

DOWN EAST BALLADS



SILAS H. PERKINS  
KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE

RUTH GOVE



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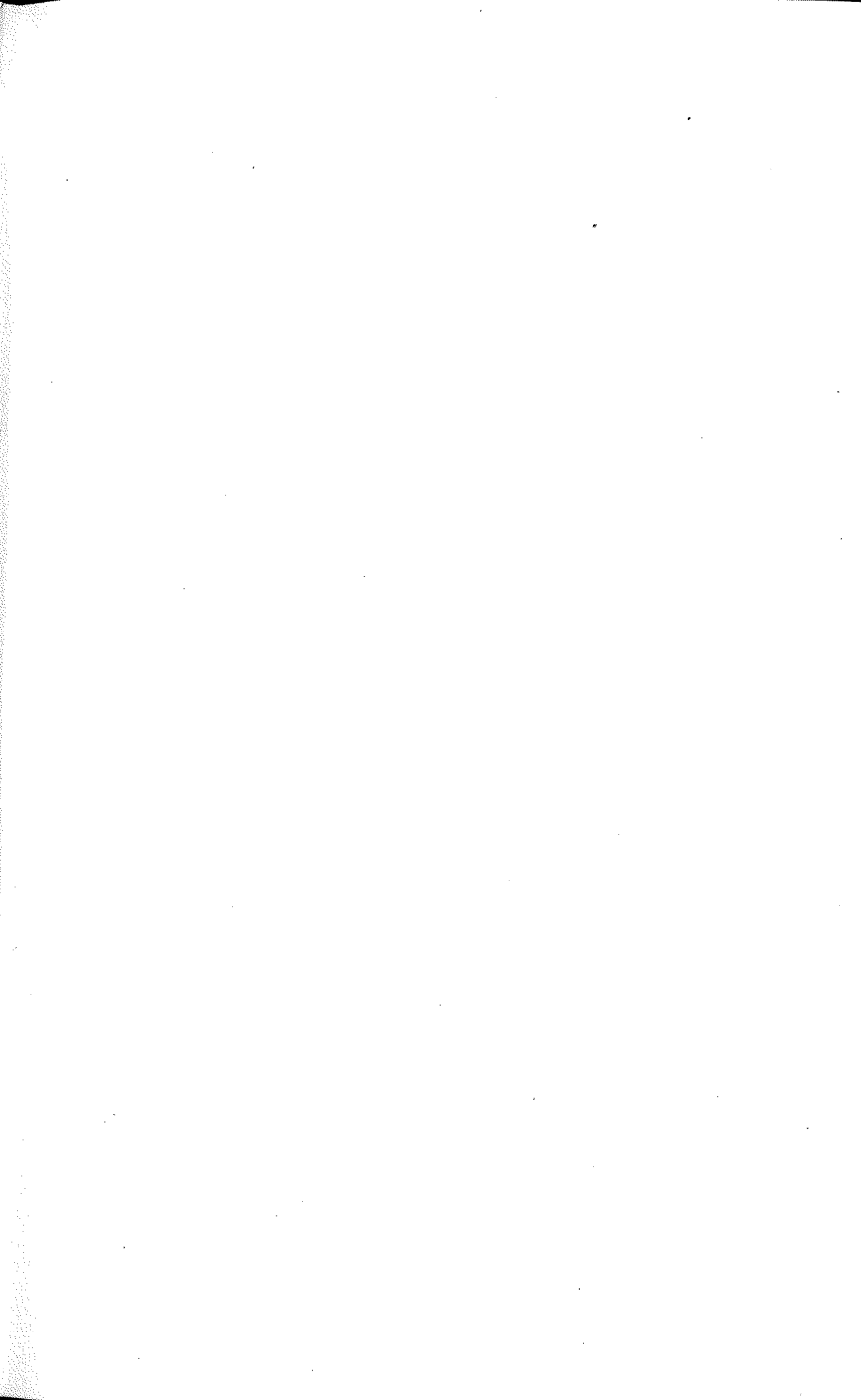
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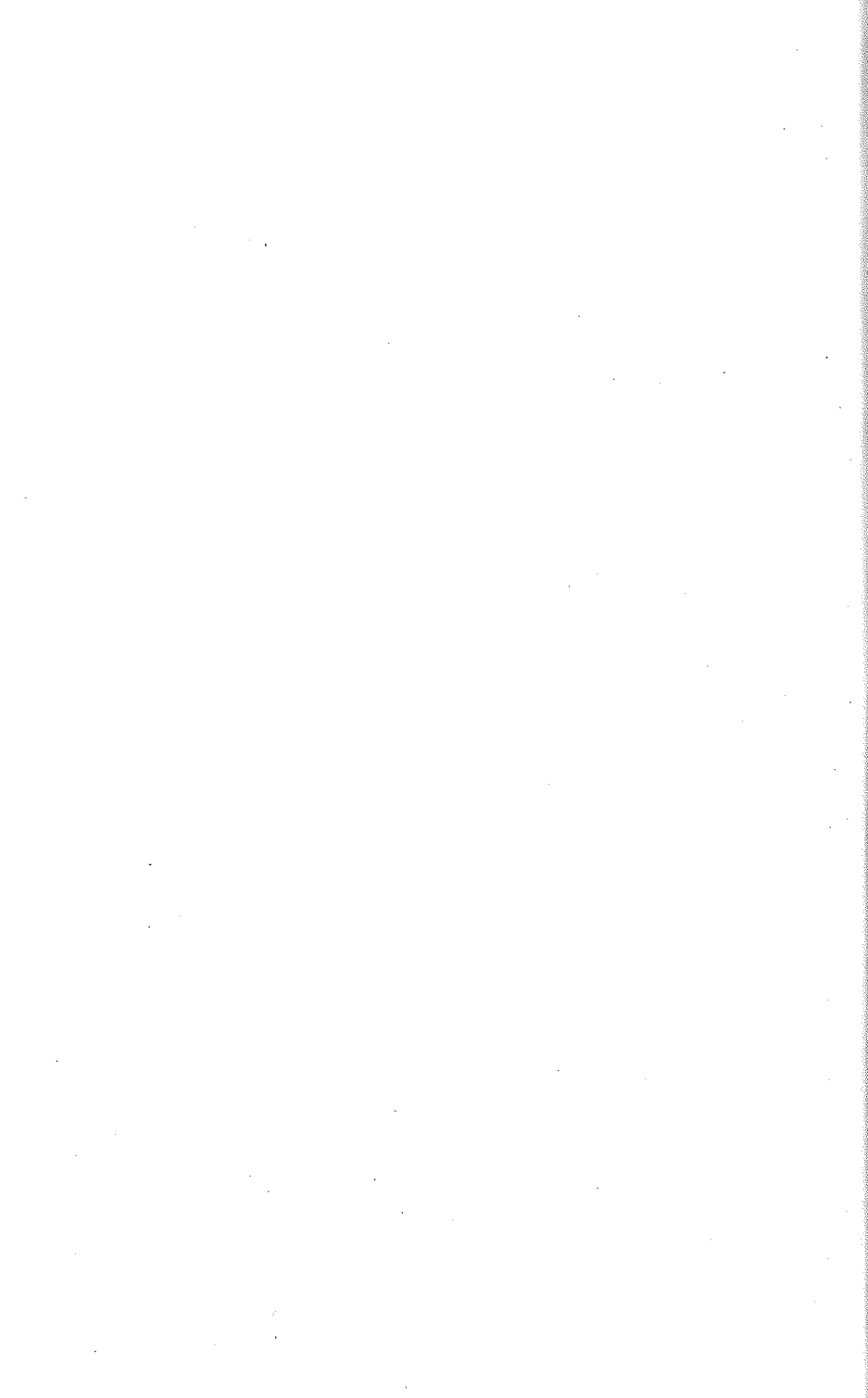








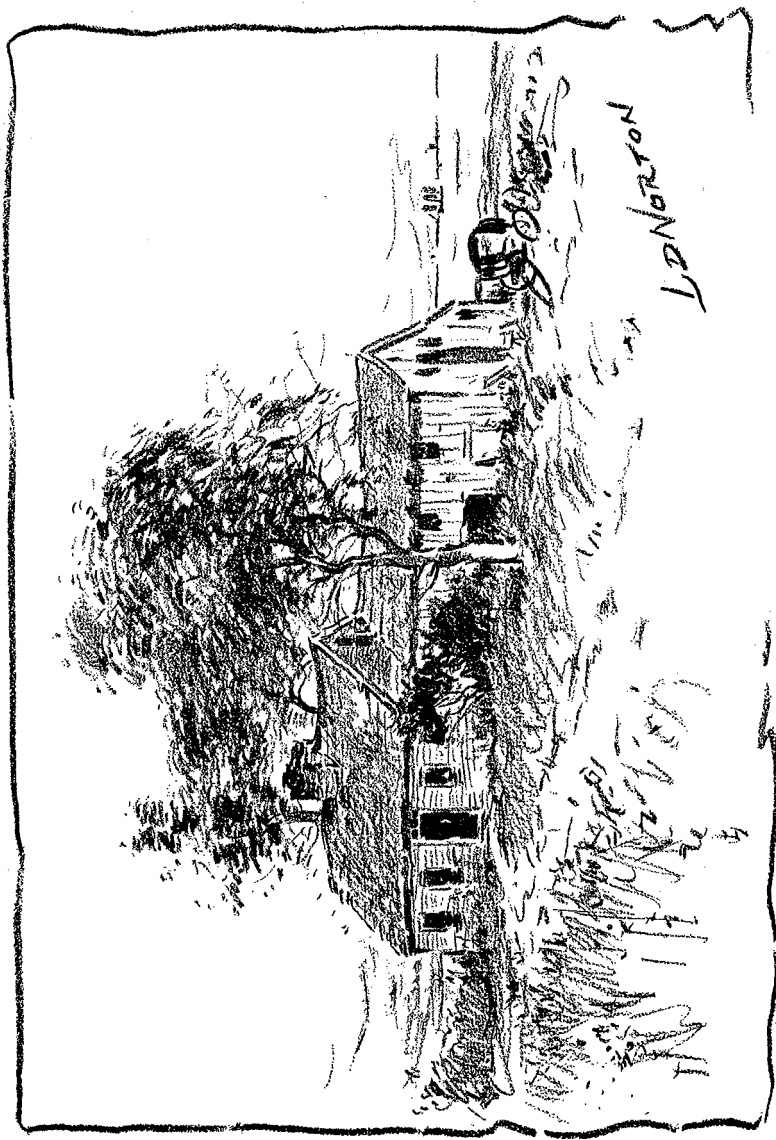




DOWN EAST BALLADS







"With a century's weight it seems to bow," — Poem on Page 56



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# DOWN EAST BALLADS

BY  
SILAS H. PERKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY  
LOUIS D. NORTON



KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE  
PRIVATELY PRINTED

1927

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**SILAS H. PERKINS**

IN MEMORY OF MY FATHER  
CAPTAIN FORDYCE BYRON PERKINS  
OF KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE

MY FATHER

*When I was but a little boy upon my father's knee,  
I'd sit and listen to the tales he'd tell about the sea,  
Of far-off lands and gleaming sands, of the ocean's boundless sweep,  
For my father was a sailor and sailed the mighty deep.*

*My father's tales were never dull. He knew the world so well.  
And, oh, the many happy hours I've listened as he'd tell  
Of stinging gale that tore the sail, of typhoon fierce and wild —  
I learned the perils of the sea when I was but a child.*

*My father's eyes would sparkle as he lived the days once more  
When the square-rigger sailed the sea, and he heard the ocean's roar  
As sailor boy, when "Ship ahoy" was the loud and ringing shout,  
And the Captain ordered, "Speak her" and he ran the pennants out.*

*My father felt a manly pride in things he'd seen and done.  
He crossed the line full scores of times, and saw the midnight sun.  
He viewed the wreck from wind-swept deck of many a sturdy ship,  
And heard the lee-shore breakers on the hungry reef and rip.*

*My father was a Captain and for thirty years and more  
His home was on the billows — he was lost upon the shore.  
The bulging sail and roaring gale, the foam-crest on the sea;  
I learned that this was life to him, upon my father's knee.*

*My father's voice is stilled now. I shall never hear again  
His stories of the foreign ports or of the surging main,  
But the great deep will always keep a steadfast friend in me —  
For my father was a sailor, and his comrade was the sea.*



## FOREWORD

This little volume of verse, with all their faults, I offer to my readers. I trust that they may bring some pleasure, or at least be of interest to those among you who are my friends. If this edition is read by those who are strangers to me, I hope a few among these simple verses may touch a responsive chord in their hearts. If so, I shall be amply rewarded.

*"I aint ner don't pretend to be  
Much posted on philosophy;  
But there is times, when all alone,  
I work out idees of my own."*

THE AUTHOR.

Kennebunkport, Me.

1927.



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# ON LAND AND SEA

## "THE CLIPPER"

[*The Thomas Marshall*]

A ship sails over the ocean blue;  
Full sparred to the seas she rides;  
Her hull is staunch and her lines are true,  
And the old time sailor makes up her crew  
As she breasts the winds and the tides.

No grimy smoke-pall obscures the skies  
As her bow cuts the ocean's wave.  
A dream of the past in the sailor's eyes,  
Her past with their past she proudly ties,  
Her all to their all she gave.

Her deck has echoed the chanty song  
On many a distant sea,  
From Nagasaki to far Hong Kong  
The shout has carried clear and long  
Wherever she chanced to be.

Ere time had taken its silent flight  
She was mistress of the seas.  
She passed like a sea gull in the night  
Her billowing sails a ghostly white  
As she sped on the errant breeze.

The path around the wind-swept Horn  
 She and her mates well knew.  
 She swept to the harbor of Saigon  
 Her pennant flying night and morn,  
 The red, the white, the blue.

She braved the old Pacific's tides  
 Off the Columbia's bar.  
 Despite the Storm King, how trim she rides  
 As the rippling waters caress her sides,  
 At rest from her trips afar.

There was a time in the long ago,  
 Ere the smoke smudge flecked the sky,  
 She was known where the Southern Cross hangs low,  
 Where the whispering trade winds softly blow,  
 Where the albatrosses fly.

From Lands End to the Golden Gate,  
 From the Hook to Puget Sound,  
 She traveled, she and her flying mate,  
 Beautiful wanderers, birds of fate,  
 To the oceans farthest bound.

Never her kind was held in bond,  
 Her home was the briny sea;  
 Away and away to the great beyond,  
 The distance her stout heart knew and scorned,  
 As the eagle, bold and free.

Let the great steel palaces float along,  
 Heedless of wind or tide,  
 Forward they speed to the pulsing song  
 Of the whirring engines, giant strong,  
 Master of all they glide.

But give me the sheer of the clipper ship,  
With sails set, flying free,  
Scuppers awash as the keen winds nip,  
And her graceful rise and foaming dip  
To the motion of the sea.

Give me the sailor of days of old,  
Alas, where are they gone?  
Oh, they were the lads who were true and bold,  
Who the sights had seen and the stories told  
Of the gales off the raging Horn.

Of the Indian Ocean hurricane  
Where with battened hatch they stood,  
Of the pirates off the Chinese main.  
Ah, could they live the days again  
Of the clipper ship of wood!

But let go the anchor and furl the sail,  
Farewell to the oceans free;  
Farewell to the sailor, farewell to the gale,  
To the foreign ports and the seadogs hail,  
And the Soul of the open sea.



## MAINE

Here's to your rugged coast line, here's to your sunlit sea,  
 Here's to your gleaming cities, here's to your spaces free  
 Where the hilltops smile a welcome, where the pine trees waving  
      stand,

And the gleaming lakes are jewels set by the Master's hand.  
 Here's to your crystal rivers, caressing the verdant shore,  
 Where the silent valleys linger in memory o'er and o'er.

Here's to your cool sea breezes, balm to the heat oppressed,  
 Giving the heart new courage, giving the weary rest.  
 Here's to your snows of winter, here's to your storm or calm;  
 Here's to your leagues of forest, and to your smiling farm.  
 Here's to your bays and islands, studding your rock-bound coast;  
 Here's to you, Maine, in every way. This is our silent toast.

Our Maine! We love your beauty, you are by nature blessed;  
 And here we toast thy children, as fine as nature's best.  
 Wherever they may have wandered, here's to the absent ones.  
 Loyal they will be always. Here's to your daughters and sons.  
 Wherever in this broad nation their restless feet have trod,  
 They see thee, Maine, in their dreaming, your sea and their native  
      sod.

And here's to your other children who are with you, Maine, today;  
 They love you, Maine, and from you they do not care to stray.  
 You hold them as precious jewels, they hold you in reverence  
      deep;

Here they will live life's fullness, here they will lie in sleep;  
 And ever your stars will shine o'er them, and over them be your  
      sod,

Where the breezes whisper a promise, and where nature speaks  
      of God.

## THE PINE TREE STATE

Proudly fronting the foam-flecked sea  
Which breaks on her headlands high,  
Lifting in pride her sheltering tree  
'Neath the dome of the azure sky;  
Holding her lakes like jewels rare  
Lapped in her verdant gown,  
Raising aloft into the air  
Her mountains as her crown;  
Strewing her sparkling sands to greet  
The billowing ocean's sweep,  
Leading her brooks with tripping feet  
To her tranquil lakes to sleep,  
Weaving her rivers in and out  
Through city and field and glen,  
Scattering her riches all about  
For the hands and eyes of men.  
This is the State which smiling waits  
With welcoming arms spread wide  
Above the thresholds of her gates,  
Above her ceaseless tide.

## THE VIKING'S LIFE FOR ME

Oh the Architect who patterned us had for each a different plan,  
 When He molded earth and water and thus He fashioned man.  
 Oh, one He made to grub the ground amid the heat and dust,  
 And one with feel like shining steel, and one He made to rust.  
 And then He fashioned men of oak, and then like dwarfed pine,  
 And some He made strong as the cliff, and some like clinging vine,  
 Again He made men all of fire, again like tender shoots,  
 Some made He to stand fast and strong with firm and sturdy roots.  
 But some He made to stray the earth like foam that rides the sea,  
 And when He made the sons of men, 'twas thus He fashioned me.

Oh when He made the Viking bold to journey far and wide,  
 To be as froth from off the wave that flecks the swirling tide,  
 To him He gave the eyes to pierce the northing of the sun,  
 To him He gave to wear the woof that homing bodies spun.  
 He gave him stirring of the blood that leads to further quest,  
 He left his squat-browed neighbors for the keeping of the nest.  
 He gave to him no lust for gold, but gave the lure of chase.  
 On the far sweep of endless deep he bared his haughty face.  
 His beacon light swept thro' the night on a wild and unknown sea,  
 Oh He who fashioned must have giv'n a Viking's blood to me.

For the salty breath of ocean is a balm unto my soul;  
 I love the tripping billow with it's never ending roll.  
 I dream of conquest far and wide upon the wind-swept deep,  
 I see forever in my dreams the light-winged surges sweep.  
 I feel the winds from off the vast and murky Afric shore,  
 I listen for the ocean song that on far reaches roar.  
 I storm the high iced pinnacles and scan the Arctic brine,  
 For this would be the life for me — I would that it were mine!  
 Oh that I lived the Viking's life! Oh that I braved the sea!  
 With its seething foam my only home — there would I ever be.



## WELCOME, RAIN!

"Bad" has the weather been, you say,  
 Because we have had rain today?  
 A welcome rain that fills each spring,  
 And starts the birds a-caroling,  
 Sweeping the fields and meadows clean,  
 Painting each leaf a dainty green,  
 Filling the brooks and ponds, each one,  
 To shine and sparkle in the sun.  
 Rain that sets the rivers free  
 And sends them downward to the sea,  
 Which fills the wells with water, too,  
 And brings the cooling cup to you.  
 Beneath a blazing sun the plain  
 Lies parched and dusty without rain.  
 If cloudless skies came every day  
 How we would hope and long and pray  
 For rain.

No, when it rains it is not "bad,"  
 We should be pleased instead of sad.  
 In this old world all kinds of weather  
 Are better mingled in together.  
 The sun may shine or it may not,  
 It may be cool, it may be hot.  
 What if the rain did spoil your play?  
 More welcome then the sunny day!  
 Surely the skies seem deeper blue  
 After the washing they've been through.  
 And every raindrop that you see  
 Is a sweet drink for shrub or tree.  
 When falls the snow and drifting lies  
 So pure and white beneath your eyes,

It wraps within its blanket light  
 The sleeping flowers snug and tight.  
 So what if it did rain today?  
 We should be mighty glad, I say,  
 For rain.

