

WELLS CAROLYN

A PARODY
ANTHOLOGY

Carolyn Wells
A Parody Anthology

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A Parody Anthology:

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NOTE

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By the courtesy of John Lane are included the parodies of Anthony C. Deane, from his volume "New Rhymes for Old;" and those of Owen Seaman, from volumes "In Cap and Bells" and "The Battle of the Bays."

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The following are published by Charles Scribner's Sons: Song, from "The Book of Joyous Children," by James Whitcomb Riley; Home Sweet Home, and Imitation, from "Poems" of H. C. Bunner; and Song of a Heart, and Godiva, from "Overheard in a Garden," by Oliver Herford.

INTRODUCTION

PARODY AS A FINE ART

THE fact that parody has been ably defended by many of the world's best minds proves that it is an offensive measure, at least from some viewpoints. But an analysis of the arguments for and against seems to show that parody is a true and legitimate branch of art, whose appreciation depends upon the mental bias of the individual.

To enjoy parody, one must have an intense sense of the humorous and a humorous sense of the intense; and this, of course, presupposes a mental attitude of wide tolerance and liberal judgments.

Parodies are not for those who cannot understand that parody is not necessarily ridicule. Like most other forms of literature, unless the intent of the writer be thoroughly understood and

appreciated, the work is of little value to the reader.

The defenders of parody have sometimes endeavored to prove that it has an instructive value, and that it has acted as a reforming influence against mannerisms and other glaring defects. One enthusiastic partisan confidently remarks: "It may gently admonish the best and most established writer, when, from haste, from carelessness, from over-confidence, he is in danger of forfeiting his reputation; it may gently lead the tyro, while there is yet time, from the wrong into the right path." But this ethical air-castle is rudely shattered by facts, for what established writer ever changed his characteristic effects as a result of the parodies upon his works, or what tyro was ever parodied?

It has been said, too, that a good parody makes us love the original work better; but this statement seems to lack satisfactory proof except, perhaps, on the principle that a good parody may lead us to know the original work more thoroughly.

Perhaps the farthest fetched argument of the zealous advocates of the moral virtues of parody is found in Lord Jeffrey's review of the well-known "Rejected Addresses," where he says, "The imitation lets us more completely into the secret of the original author, and enables us to understand far more clearly in what the peculiarity of his manner consists than most of us would ever have done without this assistance." If this be true at all, it is exemplified in very few instances, and is one of the least of the minor reasons for the existence of a parody.

The main intent of the vast majority of parodies is simply to

amuse; but to amuse intelligently and cleverly. This aim is quite high enough, and is in no way strengthened or improved by the bolstering up qualities of avowed virtuous influences.

The requirements of the best parody are in a general way simply the requirements of the best literature of any sort; but, specifically, the true parodist requires an exact mental balance, a fine sense of proportion and relative values, good-humor, refinement, and unerring taste. Self-control and self-restraint are also needed; a parodist may go to the very edge, but he must not fall over.

The fact that poor parodies outnumber the good ones in the ratio of about ten to one (which is not an unusual percentage in any branch of literature), is because a wide and generous sense of humor is so rarely found in combination with the somewhat circumscribed quality of good taste. It is, therefore, on account of the abuse of parody, and not the use of it, that a defence of the art has been found necessary.

The parody has the sanction of antiquity, and though its absolute origin is uncertain, and various "Fathers of Parody" have been named, it is safe to assume that it began with the Greeks. The Romans, too, indulged in it, and its continuance has been traced all through the Middle Ages; but these ancient parodies, however acceptable in their time, are of little interest to us now, save as heirlooms. Their wit is coarse, their humor heavy; they are usually caustic and often irreverent.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the art of parody

began to improve, and during the nineteenth it rose to a height that demanded recognition from the literary world.

It is interesting to note that the age of English parody was ushered in by such masterpieces as the "Rolliad" and the "Anti-Jacobin," followed by the "Rejected Addresses" and the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." Later came Thackeray, Calverley, Swinburne and Lewis Carroll, also Bayard Taylor, Bret Harte, and Phoebe Cary. More modern still is the work of Rudyard Kipling, Anthony C. Deane, H. C. Bunner, and Owen Seaman.

Though some of these are classed among the minor poets, they are all major parodists and approach their work armed at all points.

The casual critic of parodies, as a rule, divides them into two classes, which, though under various forms of terminology, resolve themselves into parodies of sound and parodies of sense. But there are really three great divisions, which may be called "word-rendering," "form-rendering," and "sense-rendering."

The first, mere word-rendering, is simply an imitation of the original, and depends for its interest entirely upon the substitution of a trivial or commonplace motive for a lofty one, and following as nearly as possible the original words.

Form-rendering is the imitation of the style of an author, preferably an author given to mannerisms or affectation of some sort. The third division, sense-rendering, is by far the most meritorious, and utilizes not only the original writer's diction and style, but follows a train of thought precisely along the lines that

he would have pursued from the given premises.

This class of parody is seen at its best in Catherine Fanshawe's "Imitation of Wordsworth," and Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull."

But though parodies of this sort are of more serious worth, the other classes show examples quite as good in their own way.

Lewis Carroll's immortal parody of Southey's "Father William" is merely a burlesque of the word-rendering type, yet it is perfect of its kind and defies adverse criticism.

Miss Cary was a pioneer of parody in America and one of the few women writers who have done clever work of this sort. Miss Cary's parodies are numerous and uniformly first-class examples of their kind. They are collected in a small book, now out of print, and are well worth reading.

