be right happy to have you come."  
(His wife did the cooking and he helped  
some.)  
And he kept up his spirits and seemed content  
When the landlord took all he had for the rent!

And how did he live? Why, he didn't, you see.  
As the moss clings close to the forest tree—  
The oak may thrive till its life is gone,  
*But the moss doesn't live, it just hangs on!*



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

### THE KING'S HIGHWAY

*(Laid out under the authority of William Penn, to connect the settlements of New Amstel [New Castle] and the Hoornhill [Lewes] while the Three Lower Counties on the Delaware were still a part of Pennsylvania.)*

Riding down to Lewes

On the King's Highway,  
Skirting creeks and rivulets  
Winding to the Bay.

Through the sombre forest shades,  
Thickets wild with bloom,

Where the sweet magnolia  
Revels in perfume;

Where the thrush and mocking bird  
Carol all the day—

Riding down to Lewes

On the King's Highway!

What a goodly company!

See them now appear!  
Sober-visaged Puritan,  
Haughty Cavalier;

Swede and Finn of sunny hair,  
Patient, plodding Dutch—

What a goodly company!

Saw you ever such?  
Some bedecked in colors bright,  
Some in sober gray,

Riding down to Lewes

On the King's Highway!

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

Overhead the fish-hawks scream,  
Homeward bound from sea;  
From a wigwam far away  
Smoke curls lazily.  
Passing 'neath the forest trees  
Prodigal with song;  
Over marshes where the streams  
Twist their way along.  
Saucy squirrels in the hedge  
Making holiday—  
Riding down to Lewes  
On the King's Highway!

Making camp at eventide  
Under friendly trees  
That have spread their sturdy arms  
Through the centuries;  
O'er the winding Motherkill  
At the break of dawn,  
Southward to the waters of  
The Mispillion.  
Listening to the bugle note  
Of the whippoorwill  
Calling to his dusky mate  
Just across the hill.  
O'er a stretch of golden sand,  
Over banks of clay—  
Riding down to Lewes  
On the King's Highway!

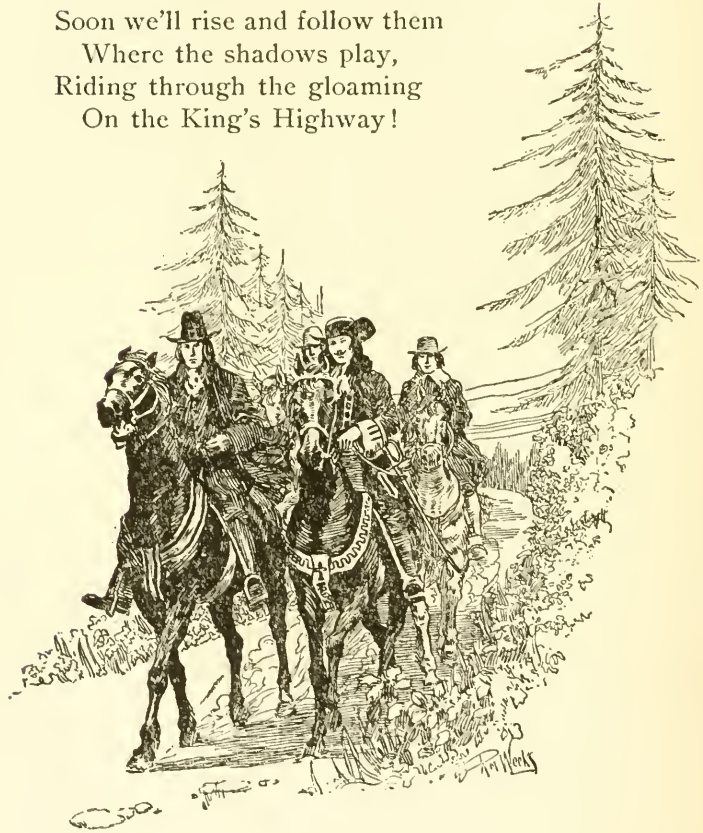
---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

Centuries have intervened  
Since we saw them pass;  
Onward through the deepening shade  
They have gone, alas!  
Puritan and cavalier,  
Dutch and sturdy Swede,  
Lost within the gloom of years,  
Gone in word and deed!  
Soon we'll rise and follow them  
Where the shadows play,  
Riding through the gloaming  
On the King's Highway!