### THE LONG, LONG ROAD

There's a road I know a-winding through the sleepy meadows,  
 Ling'ring in the shady vale ere it leaps the hill,  
 Spanning the wild torrent then in its wayward fancy,  
 Delving in the tranquil nook, wand'ring where it will.

It has many a beauty spot glowing in the sunlight,  
 Many a gorgeous setting there, many a view sublime,  
 Up above the mirrored lakes gleaming in their splendor,  
 Fashioned in the eons past in the mold of time.

'Neath the arches of the trees now it goes a-rambling,  
 Beckoning the wayfarer on and ever on.  
 Now an old man climbs the steep, bent with years and weary,  
 Now the children's footsteps sound, echo and are gone.

Women's gentle voices rise, dying in the distance,  
 And youth's merry laughter rings clear upon the way,  
 Thronging on the highway in the sun or shadow,  
 Passing, ever passing, down the long road day by day.

Some with sturdy mien and strong pass before my vision,  
 Others with unsteady step walk with tear-dimmed eyes,  
 They can see no vista rare stretching from the hilltops,  
 Sleeping in sequestered vale, or resting in the skies.

And I breathe a simple prayer, humbled by the splendors  
 Garnered by the Master Hand — help me bear my load  
 So that when I lift my eyes to the far-flung grandeur,  
 I may see its beauties as I pass along the road.

## YOUTH AND AGE

The young wharf laughed at the rippling tide,  
 For the world was new and fair,  
 And the trim young clipper was by his side.  
 Oh, life was sweet and the world was wide;  
 The world was free from care.

The white-winged clipper said "Today  
 I must go away from you.  
 I will wander wherever the breezes stray,  
 And the grand old ocean and I shall play  
 Where skies are ever blue."

The gay young wharf said "Well I know  
 The lure of the sunlit sea.  
 Wherever you wander my thoughts will go,  
 And I shall always be true. I know  
 You will come back to me."

The clipper whispered, ready for flight  
 Out on the gleaming main,  
 Without a fear of the long dark night,  
 Or the storm-king's blast or the billow's might,  
 "I shall return again."

\* \* \* \* \*

But the years they come and the years they go,  
 And the wharf forsaken lies,  
 While the greedy tides that swiftly flow,  
 They tear his timbers above, below,  
 Under the dark grey skies.

And the clipper for aye sleeps her last sleep  
 Where far-off oceans roar.  
 Where countless fathoms of water sweep  
 Alone she lies in the sullen deep —  
 She will return no more.

#### FORTY YEARS AGO

I've wandered down the path, Ruth,  
 Where we were wont to stray  
 When you and I were young, dear —  
 It seems but yesterday.  
 The pond lies rippling as of old,  
 The swallows circling 'round,  
 With rushes growing by the bank,  
 Ah, yes, and there I found  
 A four-leaved clover by the shore  
 Just where they used to grow,  
 When we were young and found them there  
 Some forty years ago.

You know the path creeps thro' the grove.  
 Down by the winding brook,  
 Where, a boy, I fished for minnows  
 With bent pin for a hook?

I saw my face reflected  
 In the pool below the fall,  
 Or I'd have thought time had stood still —  
 I'd not grown old at all,  
 And that I was a boy once more,  
 For darting to and fro  
 Were the same minnows — that I'll swear —  
 Of forty years ago!

I strolled the old familiar path  
 To the spreading "Shady Oak,"  
 And what a host of memories  
 That leafy spot awoke!  
 For there we wandered many-a-time  
 With friends of bygone years.  
 I scarce could keep my eyes, Ruth,  
 From running o'er with tears.  
 For boys and girls of old, dear,  
 Sleep fast. They cannot know  
 Again the old tree-bowered way  
 Of forty years ago.

For all that time has sped, Ruth,  
 I saw one sight today;  
 A something time will never change  
 Let years pass as they may.  
 I saw a youth and maiden stroll  
 The way *we* used to do.  
 And — whisper it — I *peeked* and *thought*  
 I saw him kiss her, too!  
 While all the wide world seems to think  
 Old days so very slow,  
 Still, *some* things have not changed, dear,  
 Since forty years ago.

## WHEN THE LEAVES DRIFT DOWN

Winter's on the doorstep. Trees are gettin' bare.  
 Tang o' somethin' chilly — frost is in the air.  
 Birds have quit their singin'. Seen some geese today  
 Goin' to the suth'ard, wingin' on their way.  
 Huntin' up my overcoat an' my woolen socks.  
 Gotter have 'em ready when the North Wind knocks.  
 Somethin' in the offin' mighty like a frown.  
 Winter's on the doorstep

When —

The —

Leaves —

Drift —

Down.

Better bank the house up ready for the snow  
 When you hear the dyin' leaves rustlin' to an' fro.  
 Sets a feller thinkin' Winter's here again  
 When they "swish" acrost the yard hittin' on the pane.  
 Night's are gettin' longer, fields all bleak an' cold,  
 Trees a-creakin' in the wind lookin' bare an' old.  
 Things are mighty dismal all around the town;  
 Winter's on the doorstep

When —

The —

Leaves —

Drift —

Down.

Maple grove looks ghostly standin' on the hill.  
 Evenin's gettin' longer, lonely-like an' still.  
 Birds have quit their singin'; don't hear them no more.  
 Git a breath o' winter openin' the door.

Wind is goes a-moanin'. Sun is sailin' low.  
 Winter'll show up here-a-bouts first thing that *you know!*  
 Vines around the ol' stonewall withered up an' brown.  
 Winter's on the doorstep

When —

The —

Leaves —

Drift —

Down.

I've got a lot o' wood an' a stove all set.  
 Ol' Jack Frost'll have a job gettin' of me yet!  
 Bossy cow out in the barn mighty snug an' warm.  
 Reckon *she* won't have to think much about a storm.  
 Got a wife to do her share an' a kid or two,  
 We'll be mighty fine an' warm when the wind goes "Who-o-o."  
 So we won't be frightened at Winter's ol' white gown,  
 Tho' he's on the doorstep

When —

The —

Leaves —

Drift —

Down.

## WHEN THE LEAVES ARE TURNIN' BROWN

When the leaves are turnin' brown,  
 Seems as 'f I'm blue them days,  
 As I watch 'em tumblin' down.  
 Can't get used to it noways.  
 'Taint the leaves so much I mind  
 As the feelin' that the year  
 Is a-growin' so unkind;  
 Sort o' crabid like an' sere.  
 Dismal too in this ol' town  
 When the leaves are turnin' — turnin' brown.

Them leaves never thought o' *old*  
 When they was all sparklin' new.  
 Never thought they'd die an' mold,  
 Whisperin' in the *summer* dew.  
 Maybe they was just like me  
 'Fore the years got slippin' by,  
 Couldn't nohow seem to see  
 Ol' man winter drawin' nigh.  
 Soon he'll flaunt his snowy gown  
 When the leaves are turnin' — turnin' brown.

Once I was so very young,  
 All I thought of was my play.  
 Leaped and laughed and ran and sung,  
 But my childhood wouldn't stay.  
 Sort o' drifted to a man  
 'Fore I knew that I was grown.  
 Seems 'f that had just began  
 When — I'm gettin' old, I own.  
 Soon *I'll* be a driftin' down  
 Like the leaves a turnin' — turnin' brown.



Time is sure to get his due  
 Out o' everything that grows.  
 Leaves are just like me an' you —  
 Sport o' ev'ry wind that blows.  
 Seems 'f there aint no rest  
 For us, 'f we're leaf or man,  
 But perhaps its for the best —  
 All a part o' some great plan.  
 Really aint no sense to frown  
 When the leaves are turnin' — turnin' brown.

## THE OLD HOME TOWN

The old home town, the old home town wherever it may be,  
 Though lacking in a world renown, by hill or rolling sea,  
 By the great woods which stretch away, or on the grassy plain,  
 We long to visit it some day and tread its paths again.

To hear once more in peaceful hours the boom of sounding sea,  
 To wander 'neath its shady bowers and each familiar tree.  
 To clasp the hand of friends of old, to walk the well-known ways,  
 To leave pursuit of fickle gold, and as in other days,

The richer, purer boyhood days, to seek the quiet nook  
 Where the clear rippling waters play along the winding brook;  
 To dream again the dreams of youth when as a carefree boy  
 We thought of fame, of shining gold, of coming years of joy.

What if the dream is vanished now, and cares have left their trace  
 Upon the once smooth white of brow, upon the wrinkled face?  
 Today you are a boy once more, today the skies of blue,  
 The flowers in bloom with fragrance sweet, are smiling there for  
 you.

Today the brook in murmuring flows, the breeze which whispers  
round,

The birds that sing, they seem to know they are on sacred ground.  
For 'neath these trees your father trod, your father's father, too.  
It seems as if the very sod breathes welcomings to you.

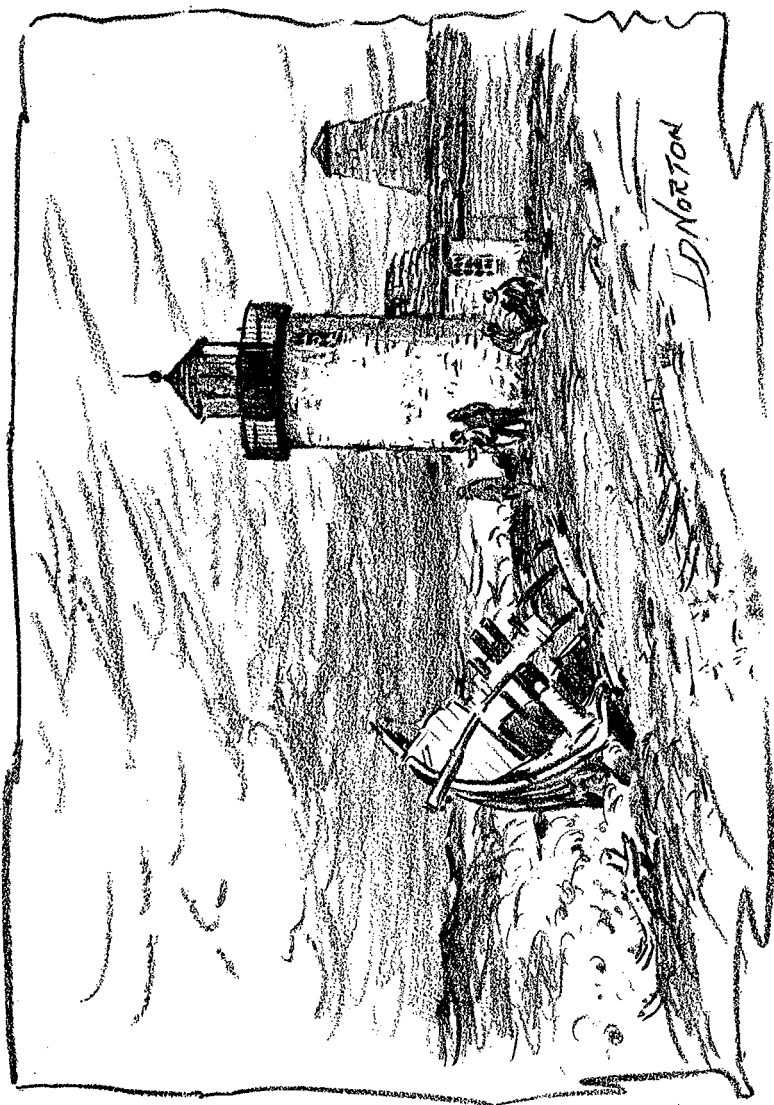
Far, far off is the cities' strife, the rush and roar of trade;  
The very stress and sounds of life are hushed within the glade.  
The drowsy stillness broods around, and gladness kin to pain  
Binds you to the familiar ground, for you are home again!

### MY SAILOR LAD

In a village churchyard dear to me  
There sleeps a sailor, "home from sea."  
On the far reach of foaming main  
Where soft sea breezes blow again,  
And white-winged ships forever ride  
Close in the arms of the restless tide,  
The winds still whisper of distant shore,  
And call to the sailor as of yore;  
But never again will breezes free  
Call to *my* sailor, "home from sea."

There was a time when young and gay,  
His roving heart would never stay  
Hemmed in by narrow village bound;  
He wandered the beckoning world around.  
He saw the Arctic ice-flow sweep,  
He watched the wave of the Tropic leap.





D. NORTON

*"As they dash in foam on the rock-bound shore."*

He marked the Southern Cross aglow  
 Like a diadem in Heaven's bow.  
 But now the North Stars silently  
 Watch o'er my sailor, "home from sea."

Dear sailor lad, your heart is still,  
 Yet when the East wind sweeps the hill,  
 Perchance you hear the breakers roar  
 As they dash in foam on the rock-bound shore.  
 And when that clarion call is heard,  
 Perhaps your soul, like a soaring bird,  
 Wings its way o'er that boundless track  
 Where the petral calls 'mid the salt sea-wrack,  
 And there, as the billows thunder past,  
 In that shoreless zone, finds peace at last.

### THE HAVEN

The Captain is a wanderer and roams the oceans wide,  
 Still he see his far-off home by night and day;  
 O he sees it in his dreaming as he breasts the restless tide,  
 For his haven is the cottage far away.

A little cottage nestles in a quaint New England town,  
 And the smoke wreathes from its chimney day by day,  
 Where the village folk walk slowly passing by it up and down—  
 Just a little house along a quiet way.

But the cottage small which nestles there is known in foreign lands,  
 For a Captain calls that dwelling place his home,  
 And he sees it in his dreaming as he looks on far-off strands,  
 For his heart is there wherever he may roam.  
 He sees its smiling windows and its quaint low hanging eaves,  
 The syringa bush upon the sloping lawn,  
 He sees the trees above it and hears the rustling leaves,  
 And the robins sweetly singing in the morn.

The Captain is a sailor and he loves the leaping sea  
 As it dashes and it crashes into foam,  
 But O that humble dwelling is where he'd ever be,  
 For his haven is his little cottage home.

In fancy he can see again his wife stand at the door,  
 And hear his children's laughter in the air,  
 And their voices ever ringing and their steps upon the floor,  
 With the soft still calm when twilight gathers there.  
 In fancy he can see again its windows one by one  
 Shine out like beacon lights which brighter glow  
 As the pale stars gleam above them with the setting of the sun,  
 And he seems to hear the voices soft and low  
 Of his children as they gather in the old familiar place  
 To seek their rest — for past the time of play —  
 While the shadows sweetly linger upon each little face,  
 And he wonders, did they think of me today?

The Captain is a wanderer, but there's moisture in his eye  
 As for the long, long miles he crests the foam.  
 O his family is his anchor as the days go slowly by,  
 And his haven is his little cottage home.

## BUT OF HIM, NO WORD

I went to the old house upon the hill  
 Where he had lived, close by the dusty road.  
 I saw the growing corn he used to till  
 Waiting his hand, on ground which he had sowed.  
 I marked the cleft-wood stacked in even rows  
 Where he had piled it — now his work was done.  
 I saw the stubble, where not long ago  
 He swung his scythe under the noonday sun.  
 Within the house were neighbors, just like me,  
 Waiting until the preacher's words were said.  
 Outside, a bird sang in a tall elm tree  
 Its clearest notes above the peaceful dead.  
 It seemed as if the silent lips must ask  
 What he could do for friends now gathered here?  
 His hands had lightened many a homely task,  
 His sage advice had helped them year by year.  
 The preacher rose, and he spoke very well.  
 He said all he could say. He only knew  
 The old man a short time. What could he tell?  
 We folks knew him as only neighbors do.  
 I watched the slow procession as it went  
 Down the long hill and then around the bend.  
 His rambler roses were in bloom. Their scent  
 Breathed a last farewell to the kindly friend.  
 And yet, as soon I went my homeward way,  
 It seemed he was forgotten, for I heard  
 The talk of crops and gossip of the day,  
 Of this and that thing — but of *him*, no word.

## SAGA OF THE VIKINGS

Three Viking ships sailed with the tide,  
 Three Viking ships all side by side  
 Sailed to the West where the sunlight dies,  
 The West where the home of the Storm King lies,  
 They scorned the weight of his heavy hand,  
 Nor looked they back to their far-off land.  
 The endless sweep of an unknown deep  
 Was naught to the gallant band.

Night after night and day after day,  
 Till their land-locked fjords were far away.  
 Behind they left the dawn's pale light,  
 Ahead lay only the long dark night,  
 Still by the pale stars gleam they steered  
 Till one by one they disappeared,  
 And the East aglow in its flaming bow  
 Told that the Sun-God neared.

The Storm King woke in his eerie lair,  
 He roughed the sea and he stirred the air,  
 He laughed "Ha-Ha" and he laughed "Ho-Ho"  
 As he drove the rain and swirled the snow.  
 "Do they think," he said, "To rule the sea?  
 When all its might belongs to me?  
 Without my breath 'tis as still as death."  
 And he laughed aloud in glee.

The old Storm King looked forth again  
 And saw three ships on the gleaming main —  
 Three Viking ships far, far from shore  
 Where never a ship had sailed before.



And his laugh was stilled as he saw the sea  
 Smile on the ships which danced in glee.  
 His wrath waxed great as he looked in hate  
 And said "Do they dare scorn me?"

So he blew his breath, and ere 'twas done  
 The Storm-King's minions hid the sun.  
 He bade them smite the placid deep  
 Till its waters rose with a blasting leap.  
 He raged and tore at each splitting sail,  
 He drove the snow and the beating hail.  
 Fast in his grip each puny ship  
 Was lashed by a giant flail.

Like wraiths they pass in the freezing night  
 Spurred by the Storm King's awful might.  
 They leaped to the black waves tossing crest  
 Borne along to the unknown West.  
 They sped afar on a groaning keel  
 'Neath his giant hand, come woe or weal.  
 Thro' the blinding snow and the grinding floe  
 Where the thundering iceburgs reel.

Thro' the pitch-black night, thro' the storm-rent day,  
 He whipped the sea into blinding spray  
 That smothered the ships in a yeasty foam.  
 Quoth he "No more shall ye see your home,  
 Nor the pleasant fjords of your Northern shore.  
 Here shall I keep ye evermore  
 To walk the decks of your sodden wrecks,  
 Mid the breakers crash and roar."

When at length the Storm King eased his might  
 One ship of the three was still in sight.  
 Bold Eric the Red stood at her prow,

The cold sun shone on his flaxen brow.  
 Quoth he, "What sound is this I hear?  
 'Tis lee-shore breakers and land is near."  
 With a dauntless eye he scanned the sky,  
 And never a sign of fear.

The Storm King muttered "I've wrought in vain  
 Of Viking's all if one remain.  
 Although my minions have guarded long  
 This land of legend and ancient song,  
 Woodland and mountain and forest tree,  
 Wide-flung prairie and inland sea,  
 This wond'rous land of the shining strand  
 Will belong no more to me."

This is the tale that the saga told  
 Of the wonderful voyage of the Vikings bold.  
 The marvelous tale of Eric the Red  
 Who came from the West as from the dead,  
 To tell of the land far, far away,  
 The land the Storm King held in sway,  
 Until the hour that stole his power,  
 And Fate held him at bay.



# HIGHWAY AND BYWAY



## HIGHWAY AND BYWAY

### “FRIEND, I GREET THEE”

You are my friend, and what may be  
My lot, whether on sunlit sea  
My bark shall sail with fav'ring tide,  
Or safe within the harbor ride,  
With stress of storm or thunder's crash,  
And terror of swift lightning flash  
Unknown to me. Or if my fate  
Shall bear me to the very gate  
Of doom, while strains each bending sail  
Lashed by the fury of the gale,  
Still, steady as the evening star,  
You, friend, will follow me afar,  
And whereso'er my lot is cast  
Will strive to shield me from the blast.  
So, winter sea or summer sun  
You cheer me all my journeys run,  
And meet me at my travels end  
With welcome smile. I greet thee—friend.

## FRIENDSHIP

I'd ask, had I a wish been given  
 By Fairy Sprite or Elfin Band,  
 No greater boon than you have granted —  
 The clasp of friendship — hand and hand.  
 A friendship that can understand,  
 Nor seek for fault, nor swerve nor sway  
 With ev'ry wind from day to day,  
 But friendship broad, forgiving, free,  
 And such a friend you are to me.  
 A friend who scans not yesterday,  
 But lights tomorrow on its way.