Of course, parodies which burlesque the actual words of the original are necessarily parodies of some particular poem, and often not so good an imitation of the style of the author.

More difficult than the parody of a particular poem is the imitation or burlesque of the literary style of an author. To accomplish this, the parodist must be himself a master of style, a student of language, and possessed of a power of mimicry with an instant appreciation of opportunities.

"Diversions of the Echo Club," by Bayard Taylor, are among the best of this class of parodies. Aside from their cleverness they are marked by good taste, fairness, justice, and a true poetic instinct.

Naturally, parodies of literary style are founded on the works of those authors whose individual characteristics invite imitation.

Parody is inevitable where sense is sacrificed to sound, where affectations of speech are evident, or where unwarrantable extravagance of any sort is indulged in. This explains the numerous (and usually worthless) parodies of Walt Whitman.

Swinburne and Browning are often parodied for these (perhaps only apparent) reasons, and the poets of the æsthetic school of course offered especially fine opportunities.

Parodies of Rossetti and his followers are often exceedingly funny, though not at all difficult to write, as the originals both in manner and matter fairly invite absurd incongruities.

Nursery Rhymes seem to find favor with the parodists as themes to work upon. A collection of Mother Goose's Melodies as they have been reset by clever pens, would be both large and interesting.

The masters of parody, however, are as a rule to be found among the master poets. Thackeray turned his genius to imitative account; Swinburne parodied himself as well as his fellow-poets; Rudyard Kipling has done some of the best parodies in the language, and C. S. Calverley's burlesques are classics. The work of these writers may be said to be in the third class; for not only do they preserve the diction and style of the author imitated, but they seem to go beyond that, and, assimilating for the moment his very mentality, caricature not only his expressed thoughts but his abstract cerebrations.

It is easy to understand how Swinburne with his facile fancy and wonderful command of words could be among the best parodists. In his "Heptalogia" are long and careful parodies of no less than seven prominent poets, each of which is a masterpiece, and the parody of Browning is especially good. Browning, of course, has always been a tempting mark for the parodists, but though it is easy to imitate his eccentricities superficially, it is only the greater minds that have parodied his subtler peculiarities. Among the best are Calverley's and Kipling's.

Kipling's parodies, written in his early days, and not often to be found in editions of his collected works, rank with the highest. His parody of Swinburne, while going to the very limit of legitimate imitation, is restrained by a powerful hand, and so kept within convincing bounds. The great fault with most parodies of Swinburne is that exaggeration is given play too freely, and the result is merely a meaningless mass of sound. Clever in a different way is Owen Seaman's parody of Swinburne. Mr. Seaman is one of the most brilliant of modern parodists and his parodies, though long, are perfect in all respects.

Among the most exquisite parodies we have ever read must be counted those of Anthony C. Deane, originally published in various London papers, and Calverley's works are too well known even to require mention.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is often parodied, but rarely worthily. One reason for this lies in the fact that it is not Omar who is parodied at all, but Fitzgerald; consequently, the imitation

is merely a form-rendering and more often only lines in the Rubaiyat metre.

Shakespeare, with the exception of one or two of his most hackneyed speeches, is rarely parodied; doubtless owing to the fact that his harmonious work shows no incongruities of matter or manner, and strikes no false notes for the parodists to catch at.

The extent of the domain of parody is vastly larger than is imagined by the average reader, and its already published bibliographies show thousands of collected parodies of varying degrees of merit.

Of all the poets Tennyson has probably been parodied the most; followed closely in this respect by Edgar Allan Poe. After these, Browning, Swinburne, and Walt Whitman; then Moore, Wordsworth, Longfellow, and Thomas Campbell.

Of single poems the one showing the greatest number of parodies is "My Mother," by Ann Taylor; after this those most used for the purpose have been "The Raven," Gray's "Elegy," "The Song of the Shirt," "The May Queen," "Locksley Hall," "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and Kingsley's "Three Fishers."

Parody, then, is a tribute to popularity, and consequently to merit of one sort or another, and in the hands of the initiate may be considered a touch-stone that proves true worth.

AFTER OMAR KHAYYAM

THE GOLFER'S RUBAIYAT

WAKE! for the sun has driven in equal flight
The stars before him from the Tee of Night,
And holed them every one without a Miss,
Swinging at ease his gold-shod Shaft of Light.

Now, the fresh Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Pores on this Club and That with anxious eye,
And dreams of Rounds beyond the Rounds of Liars.

Come, choose your Ball, and in the fire of Spring,
Your Red Coat and your wooden Putter fling;
The Club of Time has but a little while
To waggle, and the Club is on the swing.

A Bag of Clubs, a Silver Town or two,
A Flask of Scotch, a Pipe of Shag, and Thou
Beside me caddying in the Wilderness —
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent

Jamie and His, and heard great argument
Of Grip, and Stance, and Swing; but evermore
Found at the Exit but a Dollar spent.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand sought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd;
"You hold it in this Way, and you swing it So."

The swinging Brassie strikes; and, having struck,
Moves on; nor all your Wit or future Luck
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Stroke,
Nor from the Card a single Seven pluck.

No hope by Club or Ball to win the Prize;
The batter'd, blacken'd Remade sweetly flies,
Swept cleanly from the Tee; this is the Truth
Nine-tenths is Skill, and all the rest is Lies.

And that inverted Ball they call the High,
By which the Duffer thinks to live or die,
Lift not your hands to It for help, for it
As impotently froths as you or I.