*"And 'long in winter evenin's  
I like to stay at home  
Beside the fire and toast my shins,  
And have the neighbors come."*

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

### IN GOOD OLD SUSSEX

In good old Sussex County  
Down in little Delaware,  
I often say to Sary Ann,  
I'm glad we're living there.  
The country's kind o' humble,  
Stretchin' onward to the sea;  
It ain't a stylish lookin' place  
And don't pretend to be.  
There ain't a mountain anywhere  
A-holdin' up its head;  
There ain't no rocks, but only sand  
A-shinin' there instead;  
But there's allus welcome for you,  
You can feel it in the air  
In good old Sussex County,  
Down in little Delaware.

The sweetest kind of music  
Is the rustle of the corn,  
And the whippoorwills a-callin'  
In the early of the morn.  
When the bees are in the clover  
Hummin' such a lovely tune  
That it sets a feller sighin'  
For an everlastin' June.  
I like to watch the glowin' sun  
And then the summer rain  
That touches up the dusty grass  
And makes it smile again;

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

With happiness for every one  
And just a bit to spare,  
In good old Sussex County,  
Down in little Delaware.

I like to be in Sussex  
In the watermelon time—  
For that's the place to get 'em  
If you want 'em in their prime.  
Some say the finest melon  
Is the good old "Mountain Sweet,"  
And others say "Tom Watson"  
Is rather hard to beat;  
But the finest watermelon  
Ripens early in the morn,  
All nice and cold and wet with dew—  
You eat it in the corn,  
You take it from a neighbor  
Who has plenty and to spare,  
In good old Sussex County,  
Down in little Delaware.

I reckon there ain't nothin'  
That a feller could compare  
To the red and juicy peaches  
That you find a-growin' there;  
Just help yourself, it's all the same  
If you should take a few;  
The fruits of earth belong to man,  
And that is why they grew.  
They say in good old Sussex  
That, since the air is free

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

And not a cent to pay for it,  
Why, peaches ought to be.  
So help yourself; I reckon  
There's a-plenty and to spare  
In good old Sussex County,  
Down in little Delaware.

We're modest here in Sussex  
And we've got a simple creed,  
Good honest folks for neighbors  
With a helpin' hand in need;  
A friend to cheer and comfort  
You when troubles intervene—  
Not sayin' much, but standin' by—  
Well, you know what I mean.  
We've preachin' every Sunday  
And the singin' is the best,  
So "not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across our peaceful breast"—  
Good company, enough to eat,  
And quite enough to wear,  
In good old Sussex County,  
Down in little Delaware.

It's comfortin' to hear 'em talk  
Down to the village store  
Of hosses and of politics  
And why the land is pore—  
Of rabbit dogs and setter pups  
And, social like, you know,  
About your neighbors' business  
And all the debts they owe.

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

Then some one gets to talkin'  
Of the boys that went to war;  
You doze a spell, and then wake up  
And wonder where you are;  
Then off to home where Sary Ann  
Is dozin' in her chair,  
In good old Sussex County,  
Down in little Delaware.

I like to see the purple grapes  
A-hangin' from the vines;  
I like to hear the rabbit dogs  
A-yelpin' in the pines—  
When the shoats are all a-thrivin'  
And the turkeys gettin' fat  
With jowl and sweet potatoes  
For your mouth to water at;  
The boys a-gatherin' hickory nuts,  
The men a-huskin' corn,  
The women gettin' dinner  
With the gals to blow the horn—  
The glory of the autumn  
'Round about us everywhere  
In good old Sussex County,  
Down in little Delaware.

And 'long in winter evenin's  
I like to stay at home  
Beside the fire and toast my shins,  
And have the neighbors come;  
And there we'll set and talk for hours  
Of folks we used to know,

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

And mebbe mention some old chum  
That's underneath the snow—  
And have some meller apples then  
With cider just to waste,  
With a leetle drap o' sumpthin' else  
To give the stuff a taste;  
Then all our troubles melt away  
And vanish in the air  
In good old Sussex County,  
Down in little Delaware.

I ain't as spry as once I was;  
I guess I'm gettin' old;  
The tasks are now for younger men  
And not for me, I'm told.  
My children all have left the farm  
And gone in town to stay,  
They pester me to sell the place  
And then to move away;  
But here at home with Sary Ann  
I'm happy as I be,  
With all the fields and all the flowers  
A-smilin' back at me;  
It's good to know that we shall find  
Eternal slumber there,  
In good old Sussex County,  
Down in little Delaware.

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

### **SUSSEX COUNTY APPLE-JACK**

Sussex County Apple-jack!  
Fill the jug and hurry back!  
Whether sick or well I be,  
That's the medicine for me.  
In the winter, then it's prime;  
Cools me off in summer-time;  
She's a-comin', clear the track—  
Sussex County Apple-jack!