## IT ISN'T THE WORLD, IT'S YOU

This jolly old earth was made for mirth,  
 For song and laughter gay,  
 So keep a smile on your face the while  
 You journey on your way.  
 Just sing and be glad as though you had  
 No time for feeling blue.  
 If you can't do this there's something amiss —  
 It isn't the world, it's *you*.

The world wasn't made for men afraid  
 To let a laugh ring out,  
 And if you will grin you'll surely win,  
 There isn't a bit of doubt.  
 For all you're worth keep a stock of mirth  
 On hand, and a laugh or two,  
 And a little song. When the world goes wrong  
 It isn't the world, it's *you*.

It's always worth while to keep a smile  
 On tap, for a rainy day,  
 For the sun won't shine and the roses twine  
 Around you all the way.  
 Just a hearty laugh will cut in half  
 The troubles that you knew.  
 When the world goes wrong and you haven't a song,  
 It isn't the world, it's *you*.

### OH, SO LONELY!

How many a day has passed away, we've watched the moon to  
 wane,

Since you and I went rambling down the now forsaken lane;  
 Still I see it in my dreaming with the sunlight softly streaming,  
 And tell to me, Oh tell to me, that you will come again!

At morn I hear so soft and clear the birds that greet the day,  
 Yet tho 'tis bright with morning light to me the skies are gray.  
 Somehow I miss the dawning of the beauties of the morning  
 With you away, my darling, with you so far away.

Then come to me, so I can see once more the golden light  
 That lingers o'er the sea and moor when you are in my sight.  
 Just set the world in tune again under the sil'vry moon again,  
 For till you come the world is dark and ev'ry day is night.

Oh, don't you hear the ocean near a-breaking on the shore?  
 Oh, can't you see the trysting tree all lonely on the moor?  
 And the ripples all a-quiver when the moonlight's on the river,  
 And can't you see me waiting, a-waiting at the door?

### THE HOME O' MY DREAMS

I've a snug little home in dreamland,  
 (Can it be that dreams come true?)  
 Where the rambling breezes scamper by,  
 And the beckoning waters greet the eye,  
 And the friendly hills in the distance lie  
 Caressed by a sky of blue.

And this little home in my dreamland,  
 The rambling vines entwine.  
 The smoke from its chimney greets the day,  
 While its windows smile in a welcoming way,  
 And the merry sunbeams love to play  
 Round about this home of mine.

But this little home in my dreamland —  
 Let me whisper a secret true —  
 Would never a home in my fancy be,  
 The blue of its sky and its sunlit sea  
 Would fade to a desolate nothing to me  
 But for one little girl — that's you.



# LEAD ME HOME

When the morning sun is waking in his glory,  
 And singing birds with rapture greet the day,  
 As all the world glows with a new-born splendor,  
 I take the road which stretches far away.

When the sun is lost behind the western hilltops,  
 And winging birds have sought their leafy nest,  
 As evening shadows gather round about me,  
 I take the road which leads to home and rest.

God grant when my life's evening's shadows lengthen,  
 And I, weary, can no longer roam,  
 That His Own Hand will in my weakness, strengthen,  
 And guide me by the road which leads me Home.

# THINKING OF THEE

I think of thee, beloved, when the sun's last rays are sped,  
 And the silver moon like a pendant, hangs in its star-bejewelled  
 bed.

And my thoughts, like the river speeding to the arms of the  
 waiting sea,

There to abide whate'er betide, will always return to thee.

## LAUGHTER AND LOVE AND YOU

There are many things in this world, I know,  
 To cause a heartache, grief, and woe.  
 There is envy and malice, sickness and pain,  
 The loss of friends and the chilling rain;  
 The days when the wintry winds blow cold,  
 The days when the world seems sere and old,  
 When life is drear and harsh and bleak,  
 When the voice of hope is faint and weak.  
 Ah! all these things I know are true,  
 But then, there is laughter, and love, and you.

For every sigh there is somewhere a song,  
 There is somewhere a right for every wrong;  
 For every winter there comes a spring,  
 For each tolling bell, the joy-bells ring.  
 When the storm beats fast and snow lies deep,  
 The flowers are not dead — just asleep.  
 And though dreams I have which prove but vain,  
 Still, brighter days must come again.  
 And lo! the sun comes peeping through  
 In the thought of laughter, and love, and you.

## TO THE LOSERS

When the winner flashes across the tape,  
 And the crowds which throng the place  
 Greet with a roar the victory great  
 Of the one who won the race,

What of the others who tried and failed,  
 Who could not forge to the fore?  
 So here's to the losers, they did their best,  
 And the winners did no more!

For every winner who braves the test,  
 There are many who try and fail,  
 Who stand on the sidelines blue and glum  
 As the crowd the victors hail.  
 Thumbs down for the ones who lack the speed,  
 They get no wild encore!  
 But here's to the losers, they did their best,  
 And the winners did no more!

So for all those who try for fame  
 In struggle and blare and heat,  
 For every one who a victor is  
 There are dozens who taste defeat,  
 Whose names are not writ on victory's scroll,  
 Or known from shore to shore,  
 But here's to the losers, they did their best,  
 And the winners did no more!

So if you're a loser don't falter and slip,  
 Don't grieve and bemoan and pine;  
 There are others — a legion — who've lost like you  
 With never a loser's whine!  
 For some one to win others must lose;  
 What then if the crowds loud roar  
 Is not for you? You did your best,  
 And the winners did no more!

## THE POOREST MAN

The poorest man in my town walked by my place today.  
 He sees no beauty in the skies, no children round him play.  
 To aid distress is not his way in thought or word or deed;  
 To be a helper in the world is foreign to his creed.  
 His neighbors do not look to him for kindly word or act,  
 There's no such thing within his ken as sympathy or tact.  
 And "home" is all unknown to him; he goes his way through life  
 Without the touch of childish hands, without the love of wife.  
 The kindly handclasp is not his; a nod is his salute;  
 He seeks no friendly gatherings, he is alone and mute.  
 His voice is never heard to rise in free and gladsome song;  
 Alone he goes his silent way, a weary way and long.

And yet his check is good as gold at any bank you name;  
 He is not poor in worldly goods; that is not what I claim.  
 His house is on a corner lot, it has a spacious lawn,  
 And costly furnishings he sees upon each waking morn.  
 I say that any man is poor when love and sympathy  
 For fellow-beings is not his, whoever he may be;  
 Whose purse is never open to the needy and distressed;  
 Who has no smile of greeting; he misses all life's best.  
 The man whose thought is all of "self," who on gain sets his store,  
 Is poorer than the mendicant who goes from door to door.  
 And whatsoever is your lot, whatever is your need,  
 Then pity still the poorest man — for he is poor indeed!

## OWNERSHIP

They say he owns the land — and yet it cannot be.

True, at the county seat in bulky books his name  
Stands on the title free and clear. Who owns the sea?

It surges on unheedful of the petty claim  
Of humans. So the land in its majestic sweep

Will bring forth fruits and trees and grasses year by year  
To bloom and die again, while the shy brook will creep

By hedge and green-clad field, and ever far and near  
The hills will stand unmoved, flanked by their boulders grim,

The vales will silent lie, the ponds will lave the shore,  
And he who "owns" the land? Small heed it pays to him!

'Tis his to use a little while — and then no more.

## ONLY HER WAY

It was "Only her way" the neighbors said,

"Only her way" that she comforted

The sorrowing, soothed the sick and sad,

And was always brave and always glad,

With a smile that was like a ray of light

Shining out in the dark of night.

To some heart heavy with grief or shame

It was her way to forbear to blame.

Her step was light as a bird on the wing,

Her voice as soft as the touch of spring,

And the world is a better place today

Because she lived in "Only her way."

Yes, "Only her way" to be good and kind,  
 To show her goodness in face and mind,  
 To touch with peace the paths she trod,  
 A smile from the wan face her reward;  
 To live her life in a quiet way  
 As the Lord would have her, day by day.  
 In the busy marts of the ways of men  
 She is not known, but I know that when  
 The Recording Angel sees her place  
 On the Book of Life, that his tender face  
 Shines like the rays of the noonday sun,  
 And his lips speak of her the words "Well Done."

## HAPPINESS

He loved the simple things of earth —  
 A happy child, the birds, a bit of mirth;  
 The ling'ring melody of some old song;  
 The sheltering tree, the evening long  
 Spent by the flickering firelight aglow  
 With a true friend; the quiet talk and low;  
 The dreamy shadows hov'ring round on dusky wings  
 Were his delight — he loved the simple things.

He loved his home; the peaceful hour;  
 The mystic beauty in each blossomed flower;  
 The music of a childish laugh; his book;  
 The clasp of hand; the singing of the brook.





*"Waters untroubled, the haven safe."*



He saw the beauty in the starlit skies;  
 He met the world with brave untroubled eyes.  
 He had the lasting peace which ever clings  
 To those who know the joy in simple things.

He loved the sunrise and the noon.  
 His heart made of his life an endless tune.  
 Sweet music for his ears in all around,  
 While others, passing onward, heard no sound.  
 He had the time to love, but never time to hate;  
 He scorned the base in life; he envied not the great.  
 His was the soothing peace which nature brings  
 To quiet minds who love the simple things.

As life's swift currents round us flow  
 We mark the restless ones who come and go  
 Unsatisfied, rail on at bitter fate.  
 All rudderless, they drift on seas of hate.  
 Scornful, with blind unseeing eyes  
 They pass the tranquil harbor wherein lies  
 Water untroubled, the haven safe which brings  
 A lasting peace—the love of simple things.

## TWO MEN

Two men passed in the city street; one smug and debonair,  
 The other bent, with shuffling gait, nor saw each other there.

Once rugged ranger of the world and rover of the seas,  
 One knew the urge of the unknown, had tasted mysteries,

Had manned the yards in waters far on many a gale-swept ship,  
 And felt the stinging icy air where raging north winds grip.  
 Had tramped the teeming Eastland where there is no fear of God,  
 And passed with reckless daring thro' the sloughs of life, rough-  
 shod.

Had lain with far unseeing eyes upon the desert sand,  
 And dreamed with tortured fancy of a tilled and watered land.  
 Had roamed the world's wide spaces since life for him began,  
 And now was worn and bent and gray — the remnant of a man.

One keeper of an office desk, the guardian of a chair,  
 The sheltered life had been his lot. He had not dared to dare.  
 His feet had trod a care-free way with hirelings always near.  
 He never knew the crushing grip of the icy hand of fear.  
 His smooth brow never felt the sting of swirling wintry blast,  
 In pleasant ways, 'neath balmy skies, his lot was always cast.  
 Content to walk a tranquil path at ease with book and friend,  
 Unruffled by the stirring winds a roving life may send.  
 And thinking of what life may mean, pray tell us which is which;  
 Is the "rich" man poor in living, or is the "poor" man rich?

### "SOMEBODY'S MOTHER"

She walks in life's sequestered way,  
 "Somebody's mother," day by day.  
 "Somebody's mother" is always near  
 To wipe away the childish tear.  
 She soothes to rest the tired head;  
 She listens while lisping prayers are said.

The while she sews on endless seams,  
 "Somebody's mother" has her dreams,  
 And finds a peace and lasting joy  
 In her laughing girl and happy boy.

"Somebody's mother" holds heartstrings tight  
 Through the busy day and silent night.  
 And through the years must brush away  
 The cares that come each dawning day.  
 "Somebody's mother" has tired feet,  
 Yet a smile which never knows defeat.  
 Though clouds may gather, she sees the sky  
 Serene and blue in the "by and by."  
 "Somebody's mother" close guards the hearth,  
 In sunshine or shadow around the earth.

"Somebody's mother" sees her boy  
 As he used to be, in a little toy.  
 And let the years pass as they will,  
 Thinks of you as her "baby" still.  
 "Somebody's mother" though days are long,  
 Hums as she works a snatch of song,  
 "Somebody's mother's" heart beats true  
 In her tender love and care for you,  
 And through her life for you will pray.  
 God bless "Somebody's mother" day by day.

## BLESSINGS

"Why plant that tree?" the neighbor said,  
 "When it comes to fruit you will long be dead."

The old man answered "That is true,  
 But in my youth a fine tree grew  
 Loaded with apples, and I, you see,  
 Oft' times ate from that friendly tree.  
 My playmates and I, we gathered round  
 With luscious apples on tree and ground,  
 And often a royal feast we had,  
 And after us many a lass and lad  
 As autumns passed, with smiling face,  
 Sought out that old familiar place.  
 E'en then the tree was old," he said,  
 "And he who planted it long since dead.  
 We children never knew his name,  
 Or where he lived or whence he came,  
 But many a little child has there  
 Blessed that one with a silent prayer  
 All unknown to themselves," said he,  
 "And I want such blessings to follow me."

### THE CHILDREN'S LEGACY

He planted a tree one spring-time day,  
 An apple tree in the moist, warm soil.  
 Worked with a will tho' feeble, gray,  
 And worn with his many years of toil.  
 A passer-by laughed as on he went,  
 And said to himself, with feeling grim,  
 "I think his day could be better spent  
 For all the good that will be for him!"

Little he knew what the old man thought  
 As he worked thro' the noon with sweat-lined brow  
 Little he knew his vision caught  
 A wealth of fruit on an arching bough,  
 A vision of children on bended knee  
 Who gathered the apples one by one,  
 Apples which grew on a spreading tree—  
 And he smiling worked till his task was done.

### “HOME, WITH YOU”

When the long days come and the soft winds sigh,  
 And whisper of home as they pass me by,  
 While ever around the jangling jar  
 Of the city echoes near and far,  
 And buildings rise to the shut-in skies,  
 Ah, 'tis then that my memory flies  
 Back to the country, clean and cool,  
 To the velvet grass and the jasper pool,  
 With the long road stretching far away  
 In dreamy stillness day by day,  
 To the clear fresh air, and the mornings still,  
 With welcoming light on the green-clad hill.  
 To the robin-red-breasts upon the lawn,  
 As they sing their joy at the coming dawn,  
 To the tall trees arching the village street,  
 Where echoes the tread of friendly feet,

To the houses snuggling, now here, now there,  
 And the lilacs scenting the spring-time air.  
 And though I am far away, 'tis true,  
 In spirit I'm home again with you.

And as the evening shadows fall  
 On the towering buildings, wall on wall,  
 As the city twilight comes again —  
 Not as the twilight of wood and glen,  
 Clear and cool and soft and sweet,  
 But harsh in the stress of the busy street,  
 I see you, mother, standing still,  
 Looking far off to the shadowy hill;  
 Standing there in the pale light's glow  
 As I used to see you long ago.  
 And I fancy your thoughts perhaps may be  
 Wandering far away to me;  
 To your boy, who in old days loved to roam,  
 But at evening hour sought his home.  
 And with trustful eyes I know you'll wait  
 For me again at the old worn gate,  
 And greet me with brimming eyes, yet gay,  
 That tell me more than your lips can say —  
 That tell me you always and ever knew  
 My heart, dear mother, is "home" with you.

### "BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE"

I knew a house where the wealthy dwell,  
 Richly furnished and decked as well,  
 Where notes of the pure toned organ swell.

Where the curtains are never pulled awry,  
 Or a speck of dust allowed to lie,  
 And the social status is high, so high!  
 Rich tapestries there and rugs galore  
 Cover the sheen of the polished floor,  
 But something is needed — something more  
 To make a HOME.

There are silken-clad at the portico  
 In their powered motors purring low,  
 And all so dainty and fine, I know.  
 There the servants come at the merest nod,  
 And the rugs are soft as ever were trod  
 'Neath the dainty feet of the satin-shod,  
 And all that money can possibly get  
 To keep a body from care and fret  
 Is there for the mere caprice. And yet,  
 It isn't a HOME.

I know a house where the children shout,  
 And all day long run in and out,  
 And scatter their playthings all about,  
 And stub their toes and skin their knees,  
 And laugh and swing from the apple trees,  
 And get the tan from the summer breeze.  
 Where the floors show marks of many feet,  
 And a patch may show on each trouser's seat.  
 True, it may not be on a modish street,  
 But it's a HOME.

Where neighbors "drop in" and "spend awhile,"  
 With welcome, cheery words and a smile.  
 Where a last year's gown is this year's style.

Where the husband must always work if he can,  
 And the wife is willing to skimp and plan  
 To make each little go far as she can.  
 Through anxious moments day by day  
 Hope has never *quite* withered away.  
 Oh, it may not be Heaven, but then *I* say  
 This is a HOME.

### THE LONG ROAD A-WINDING

The long road goes a-winding, and wanders where it will,  
 And now it rambles in the vale, and now it climbs the hill,  
 And now it leaps the torrent, again is arched with trees,  
 Sometimes it weaves a weary way, anon it takes its ease  
 By the far-reaching meadows to keep tryst with the brook,  
 Or delves with wayward fancy into some peaceful nook.

The road is long, but from it is many a view sublime,  
 The road is steep, and on it is many a weary climb,  
 The road is hard, but there is heard the tread of childish feet,  
 The road is rough, but on our way oft'times a friend we greet,  
 The road is filled with wayfarers — the weak, the sad, the gay —  
 At times the shadows gather there, at times the sunbeams play.

And some among the passing throng can see no vista fair;  
 For them no radiant mornings, no beauties rich and rare.  
 Their eyes are all unseeing to the grandeur of the hill,  
 They know no restful valleys, nor hear the birds soft trill.  
 They only sense the roughness, and the burdens of the load;  
 Oh, may I see its beauties as I pass along the road.



## THE UNKNOWN BRAVE

There are brave souls in this world of ours,  
 The halt, the weary, the sick, the old,  
 Under its drab skies, under its showers,  
 Feeling the blast of the winter cold.  
 Alone in the harsh world — none to save  
 From the bitter sting of the cruel years.  
 Passing, passing, yet brave, so brave,  
 With a smile that hides the tears.

For them no trump of the victor swells,  
 No glad acclaim greets them — nor will.  
 Only their smile forever tells  
 That over their fate they are victors still.  
 Whate'er befall their brave souls shine  
 Through blasted hopes and bitter fears.  
 Ah, there is a pathos, and something fine  
 In the smile that hides the tears.

Never a victor with laurel crown  
 Who hears the peans which sing of fame,  
 Whatever his deeds or his renown,  
 However great the world's acclaim,  
 Can boast the vict'ry these may know —  
 The unsung heroes through the years,  
 Who silently, bravely, onward go  
 With a smile that hides the tears.

## A FAILURE?

Men say he is a failure. Yet I know

He is in touch with nature; friendly trees  
 Throw shelt'ring shade about him; the soft glow  
 Of welcome comes from sun and moon; the breeze  
 Whispers its secrets to him; the wild and weak  
 Who wander at their will thro' wooded lands  
 Seek not a refuge when his voice may speak,  
 But look on him as one who understands.

He loves and is beloved. No secret art

He uses as a quiet way he wends  
 Under the open skies, but nature's heart,  
 Responsive to his love, unto him sends  
 A prodigy of blessings from her store.  
 She looks on him with smiling eyes, and mild.  
 She trusts him with her secrets more and more,  
 And greets him with her arms spread wide—her child.

The flutt'ring wingèd hosts who throng the sky  
 Sing sweetest melodies along his way.