Yon rising Moon that leads us home again,
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising, wait for us
At this same Turning – and for One in vain.

And when, like her, my Golfer, I have been
And am no more above the pleasant Green,
And you in your mild Journey pass the Hole
I made in One – ah, pay my Forfeit then!

H. W. Boynton.

AN OMAR FOR LADIES¹

ONE for her Club and her own Latch-key fights,
Another wastes in Study her good Nights.
Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go,
Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!

Look at the Shop-girl all about us – “Lo,
The Wages of a month,” she says, “I blow
Into a Hat, and when my hair is waved,
Doubtless my Friend will take me to the Show.”

And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,
And she who caught Pneumonia instead,
Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,
And Prudence pays no Premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon
Gets to the Bargain counters – and anon
Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie
Cheers but a moment – soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, on the sad Four Hundred's gilded halls,
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appalls,
How Ping-pong raged so high – then faded out

¹ Copyright, 1903, by Harper & Brothers.

To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep
The *dernier cri* that once was far from cheap;
Green Veils, one season chic – Department stores
Mark down in vain – no profit shall they reap.

I sometimes think that never lasts so long
The Style as when it starts a bit too strong;
That all the Pompadours the parterre boasts
Some Chorus-girl began, with Dance and Song.

And this Revival of the Chignon low
That fills the most of us with helpless Woe,
Ah, criticise it Softly! for who knows
What long-necked Peeress had to wear it so!

Ah, my beloved, try each Style you meet;
To-day brooks no loose ends, you must be neat.
To-morrow! why, to-morrow you may be
Wearing it down your back like Marguerite!

For some we once admired, the Very Best
That ever a French hand-boned Corset prest,
Wore what they used to call Prunella Boots,
And put on Nightcaps ere they went to rest.

And we that now make fun of Waterfalls
They wore, and whom their Crinoline appalls,

Ourselves shall from old dusty Fashion plates
Assist our Children in their Costume balls.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may wear,
Before we grow so old that we don't care!
Before we have our Hats made all alike,
Sans Plumes, sans Wings, sans Chiffon, and – sans Hair!

Josephine Daskam Bacon.

THE MODERN RUBAIYAT

(Dobley's Version)

HARK! for the message cometh from the King!
Winter, thy doom is spoke; thy dirges ring,
Thy time is o'er – and through the Palace door
Enter the Princess! Hail the new-crowned Spring!

Comes she all rose-crowned, glowing with the Joy
Of Laughter and of Cupid, the God-Boy;
Buds bursting on the bough in welcoming
To Her we Love, whose loving will not cloy!

List! from the organ rippling in the Street
Come sounds rejoicing, glad Her reign to greet.
The Shad is smiling in the Market Place
And eke the Little Neck! Ah – Life is Sweet!

Come, let us lilt a Merry Little Song
And in an Automobile glide along
Into the glory of the Year's new Birth.
Hasten! Oh, haste! For this is Spring, I Think!

Come where the Bonnets bloom within the Grove

And let us pluck them for the One we Love;
Violets and Things and chiffon-nested Birds.
Tell me – didst ever see a Glass-Eyed Dove?

Think you how many Springs will go and come
When We are Dead Ones – and the busy Hum
Of life will never reach us – Nothing Done
And Nothing Doing in the Silence Glum!

Listen! the cable car's Gay Gong has rang,
The Elevated on its perch, A-clang
Like to a District Messenger astir.
Thought you, it was a Nightingale that sang?

Ah! my Beloved, when it's Really Spring
We know it by the Buds a-blossoming,
Signals from earth to sky – Tremendous Sounds
That might to Some mean any Ancient Thing!

Then let us to the Caravan at Once,
The Sawdust where the Peanut haunts
The air with strange sweet Odors
And the Elephant does Wild and Woolly Stunts!

Asparagus is glowing on the Stall,
The Spring lamb cavorts on the Menu tall;
Strawberries ripe – a Dollar for the Box:
Wouldn't it jar You somehow, After all?

A Book of Coon Songs underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Dozen Buns, and Thou
Beside me singing rag-time? I don't know?
I wonder would a dozen be enow?

I sent my soul afling through Joy and Pain
For Information that the Winds might deign.
Softly the breezes pitched it, Russie-curved,
And whispered slowly – sadly – “Guess Again.”

Sometimes I think the Glories that they Sing
Are like the grape-vine the Fox tried to cling;
But take To-day – and make the Most of It,
I think it's Just Too Sweet for anything!

What of To-morrow – say you? Oh, my Friend —
To-morrow's Not been Touched. It's yet to Spend.
I often wonder if we should expire
If we could but Collect the Gold we Lend!

Ah, Love! could Thou and I Creation run,
How Different our Scheme! The Summer's sun
Would see another Springtime blossoming,
Another Summer's Rose to Follow On!

And Leaning from the Sky a Little Star
Would Tell Us from the Canopy afar
What now we Grope for in the Dinky-dink,
And wonder blindly, vaguely, What we Are!

And when Alone you dream your fancies ripe,
Thyself all Hasheesh-fed – My Prototype!
Smoke Up – and when you gather with the Group
Where I made One – Turn Down an Empty Pipe!

Kate Masterson

LINEs WRITTEN ("BY REQUEST") FOR A DINNER OF THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB

MASTER, in memory of that Verse of Thine,
And of Thy rather pretty taste in Wine,
We gather at this jaded Century's end,
Our Cheeks, if so we may, to incarnadine.

Thou hast the kind of Halo which outstays
Most other Genii's. Though a Laureate's bays
Should slowly crumple up, Thou livest on,
Having survived a certain Paraphrase.