Sussex County Apple-jack's  
Good for people, white or black;  
Growin' meller in the cask,  
Tastin' good as you could ask;  
Drawin' flavor from the wood,  
Gettin' most uncommon good!  
Let us have another smack—  
Sussex County Apple-jack!

Takes a certain kind of land  
Like our Sussex County sand,  
And our summers, warm and bright,  
For to make them apples right;  
Then the rest is easy, though  
That's our secret, don't you know?  
Bully for a heart attack—  
Sussex County Apple-jack!

Here's to sun and here's to breeze,  
Flirtin' with them apple-trees;



---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

Makin' them old Baldwins blush  
Red and ripe and juicy—hush!  
Till, when heavy on the stem,  
Red-checked lassies gather them—  
Laughin' till their sides they crack—  
Sussex County Apple-jack!

Makin' cider by and by,  
Taste a little on the sly;  
Sort o' scrunchin' out the juice  
In a way that's most profuse;  
Then you pour it in the still  
And bile it for a spell, until  
Drop by drop she's comin' back,  
Sussex County Apple-jack!

S'pose a feller was a king,  
Rich and all that sort o' thing,  
Pie for dinner every day,  
Good cigars to throw away,  
Stove-pipe hat and all complete,  
Patent leathers on his feet—  
Happy? Not if he should lack  
Sussex County Apple-jack!



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

### "DOWN YAN"

*(He said he lived "down yan, beyant Tea Town a-piece.")*

Bill Barlow said he lived "down yan,  
Beyant Tea Town a-piece."  
And may he keep on living there,  
And may his tribe increase;  
And may his life ebb peacefully,  
E'en as his life began,  
Down where the bull-frogs in the swamp  
Their welcome chant, "down yan."

Some folks have asked me how to find  
Bill Barlow's habitat;  
But, since he's pointed out the way,  
Suppose we follow that.  
We take the road from Here and Now  
That leads from Anywhere,  
And travel down it for a spell,  
And soon, by gum, we're there!

And what a fascinating road,  
That saunters on its way,  
Where old friends meet and talk a spell  
And pass the time o' day.  
Between the fields and through the pines  
It wanders in and out;  
And by and by, twixt dawn and dark,  
We come to Thereabout.

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

We cross the creek, then up the hill,  
Without a guide or plan,  
Along the sun-swept winding road  
That leads away—"down yan."

On either side are fields, with corn  
That rustles in the breeze;  
And orchards where the peaches blush  
From heavy-laden trees.  
And in a little patch of vines,  
Beyond the pasture gate,  
Are bloated watermelons, ripe  
And waiting for their fate.

We maybe meet along the road  
Old neighbors tried and true,  
Who nod and smile and pass us with  
A friendly "how-de-do."  
And if we ask about the road  
They smilingly reply:  
"Oh, just keep goin' straight ahead;  
You'll get there by and by."

And soon we cross the narrow dam  
That leads to Johnson's mill;  
The wheels have ground a century,  
And they are grinding still.  
Just down the stream where arching trees  
Their branches interlace,  
We hear a splash—oh, envied youth!  
They're swimming in the race!

---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

Then round the margin of the pond,  
With docks and lilies spread,  
And up the rise a little way,  
And Tea Town is ahead!

Now, Tea Town's not a stylish place,  
And never was, I guess;  
But people living round about  
Are happy, more or less.  
They do their trading at the store,  
And maybe sit a spell  
Discussing things they mean to buy  
And things they want to sell.  
Yes, Tea Town is a smallish place,  
As towns and cities go;  
There's just the store and meeting-house—  
But it has room to grow!

From Tea Town to our journey's end  
Is but a little way;  
The road is Inclination,  
And the trip's a holiday.  
We ask the way to Barlow's house,  
And all inquiries cease  
When some good soul speaks up and says:  
"Down yan a little piece."  
So o'er the bridge and through the pines  
And just around the bend  
A farm-house seems to block the way—  
The road has reached its end!