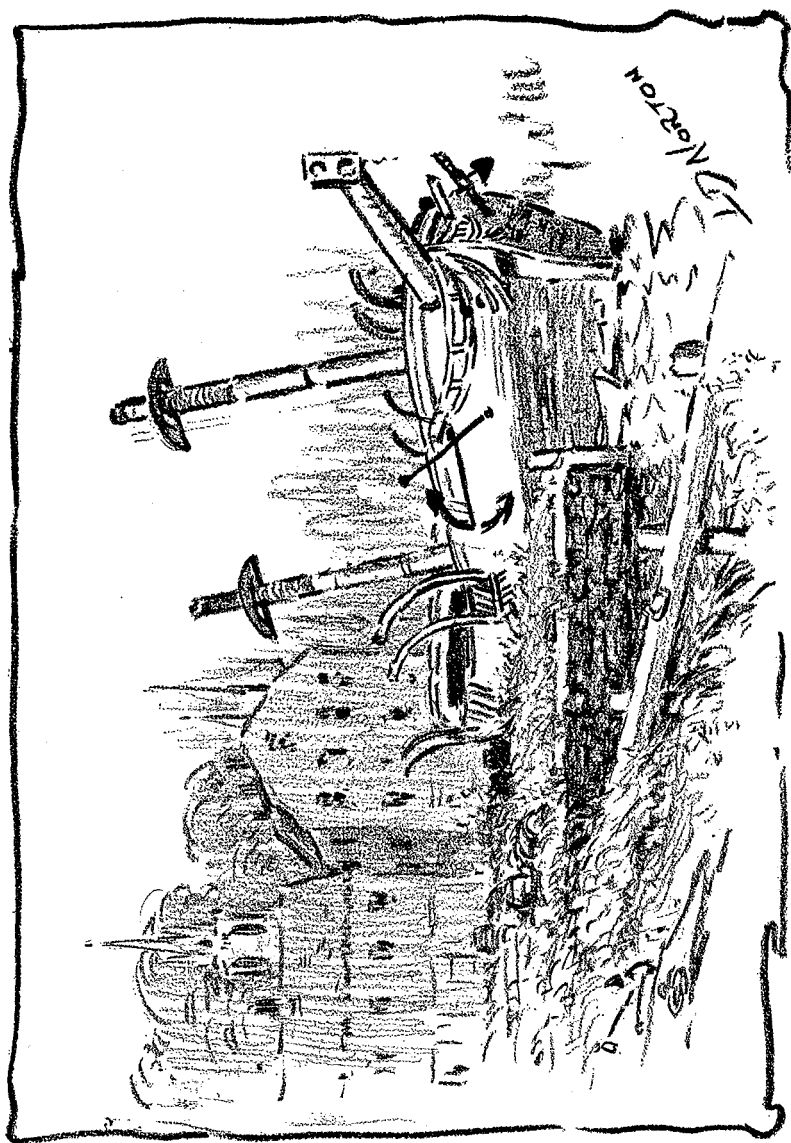
He knows the furry folk that pass him by,  
 Is welcomed as their comrade day by day.

True, his no riches for the world to see,  
 But the great reach of field and shaded glen

Is his where'er he roams. A failure? He?

God only knows, who sees the hearts of men.





*"The sturdy mariners who thronged its sides, All, all are gone."*

## THE OLD WHARF

The aged wharf lies desolate,  
 And rank the grass which covers it.  
 It seems to know that ne'er again  
 Will sturdy ships from ev'ry clime  
 Breast the wild ocean gale to lie  
 In its protecting sweep.  
 It seems to feel the sucking tide,  
 Glist'ning in the summer sun  
 Or wrapped in winter ice,  
 An enemy, and not a friend,  
 As in those bygone days,  
 When, with flapping sail  
 And creaking cable,  
 The argosy from far-off climes  
 Was carried gently on its bosom.  
 It seems to miss the hurried step,  
 The hoarse shout of command,  
 The joyful greeting and the sad farewell,  
 The merchandise that row on row  
 Was a rich symbol of its usefulness.  
 Now vanished is the freighted ship,  
 The sturdy mariners who thronged its sides,  
 All, all are gone.  
 The frail canoe, which in summer time  
 Laughs on the bubbling tide  
 As it dances on its way,  
 Is sole reminder of its vanished greatness.  
 Like gaunt rheumatic finger,  
 Palsied by the pains and aches of years,  
 It stands, mute testimony  
 Of a strength forever gone.

Neglected by the living,  
 Perforce deserted by the dead,  
 The noble ships which graced its sides  
 Now heaps of barnacled ruin  
 In the ocean's sullen deeps,  
 It seems as if its memories  
 And not the rushing tide,  
 Must in the end, engulf it.

## MEMORIES

I saw him in the long ago; a sturdy figure still  
 As he gazed upon the ocean from the vantage of the hill.  
 His eyes were shaded by his hand to glimpse the far-off sail,  
 His coat was flapping in the wind, he had a cherry hail,  
 And manner bluff that spoke of sleet and many an angry gale.

I wondered as a little child why he should stand so long  
 And listen to the ocean's roar—for me it had no song.  
 I wondered what he saw upon the vast and foaming sea.  
 I marvelled he should look so long—it held no charm for me;  
 'Twas but a stretch of water then, it cloaked no mystery.

Yet in the years since gone I've found the lure which held him  
 there;

He loved the combing breakers roar, he loved the salt sea air.  
 It sung to him of distant shores. He dreamed of days long past.  
 He lived once more the days of yore beneath the straining mast,  
 And now was worn and old, but still the great sea held him fast.

And now the sea sings songs to me, for I am bent and gray.  
 I stand and gaze as once he gazed; my thoughts are far away.  
 I see the nearer ocean roll; I sense a far-off shore,  
 I seem to hear, as once I heard, the restless billows roar  
 In many a place and many a clime that I shall see no more.

## MY GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE

My grandmother's Bible! Its worn pages show  
 How dearly she loved it in days long ago.  
 It guided her youth, it comforted age  
 As she read and re-read it. 'Tis marked on each page  
 And finger-prints show. What pleasure she took,  
 And what solace in sorrow she found in this book.

My grandmother's Bible! Her youth knew it well.  
 It was shining and new. With ringing church bell  
 Or at evening devotion 'twas tucked 'neath her arm  
 As she wended her way. No doubt free from harm  
 At times it was carried by grandmother's beau  
 Thro' the shades of the evening in days long ago.

My grandmother's Bible! Look here and look there;  
 Year by year she has written with infinite care  
 The text from each sermon on margin of page;  
 The firm script of youth and the tremor of age.  
 Here is pathos indeed! How its mute pages show  
 The love that she bore it in days long ago.

My grandmother's Bible! In deepening night  
 It then was her refuge; a beacon of light.  
 Look closely again. A stain, perhaps tears,  
 For sorrows must come with the passing of years,  
 And grandmother's Bible was her stay, I know,  
 As her tears fell in mourning in years long ago.

My grandmother's Bible! Of treasures her best.  
 Her faith in it deepened. She found in it rest.  
 When dark shadows gathered as death hovered near,  
 She trusted this book, with no feeling of fear,  
 And firm in her faith of One able to save  
 His children who love Him, yes, e'en from the grave.

## BEYOND THE HILLS

When I was but a lad at play  
The steel-blue hills shut out the west.  
I wondered what beyond them lay.  
I looked upon them day by day  
With undefined unrest.

I planned to scale their awesome height  
And then to fill my purse with gold,  
I dreamed about them night by night,  
And saw in fancied eagle-flight  
The world beyond unfold.

By many cities shining fair  
I sped afar on soaring wings,  
Where life rolled on without a care,  
Jewels there were, and treasures rare,  
Above the wealth of kings.

I was so certain that far sky  
Was fairer than the sky I knew.  
That all the world was passing by,  
Happy, without a care or sigh,  
Beyond those hills of blue.

Since then I've crossed the hilltops o'er,  
I've wandered in the spaces wide.  
I've trod the far-off foreign shore,  
And heard the sullen ocean roar  
Where storm-tossed galleys ride.

And now I seek the childhood nook.  
I roam no more where fancy wills;  
I seek again the friendly look.  
Ah, what a toll the great world took  
Beyond the steel-blue hills!



## WHAT HE LEFT

What did he leave when he died?

Silver and gold, houses and land?

Yes, and very much beside,

For he left friends on ev'ry hand,

Friends in the rich, the old, the poor —

A monument that will endure.

He left a friend with head bowed low,

A man who missed his cheery smile,

A child so young he could not know,

But looked for him a long, long while.

He left the world a better place

By kindly act and smiling face.

A woman old, with reddened eyes,

With thoughts of many goodly deeds,

Who looked up to the arching skies,

And thought of him as she said her beads.

A feeble man with dimming eye

From whose heart welled a bitter sigh.

He left the fields just over there,

And stocks and bonds — and better yet

He left on many a lip a prayer,

And many a cheek with tears all wet.

He left a memory that brings

A cleaner look to earthly things.

His love knew neither form nor creed.

His charity was broad and deep.

Enough to know — some one in need,

Enough to know — that women weep.

Enough to know — a man is old,

A child is crying with the cold.

It matters not how proud or great,  
 What riches gathered thro' the years,  
 He leaves a very poor estate  
 Who cannot claim a mourner's tears,  
 Who cannot leave a friend to sigh,  
 A heart made sad when he may die.

### CERTAIN RICH MEN

I came from far off places;  
 I roamed where fancy willed;  
 And now I see again the fields  
 My father's father tilled.  
 I mark the stonewall where he laid  
 Each stone with labored care.  
 I mark the well—he dug it deep—  
 And well-sweep he placed there.  
 I tread the road he furrowed out,  
 Thro' swamp and wood it ran,  
 The meadow whence he dug each stump;  
 Such work bespeaks a man!  
 I see the old house standing true,  
 Each board of it he laid;  
 He placed the little elm shoots there,  
 To grow to mighty shade.  
 The fields go stretching far away;  
 He made them fair and trim.  
 I look whichever way I may—  
 The work was done by him.

He died after his life of toil,  
 And left just what I see.  
 Left fertile earth to grow its grain —  
 Left it for you and me.  
 He died a poor man, so 'tis said.  
 Men call me passing rich,  
 And yet I cannot leave a field,  
 Or even leave a ditch!  
 My hands have never done such work.  
 No rood of earth will be  
 Left as my monument for men  
 To look around and see.  
 If I leave stocks and bonds and land,  
 I bought them at their worth,  
 But no place can *my* grandson go  
 To prove I trod the earth.

### MY BIRTHDAY

My birthday, son, your mother says?  
 Why so it is! How old, you say?  
 Hum! Let me think! (Of course I know!)  
 Strange how the years have passed away.  
 It doesn't seem that one small boy  
 Who romped and played the same as you,  
 Is getting on so fast and far  
 In life, but still I own 'tis true.

Why son, it can't be long ago  
 Since I was but a boy like you,  
 Teasing for cookies from *my* ma,  
 The same as I have seen you do.

Those times, my boy, I felt my age;  
 I thought I knew life's secrets then —  
 I was so very very wise!  
 I'll never be so wise again.

Since then the swift years came and went —  
 Those years that seemed to pass so slow;  
 I count them over now and find  
 That they were very long ago.

True, some things I will not forget:  
 I met a girl — so good and true —  
 Today you call her "mother," son,  
 And I am talking here with you.

Old friends have passed beyond my ken.  
 I seem to see them clear and plain.  
 Years take their toll, and some, my boy,  
 I'll never see in life again.

And now once more a milestone comes.  
 How old am I? Run out and play.  
 I swear I hate to own to him  
 That I've reached fifty years today!

## HIS STAR

Three Wise Men followed a glowing star  
 To Bethlehem from a place afar,  
 As it shone so bright  
 In the silent night.

Followed the star o'er plain and hill,  
 Desert, and verdant field, until  
 Suddenly over the village square  
 It stopped in its flight, and hovered there.  
 "He must be in the Inn" one said,  
 "We cannot wake Him in His bed.  
 There should be many to guard His sleep.  
 We must be careful how we tread."

But the Inn lay dark in the peaceful night  
 Save for the star's soft radiant light.  
 Nearby instead,  
 In a lowly shed,  
 A dim light shone through the door ajar,  
 And over it beamed the silent star.  
 "I hardly think" said one, "that He  
 We have come so far to seek can be  
 In this humble place. Still 'twas said  
 By the Angel Hosts, where the bright star led  
 There would be found the Infant King,  
 And lo! It shineth overhead."

Then passing through the open door,  
 Softly treading the straw-strewn floor,  
 The Wise Men Three  
 Stood silently  
 By a manger dim, where sleeping lay  
 A Mother and Child. The shadows gray  
 Vanished, for near a halo shone,  
 A crown no earthly king may own,  
 They saw the Babe and Mother meek,  
 And wondering, scarce dared to speak,  
 But kneeling by the manger said,  
 "This is He whom we came to seek."

The centuries have rolled away  
 Since the glad tidings of that day,  
 But still His star  
 Shines near and far,  
 With light that never shall be dim,  
 For through the world in praise to Him  
 The humble home rings with His name,  
 The grand cathedral bells acclaim,  
 And happy voices ever sing  
 In joyous Christmas carolling  
 The wond'rous tidings of that day,  
 Which heralded our Lord and King.

## ARMENIA TO AMERICA

*Golden Rule Sunday, December 5, 1926*

O land of bounteous harvests, O land of boundless cheer,  
 Thy great heart ever pulses for the needy far and near.  
 As thy children's happy footsteps echo over thy broad land,  
 Give from thy wond'rous blessings, reach to us thy helping hand.  
 My children's forms are pinched with want; they dread the long  
     dark night.

Look down with pity on them from thy inspiring height.  
 Thy strong arms have upheld us in the troublous days of yore,  
 Oh, aid my suffering children from thy abundant store.

My children lie in squalor; they cannot understand  
 Why misery stalks with them, crushing them with iron hand.

Their hopes are blasted in life's dawn. With startled, fearful eyes  
 They look upon their tortured land, upon its lowering skies.  
 With frail forms shaken by the wind, with faces pinched and wan,  
 Their loved ones lying with the dead, oh, give to my forlorn  
 And helpless children from the store the Great God gave to you.  
 It is returning it to Him—to thy great trust be true.

Thy children sleep in soft white beds—mine lie on stony soil.  
 Thy children play the long day through—my children know but  
 toil.

Thy children run and laugh and leap—my children moan in pain:  
 With pallid faces and sad eyes; they know the chilling rain.  
 They have no dear ones near to aid, no succor in distress.  
 Give them from out thy giant strength in this their feebleness  
 In the name of Him who spoke these words on the plain of  
 Galilee:

“As ye aid the poor and needy, ye have done it unto Me.”

With thy happy children's laughter ever ringing in thy ears,  
 Make My children's sad lives brighter—wipe away the orphan's  
 tears.

And when thy voice has spoken as it oft has done before,  
 It will echo down the ages, it will open then the door  
 Of happiness to those who know no sheltering arms or care,  
 While their blessings will fall on thee like a benediction rare,  
 And thy brow shall wear this laurel, earth's richest diadem:  
 As ye would that men should do to you, did ye even so to them.

## THE OLD HOUSE

When *he* was silently bourne away  
The old house drooped from day to day  
As if it felt the crushing years.  
It had echoed to laughter and song, and tears,  
Through the suns and storms of time, till now  
With the century's weight it seems to bow.

It misses, I know, the light-shaft dim  
When the evening lamp was lit by *him*.  
It misses the tread of his shuffling feet  
Thro the winter cold and summer heat  
As he walked about, so old and slow.  
It misses all this and more, I know.

Time was, when the house was bright and new,  
In the olden days there were children, too,  
Who made its rafters ring in play;  
Children once, but Time could not stay,  
And they grew old, and then no more  
Their step was heard thro' the sagging door.

Until at last, he alone was left,  
And the old house grieved as one bereft.  
It seemed to know it too must lie  
A heap of dust when *he* should die.  
And now its ruins stand gaunt and grim,  
Waiting, just waiting, to follow *him*.



“A MAN MAY BE DOWN, BUT HE’S  
NEVER OUT”

Over the hills and over the plain,  
From Pacific’s waves to the coast of Maine,  
Winging their way through the city street,  
Where echoes the endless tramp of feet,  
On through the village and out to the farm,  
Speeding away through the country’s calm  
To the rudest shack on the farthest hill,  
You can feel them going and sense their thrill.  
Ministers, lawyers, doctors and clerks,  
Miners and merchants, stevedores, shirks,  
Laborers, carpenters and everyone who  
Has an ear or an eye, saw the words as they flew  
Via billboard and wall — and they ring like a shout:  
“A man may be down, but he’s never out.”

These words have a lift like a song or cheer,  
And they bring a heart-warming smile, or a tear.  
Has fortune favored you all the while?  
Then greet these words as you should, with a smile —  
A smile of good will and pity, not blame,  
For whoever you are you’re not through with the game  
And you never can tell — so be true to your trust.  
Say, friend, don’t let your pocketbook rust;  
Give the down, not *out*, a chance to live,  
And don’t be afraid — just give and *give*.  
Can’t you feel the thrill if you give enough  
To help a fellow man over the rough?  
Can’t you hear the words as they fairly shout:  
“A man may be down, but he’s never out?”

Or, if fortune has been a fickle jade,  
It isn't the game — it's the way you played.  
We can't all win, that's as sure as fate,  
But "never say die," at any rate.  
You may be gasping and ready to sink,  
But a hand is stretched to you over the brink.  
Say, brother, no matter how low you lie,  
You remember still the blue of the sky,  
And your father's arms and your mother's breast,  
And her hands which folded you to your rest.  
Come, brother, no matter how halt or lame,  
We can't all win — but, play the game!  
Remember the words which ring like a shout:  
"A man may be down, but he's never out."

# THE LAND OF LITTLE FOLK



## THE CHILDREN'S LAND

There's a far-away Land where grown-ups can't go  
 No matter how rich we may be,  
 Nor how we may strive nor how much we may know —  
 For wisdom can't yield us the key.  
 This wonderful realm is withheld from our sight  
 Though we search for it ever and aye;  
 For never again can we know the delight  
 Of the Land where the little ones play.

There are marvelous things to enchant in this Land  
 That only the children can see,  
 Where wonders surround them on every hand,  
 And fairies look down from each tree.  
 Vainly we seek it, its riches to share,  
 Through many a by-way and lane,  
 Those flower-strewn vistas surpassingly fair  
 No grown-up may visit again.

We smile in our vastly superior way  
 At this Land where the little folks dwell,  
 As we watch them so joyfully wander at play  
 In each fairy mansion and dell,  
 But often a tear 'mid our memory starts  
 At the sound of their merriment gay,  
 For Oh, how we long in our world-weary hearts  
 For the Land where the little ones play.

# “MAMA, YOU PUT ’EM AWAY”

The playthings litter the table and floor,  
 The doll and the soldier of lead,  
 The train and the dishes, the jumping-jack,  
 And the wonderful dolly bed;  
 Left there as they fell from the tired hands  
 Of the little child at play.  
 Now the night is come, she sighs and says  
 “Mama, you put ’em away.”

O Mothers, how often you’ve heard these words,  
 After the trouble and care  
 Of the day’s hard work, when its endless round  
 Seemed greater than you could bear.  
 When the quick word, almost unbidden rose  
 To your lips, and the childish face  
 Is suffused with tears, as she sobbing lays  
 Each plaything in its place.

But the days will come and the days will go,  
 And the playthings are put away  
 Up in the attic to rust and mould,  
 With never a child at play.  
 Then when your work for the day is done  
 All bare is the kitchen floor,  
 For the days have come and the days have gone,  
 And she asks for them no more.

And sometimes in all the time to be,  
 As you sit alone at eve,  
 You will think of the child who was wont to romp,  
 And you’re heart will surely grieve  
 For the toy-strewn floor, and the little hands  
 So busy at their play,  
 And the childish voice which used to lisp —  
 “Mama, you put ’em away.”

## LITTLE BLUE EYES

[*To Elizabeth*]

Little blue eyes dance with glee  
 When they first catch sight of me.  
 At the close of daily work  
 When the evening shadows lurk  
 With the coming of the night,  
 As my modest home I sight,  
 I forget the weary way  
 I have traveled all the day,  
 Watching blue eyes dance with glee  
 When they first catch sight of me.

Little Blue Eyes through the day  
 Has been busy with her play.  
 Dolls and dishes, little chair,  
 Lying scattered everywhere.  
 Childhood's feet are wont to tread  
 'Till the evening shadows spread.  
 Then her playthings she'll forsake,  
 And a head-long rush she'll make  
 To my arms, and you should see  
 How those blue eyes dance with glee!

There are times — just now and then —  
 When I envy other men  
 For their riches, brain or brawn,  
 Feeling I'm a useless pawn  
 In the great game all must play.  
 But at passing of each day  
 All these feelings I can flout,  
 And my envy put to rout,  
 For when night comes, I can see  
 Blue eyes shining all for me.

Many years of work have flown;  
 'Tis not very much I own  
 In the line of bonds and stocks,  
 Cash in banks or business blocks.  
 Not enough to give surcease,  
 Or an old age spent in ease,  
 And I oftentimes regret  
 That I am a poor man yet —  
 No, I'm *rich*, for you should see  
 How those blue eyes shine for me!

### YOU HAVE, AND SO HAVE I

Did you ever have a day when everything went wrong?  
 When you couldn't seem to smile, and you couldn't sing a song?  
 And all the world looked dark to you as an abysmal pit,  
 With all the joy of living gone? You couldn't see a bit  
 Of sunshine in the universe no matter how you'd try?  
 You have, and so have I.