The Lion and the Alligator squat
In Dervish Courts – the Weather being hot —
Under Umbrellas. Where is Mahmud now?
Plucked by the Kitchener and gone to Pot!

Not so with thee; but in Thy place of Rest,
Where East is East and never can be West,
Thou art the enduring Theme of dining Bards;
O make allowances; they do their Best.

Our Health – Thy Prophet's health – is but so-so;

Much marred by men of Abstinence who know
Of Thee and all Thy loving Tavern-lore
Nothing, nor care for it one paltry Blow.

Yea, we ourselves, who beam around Thy Bowl,
Somewhat to dull Convention bow the Soul,
We sit in sable Trouserings and Boots,
Nor do the Vine-leaves deck a single Poll.

How could they bloom in uncongenial air?
Nor, though they bloomed profusely, should we wear
Upon our Heads – so tight is Habit's hold —
Aught else beside our own unaided Hair.

The Epoch curbs our Fancy. What is more
To BE, in any case, is now a Bore.
Even in Humor there is nothing new;
There is no Joke that was not made before.

But Thou! with what a fresh and poignant sting
Thy Muse remarked that Time was on the Wing!
Ah, Golden Age, when Virgin was the Soil,
And Decadence was deemed a newish Thing.

These picturesque departures now are stale;
The noblest Vices have their vogue and fail;
Through some inherent Taint or lack of Nerve
We cease to sin upon a generous scale.

This hour, though drinking at my Host's expense,
I fear to use a fine Incontinence,
For terror of the Law and him that waits
Outside, the unknown X, to hale us hence.

For, should he make of us an ill Report
As pipkins of the more loquacious Sort,
We might be lodged, the Lord alone knows where,
Save Peace were purchased with a pewter Quart.

And yet, O Lover of the purple Vine,
Haply Thy Ghost is watching how we dine;
Ah, let the Whither go; we'll take our chance
Of fourteen days with option of a Fine.

Master, if we, Thy Vessels, staunch and stout,
Should stagger, half-seas-over, blind with Doubt,
In sound of that dread moaning of the Bar,
Be near, be very near, to bail us out!

Owen Seaman.

THE BABY'S OMAR

OMAR'S the fad! Well then, let us indite
The shape of verse old Omar used to write;
And Juveniles are up. So we opine
A Baby's Omar would be out of sight!

Methinks the stunt is easy. Stilted style,
A misplaced Capital once in a while, —
Other verse writers do it like a shot;
And can't I do it too? Well, I should Smile!

But how I ramble on. I must dismiss
Dull Sloth, and set to Work at once, I wis;
I sometimes think there's nothing quite so hard
As a Beginning. Say we start like this:

Indeed, indeed my apron oft before
I tore, but was I naughty when I tore?
And then, and then came Ma, and thread in hand
Repaired the rent in my small pinafore.

A Penny Trumpet underneath the Bough,
A Drum that's big enough to make a Row;
A Toy Fire-Engine, and a squeaking Doll,
Oh, Life were Pandemonium enow.

Come, fill the Cup, then quickly on the floor
Your portion of the Porridge gaily pour.
The Nurse will Spank you, and she'll be discharged, —
Ah, but of Nurses there be Plenty more.

Yes, I can do it! Now, if but my Purse
Some kindly Editor will reimburse,
I'll write a Baby's Omar; for I'm sure
These Sample Stanzas here are not so worse.

Carolyn Wells.

AFTER CHAUCER

YE CLERKE OF YE WETHERE

A CLERKE there was, a puissant wight was hee,
Who of ye wethere hadde ye maisterie;
Alway it was his mirth and his solace —
To put eche seson's wethere oute of place.

Whanne that Aprille shoures wer our desyre,
He gad us Julye sonnes as hotte as fyre;
But sith ye summere togges we donned agayne,
Eftsoons ye wethere chaunged to cold and rayne.

Wo was that pilgrimme who fared forth a-foote,
Without ane gyngham that him list uppe-putte;
And gif no mackyntosches eke had hee,
A parlous state that wight befelle – pardie!

We wist not gif it nexte ben colde or hotte,
Cogswounds! ye barde a grewsome colde hath gotte!
Certes, that clerke's ane mightie man withalle,
Let non don him offence, lest ille befall.

Anonymous.

AFTER SPENSER

A PORTRAIT

HE is to weet a melancholy carle:
Thin in the waist, with bushy head of hair,
As hath the seeded thistle, when a parle
It holds with Zephyr, ere it sendeth fair
Its light balloons into the summer air;
Thereto his beard had not begun to bloom.
No brush had touched his cheek, or razor sheer;
No care had touched his cheek with mortal doom,
But new he was and bright, as scarf from Persian loom.

Ne carèd he for wine, or half and half;
Ne carèd he for fish, or flesh, or fowl;
And sauces held he worthless as the chaff;
He 'sdeigned the swine-head at the wassail-bowl:
Ne with lewd ribbalds sat he cheek by jowl;
Ne with sly lemans in the scorner's chair;
But after water-brooks this pilgrim's soul
Panted and all his food was woodland air;
Though he would oft-times feast on gilliflowers rare

The slang of cities in no wise he knew,

Tipping the wink to him was heathen Greek;
He sipped no "olden Tom," or "ruin blue,"
Or Nantz, or cherry-brandy, drunk full meek
By many a damsel brave and rouge of cheek;
Nor did he know each aged watchman's beat,
Nor in obscurèd purlieus would he seek
For curlèd Jewesses, with ankles neat,
Who, as they walk abroad, make tinkling with their feet.