---

---

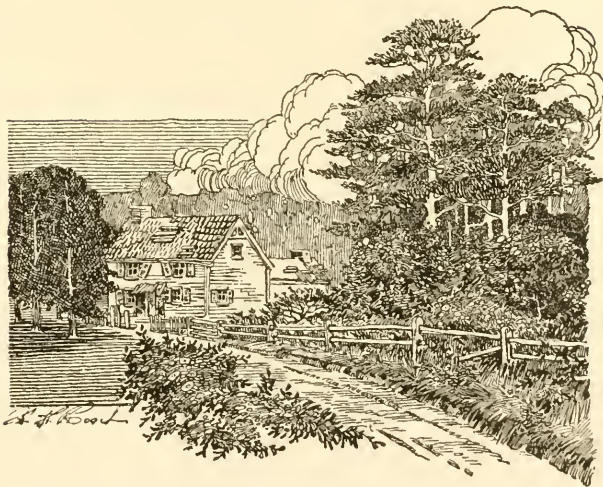
## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

And there is Bill, who greets us with :  
    "I knew that you would come ;  
So 'light and put your hosses up,  
    And make yourselves to home,  
For supper's on the table now ;  
    Ma's fixin' a surprise ;  
It's young fried chicken, apple sauce,  
    And huckleberry pies."

---

You'll find Bill Barlow down the road  
    "Beyant Tea Town a-piece ;"  
And may he live contented there,  
    And may his tribe increase ;  
And may his life end tranquilly,  
    E'en as his life began—  
Down where the road comes to an end,  
    Amid the pines—"down yan."



---

---

*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

**BEAUTIFUL KENT**

How sweet are thy meadows,  
O beautiful Kent!  
Where Nature is smiling  
And man is content.  
The wheat-fields that billow  
And break like the sea,  
The note of the mocking-bird  
Calling to me;  
The drone of the bees  
And the wealth of perfume  
That floats where the hedges  
Run riot with bloom;  
The old-fashioned gardens  
That roses adorn;  
The darkies all singing  
At work in the corn—  
These, these are the blessings  
That heaven hath sent  
Thy sons and thy daughters,  
O beautiful Kent!

How pleasant to ramble  
When early at morn  
The dew is a-glisten  
On blossom and thorn;  
To traverse the path  
At the close of the day  
And pluck the wild roses  
That grow by the way!  
The blossoms that whiten  
The orchards in spring,



---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

The plowmen afield  
And the birds on the wing;  
The long lines of fences  
That shimmer between  
The clover fields gaudy  
In crimson and green—  
All, all are proclaiming  
That Nature hath meant  
Her sons should be happy  
In beautiful Kent.

When daylight is fading  
And out in the west  
The sun in his splendor  
Goes proudly to rest,  
Then homeward to wander  
All certain to share  
The greeting of loved ones  
Awaiting us there—  
From hearts overflowing  
Whose memories keep  
The loved ones that wake  
And the loved ones that sleep.  
There strife cannot enter  
And murmurings cease;  
For Trust doth abide  
In the dwelling of Peace.  
And when the last moments  
Of life have been spent  
We'll sleep in thy bosom  
O beautiful Kent!



---

---

# Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

## OUR DELAWARE

*(A Song)*

Oh, the hills of dear New Castle,  
And the smiling vales between,  
When the corn is all in tassel,  
And the meadow lands are green;  
Where the cattle crop the clover  
And its breath is in the air,  
While the sun is shining over  
Our beloved Delaware.

Oh, our Delaware,  
Our beloved Delaware;  
Oh, the sun is shining over  
Our beloved Delaware!

Where the wheat-fields break and billow  
In the peaceful land of Kent;  
Where the toiler seeks his pillow  
With the blessings of content;  
Where the bloom that tints the peaches  
Cheeks of merry maidens share,  
And the woodland chorus preaches  
A rejoicing Delaware.

Oh, our Delaware,  
Our beloved Delaware;  
All the woodland chorus preaches  
A rejoicing Delaware!



---

---

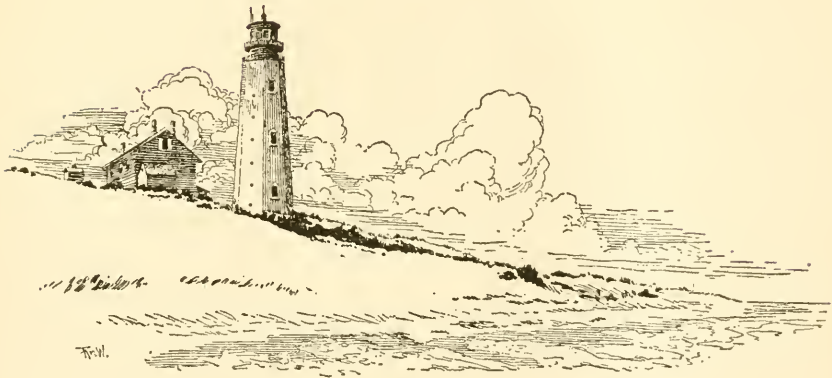
*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

Dear old Sussex, visions linger  
Of the holly and the pine,  
Of Henlopen's jeweled finger  
Flashing out across the brine!  
Of the gardens and the hedges  
And the welcome waiting there  
For the loyal son that pledges  
Faith to good old Delaware.