Did you ever do some deed you wished you hadn't done,  
 Or hurt somebody's feelings with a bit of heedless fun?  
 Or been cross to those who love you—the ones that you love, too—  
 Or done a thousand little things which you have had to rue?  
 Did you think you would do better as the days were passing by?  
 You have, and so have I.

Did you ever play the coward with a principle at stake,  
 And weigh things in the balance, and decide that you would take  
 The side which seemed most popular? Or did you take your place  
 With the scattered few who dared to meet the issue face to face?  
 Perhaps you followed with the pack and joined the hue and cry?  
 You have, and so have I.



Did you ever stop to think that no matter if you've failed,  
 Or when, or where, or how, in the path of duty quailed,  
 Tomorrow is another day? That you'd stand as a man  
 Four-square and straight and sturdy as you are sure you can?  
 Did you ever thankful feel there's this rainbow in your sky?  
 You have, and so have I.

### WHEN I WAS BUT A BOY

When I was but a little lad life seemed to me so wond'rous fair.  
 I had no thought save to be glad; each hour unfolded pleasures  
     rare.  
 The cloud-flecked sky, the sunlit sea, the green-clad hill and  
     sleepy vale,  
 The quiet street, the stately tree, the winding road, the far-off sail,  
 The morning breaking into day, each brought to me its share of  
     joy.  
 I scarce had time for all my play when I was but a care-free boy.  
  
 Each summer was an age of time in which to romp the long days  
     through.  
 With luscious berries in their prime, and where they were I always  
     knew.  
 Bright flowers blooming in the dell, fleet singing birds upon the  
     wing,  
 The pebbled beach and polished shell, the weed-clad rock and  
     bubbling spring,  
 The tossing wave, the lone oak tree — all these were made but for  
     my joy.  
 Oh, life was very sweet for me when I was but a little boy.

I knew just where the cunners swam on rocky shelves hid by the foam.

The paths where squirrels loved to play, and where the woodchuck dug his home.

I knew each lane and woodland way, what trees the black crow loved the best,

I marked the slender reed-tops sway above the red-winged black-birds nest.

But this was long, so long ago, those days when all the earth was glad.

Today I scarcely seem to know the world I knew when but a lad!

The downy wood-pecker's "Rap, Tap," upon the gnarled old apple tree,

The oriole in his orange wrap, the far-off murmur of the sea,

The nodding rushes by the lake, the shy ferns in the shadowed glade,

Where glinting sunbeams used to make a fairy carpet in the shade,  
White cloud that floated far o'erhead, the lark that in the meadow sung,

The star that watched me in my bed, all, all were friends when I was young.

I knew not then relentless age would steal upon me unawares,  
Or that the turning of life's page would bring to me such burd'ning cares,

That soon the hast'ning hand of time would snatch the dreams of youth away,

Leaving something less sublime than care-free childhood's pleasing play.

And lacking now youth's magic touch that turns each moment into joy.

I had so little — and so much — when I was just a happy boy.

## LITTLE MARY

Wee small Mary loves to stray all around the yard in play.  
 Has a tiny table there, and the cutest little chair.  
 Has a baby tea-set, too, and a doll which once was new,  
 But alas! now sans its hair. Our wee Mary doesn't care!  
 Loves it just as well, I know, clad in rag or furbelow.

Little Mary's winsome face helps the sun to light the place.  
 Always gives an added cheer to the old yard drab and drear.  
 Sunbeams straying all around kiss her cheeks and warm the ground  
 Everywhere she cares to go, for they love her, this I know.  
 While soft breezes seem to say "How are you, my dear, today?"

Little Mary plays that she has a host of friends to tea.  
 Fills her dishes more or less heaping full of emptiness.  
 Fills each guest with just the same. You should see her play the  
 game!

In fact every one I'm sure has a longing for some more.  
 I think all who are invited always go away delighted.

But I notice this wee maid, after she has romped and played,  
 When her table d'hôte is done, to the door comes on the run.  
 Seeks her mother then and tries with beguiling pleading eyes  
 To get something "real" to eat, standing near with tired feet.  
 Soon we tuck her in her bed—blessings on her sleepy head!

With no Mary round the place, smiles upon her dimpled face,  
 All my world would, I confess, be a world of emptiness.  
 With no playthings on the ground lying scattered all around,  
 With no childish kiss to greet, and no little trampling feet,  
 I know that each day would be a lonesome day indeed for me.

## THE LAND OF "MAKE BELIEVE"

The wonderful land of "Make Believe"  
 Is a fairy land, I know,  
 But once I walked it's smiling paths,  
 Though that was long ago.  
 The suns of summer have come and fled,  
 For many a year has gone  
 Since the wonderful land of "Make Believe"  
 Greeted me night and morn.  
 I was a sailor, I was a Prince;  
 Whatever I chose to be  
 Was mine for the asking. I could pass  
 Like a dream o'er the shining sea.  
 I could beard the lion in his den,  
 And the tiger quailed in dread  
 In his Indian jungle far away  
 While I lay tucked in bed.  
 Oh, the wonderful sights that greeted me  
 In the land I used to know!  
 I travelled the world from the tropic isles  
 To the home of the ice and snow.  
 An ancient warrior I could be,  
 For I have fought and bled  
 On many a gory battlefield  
 While I was tucked in bed!  
 All this was many years ago,  
 But sometimes still I grieve  
 For the beautiful land I travelled in —  
 The land of "Make Believe."  
 And I think as I see a far-off look  
 In some boyish face I know,  
 That *he* travels the land of "Make Believe"  
 As *I* did long ago.

# “THE ‘CHOO-CHOO’ TRAIN”

(*Kennebunkport, Me., 1926*)

I have a little daughter, she is small and quite petite,  
And like all babies half-past-two is very, very sweet.  
She has seen a lot of wonders: automobiles, radios;  
She has seen airships a-flying, and has been to movie shows.  
'Lectric washers, also lights, are a twice-told tale with her.  
She has listened days on end to our old victrola whirr;  
But alas, her education is defective—I'll explain—  
She has never got acquainted with a CHOO CHOO train.

And she even saw one day some horses going by—  
I could see the look of wonderment a-growing in her eye—  
Motorcycles never faze her, and the tinkling telephone  
She has answered with her gurgle since she was fairly grown.  
She's investigated everything she's seen from I to Izzard,  
And noises fascinate her, from the cock crow to the blizzard.  
But I'm awfully discouraged, for I feel all this is vain;  
For she's never heard the PUFF PUFF of the CHOO CHOO train.

For alas! before she had a chance to view the awesome sight  
Which is every child's prerogative, it disappeared one night  
Around the bend from our house on its last trip up the line,  
And since that time there has not been a solitary sign  
Of the engine coming puffing with its whistle day by day,  
And I miss it with a missing that can never pass away.  
But for baby 'tis CATASTROPHY, just written large and plain;  
For she'll never know the wonders of the CHOO CHOO train.

## THE GENTLE LADY OF SLEEP

“Dear Little One, when shadows fall  
Over the fields and down the hall,

Stealing so softly in and out,  
 Everywhere and round-a-bout,  
 Then comes a Lady wondrous fair  
 With the sheen of night in her starlit hair.  
 When the shadows so softly creep  
 Then comes "The Gentle Lady of Sleep."

"This Gentle Lady is never still  
 When daylight fades o'er vale and hill,  
 Then she visits her children all,  
 Guarding them lest harm befall.  
 Wee little ones who are tucked in bed  
 'Mid soft white sheets and coverlets spread.  
 She soothes to rest each tired head,  
 When the shadows so shyly creep  
 Then comes "The Gentle Lady of Sleep."

"She smoothes each brow, her soft white hand  
 Starting the journey to Slumber Land.  
 Light and gentle her soft caress,  
 It almost might be nothingness,  
 But the peaceful look on each little face  
 Proves she is here, tho' hardly a trace  
 Shows as she flits from place to place.  
 You get the merest faintest peep  
 When comes "The Gentle Lady of Sleep."

"So my child, when falls the dew  
 This Gentle Lady comes to you.  
 Soft she touches your tired eyes  
 And leaves you under Dreamland Skies.  
 Then thro' all the long, long night  
 She keeps you, darling, in her sight  
 Till shines again the sun's soft light.  
 Ever your slumber is sweet and deep  
 Watched by "The Gentle Lady of Sleep."

## THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF DREAMS

Have you ever heard of a wonderful land  
 Far over the ocean blue,  
 Where graceful palms in the soft haze stand,  
 And the billows break on the coral strand  
 In iridescent hue?

Where there's never a heartache, never a sigh,  
 And never a mourner's tear?  
 Where the sun like a jewel swings on high  
 As it sweeps above in an azure sky,  
 And Heaven is very near?

If you have, it is ever so far away  
 From where you happen to be.  
 You may search the vast oceans day by day,  
 May visit the spot where it is, they say,  
 But still 'tis over the sea.

O vain is the search for this wonderful place;  
 'Twill never be found, it seems.  
 Wherever you go you must troubles face,  
 So cease, my friend, from the futile chase  
 For the Beautiful Isle of Dreams.

## WHITHER GOING, LITTLE MAID?

[*To Elizabeth*]

"Whither going, little maid,  
 With lips red as the cherry,  
 Just a wee, wee bit afraid,  
 Your eyes so bright and merry?"

"I am going all alone  
Way down to the village store.  
I've a dime that's all my own,  
'Twill buy all I want — and more.

"I can get a lollipop,  
And a great big candy pail,  
And a pretty little top  
That will spin and never fail.

"I can buy something real nice  
For my baby sister, too,  
P'raps the cutest candy mice,  
That look like they really grew!

"And if I should meet a friend,  
Might be Bessie, say, or Flo,  
'Cause I have so much to spend  
I would treat them both, you know."

Little airy fairy maid  
What a realm of wealth you hold!  
Better far than riches laid  
Row on row of shining gold.

Richer you than millionaire  
With his hair so silver white,  
Which the pressing hand of care  
Laid upon him in the night.

There are things he cannot buy —  
No, with all his vaunted wealth —  
Eyes so like the deep blue sky,  
Smooth white brow, and boundless health.



And the money in your hand!  
 Match it? It were vain to try!  
 All the rich men in the land  
 Can but envy you, and sigh.

Your wealth, little dimpled lass,  
 Is far greater than they hold  
 Who must watch the hourglass  
 Else they lose their fickle gold.

Bless you! You are well content!  
 So should I be, I confess,  
 Had I not a single cent,  
 But had youth and happiness.

## MY BABY

[*Mary Jean*]

There's a little touch of sunshine, there's a rainbow in my sky,  
 There's a bond which draws me closer to the crowd which passes by  
 When the day's long work is ended, in the pleasure to be had  
 As I see my baby watching through the window for her "dad."  
 As her small hands thump the window in an ecstasy of glee,  
 I just grin and wave—I have to. I'm a curious sight to see.  
 Perhaps I'm acting foolish, I know I'm not sedate,  
 But the baby seems to want it, and a baby cannot wait.  
 Other men may take their pleasure in a score of diff'rent ways,  
 But I take my solid comfort with my baby as she plays.  
 Love the gentle touch of fingers as she sits upon my knee,  
 And her softly spoken "daddy" that she keeps alone for me.

When the evening shadows gather, then I tiptoe through the door,  
For I want to see my baby ere the night comes, just once more.  
As I watch her peaceful slumber, to myself I say: My lad,  
You must strive to live uprightly, for a baby calls you "dad."

## JUST PLAIN VERSE



## OLD TIMES

Do you remember, Silas, prayer-meetin's long ago,  
 When all the village girls would dress their prettiest and go?  
 Likewise the boys at 9 P. M., would perch — not without friction —  
 On Deacon Jefferies' ol' front fence, a-waitin' "Benediction?"  
 And also waitin' somethin' else — the competition strong —  
 You know; a-lookin' for the girls to sort of stroll along.  
 Of course *THEY* wouldn't even glance! But then you bet they  
     knew

Just where each feller had his seat, and which was me and you!  
 And if I am a judge at all — not keepin' any tally —  
 The end was a "beginnin'" then, instead of a "finale!"  
 Thro' slush an' snow an' sleet, an' rain, 'twas all the same, by  
     jolly!

Show me the man who dares to say 'twas nothin' else but folly!

'Course you remember cute Irene, what pretty hair she had?  
 She'd come to all prayer-meetin's, but brought along her dad.  
 He was a gruff old codger, least-wise we called him old.  
 He watched Irene a-plenty, you don't need to be told.  
 Then recollect that one night, when he had the rheumatiz  
 And had to stay to home, and how the great round moon had riz,  
 A-peekin' over Hawkins' barn, and lightin' up the fence —  
 I can't recall a likelier moon happenin' before or sence —

My! how my heart went thump! ker-thump! I asked Irene  
might I

Walk home with her — that night she looked as sweet as punkin'  
pie —

She sort of blushed — you know the way — and when she whis-  
pered "yes,"

There never *WAS* a happier boy in that old town I guess.

Of all the boys and girls that then made up that old-time crew  
I've never seen a likelier lot, a-barrin' me and you.

First off, "Shat" Walker, who would lick a wild-cat, so to speak,  
If fight was in the offin' he'd wait around a week.

His brother George, the one who had the hearty, jolly laugh,  
That scared old Deacon Twambly's cow, and like to killed the calf!

Then Eddie Baird who ran away and spun the queerest yarns,  
And little Frankie Miller, mouth and stockings full of "darns."

Steve Ward, we called him "Tawny" — his hair that sort, you  
know —

I hear he made his pile, and then retired long ago.

Some Gover'ment position, where there's nothin' much to do  
Than just to sit around and talk and smoke till all is blue.

"Scoop" Sawyer was another one that comes into my mind.

A likelier lookin' sort of chap it would be hard to find.

He's up in Boston now, they say, a-fixin' autos. Then

He couldn't drive a wheelbarrer. (We change when we get men.)

And Freddie Towns, whose principles kept him away from school,  
But he'd work and work continuous, and handle any tool.

Then "Kitty" Crediford was one. He broke his nose, you know,  
Aimin' to stop a baseball, but it wouldn't stand the blow!

His brother Will, who died so young, was just about sixteen.

I've not forgotten him, you see, tho years have rolled between.

I recollect when last I saw him standin' near the mill;

I never pass the place today but I seem to see him still.

John Eldridge, and my brother Ford, and a bunch of Goodwin  
boys,

They entered into all our sports, our trials and our joys.

The Chicks, from down the old "Old Road," they were a likely  
brood!

They used to chum with the Parrotts, a lively bunch — and rude.  
And Walter Mitchell, long and lank, a lath was not more thin —  
But he more than made up for it with his wide, expansive grin!  
A tribe of boys from "Munyontown" who made this life a tri'le  
For poor old foolish Ephraim Wildes. They chased him many a  
mile.

Bert Cleaves our baseball catcher, or then of course there's you,  
But I guess I won't go tellin' tales, the cops might get the clue,  
And then instead of two of us a-perchin' on this fence  
There'll only be just me alone, and I need an audience!

If I had all the time, Si, I'd tell about the girls,  
Their happy ways, their pretty looks, their straight hair and their  
curls,

Their laughs, their smiles, and yes, their tears, I always shall  
remember

Until my hair is white as snow, and I'm a burnt out ember  
A-cluttering up this earth of ours, a poor old dodderin' man,  
With life's bridge all behind me, I on the farthest span.

To you, the girls of olden days, to you I pen this rhyme,  
In memory there's no such thing — for you — as passin' time.  
I see you in the schoolroom and 'neath the moon's pale glow,  
In winter's storm, in summer's sun, the same as long ago.  
And the memories seem the sweeter for the passin' of the days,  
As the twilight seems the fairer for a soft and mellow haze.

O scenes of old New England! There is somethin' ever new  
In your wavin' trees and sweepin' hills, and skies of changin' hue.

Your rock-girt shore and tumblin' waves, with their white crests  
of foam,

Your towerin' pines, your soft green fields. You are my home,  
my home!

I love you, old New England, for what you are to me,  
Amidst your quiet sylvan calm is where I'd ever be.

I love you for these other days, my boyhood days, when I  
Thought all the world was yours alone—the earth, the sea, the  
sky—

And dreamin' of the years to come, I did not know how strong  
The bond that held me to you. Nor could I sense the song  
You sang so sweetly to me. But today I know 'tis true  
There never can be "Home" to me, but 'neath your skies of blue.

### "PLAIN APPLE PIE"

There are all kinds of pies: peach, custard, and quince,  
Squash, lemon, and cranberry, apricot, mince,  
But for the real pie in the pie line sublime,  
A pie that will live through the ravage of time,  
The pie of all pies — and I say it with awe  
As a lawyer says "Blackstone" in speaking of law,  
Or a young man says "sweetheart" some night to a lass,  
Or as *anyone* says as they mention "the class,"  
I say with all reverence that in me may lie:  
There is not a concoction can touch Apple Pie.

Of course even here in this rapturous thing—  
The pie of perfection—the cookèe may bring  
Some pies, even apple, that seem to excell:  
That have the right complex in texture and smell;



A delight to the optics, a rest to the nerves;  
 That have the right flakiness, juicyness, curves;  
 That seem to entice — I am sure you'll agree —  
 To not call it the King would be les magiste;  
 I'm not looking for anything short of the sky  
 To hold me and thrill me like plain Apple Pie.

And when I say "plain" I use all due respect,  
 For some deign to insult Apple Pie and collect  
 Around and above it, cheese, ice cream and such —  
 Ye Gods, for a law that no person can touch  
 A well ordered pie with such truffle as this!  
 Or insult perfection and absolute bliss  
 Such as only he knows who's a pie connesseur,  
 And feels only this — his pie Goddess is near.  
 Who takes his pie "straight" with eyes raised to the sky,  
 And with nostrils a-quiver with "plain" Apple Pie.

So here's to the man who like me can adore,  
 And whose stomach can stand a repeated encore,  
 The man in whose mouth Apple Pie seems to melt,  
 And who can take more by just loost'ning his belt,  
 Whose senses ne'er surfeit with sight, smell or taste  
 Of the sumptuous pie that seems saying "Make haste!  
 I'm ready and waiting my lover to greet!"  
 Fear not, gentle pie, we twain shall soon meet!  
 O not for the world would I others decry,  
 But for me, when you want me, just say "Apple Pie."

## GOLF, AS PLAYED BY "S. H. P."

Some wander the smooth green fairway from spring till snow's  
first fall,

But me for the swamps and lowlands, where the rank grass grows  
tall.

Some walk where the sun is shining and the sky is overhead,  
But me for the prickling brambles and the tall dense woods  
instead.

While others are out in the open pursuing their joyful way,  
I'm down on the oozy creek-bank with my feet incased in clay.  
Then ho for the dark dank forest and the evil smelling weeds,  
And the slimy pool and reedy marsh where the foul malaria  
breeds,

Where the skeeter loves to smite you and drink his dreary fill.  
I'm down in the gloomy lowlands while my friends are on the hill.  
Oh, it isn't for pleasure I do this from spring till snow's first fall;  
While others are putting on the green, I'm hunting my darned old  
ball.

## IF I WERE YOU

It is hard to get another's point of view,  
So please don't say to me, "If I were you  
I'd do just thus and so,"  
For you might not make it go,  
And you might not always say it if you knew.

Said the rabbit to the squirrel, "There are few  
 Who always know the proper thing to do,  
 And everyone I see  
 Says you shouldn't climb a tree.  
 I thought you wouldn't do it if you knew."

Said the lion to the horse, "I'll tell you true,  
 I wouldn't eat that grass if I were you.  
 As a friend I thought I'd say  
 There are better things than hay,  
 And 'twill surely knock your stomach all askew.

Said the camel to the blithesome kangaroo,  
 "I wouldn't take such leaps if I were you.  
 Every one from far and near  
 Says it makes you look so queer.  
 As a friend I thought I'd tell you what to do."

So I could go along till all is blue,  
 For ev'ry one has different points of view.  
 For it isn't very nice  
 To be too free with advice,  
 But—I wouldn't read this thing, if I were you.

## THANKSGIVING DINNER

Again we greet the festive board. Thanksgiving day once more!  
 O can't you hear the turkey a-knocking at the door?  
 O can't you smell the good things just gathered here to eat?  
 And see the smiling faces, too, a-waiting for the treat.