John Keats.

AFTER SHAKESPEARE

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

TO wed, or not to wed? That is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The pangs and arrows of outrageous love
Or to take arms against the powerful flame
And by oppressing quench it.
To wed – to marry —
And by a marriage say we end
The heartache and the thousand painful shocks
Love makes us heir to – 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! to wed – to marry —
Perchance a scold! aye, there's the rub!
For in that wedded life what ills may come
When we have shuffled off our single state
Must give us serious pause. There's the respect
That makes us Bachelors a numerous race.
For who would bear the dull unsocial hours
Spent by unmarried men, cheered by no smile
To sit like hermit at a lonely board
In silence? Who would bear the cruel gibes
With which the Bachelor is daily teased
When he himself might end such heart-felt griefs

By wedding some fair maid? Oh, who would live
Yawning and staring sadly in the fire
Till celibacy becomes a weary life
But that the dread of something after wed-lock
(That undiscovered state from whose strong chains
No captive can get free) puzzles the will
And makes us rather choose those ills we have
Than fly to others which a wife may bring.
Thus caution doth make Bachelors of us all,
And thus our natural taste for matrimony
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.
And love adventures of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn away
And lose the name of Wedlock.

Anonymous.

POKER

TO draw, or not to draw, – that is the question: —
Whether 'tis safer in the player to take
The awful risk of skinning for a straight,
Or, standing pat, to raise 'em all the limit
And thus, by bluffing, get in. To draw, – to skin;
No more – and by that skin to get a full,
Or two pairs, or the fattest bouncing kings
That luck is heir to – 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To draw – to skin;
To skin! perchance to burst – ay, there's the rub!
For in the draw of three what cards may come,
When we have shuffled off th' uncertain pack,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of a bobtail flush;
For who would bear the overwhelming blind,
The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge,
The insolence of pat hands and the lifts
That patient merit of the bluffer takes,
When he himself might be much better off
By simply passing? Who would trays uphold,
And go out on a small progressive raise,
But that the dread of something after call —
The undiscovered ace-full, to whose strength
Such hands must bow, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather keep the chips we have

Than be curious about the hands we know not of.
Thus bluffing does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush
Is sicklied with some dark and cussed club,
And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth
With this regard their interest turn away
And lose the right to open.

Anonymous.

TOOTHACHE

TO have it out or not. That is the question —
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth
Or to take steel against a host of troubles,
And, by extracting them, end them? To pull – to tug! —
No more: and by a tug to say we end
The toothache and a thousand natural ills
The jaw is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To pull – to tug! —
To tug – perchance to break! Ay, there's the rub,
For in that wrench what agonies may come
When we have half dislodged the stubborn foe,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes an aching tooth of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
The old wife's nostrum, dentist's contumely;
The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep's delay;
The insolence of pity, and the spurns,
That patient sickness of the healthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
For one poor shilling? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sink beneath a load of pain? —
But that the dread of something lodged within
The linen-twisted forceps, from whose pangs
No jaw at ease returns, puzzles the will,

And makes it rather bear the ills it has
Than fly to others that it knows not of.
Thus dentists do make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a one, whose courage seeks the door,
With this regard his footsteps turns away,
Scared at the name of dentist.

Anonymous.

A DREARY SONG

WELL, don't cry, my little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain
Amuse yourself, and break some toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Alas, for the grass on Papa's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
He'll have to buy hay at an awful rate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Mamma, she can't go out for a drive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
How cross she gets about four or five,
For the rain it raineth every day.

If I were you I'd be off to bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Or the damp will give you a cold in the head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago this song was done,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
And I, for one, cannot see it's fun,
But the Dyces and the Colliers can – they say.

Shirley Brooks.

TO THE STALL-HOLDERS AT A FANCY FAIR

WITH pretty speech accost both old and young,
And speak it trippingly upon the tongue;
But if you mouth it with a hoyden laugh,
With clumsy ogling and uncomely chaff —
As I have oft seen done at fancy fairs,
I had as lief a huckster sold my wares,
Avoid all so-called beautifying, dear.
Oh! it offends me to the soul to hear
The things that men among themselves will say
Of some *soi-disant* "beauty of the day,"
Whose face, when she with cosmetics has cloyed it,
Out-Rachels Rachel! pray you, girls, avoid it.
Neither be you too tame — but, ere you go,
Provide yourselves with sprigs of mistletoe;
Offer them coyly to the Roman herd —
But don't you suit "the action to the word,"
For in that very torrent of your passion
Remember modesty is still in fashion.
Oh, there be ladies whom I've seen hold stalls —
Ladies of rank, my dear — to whom befalls
Neither the accent nor the gait of ladies;
So clumsily made up with Bloom of Cadiz,
Powder-rouge — lip-salve — that I've fancied then

They were the work of Nature's journeymen.

W. S. Gilbert.

SONG

WITH a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho rhyme!
Oh, the shepherd lad
He is ne'er so glad
As when he pipes, in the blossom-time,
So rare!
While Kate picks by, yet looks not there.
So rare! so rare!
With a hey! and a hi! and a ho!
The grasses curdle where the daisies blow!
With a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho vow!
Then he sips her face
At the sweetest place —
And ho! how white is the hawthorn now! —
So rare! —
And the daisied world rocks round them there.
So rare! so rare!
With a hey! and a hi! and a ho!
The grasses curdle where the daisies blow!