Oh, our Delaware,  
Our beloved Delaware;  
Every loyal son still pledges  
Faith to good old Delaware!



---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

### EASTER

The angel smiled, and leafless trees  
Threw out their banners to the breeze;  
The hills grew bright; the vales between  
Put on their robes of living green;  
The feathered choirs all chanted praise  
And joined in vibrant roundelays,  
While sleeping lilies heard the call  
And peeped along the garden wall.  
The earth revived, no longer dead—  
“There is no death,” the angel said.

A Man was carried to the tomb,  
The door was shut, the little room  
Was made secure, and all men said:  
“He’ll preach no more, the man is dead.”  
The days pass by, the third, and see!  
The stone rolls back! The Man is free!  
And startled voices raise the cry:  
“Who is this Man who will not die?”  
A figure stands with lifted head—  
“There is no death,” the angel said.

This is the story, strange and old,  
This is the tale our fathers told;  
And those who joy and those who grieve  
Yet kneel and murmur, “I believe!”  
Oh, mystery of mysteries!  
Oh, learned priest on bended knees,

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

Oh, sage and poet, prophet, seer,  
Earth's most profound philosopher—  
Your messages are vain, for, oh!  
Men but believe who fain would know.

They stand with strained and anxious eyes  
And hurl their questions at the skies.  
They grope and stretch their hands in vain;  
Have ye no word to make it plain?

Ye answer not; but faint and sweet  
We hear the angel's voice repeat:  
"Man is but grass, a flame, a breath;  
Be yet content; there is no death!"



---

---

*Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

**PROOF POSITIVE**

Some things are true ; we know they are  
For facts and faith agree ;  
And other things are true because—  
Because they ought to be.

Some folks declare that Mother Goose  
And Captain Kidd are lies ;  
But children list to these old tales  
And argue otherwise.

I've heard some foolish people say  
That fairy tales ain't so ;  
But I've met folks who've *seen* them,  
And I guess they ought to know.

I've even heard that Santa Claus  
Is just a pleasant myth  
For grown-up folks at Christmas time  
To fool the children with.

But this old, fascinating tale  
Is very real to me,  
And I have got the best of proof—  
*Because it ought to be!*





*"My candle's out; the fire is low;  
The night creeps onward; let it go!"*

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

### CHRISTMAS EVE

These stockings, hanging in a row,  
Swing heel to heel and toe to toe,  
Their mouths agape—a hungry brood,  
Like birdlings clamoring for food.  
I scan the line in anxious quest  
And find *your* stocking with the rest.  
I count my store of treasures through  
And here's the list I've got for you.

There's *Friendship*, under hand and seal,  
I stuff it down into the heel;  
It always works, requires no care,  
Is strong and warranted to wear.  
Far down the toe, within a crease,  
I slip a slice of Christmas *Peace*.  
No choicer morsel can there be,  
So give the world the recipe!  
And now my eager fingers grope  
And thrust down deep a chunk of *Hope*,  
That day by day will help to build  
Your fairest castles—Hope fulfilled.  
And since the top is empty still  
I'll fill it full of men's *Good-Will*,  
Until it swells and overflows;  
And that's the limit, goodness knows!

My candle's out; the fire is low;  
The night creeps onward; let it go!

---

---

## Down Yan and Thereabout

---

---

Then music faint—a brush of wings—  
Hushed foot-falls now and whisperings—  
A glimpse of faces through the mist  
No longer sad, but Heaven-kissed—  
And so I've dreamed the whole night  
through.  
Hey! Merry Christmas! *Meaning you!*

*December, 1918.*





---

---

## *Down Yan and Thereabout*

---

---

### POSTLUDE

Some idle thoughts as idly writ ;  
Some fragments gathered bit by bit ;  
Traditions dim, with cobwebs spun,  
And handed down from sire to son.  
The dust of years has left its trace  
On many a nook and hiding-place—  
On crumbling parchment, brown with age,  
And quaint old letters, page on page ;  
On deeds conveying house and lands,  
That turn to ashes in our hands.

Some bits and scraps of days of old,  
Some stories that our fathers told ;  
And fancies woven into rhyme  
That hint of ease and summer-time.  
These are the themes of which I sing ;  
These are the treasures which I bring ;  
And merely crave a little space  
To show them in the market-place—  
These trifles gathered near and far ;  
My pack is open! Here they are!













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 235 042 0