Here's wife and kiddies, mother; and here are cousins three,  
 My sister Grace and hubby, and then of course there's me;  
 Not forgetting Mr. Turkey, he of brown and luscious limb,  
 Just watch our crowd of battlers knock the stuffing out of him!  
 The veg'tables are waiting; pies and cakes and nuts and things.  
 What a lot of scrumptious fixings Mr. Turkey always brings!  
 And my heart grows ever gladder as each happy face I view.  
 Thanksgiving, you're a winner and I doff my hat to you!

Yet, amid the pleasure there's a sadder note as well;  
 Where are those who used to help the happy laughter swell?  
 Where in this smiling circle is my father's rugged face?  
 I look around in vain for him, and yet see not a trace.  
 Where are my brothers three? Long years since we have met  
 Around the gay Thanksgiving feast, I seem to see them yet.  
 My uncles and my cousins, you are scattered far and wide;  
 You were wont to grace the festive board at the Thanksgiving tide.  
 Your faces rise before me, and I see you all today,  
 You will never be forgotten, let the years pass as they may.  
 And father, brothers, sisters — some I'll meet no more I know,  
 As in those happy times gone by, Thanksgivings long ago.

But still I know those who are gone would never wish me sad,  
 Bring on the turkey, good wife, and let us all be glad.  
 For these happy smiling youngsters when they tell in years to be  
 Of their Thanksgivings long ago, let them not say of me  
 I put a damper on their fun. Then, ho, for one and all,  
 We'll chase away sad feelings. Mr. Turkey has the call!  
 So young ones, meet this drumstick, just muckle to it quick!  
 And plaster on the gravy, and have it good and thick.  
 And woe betide the youngster whose stomach fails him now!  
 But to his who stands the strain in wonderment I bow.  
 And still my heartstrings ever more will with you *all* entwine;  
 With *you*, and those who made the day in "auld lang syne."

## WHEN I'M FEELIN' BLUE

Sometimes when I'm feelin' blue,  
 I just sit and think of you.  
 And before I know it I  
 Am a wanderin' where the sky  
 And the ocean seem to be  
 Welcomin' both you and me.  
 Sparklin' diamonds in the sand  
 Shinin' in the sun, the land  
 Stretchin' back all clear and green  
 To the sky, and in between  
 River roamin' far away  
 Through the meadows, seems to play  
 Hide and seek among the trees  
 Just a stirrin' in the breeze.  
 And that saucy bird said, too,  
 "Pretty girl you have with you!"

Dreamin'? Course its all a dream,  
 But I really truly seem  
 Back again with you, as we  
 Used to wander by the sea.  
 And maybe, when days are long,  
 When the thrushes sing their song,  
 That by something you'll be stirred,  
 P'raps that little saucy bird  
 Will meet you, and wink and say,  
 "Fine time you had other day."  
 And we'll wander where the sand  
 Joins the ocean and the land,  
 And you'll smile again and say  
 "Lovely time I've had today."  
 Yes, it may be all a dream,

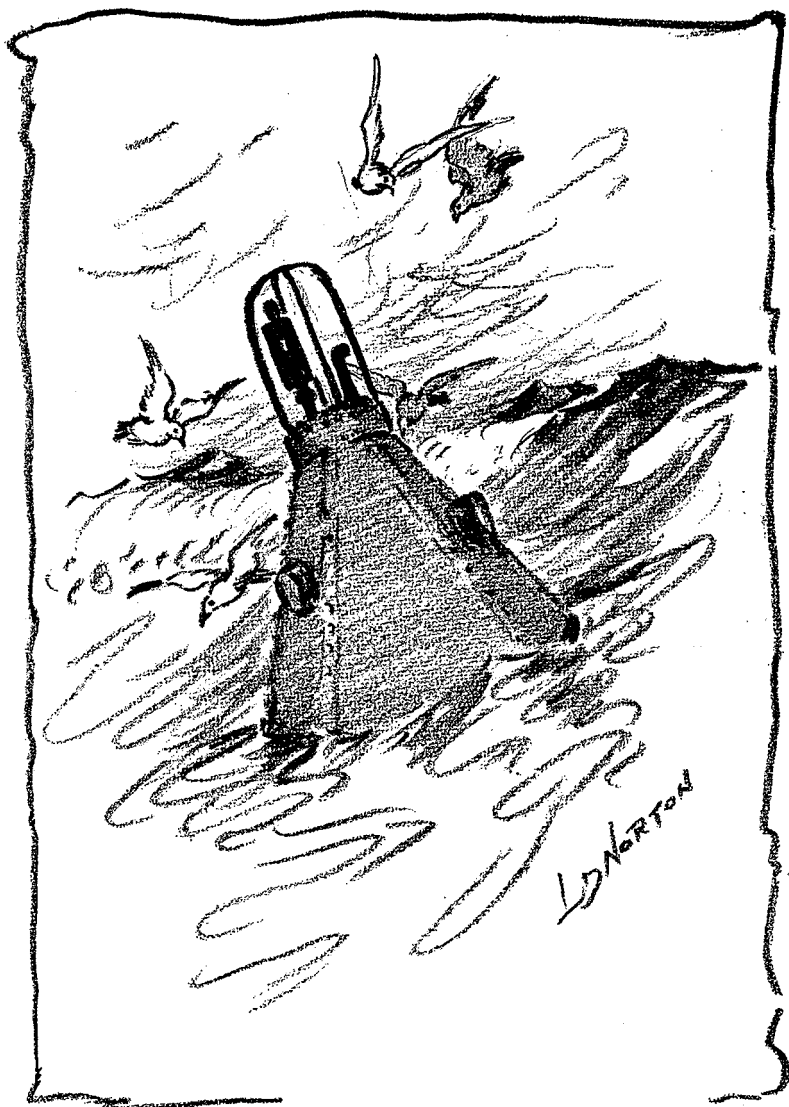
But it makes this old world seem  
 Sort of restful like to dwell  
 On the days I love so well,  
 And I can't feel *very* blue  
 When I sit and think of you.

### SINCE I "MET" YOU

Since I met you  
 The world has seemed a diff'rent place,  
 There is a glow on ev'ry face;  
 The hours of gloom I knew before  
 Have left me to return no more.  
 Dark hours of night, you hold no threat  
 For me. My dreams are sweet, and yet  
 This restful peace I only knew  
 Since I "met" you.

Since I met you  
 All swift alarms are vanished quite  
 As welcome day dispels the night;  
 A happiness clings ever near.  
 The fogs of doubt fast disappear  
 Like fleecy clouds that leave no trace  
 Over the warm sun's smiling face.  
 Old note, I'll say I've not been blue  
 Since I "met" you!





*"But you ought to hear him goin' when the wind begins to blow!"*



## “OLD GRUNTER” OFF THE CAPE

When th' wheelin' gulls is cryin' an' th' wind is from th' east,  
 When th' scuddin' clouds is flyin' an' th' sea's like bilin' yeast,  
 When th' lugger's dropped her anchor an' is ridin' out th' gale,  
 When th' ol' sea-battered tanker is a-foamin' to her rail,  
 Then you'll hear a sort o' moanin' like a monster full o' grief —  
 It's th' “grunter” that's a-groanin' — keeps a groanin' off th' reef.

Clear above th' steady roarin' of th' breakers on th' shore,  
 Clear above th' rain a-pourin' an' a-beatin' at th' door,  
 Of th' gusts o' wind a-shakin' ev'ry winder, ev'ry blind,  
 When th' whole earth seems a-quakin' like a feller human-kind,  
 When there aint a sail a-showin', an' he's out there all alone,  
 That's just when he gets a-goin', an' you ought t' hear him groan!  
 When it's fine, with coasters luggin' ev'ry sail before th' breeze,  
 When th' power-boats is chuggin' an' a-takin' of their ease,  
 When th' sea is just a-lappin' gentle like, 'sef 'twas asleep,  
 Then th' “grunter” lies a-nappin', an' he doesn't let a peep.  
 For th' “grunter,” he's a feller who is watchin' sea an' sky,  
 An' he doesn't try t' beller when there aint no reason why.

When th' stars come out a-beamin' an' th' weather is all fair,  
 When th' lighthouse is a-gleamin' then th' “grunter's” free from  
 care.

He'll just lay there calm an' easy, like a feller at his rest,  
 But he'll wake when it gets breezy, an' he'll do his level best.  
 When th' shore-lights is a showin' that's enough for him t' know,  
 But you ought t' hear him goin' when th' wind begins t' blow!

Sometimes when I hear him groanin' in th' big seas 'way out there,  
 Tellin' all th' ships in hearin' “Keep away from here! Beware!”  
 I think, you're a brainy feller — when you cry there's an excuse,  
 But some human critters bellar when there aint a bit o' use,  
 An' keep up their doleful yellin' in th' dire-fullest tones  
 When there aint no way o' tellin' what's th' reason for their groans.

## THE WHIFFLETREE'S SONG

Give me the sight of the sunlit track,  
 The crowd's loud shout and the whip's sharp crack,  
 The horses surging under the lash  
 To the Judges' Stand in the last hard dash!  
 Oh that is the place—the place for me!

Give me the zest of it  
 And all the rest of it,  
 Sing me the song of the whiffletree!

Give me a place in the sulky's seat  
 With the rhythmic sound of the sharp hoof-beat,  
 Where the blood flows thro' the veins like fire  
 In a driving finish under the wire,  
 And the hoarse shouts rise like an angry sea!

Give me the ring of it,  
 Give me the swing of it!  
 Sing me the song of the whiffletree!

Never machine that is built of steel  
 Can waken in me the lift and feel  
 Of something alive with a will to win,  
 Amid the rush of the air and the din!  
 Oh that is the life—the life for me!

Give me the play of it,  
 Give me the sway of it,  
 Sing me the song of the whiffletree!

## A ROUGH, OLD-FASHIONED ROAD

I live on a rough, old fashioned road  
 Where the dust flies wide an' far,  
 Where a horse can shamble with his load,  
 An' there's never a smell o' tar.

Where a man can walk an' take his ease,  
 An' the bushes hang 'round, an' cows  
 Can chew their cuds as they blame please  
 On the side o' the road, an' browse.

An' the chuggin' purr o' the auto's whirr,  
 An' their fierce horn's yowlin' din,  
 Don't make me jump like a frightened cur  
 For the sake o' my bloomin' skin.

I live in a house at the end o' the road  
 Where the dark comes quick an' nigh,  
 An' I welcom' the sight o' the old hop-toad,  
 An' the screech-owl's raspin' cry.

Where the tree stand 'round like the crack o' doom  
 An' give me a creepy chill,  
 With only the swamp-frogs ringin' "Boom,"  
 An' the weepin' "Whip-po'-Will."

I live in a house at the end o' things,  
 Where the ruts an' mud lie deep,  
 An' ev'ry insect bites an' stings,  
 An' was never known to sleep.

But I won't live so't when my face  
 I show at the Golden Gate,  
 I'll get a pass to the other place  
 As sure as the crack o' fate.

For Saint Peter'd say so calm an' mild,  
 While the angels hovered near,  
 "One who chose to live in a place so wild  
 Wouldn't care for a home up here."

So today I'll be a movin' out,  
 An' I won't leave much behind,  
 An' I'll go where the noises all about  
 Are made by the human-kind.

An' if the autos shove me 'round,  
 If I fear the glare o' their lamps,  
 If the rackin' noise on my senses pound,  
 If I can't escape the vamps,

At least I'll live for a day or so,  
 An' with luck I'll last a week,  
 Where human bein's come and go,  
 So, Adieu, old place, I'll sneak!

### A "SLEEPY-HEAD"

I care not for the night life of the city's boulevard  
 Where the jazz-band's wail of anguish fills the air,  
 Where the dancing girls flock round you, and nothing much is  
 barred,

With the scent of bad perfumery everywhere.  
 Where the midnight hour is "early" and the hour of two "not  
 late,"

And mayhap a flask is passed from lip to lip,  
 Where "engagements" are not known, but one can "make a date,"  
 And everything is going with a "zip."

As I say I'm not approving of *this* life so rough and rude—

I'm a sort of "kill-joy" there, as I've heard said—  
 But *please* don't get the idea that I'm a sort of prude,  
 It isn't that—I'm just a "sleepy-head."

I always get to thinking of the coming of the dawn,  
 And the pillows soft that wait in vain for me,  
 Just then in some sweet lady's face I have to throw a yawn,  
 Which fills my boon companions full of glee.  
 "What Ho" says one "Methinks he'd like to be tucked in his nest."  
 "Go call his ma to take him on her lap."  
 "Sh! Someone get a trundle bed so he can take a rest."  
 "Does 'ittle snooky-ookums want a nap?"  
 And so the jibes fly round about and stab me to the quick,  
 But just the same my eyelids feel like lead,  
 While my spirits sink to zero and my tongue is getting thick;  
 I'm not to blame — I'm just a "sleepy-head."  
  
 So when the hour of ten floats round, I douse my little glim,  
 And wind my watch, and lay me down to sleep.  
 From that time on till morning light this peaceful cherubim  
 Is resting in a slumber fast and deep.  
 I calmly snooze the hours away which others spend in "fun,"  
 Oh, I miss a lot I freely will allow,  
 But I don't believe I ever want to greet the rising sun  
 By staying up all night, I tell you now.  
 Let old friends coolly greet me, when ten o'clock comes 'round,  
 "When gentle dew falls," as the poet said,  
 If you pass you'll hear me snoring in a harmony profound,  
 But I can't help it — I'm a "sleepy-head."

## WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE, MY DEAR, AND YOU WERE SEVENTEEN

When I was twenty-one, my dear, and you were seventeen,  
 You were to me the fairest sight that eye had ever seen.  
 I wondered how the birds dared sing after you laughed in glee,  
 And why your eyes should sparkle so, like sunlight on the sea.

Do you recall the shady paths and each familiar nook  
 We rambled in? The trysting place down by the winding brook?  
 I never since have seen the sky more glorious and blue  
 Than when we wandered far and near, together, just we two.  
 I love to linger on those days when life was new and clean,  
 When I was twenty-one, my dear, and you were seventeen.

When you were seventeen, my dear, and I was twenty-one,  
 I had my dreams of happiness, for life was just begun.  
 What though the years have brought me tears, and trials many,  
 too;

They have brought happiness and love — for I've had you.  
 Your smile can make me young again, as in the long ago.  
 I thankful am to have you near, and 'tis enough to know  
 As thro' the years that swiftly fleet like Autumn leaves we whirl  
 I hear the music of your feet, for you are still "my girl,"  
 The same as when the world was new and life had just begun,  
 When you were seventeen, my dear, and I was twenty-one.

When I was twenty-one, my dear, and you were seventeen,  
 'Tis not the same today I know, for years have rolled between.  
 Our boys and girls are scattered now, and we have borne our share  
 Of trials which must come to all, and silvered is our hair.  
 Yet in life's twilight we can sit and dream the long days thro',  
 And I can thankful be, and am, that I still have you.  
 And now the birds sing for us, and now the sun's soft rays  
 Can warm our hearts and bring us peace throughout the tranquil  
 days.

And still yours is the fairest face in all the world I've seen,  
 The same as in those days, my dear, when you were seventeen.

## SWINGIN' IN TH' SWING

Down into the ol' oak grove  
 Us boys uster go,  
 Laughin' fit t' split ourselves,  
 Chasin' to an' fro,  
 Scrunchin' thro' th' bushes,  
 Runnin' ev'rywhere,  
 Barkin' shins an' stubbin' toes,  
 Nobody would care!  
 Lots o' times I've thought of it;  
 Fun in ev'rything,  
 But th' best of all th' fun,  
 Swingin' — in — th' — swing —

Great big tree an' great big limb,  
 My, how high we'd go!  
 Almost make you seasick, too,  
 Swingin' to an' fro.  
 First we'd push each other up  
 Seemed 'most to th' sky,  
 An' when we had had enough,  
 Let — th' — ol' — cat — die.  
 Big limb swayin' up an' down'd  
 Give a sort o' spring,  
 When us boys we uster go  
 Swingin' — in — th' — swing —

Squirrels chatterin' above,  
 Chasin' in th' trees,  
 Seemed to be a-sayin', too,  
 "Jolly children, these,"

An' the sun'd come shinin' down  
 Carpetin' th' ground,  
 While th' breeze was murmurin',  
 Such a cheery sound!  
 How the groves would echo then!  
 How the air would ring  
 To our joyous shouts, with us  
*Swingin' — in — th' — swing —*

Never see a reg'lar boy  
 Laughin' in his play,  
 But it brings back clear an' fresh  
 That ol' long past day  
 When I was a boy myself,  
 Happy as could be.  
 When I hear him shoutin',  
 Almost might be me  
 Down th' ol' grove that I knew!  
 How th' mem'ries cling!  
 Seems but yesterday 'twas me  
*Swingin' — in — th' — swing.*



## JOE JEFFERY'S OMNIBUS

There are times I get to thinking of the days of long ago,  
 And it is no use in saying the times have changed. You know  
 Today the autos madly running up and down the land  
 Are so many that a fellow hardly gets a place to stand  
 In some sequestered spot to see the grand procession pass,  
 It seems as if the bunch of them were stepping on the gas.  
 I say I get to thinking—but of course it is no use—  
 Just thinking of the old days when us fellows used to cruise  
 With the girls, of course, on pleasant days—it was fine sport for  
 us —

Up and down and round the country in Joe Jeffery's omnibus.

It was not a stylish omnibus, oh, no, 'twas not that kind,  
 As the contrivance I recall and bring it to my mind.  
 It sat between its great high wheels, a monumental thing,  
 And swayed and rocked upon the road until you had to cling!  
 'Twould heave and yaw and teter up and round about, and knock  
 You sideways, too, and whirl you so, 'till 'twas an awful shock  
 When suddenly you heard Joe's "Whoa"! My, what a fearful  
 strain!

You'd feel so many aches and pains you'd pray to start again!  
 'Twould whine and grunt and groan and cry in seeming anguish,  
 too.

'Twas never oiled in twenty years. Joe didn't buy it new.

And Joe, too, understood each horse. "I know 'em well," sez he, "That nigh one there has been a friend for thirty years to me. That off one, too, I've called him colt for twenty years or more, He doesn't care when he gets home, he's been behind before." Then Joe would fetch his catching grin, and we would all grin, too, But we'd not fail to get home safe no matter how time flew, For Joe, he knew his omnibus, each smallest bolt and part, He'd put it all together, and had seen it drop apart. Each piece had been replaced by him so often he knew when A part would hold an hour or so and then drop off again!

Before we'd start, he'd hunt around and find a cast-off shoe, A bit of wire, a piece of string, a horseshoe nail, some glue, And stuff them in his pocket promiscuous like and free, So when the bus got going like a ship in angry sea, And lost its bearings, so to speak, then he'd unload his kit, While all his crew of passengers would hurl a world of wit. But Joe, care free, would get to work and fix the busted spring With daub of glue, the old horseshoe and his small bit of string. Our wit would all be lost on him — we'd have it for our pains, In the black omnibus with Joe Jeffery at the reins.

The folks along the dusty ways knew the idiosyncrasies Of this old bus — knew well the whine of whiffle-tree, and wheeze Of each horse of Joe's. Heard the complaining far away Of the harness sadly creaking, and the harsh note when the play Of rusty spring struck axle with each resounding jolt; Knew from the sound the omnibus had dropped another bolt. But heedless of such happenings, of mud and ruts or rocks, Of dropping parts, or any rocking jolts or jars or shocks, The omnibus would roll along by highways and through lanes, It never quite to pieces went with Joseph at the reins.

The omnibus was wintered with the stormy skies o'erhead,  
 It did not have the prospect of a waiting barn or shed;  
 'Twould bob serenely up with the coming of each spring.  
 And Joe would take a look and swear it didn't need a thing!  
 He'd hitch the same old horses up and take it on its way,  
 And then 'twould go a-venturing on many and many a day.  
 In fact, each spring 'twould have a sort of whining endless squeal—  
 It really was not like a *noise*—'twas something you could *feel*.  
 We knew it was a sort of game, whether it would be *us*  
 Who were going to drop to pieces first, or Joe's old omnibus!

And oh, the jolly crowd we had when I was but a lad,  
 For riding in Joe's omnibus became a sort of fad.  
 There was Ed and Charles and Ford, and Maidie, Alice, too,  
 Frank, Mark, and Sarah, Ezra, Edna, Theodore and Sue,  
 Steve, George and John, Beth, Silas, Bess, oh, a great many more  
 Who used to fill the omnibus, and listen to it roar,  
 Its futile protests from each joint and wheel and squeaking spring;  
 I really got so that I thought it was a living thing!  
 We'd go to Goose Rocks, to the Cape, from Old Falls to the Plains,  
 We never had a single care, for Joe, he held the reins.