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE WHIST-PLAYER'S SOLILOQUY

TO trump, or not to trump, – that is the question:
Whether 't is better in this case to notice
The leads and signals of outraged opponents,
Or to force trumps against a suit of diamonds,
And by opposing end them? To trump, – to take, —
No more; and by that trick to win the lead
And after that, return my partner's spades
For which he signalled, – 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To trump – to take, —
To take! perchance to win! Ay, there's the rub;
For if we win this game, what hands may come
When we have shuffled up these cards again.
Play to the score? ah! yes, there's the defect
That makes this Duplicate Whist so much like work.
For who would heed the theories of Hoyle,
The laws of Pole, the books of Cavendish,
The Short-Suit system, Leads American,
The Eleven Rule Finesse, The Fourth-best play,
The Influence of signals on The Ruff,
When he himself this doubtful trick might take
With a small two-spot? Who would hesitate,
But that the dread of something afterwards,
An undiscovered discard or forced lead
When playing the return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather lose the tricks we have

To win the others that we know not of?
Thus Duplicate Whist makes cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of Bumblepuppy
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.
And good whist-players of great skill and judgment,
With this regard their formulas defy,
And lose the game by ruffing.

Carolyn Wells.

AFTER WITHER

ANSWER TO MASTER WITHERS SONG, "SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR?"

SHALL I, mine affections slack,
'Cause I see a woman's black?
Or myself, with care cast down,
'Cause I see a woman brown?
Be she blacker than the night,
Or the blackest jet in sight!
If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be?

Shall my foolish heart be burst,
'Cause I see a woman's curst?
Or a thwarting hoggish nature
Joinèd in as bad a feature?
Be she curst or fiercer than
Brutish beast, or savage man!
If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be?

Shall a woman's vices make
Me her vices quite forsake?
Or her faults to me made known,
Make me think that I have none?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst!
If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go?
He that bears an humble mind
And with riches can be kind,
Think how kind a heart he'd have,
If he were some servile slave!
And if that same mind I see
What care I how poor she be?

Poor, or bad, or curst, or black,
I will ne'er the more be slack!
If she hate me (then believe!)
She shall die ere I will grieve!
If she like me when I woo
I can like and love her too!
If that she be fit for me!
What care I what others be?

Ben Jonson.

AFTER HERRICK

SONG

GATHER Kittens while you may,
Time brings only Sorrow;
And the Kittens of To-day
Will be Old Cats To-morrow.

Oliver Herford.

TO JULIA UNDER LOCK AND KEY

**(A form of betrothal gift in America
is an anklet secured by a padlock, of
which the other party keeps the key)**

WHEN like a bud my Julia blows
In lattice-work of silken hose,
Pleasant I deem it is to note
How, 'neath the nimble petticoat,
Above her fairy shoe is set
The circumvolving zonulet.
And soothly for the lover's ear
A perfect bliss it is to hear
About her limb so lithe and lank
My Julia's ankle-bangle clank.
Not rudely tight, for 'twere a sin
To corrugate her dainty skin;
Nor yet so large that it might fare
Over her foot at unaware;
But fashioned nicely with a view
To let her airy stocking through:
So as, when Julia goes to bed,
Of all her gear disburdenèd,

This ring at least she shall not doff
Because she cannot take it off.
And since thereof I hold the key,
She may not taste of liberty,
Not though she suffer from the gout,
Unless I choose to let her out.

Owen Seaman.

AFTER NURSERY RHYMES

AN IDYLL OF PHATTE AND LEENE

THE hale John Sprat – oft called for shortness, Jack —
Had married – had, in fact, a wife – and she
Did worship him with wifely reverence.
He, who had loved her when she was a girl,
Compass'd her, too, with sweet observances;
E'en at the dinner table did it shine.
For he – liking no fat himself – he never did,
With jealous care piled up her plate with lean,
Not knowing that all lean was hateful to her.
And day by day she thought to tell him o 't,
And watched the fat go out with envious eye,
But could not speak for bashful delicacy.

At last it chanced that on a winter day,
The beef – a prize joint! – little was but fat;
So fat, that John had all his work cut out,
To snip out lean fragments for his wife,
Leaving, in very sooth, none for himself;
Which seeing, she spoke courage to her soul,
Took up her fork, and, pointing to the joint
Where 'twas the fattest, piteously she said;

“Oh, husband! full of love and tenderness!
What is the cause that you so jealously
Pick out the lean for me. I like it not!
Nay, loathe it – 'tis on the fat that I would feast;
O me, I fear you do not like my taste!"

Then he, dropping his horny-handled carving knife,
Sprinkling therewith the gravy o'er her gown,
Answer'd, amazed: "What! you like fat, my wife!
And never told me. Oh, this is not kind!
Think what your reticence has wrought for us;
How all the fat sent down unto the maid —
Who likes not fat – for such maids never do —
Has been put in the waste-tub, sold for grease,
And pocketed as servant's perquisite!
Oh, wife! this news is good; for since, perforce,
A joint must be not fat nor lean, but both;
Our different tastes will serve our purpose well;
For, while you eat the fat – the lean to me
Falls as my cherished portion. Lo! 'tis good!"
So henceforth – he that tells the tale relates —
In John Sprat's household waste was quite unknown;
For he the lean did eat, and she the fat,
And thus the dinner-platter was all cleared.

Anonymous.