Old omnibus, your days are gone. For many passing years  
 You've been a memory. Still I hear the creaking of your gears,  
 If gears it was you ever had. Your work is surely done.  
 Yet if there is a bus's Heaven, that Heaven you've richly won;  
 There I seem to see you still—resplendent, shining bright,  
 Rejuvenated in all parts, a rapture to the sight.  
 And gone each rusty bolt and spring, and your dolorous squeal,  
 And gone each quaking joint. You're *new* from shining top to  
 wheel.

Thus may you be till end of time, and dream of shady lanes  
 Upon this mundane sphere of ours, with Jeffery at the reins.

## COOKIES

Aunt Felicia used to bake  
In her oven ginger cake,  
Cousin Lizzie used to roll  
Cookies for the cubby-hole.  
Then they'd call me in and say,  
"Have some. Now go out and play."  
That was very near to Heaven  
When I was a boy of seven.

How I envy now the boy  
Whom those cookies filled with joy!  
I can see them in the tin,  
Crispy, flaky and so thin!  
The aroma wafted thence  
Filled the yard from fence to fence,  
When they from the oven came.  
Cookies now are not the same.

Cousin Lizzie loved to see  
Boys with appetites like me.  
Saw her cookies disappear  
One by one, and never fear;  
Went to rolling out some more  
Thin as wafers, and be sure  
She would never see me die  
Hungry, right before her eye!

Aunt Felicia used to say:  
"Where does he stow them away?  
For a little boy his size  
He is worthy of a prize!"

But I've now a sore regret,  
That I didn't eat more yet!  
For such cookies cease to grow  
For us older folks, I know.

True politeness may refuse,  
But just think of what they lose!  
When you are a boy at play  
You are living for today.  
No "No thank you's" I would make  
When those cookies were at stake.  
I ne'er let *them* pass, thank Heaven.  
When I was a boy of seven!

Time is fleeting fast away,  
Let it scurry as it may,  
Cousin Lizzie's cookies still  
Cause me reminiscent thrill,  
And in fancy I still gloat  
As the pleasant mem'ries float,  
On those cookies, wafer thin,  
Waiting, when they called me in.

#### RECITATION BY JOHNNY

Ho, hum, morning! I wish 'twas Saturday,  
N' then I needn't go to school, n'd play  
At Injun. Wonder why I feel so weak.  
I know! This is the day I hafter speak  
My piece, an' all the folks is comin', too.  
Now I'm a-goin' to say the old thing through.  
"Friens, Romins, Countrymen, lend me your ears"  
I come to" — there's a auto shiftin' gears!  
I wonder why it can't keep still a spell —  
By crimminee, there goes the breakfast bell!

Plenty o' time to get my piece all right.  
 Funny what makes new pants so awful tight.  
 I jest can't breathe. Wonder who stole my shirt,  
 An' rubbed them nice new stockin's in the dirt?  
 "I come to bury Ceasar, not to pra —"  
 By thunder! There's a bird they call a jay!  
 Aint he a pretty feller! Hear him screech!  
 I wish that I had *his* voice for my speech,  
 An' then the folks would rise an' go away  
 When I got up to speak a piece, I'll say!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Afternoon*

Here tis! An I'm settin' here just waitin'!  
 My insides feel so queer. I'm a debatin'  
 Whether 'twould pay to dive right out the door  
 An' go away and not be seen no more.  
 By Jinks! There's ma an' aunt an' uncle Jim!  
 An' I'm too late! I'd never git by *him*!  
 What'd he come for? My legs feel pow'rful weak,  
 My jints need ilin'. I jist heard one squeak.  
 "The good men do lives after 'em, the evil is"  
 No, that aint pa! Gosh hemlock, but it '*tis*!  
 Say, aint there some place I can go an' hide?  
 'Cos I'm sick. I'm all tore up inside.  
 I can't think in my piece which part comes first —  
 I can't remember *nothin*! That's the *worst*.  
 There, now they've started. Look at all the folks!  
 An' some's a grinnin' 'sef we all was jokes!  
 Jokes! I'd like to put 'em in our places!  
 I'll bet them foolish grins would leave their faces.  
 There goes that Mary Goodwin! Grinnin', too,  
 Jist hear her rattle off — d-o-n't t-h-a-t g-e-t y-o-u-  
 Well, some folks has the nerve, an' lots to spare.

Now she's got through, an' never turned a hair!  
 I hope my piece don't come till towards the last.  
 This is the longest day I ever passed,  
 There, p'raps there won't be time for me to speak —  
 I wish they'd call me now — I'm gettin' weak  
 An' sort o' wabbly, I can't seem to *think*.  
 I wished I was in swimmin'. Then I'd sink  
 Down to the bottom an' lie cool an' still.  
 "Friends, Romins, Countrymens." There goes Bill!  
 J-u-s-t l-o-o-k a-t t-h-a-t, wil yer! Just hear him spout!  
 He's got a gift o' gab, they ain't no doubt!  
 I wished I'd licked him plenty yesterday  
 When I had him down out there on the hay.  
 My! What an awful start! I'm sweatin', whew!  
 Thought they was callin' me. I wish they knew  
 Just how my stomic felt when teacher said  
 Next would come a "classic." I most dropped dead!  
 'Twas just that no-good Freckle Miller's turn.  
 He can't do nothin'. He can't even learn  
 That four times four is eighteen. G-o-o-d-n-e-s-s m-e  
 How he got *that* thing I can't ever see.  
 Why, he's a-goin' 'sef he was a *whale*  
 So nice an' slick, an' he aint even *pale*.  
 Well, now he's through. "Speech of Mark Antony"  
 An' up I've got! I'm goin'! That means *Me*.

## WHO'S WHO IN NEW ENGLAND

I don't belong to the Social Set in this old New England town,  
 Tho' my parents both were born right here — the family name is  
 "Brown."

The Social Roll-Call knows me not as the years they come and go.  
Of fame and fortune I've my share; it aids me not, you know.  
Tho' my father's forebears settled here in Sixteen Ninety-Two,  
That doesn't help. We're "foreigners" and are considered "new."  
We can't get in on the Social Ranks of the Mighty and the Great,  
For my Grandma on my mother's side was born in New York  
State.

Tho' my Grandma did her level best, The Great their thumbs  
turned down.

In vain my mother with purpose grim, lived up to the name of  
"Brown."

It went for naught, for the Haughty Heads were turned the other  
way.

As years rolled on and her raven hair turned to a sil'vry gray,  
The win'try nights were not more cold than the glance of the Great  
and High,

Who had no break in New England stock; they proudly passed  
her by.

"What right" said they, had a native son to choose a foreign mate?  
For my Grand-dad married in '72 a girl from New York State.

My children are not yet aware there is no entering wedge,  
And can never be; that portals strong are locked like a cactus  
hedge.

On them is set the stigma grim of my Grand-dad's reckless deed.  
Ye who would tread the sacred paths of the Social Great, take  
heed!

Don't for your peace of mind allow an ancestor of yours  
To marry a girl from foreign parts or you'll hear the closing doors,  
And feel pressed down on your aching brow the heavy hand of  
fate,

That we have felt whose Grand-dad wed a girl from New York  
State.



## THE COMMON ROAD

I want to travel the common road  
     With the great crowd surging by,  
 Where there's many a laugh and many a load,  
     And many a smile and sigh.  
 I want to be on the common way  
     With its endless tramping feet,  
 In the summer bright and winter gray,  
     In the noonday sun and heat.  
 In the cool of evening with shadows nigh,  
     At dawn, when the sun breaks clear,  
 I want the great crowd passing by,  
     To ken what they see and hear.  
 I want to be one of the common herd,  
     Not live in a sheltered way,  
 Want to be thrilled, want to be stirred  
     By the great crowd day by day;  
 To glimpse the restful valleys deep,  
     To toil up the rugged hill,  
 To see the brooks which shyly creep,  
     To have the torrents thrill.  
 I want to laugh with the common man  
     Wherever he chance to be,  
 I want to aid him when I can  
     Whenever there's need of me.  
 I want to lend a helping hand  
     Over the rough and steep  
 To a child too young to understand —  
     To comfort those who weep.  
 I want to live and work and plan  
     With the great crowd surging by,  
 To mingle with the common man,  
     No better or worse than I.

## SUNDAY AFTERNOONS

Just a simple sort of picture comes into my mind tonight,  
 Comes a-wingin', out of nowhere to my view,  
 Seem's 'f somethin' touched a hidden spring an' brought it to my  
 sight,

An' set it there for me all sparklin' new.

Just a plain old fashioned parlor with the sun a-siftin' in

Through flowers in the winder to the floor,

An' the breezes with the scent of sweet syringa's driftin' in,

From the spreadin' bush a-growin' near the door.

There my mother sets a-playin' the pianna soft an' low,

With my brothers an' my sisters gathered near,

Just the good ol' Gospel Hymn tunes that we sung so long ago —

I seem to hear 'em yet so sweet an' clear.

Just a Sunday afternoon when all the world is dreamin',

Amid the dear scenes of that ol' home place,

With the elm trees bendin' over it so gentle like an' seemin'

To lend a sort o' welcom', an' a grace.

Just the good old fashioned Hymn tunes that you'll never be  
 forgettin',

A ringin' out upon the listenin' air,

Just the sort of Sunday afternoons you'll never be regrettin',

Seems as 'f there's somethin' holy, like a prayer

When the girlish trebles with the boyish voices blendin'

An' your mother's soft sopranna risin' clear,

There's a tuggin' at your heart-strings that time is never endin'

When mem'ry brings it to you, something dear

Has left you, when you'll meet no more to do your bit o' singin'

An' hear the music of those grand ol' tunes,

With your mother's and your brothers' an' sisters' voices ringin'

In the dreamy calm of Sunday afternoons.

## CHECKERS AT THE STORE

Like to watch the fellers all gatherin' at the store,  
 Like to hear their feet a-shufflin' on the sandy floor,  
 Like to hear 'em spin their yarns settin' round the fire,  
 There they'll sit an' smoke an' talk — never seem to tire.  
 But the best of all, bimeby, someone says "Say, Hen,  
 Git that checker board out, an' jest set on the men.  
 Watch me trim Si Perkins up, don't let him out the door!"  
 Ought to see the fun, then, with checkers at the store.

I can't play so well myself — not so well as *them*.  
 An' I tell you they *can* play. When ol' Si goes "Hem!"  
 Everybody looks an' looks, *they* can't see a thing,  
 But ol' Si he's got a "trap" he's about to spring.  
 Then all sudden-like an' swift he's a gatherin' in  
 All the checkers on the board an' he says "I win!"  
 Ol' "Doc" Hanson he'll say slow, "Well, I'm beat for shore."  
 Never see ol' Si get beat, playin' at the store.

Harry Shackford he'll allow he can play the game.  
 Eddie Rollo says, "Oh, pshaw! Once you beat a dame  
 Livin' somewhares on your route down by Turbans crick.  
 Set them men on that board, Doc, see me trim him quick."  
 Then they'll set an' set an' think, till Ed'll say "I'm done.  
 Never see at all that you had a 'two fer one,'" "  
 Then you'd oughter see his face! Crowd lets out a roar  
 Watchin' Harry do up Ed with checkers at the store.

Feller name o' "Pickles" come from clear up country way.  
 Hitched his wagon out behind, 'lowed that *he* could play.  
 Sets the men up on the board, says to all, right loud:  
 "Anybody play this game, settin' in this crowd?"

Ol' Si Perkins up an' says, stickin' out his chin,  
 "Stranger, look out fer your hide. I'm a-goin' ter win!"  
 Then they'd move an' "hem" an' look. They was out for gore  
 When Si played that feller onct over to the store.

They'd jest moved a time or two, played a'nour or so,  
 When Hen he blew out th' light, said he'd got to go.  
 Says "You fellers can jest set an' play thro' the night.  
 One thing, tho' I'll hafter say. You can't have no light!"  
 Then he up an' locked th' door—thought they all would "get,"  
 But next mornin' there they was, playin' that game yet!  
 Never knowed th' light was gone! Played two moves or more  
 Sence Hen left 'em thro' th' night, playin' at th' store.

I like checkers fine because you can set an' rest.  
 Sort of lay yer head down an' droop it on yer vest.  
 When I git a nice long beard, crinky like an' gray—  
 Makes a sort o' quishion rest for your head that way—  
*Then* I'm goin' to learn that game, an' I'll say "I win!"  
 Same as ol' Si Perkins does when *he's* settin' in.  
 Then it won't be *me* that does th' edgin' round th' door  
 When they start th' checker game over to th' store.

## CONTRASTS

The White Men met and fiercely fought,  
 Till one fell in the fearful bout,  
 And he claimed victory, dearly bought,  
 As he saw the other in utter rout.  
 But the Black Man lingered around a while,  
 And on his face was a crooked smile.

The White Men lost their pocketbooks,  
 Had drained their blood, were bruised and weak,  
 They called each other "thieves" and "crooks"  
 When they had breath enough to speak.  
 But the Yellow Man he saw their plight,  
 And whetted his knife far in the night.

The White Men gazed on their bloodstained clothes,  
 Their land torn by their heavy feet,  
 And what they thought of no one knows —  
 For their children had scarce enough to eat.  
 But the little Brown Man curled his lip,  
 And fixed on his arrow a poisoned tip.

# LIZ

It don't make no sort o' diff'rence  
 What the movie pictur is,  
 While I'm sittin' there a lookin'  
 If I'm only there with Liz.  
 They can make 'em love or slaughter,  
 Western prary or the sea,  
 Battleships or moonlight seen'ry  
 If she's settin' there by me.  
 I don't care. I'm jest as happy  
 As I can be, understand?  
 For the pictur aint the whole thing  
 While I'm holdin' of her hand.  
 Course, my hand is rough, an' I'm rough —  
 An' she's classy as can be,  
 An' I'm not the one's as saying  
 Why she wants to let me. See?  
 But the music, its a playin'  
 P'raps a love tune, soft an' low,

An' its sort of dark and dreamy  
 At the movin' pictur show.  
 An' maybe a corkin', han'some  
 Feller's showin' on the screen,  
 Makin' love an' p'raps a kissin'  
 Of a reg'lar peacherine.  
 I can't tell but what she's thinkin'  
 More of him'n she is of me,  
 But he can't come down an' get her,  
 So I aint a kickin'. See?  
 An' if he's the one that makes her  
 Sort of snuggle like my way,  
 Why, I'll take my hat off to him,  
 An' I'll holler out "hurray."  
 But the seen'ry an' the actin'  
 Aint the whole thing. Nixy. No.  
 I don't care a hoot what it is  
 If I have Liz to the show.  
 Bengal tigers can eat babies,  
 Howlin' cannibals can take  
 Christian ministers and toast 'em  
 On a sort of heathern rake.  
 Wimmin can jump offer tressles,  
 Or get married if they choose,  
 Villians can chew up the heroes.  
 What's the diff'rence? I can't lose.  
 I don't care. I'm a engagin'  
 In a diff'rence sort of biz,  
 For I'm jest a settin', thinkin'  
 That I'm snuggled up to Liz.  
 So, when I'm a wantin' picturs,  
 There you'll find me, on the square,  
 An' its Liz that I'm a watchin',  
 She's the purtiest pictur there.

## THE TALE OF THE PANTALOONS

There was a man in our town who had some trousers wond'rous  
worn,

The patches were re-patched again, the buttons gone, the seat  
was torn,

They hung a-bias, rag on rag, they floated sidewise, sag on sag.  
In truth they were a sorry sight—wraith pantaloons of dreams  
at night.

They were herring-boned from bow to stern, while round each leg  
was twining

A nondescript assortment of what had once been lining.

They hung dejected like a weed already dead and gone to seed.  
To tell the truth you'd hate to say they could exist another day.

Still, when our friend walked anywhere the trousers followed.  
'Twas a wonder

How he could take another step and not cause them to rend  
asunder.

They seemed an effervescent bubble to burst to nothing without  
trouble.

In fact like frothy foam on beer which only comes to disappear.

And this, alas, is the sad fate, which without rhyme or reason,  
Now overtook these trousers old, for they committed rankest  
treason,

As mist before the rising sun the legs just vanished one by one,  
The seat hung limp for a mere space then disappeared without a  
trace!

Now horror struck, with bulging eyes, our friend looked down,  
then with a yell,

He leaped for cover like a deer. This is the yarn we've heard  
him tell,

The tale of the trousers old and gray which suddenly vanished  
and went away.  
And then he'll add, "I told 'em then I'd never trust them pants  
again."

### A KICKIN' AT THE ROAD

Did you ever go a-ridin' with some feller in a car,  
When it didn't make a diff'rence where you're goin' or how far,  
Nor the scen'ry that is loomin' fair and noble to the view,  
That is showin' ev'ry minute somethin' fine and somethin' new,  
Who forever keeps a yelpin' like a houn' dog with the fleas,  
And who never seems to vary from his everlastin' wheeze?  
I mean the man that's always yellin', whatever his abode,  
And who's forever harpin' about the "rotten" road?

Doesn't seem to make a difference if it is a boulevard,  
He'll cuss the road he's trav'lin' and he'll do it good and hard.  
Doesn't make a bit of odds to him 'f it's smooth's a polished floor,  
He'll shoot the car along it, while you listen to him roar:  
"Why wa'n't this road made wider?" "I swear that crazy folks  
Could a-done a better job than this!" "What ails the half-wit  
blokes

That they don't cut that hill down there, and level it in here?"  
"I wish that I had stayed to home." "Gee, whizz, there's some-  
thin' queer

About this whole road business." "I tell you money talks!"  
"I swan, now here's a smooth piece, they forgot to add the rocks!"  
"Some fierce shoulder to this road, and by gracious where's the  
crown?"

"Ain't it fierce a-ridin' hereabouts, just jerkin' up and down?"  
"I'll be lucky if I get home to have any car at all."  
And so you spend the day with his endless caterwaul.



But his father went a-ridin' in an old cart with no springs,  
 A-standin' up, without a hold on any livin' thing!  
 And the road *HE* went a-travelin' by wa'n't any av-e-nue,  
 But he didn't cuss about it till the atmosphere was blue.  
 When his old horse went shamblin' thru rut and muck and snow,  
 Or the summer sun came beatin' down, tell you I ought to know,  
 He used to watch the scen'ry, and he'd see the birds and flowers,  
 And he'd take the ups and downs of life, its sunshine and its  
 showers.

For with all their new contraptions, some can't see the earth and  
 sky;

All they can seem to notice is the road they're trav'lin' by.  
 But by any sense or reason, or by any moral code,  
 It don't seem right to spend our lives a-kickin' at the road!

### LOVIN' YOU

Just can't keep from lovin' you.

Breeze goes whisperin' your name,  
 Birds sing of you all day through,

Ev'ry one of 'em the same,  
 All 'cept ol' owl, he says "W-H-O-O-O?"  
 Who's I lovin'? Lovin' you!

Roses 'mind me of your cheeks,

Ripplin' waters of your smile,  
 Violet from its moss bed peeks,

Knows I loves you all the while.  
 But that ol' owl he says "W-H-O-O-O?"  
 Who's I lovin'? Lovin' you!

Raven's wing's just like your hair  
 When it's shinin' in the sun,  
 An' the daises noddin' there  
 Knows I loves you, ev'ry one!  
 But ol' owl, he says "W-H-O-O? W-H-O-O-O?"  
 Who's I lovin'? Lovin' you!  
 But that owl, some day he'll see  
 Just us two a strollin' by,  
 Underneath his ol' dead tree,  
 Just he open wide his eye!  
 Then no need to say "W-H-O-O? W-H-O-O?"  
 He'll *know* I's a lovin' you!

## JUST CONTENT

I aint got no great ambition.  
 I aint longin' much for some  
 High position, such as 'sembly man  
 Nor Senator to come.  
 Rather watch the clouds a driftin'  
 Lazy like across the sky,  
 Rather hear the breezes whisperin'  
 And the brook a gurglin' by.  
 Rather have this life of ours  
 Just about as it is sent.  
 'Taint no use a wantin' changes,  
 I'm content.  
 I aint all the time a wishin'  
 Bigger fish would bite my hook,  
 I'm just satisfied a noddin'  
 Lazy like beside the brook;

Some folks rather be a settin'  
 In some cushioned office chair,  
 But for me God's sky above me  
 And a mind that's free from care.  
 Rather let them do the worryin'  
 Who're on high ambitions bent.  
 Wouldn't swap my humble station.  
 I'm content.

I'm content to see the beauty  
 In a field of wavin' corn,  
 Just content to work, a listenin'  
 For the blowin' dinner horn;  
 They aint what you'd call a pleasure,  
 Lots of things I have to do.  
 But I feel that it's a livin'  
 Same's the Lord He meant me to,  
 An' I'll take my share of labor,  
 An' whatever pleasure's sent.  
 Let them have the fame an' welcom',  
 I'm content.

When I see the sun a risin'  
 O'er the meadows wet with dew,  
 Watch it glistenin' like the diamonds  
 Under skies of deepest blue,  
 Then I feel just like a singin',  
 As I listen to the birds  
 Carol in the swingin' branches  
 Songs that can't be told in words.  
 An' I know that our Creator  
 Made these things, and that He meant  
 I should live as I am livin',  
 Just content.

## PLAIN "JIM"

He may loom large among the great,  
 Where his mere word is a command,  
 He may boast of a vast estate  
 By the great ocean's breezes fanned.  
 Though he's acquired a handle neat  
 To tack upon his common name.  
 Hobnobbing with the proud elite  
 He may achieve a world of fame,  
 But when he comes to the small town  
 Where he was born; where all know him,  
 Despite his wealth or his renown,  
 Among the "boys" he's simply "Jim."

It's "Hello, Jim, when'd you git home?"  
 "How is the wife, an' all the folks?"  
 "You're gettin' bald up on your dome,  
 The same as me. We look like jokes."  
 "You're growin' fat, seems like to me."  
 "Say, d'yer remember the old stool,  
 Way down in front it uster be,  
 The teacher sat you on in school?"  
 "I tell you what, them was the days."  
 "You had the rhumatiz? I'm slim."  
 "What's them hairs doin' there. They're greys."  
 And so the "boys" all talk to "Jim."

And "Jim"? He doesn't seem to mind.  
 In fact he likes it, on the sly.  
 He leaves his "city style" behind  
 When any of the "boys" are nigh.

It wouldn't do; the manner grand,  
 Not with "the bunch," I'll tell you now.  
 They simply would not understand;  
 'Tis not their way to scrape and bow.  
 And as the years go drifting on  
 They will be "Bill" and "Joe" to him.  
 No matter how the time has gone,  
 Or what he's done, *he's* simply "Jim."

# I LIKE SNOW

I'm a most peculiar guy,  
 Tell you why:  
 I like snow.  
 Like the winter's storm,  
 When I'm snug and warm,  
 As you know.  
  
 Don't care what the people say,  
 It's my way.  
 Let it blow!  
 Others may bemoan,  
 Whine and pine and groan;  
 I like snow.  
  
 Like it when it fills the air  
 Everywhere,  
 Falling slow.  
 Covering the ground,  
 Soft without a sound,  
 Gentle snow.

Like the song that winter sings  
 When it brings  
     Winds that blow.  
 Like it when it shrieks  
 "Look out ears and cheeks!  
     I bring snow!"

Let the poor deluded leave,  
 I don't grieve;  
     Let them go  
 Where the winter's hot.  
 Here I cast my lot,  
     *I like snow.*

## WHEN

When your drive goes sailing far away  
     From the hole's direction flag,  
 When you play a sad game day by day —  
     Not a shot left in your bag,  
 When your caddie stifles a secret grin,  
     And winks at a passing chum,  
 When never a putt is up or in,  
     And the world looks sort o' glum,  
 When your ball lands deep in the tangled rough,  
     Or splashes in the creek,  
 When everything is breaking tough,  
     When your approach is weak,

When the ball takes many a rotten roll  
     As you hit it firm and clean,  
 When you putt in vain for the little hole  
     As at last you reach the green —  
 'Tis then, my friend, if your view is right  
     On life and its smiles and frowns,  
 You wont awake and moan at night  
     If you can't cop golfing crowns.  
 For remember this, the laurel bay  
     Is not for ev'ry brow,  
 And it isn't the game — its the way you play,  
     For life is here and *now*.  
 And in your life as you go along  
     Get all the fun you can.  
 Let's have an end to the old swan song —  
     Buck up! and play the *man*.

## BUGS

Youth and maiden snugly seated  
 'Neath an oak tree in the glade.  
 Temperature is ideal,  
 Perfect—just two in the shade.  
 Gentle zephyrs softly kiss her  
 On the cheek and smooth white brow,  
 As they seem to softly whisper,  
 "I've just done it! Your turn now!"

But —  
 Out of the shadows nearer comes  
 Hisses and buzzes and sibilant hums,  
 Midges and bees and mosquitoes with stings,  
 Grasshoppers, ear-wigs and crawling things,  
 Spiders and beetles, bugs galore  
 Gather in myriads, more and more!  
 And so instead he softly said —  
 "Be still a moment while I fleck  
 That caterpillar off your neck!  
 There — now he's gone! He's crawled down in,  
 Somewhere. Feel him on your skin?"  
 "Dearest, there's no cause for alarm,  
 But a big spider's on your arm!"  
 "Kill that mosquito on my nose."  
 "There's *something* underneath my clothes!"  
 "Just get up, honey, for a minute.  
 An ant's nest. You've been sitting in it!"  
 "The wasps are thick here. Hear them hum!  
 Quick, let's go, sweetie, here they come."



And so in haste they leave the zone  
 The bugs have usurped for their own.  
 They leave the dear sequestered vale  
 With insects hot upon their trail.  
 Then for a week they squirm and twitch,  
 And scratch and itch and itch and itch!

Moral —

Nothing will spoil the sweetest hugs  
 Like bugs bugs bugs bugs bugs bugs bugs!

## MUTINY

When Ma puts out th' cat at night,  
 An' says "Come now, its gettin' late,  
 You get upstairs, an' mind th' light."  
 Don't matter if its only eight,  
 Or *seven*, I just trapse along.

There aint no use to argue *that*!  
 Ma says that bed's where I belong  
 When she puts out th' ol' tom cat.

I wish that I was th' ol' cat,  
 A-sittin' up there on our shed,  
 With no one round to holler "Scat!"  
 An' all night long no thought o' bed.  
 I'd pussyfoot around th' place,  
 Or sit an' yowl like all cats do,  
 Th' moon a-shinin' in my face;  
 I'd have some fun, now I tell you!

I call that independent stuff,  
 A-doin' all night what you please.  
 A-wanderin' round and gettin' rough,  
 Or sittin' quiet at your ease,  
 With not a thought when you'll get in,  
 Whether its ten or two or *five*,  
 No one to ask you, "Where you been?  
 Aint you ashamed now? Sakes alive!"

But here I am, cooped up, seems like,  
 My thoughts a-roamin' all th' while  
 To that ol' cat out on the hike,  
 Or settin' on th' shed in style!  
 Sometime it ought t' be *my* turn —  
 I'll make Ma put th' cat to bed,  
 An' then I'll break that rule o' her'n,  
 I'll sit all night up on that shed!

## MY FATHER WAS A CAPTAIN

My father was a Captain, he sailed the mighty deep  
 Where the Storm King holds his sceptre, and the billows never  
 sleep;

Where the weaving wind's soft whisper tells of languorous tropic  
 isle,

And the sun-lit sands lie gleaming, while the waving palm trees  
 smile,

Or where ice-cold currents gather as the rocky headlands rise  
 In their gloomy rugged splendor, pressing on the low-hung skies.

My father left the surging deep to cross its bounds no more —  
 Left the wide ocean's deathless sweep for a home upon the shore,  
 And the great open that he knew for the confines of the town,  
 For the quiet of the village street, to wander up and down.

There always seems a splendor in the sailor's life to me,  
 A something sad clings to them when they leave the boundless sea.  
 As the great plumed prisoned eagle who has soared o'er cloud-  
 tipped height

Looks forever for a vision which has vanished from his sight.  
 Although my father loved his home and life to him was sweet,  
 While I know he saw the beauty in the tree-arched village street,  
 Still his thoughts were of the ocean — of the life he used to know  
 When he trod the deck a Captain in the days of long ago.  
 And as he went his quiet way under the land-locked skies,  
 I saw the great wide ocean's sweep reflected in his eyes.

## THE SONG OF THE WHIFFLETREE

When I was a little boy I used to take a ride  
 Upon a great high wagon seat, with Daddy at my side.  
 Old John, the horse, was old and went so very, very slow  
 There wasn't much for him to do when Daddy hollered "whoa!"  
 Just sort of shake his weary head, and die down to a stop,  
 And look around with great mild eyes to find some grass to crop.  
 But anywhere we chose to go 'twas a wond'rous time for me.  
 I often think of those days, and the song of the whiffletree.

Our wagon was just like the rest in that old far past day,  
 It had a springy seat above that leaned most any way.  
 The cobwebs floated here and there, it always seemed to squeak,  
 Each wheel had lost a spoke or two, the springs were worn and  
     weak,  
 The shafts hung down, the tailboard swung, the cushion seat was  
     worn,  
 The upholstering was frayed, the "buffalo" robe was torn,  
 But of all things the one that comes the plainest now to me  
 As Dad and I went riding, is the song of the whiffletree.

The wagon springs were never oiled, they had a doleful sound.  
 I remember well the thudding horses' feet upon the ground.  
 I seem to hear the racking noise when we would get a jolt,  
 The squeaking seat, the wheel's rough play, the squealing of each  
     bolt,  
 The harness working up and down, the slapping of each trace,  
 And other sounds that seemed to come from almost any place,  
 From up above and underneath they always seemed to be,  
 And 'mongst them all the endless song sung by the whiffletree.

That wagon now has gone from sight and has not left a trace,  
 Old John has long ago been laid in his last resting place.  
 The summer days are just as bright today as years ago  
 When on that old worn seat I sat, and heard my father's "whoa!"  
 But still sometimes when I'm alone — perhaps 'twill be tonight —  
 That other day comes to my mind, that picture to my sight;  
 I seem to see a wagon old, a little boy — that's me —  
 And hear again the endless song sung by the whiffletree.

### MY NATIVE LAND

America! Through anguished years  
 Our fathers wrought in hopes and fears  
     Thy mighty state.  
 Their eyes alight with holy love,  
 They sought the God who reigns above  
     To guard thy fate.

They hewed thy forests stroke on stroke,  
 Till from their dim recesses woke  
     The sunlit field.  
 And this their guerdon through the night,  
 For Thee, for Liberty and Right —  
     And God their shield.

Obedience to a tyrant's will  
 They would not yield. From vale and hill  
     They heard thy call.  
 Living, they drew a free man's breath;  
 Dying, they earned a nobler death —  
     They gave thee all.

Thy boundless shores, thy waving grain,  
Thy far-flung cities, hill and plain,

They cannot see.

But we, who hold this heritage,  
Must guard, whatever storms may rage,  
Thy destiny.

Must watch, that thy great beacon light  
Our fathers' hands placed for our sight

In freedom's name,  
Shall blaze, a torch of liberty,  
Emblem for all mankind to see —  
A living flame.

## FAREWELL

*The sea still has its Captains, and all of them are men,  
 But the old "Square Rigger Captain" we shall never see again.  
 The village street boasts Captains who have weathered many a blast,  
 But the Captain of the Clipper is a memory of the past.  
 The Captain of the shore-boat who sails the stinging brine,  
 And the Captain of the steamer who is never off a line,  
 Are good men and are true men, afloat or on the shore,  
 But the Captains of the Clipper Ships, they sail their ships no more.*

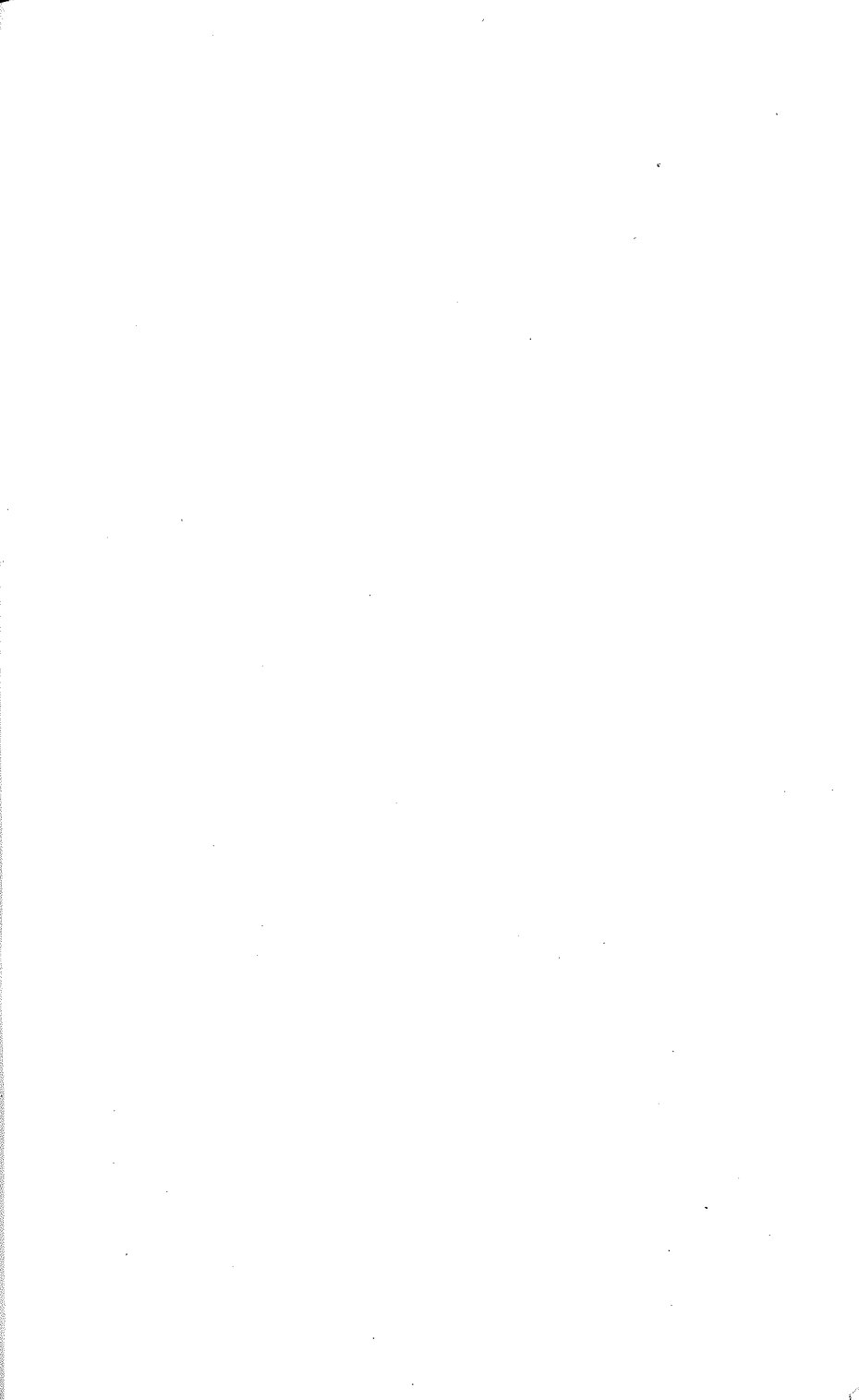
*The Captains of the long ago were rovers of the sea,  
 And they coursed the seven oceans before the Storm-King's breath,  
 With pennants proudly flying they courted mystery,  
 And they staked their lives and fortunes as they flirted round with death.  
 For the Captains of the Clipper Ships they scorned the beaten track,  
 As straining sails they bore aloft amid the salt sea-wrack,  
 And many a sturdy Captain and many a gallant ship  
 Have mingled bones forever in the sea's relentless grip.*

*The plumage of the Clipper was a marvel to the sight  
 As she spread her pinions snowy white against an azure sky,  
 The great sea was her lover, singing to her day and night,  
 As she leaped the combing billows, her pennant floating high.  
 No longer is her pennant seen — we look for it in vain;  
 Her Captain treads her quarter-deck no more upon the main.  
 For the Captain of the Clipper he has followed where she led  
 To the Port where never one returns — her Captain, he is dead.*

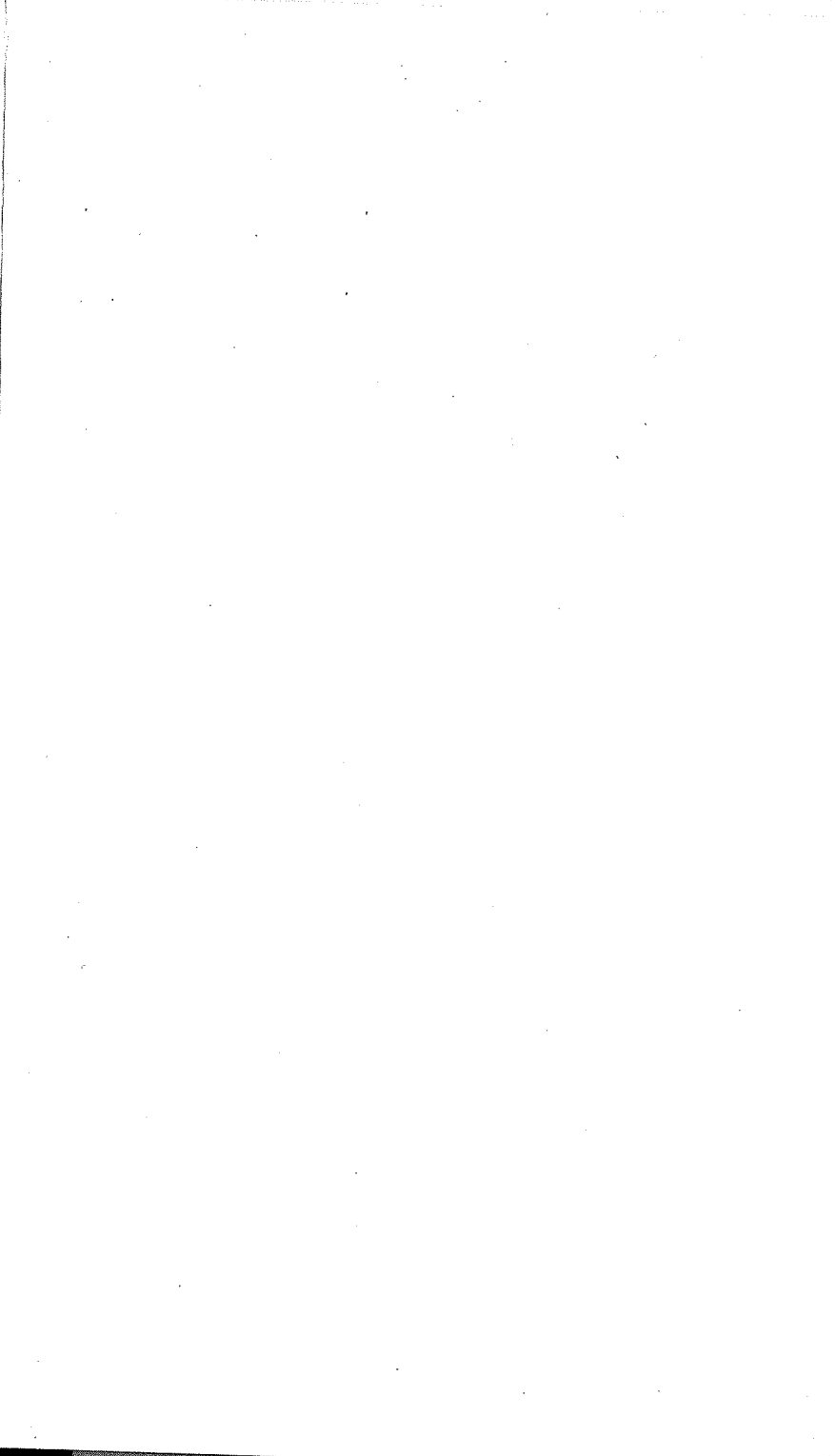
*O nevermore the salty spume will round about him beat,  
 And nevermore the ocean's call will lure him to its side.  
 For he will not again be seen upon the village street,  
 Or tread the Clipper's swaying deck upon the surging tide.  
 Time's hand has stilled his sturdy heart — earth sees his like no more;  
 We may search in vain the oceans, we may search in vain the shore.  
 For the white-winged flying Clipper braves no more the ocean's breath.  
 And the Captain of the Clipper lies still and cold in death.*











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