NURSERY SONG IN PIDGIN ENGLISH

SINGEE a songee sick a pence,
Pockee muchee lye;
Dozen two time blackee bird
Cooke in e pie.
When him cutee topside
Birdee bobbery sing;
Himee tinkee nicey dish
Setee foree King!
Kingee in a talkee loom
Countee muchee money;
Queeny in e kitchee,
Chew-chee breadee honey.
Servant galo shakee,
Hangee washee clothes;
Cho-chop comee blackie bird,
Nipee off her nose!

Anonymous.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

AND this reft house is that the which he built,
Lamented Jack! and here his malt he piled.
Cautious in vain! these rats that squeak so wild,
Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt.

Did he not see her gleaming through the glade!
Belike 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What though she milked no cow with crumpled horn,
Yet, aye she haunts the dale where erst she strayed:

And aye before her stalks her amorous knight!
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
And through those brogues, still tattered and betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

BOSTON NURSERY RHYMES

RHYME FOR A GEOLOGICAL BABY

TRILOBITE, Graptolite, Nautilus pie;
Seas were calcareous, oceans were dry.
Eocene, miocene, pliocene Tuff,
Lias and Trias and that is enough.

RHYME FOR ASTRONOMICAL BABY

BYE Baby Bunting,
Father's gone star-hunting;
Mother's at the telescope
Casting baby's horoscope.
Bye Baby Buntoid,
Father's found an asteroid;
Mother takes by calculation
The angle of its inclination.

RHYME FOR BOTANICAL BABY

LITTLE bo-peepals
Has lost her sepals,
And can't tell where to find them;
In the involucre
By hook or by crook or
She'll make up her mind not to mind them.

RHYME FOR A CHEMICAL BABY

OH, sing a song of phosphates,
Fibrine in a line,
Four-and-twenty follicles
In the van of time.
When the phosphorescence
Evolved brain,
Superstition ended,
Men began to reign.

Rev. Joseph Cook.

A SONG OF A HEART

UPON a time I had a Heart,
And it was bright and gay;
And I gave it to a Lady fair
To have and keep alway.

She soothed it and she smoothed it
And she stabbed it till it bled;
She brightened it and lightened it
And she weighed it down with lead.

She flattered it and battered it
And she filled it full of gall;
Yet had I Twenty Hundred Hearts,
Still should she have them all.

Oliver Herford.

THE DOMICILE OF JOHN

BEHOLD the mansion reared by Daedal Jack!
See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's Bivouac!

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid!

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides;
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent,
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent!

Lo! Now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault!
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall,
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with the crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predaceous, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.
Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew

Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The baying hound whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that, with verminicidal claw,
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt, that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb, that seems, in sooth,
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose lactalbic hands
Drew albulactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realms ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordaceous rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! Here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the man unthrift
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
E'en as he kissed the virgin all forlorn
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fierce wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,

Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat that robbed the palace that Jack built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of the horned brute morose
That on gyrated horn, to heaven's high vault
Hurled up, with many a tortuous somersault,
The low bone-cruncher, whose hot wrath pursued
The scratching sneak, that waged eternal feud
With long-tailed burglar, who his lips would smack
On farinaceous wealth, that filled the halls of Jack.

Vast limbed and broad the farmer comes at length,
Whose cereal care supplied the vital strength
Of chanticler, whose matutinal cry
Roused the quiescent form and ope'd the eye
Of razor-loving cleric, who in bands
Connubial linked the intermixed hands
Of him, whose rent apparel gaped apart,
And the lorn maiden with lugubrious heart,
Her who extraught the exuberant lactic flow
Of nutriment from that cornigerent cow,
Eumenidal executor of fate,
That to sidereal altitudes elate
Cerberus, who erst with fang lethiferous

Left lacerate Grimalkin latebrose —
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

A. Pope.

MARY AND THE LAMB

MARY, – what melodies mingle
To murmur her musical name!
It makes all one's finger-tips tingle
Like fagots, the food of the flame;
About her an ancient tradition
A romance delightfully deep
Has woven in juxtaposition
With one little sheep, —

One dear little lamb that would follow
Her footsteps, unwearily fain.
Down dale, over hill, over hollow,
To school and to hamlet again;
A gentle companion, whose beauty
Consisted in snow-driven fleece,
And whose most imperative duty
Was keeping the peace.

His eyes were as beads made of glassware,
His lips were coquettishly curled,
His capers made many a lass swear
His caper-sauce baffled the world;
His tail had a wag when it relished
A sip of the milk in the pail, —
And this fact has largely embellished

The wag of this tale.

One calm summer day when the sun was
A great golden globe in the sky,
One mild summer morn when the fun was
Unspeakably clear in his eye,
He tagged after exquisite Mary,
And over the threshold of school
He tripped in a temper contrary,
And splintered the rule.

A great consternation was kindled
Among all the scholars, and some
Confessed their affection had dwindled
For lamby, and looked rather glum;
But Mary's schoolmistress quick beckoned
The children away from the jam,
And said, *sotto voce*, she reckoned
That Mame loved the lamb.

Then all up the spine of the rafter
There ran a most risible shock,
And sorrow was sweetened with laughter
At this little lamb of the flock;
And out spoke the schoolmistress Yankee,
With rather a New Hampshire whine,
"Dear pupils, sing Moody and Sankey,
Hymn 'Ninety and Nine.'"

Now after this music had finished,
And silence again was restored,
The ardor of lamby diminished,
His quips for a moment were flooded
Then cried he, "Bah-ed children, you blundered
When singing that psalmistry, quite.
I'm labelled by Mary, 'Old Hundred,'
And I'm labelled right."

Then vanished the lambkin in glory,
A halo of books round his head:
What furthermore happened the story,
Alackaday! cannot be said.
And Mary, the musical maid, is
To-day but a shadow in time;
Her epitaph, too, I'm afraid is
Writ only in rhyme.

She's sung by the cook at her ladle
That stirs up the capering sauce;
She's sung by the nurse at the cradle
When ba-ba is restless and cross;
And lamby, whose virtues were legion,
Dwells ever in songs that we sing,
He makes a nice dish in this region
To eat in the spring!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

AFTER WALLER

THE AESTHETE TO THE ROSE

Go, flaunting Rose!
Tell her that wastes her love on thee,
That she nought knows
Of the New Cult, Intensity,
If sweet and fair to her you be.

Tell her that's young,
Or who in health and bloom takes pride,
That bards have sung
Of a new youth – at whose sad side
Sickness and pallor aye abide.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty in crude charms attired.
She must shun mirth,
Have suffered, fruitlessly desired,
And wear no flush by hope inspired.

Then die, that she
May learn that Death is passing fair;
May read in thee

How little of Art's praise they share,
Who are not sallow, sick, and spare!

Punch.

AFTER DRYDEN

THREE BLESSINGS

THREE brightest blessings of this thirsty race,
(Whence sprung and when I don't propose to trace);
Pale brandy, potent spirit of the night,
Brisk soda, welcome when the morn is bright;
To make the third, combine the other two,
The force of nature can no further go.

Anonymous.

OYSTER-CRABS

THREE viands in three different courses served,
Received the commendation they deserved.
The first in succulence all else surpassed;
The next in flavor; and in both, the last.
For Nature's forces could no further go;
To make the third, she joined the other two.

Carolyn Wells.

AFTER DR. WATTS

THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER

“’TIS the voice of the Lobster: I heard him declare
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.'
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.
When the sands are all dry, he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark:
But, when the tide rises and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound.
“I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie;
The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
While the Owl had the dish as its share of the treat.
When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon;
While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl,
And concluded the banquet by – ”

Lewis Carroll.

THE CROCODILE

HOW doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws!

Lewis Carroll.

AFTER GOLDSMITH

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN

WHEN lovely woman wants a favor,
And finds, too late, that man won't bend,
What earthly circumstance can save her
From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,
The last experiment to try,
Whether a husband or a lover,
If he have feeling is – to cry.

Phæbe Cary.

AFTER BURNS

GAELIC SPEECH; OR, "AULD LANG SYNE" DONE UP IN TARTAN

SHOULD Gaelic speech be e'er forgot,
And never brocht to min',
For she'll be spoke in Paradise
In the days of auld lang syne.
When Eve, all fresh in beauty's charms,
First met fond Adam's view,
The first word that he'll spoke till her
Was, "*cumar achum dhu.*"

And Adam in his garden fair,
Whene'er the day did close,
The dish that he'll to supper teuk
Was always Athole brose.
When Adam from his leafy bower
Cam oot at broke o' day,
He'll always for his morning teuk
A quaich o' usquebae.

An' when wi' Eve he'll had a crack,

He'll teuk his sneeshin' horn,
An' on the tap ye'll well mitch mark
A pony praw Cairngorm.
The sneeshin' mull is fine, my friens —
The sneeshin' mull is gran';
We'll teukta hearty sneesh, my friens,
And pass frae han' to han'.

When man first fan the want o' claes,
The wind an' cauld to fleg.
He twisted roon' about his waist
The tartan philabeg.
An' music first on earth was heard
In Gaelic accents deep,
When Jubal in his oxter squeezed
The blether o' a sheep.

The praw bagpipes is gran', my friens,
The praw bagpipes is fine;
We'll teukta nother pibroch yet,
For the days o' auld lang syne!

Anonymous.

MY FOE

JOHN ALCOHOL, my foe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd siller in my pockets, John,
Which noo, ye ken, I want;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark ye, how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
We've been ower lang together,
Sae ye maun tak' ae road, John,
And I will take anither;
Foe we maun tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go;
And I shall hae the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've blear'd out a' my een,
And lighted up my nose, John,
A fiery sign atween!
My hands wi' palsy shake, John,
My locks are like the snow;
Ye'll surely be the death of me,

John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
'Twas love to you, I ween,
That gart me rise sae ear', John,
And sit sae late at e'en;
The best o' friens maun part, John,
It grieves me sair, ye know;
But "we'll nae mair to yon town,"
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've wrought me muckle skaith,
And yet to part wi' you, John,
I own I'm unko' laith;
But I'll join the temperance ranks, John,
Ye needna say me no;
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my foe.

Anonymous.

RIGID BODY SINGS

GIN a body meet a body
Flyin' through the air,
Gin a body hit a body,
Will it fly? and where?
Ilka impact has its measure,
Ne'er a' ane hae I,
Yet a' the lads they measure me,
Or, at least, they try.

Gin a body meet a body
Altogether free,
How they travel afterwards
We do not always see.
Ilka problem has its method
By analytics high;
For me, I ken na ane o' them,
But what the waur am I?

J. C. Maxwell.

AFTER CATHERINE FANSHAWE

COCKNEY ENIGMA ON THE LETTER H

I DWELLS in the Herth and I breathes in the Hair;
If you searches the Hocean you'll find that I'm there;
The first of all Hangels in Holympus am Hi,
Yet I'm banished from 'Eaven, expelled from on 'Igh.
But tho' on this Horb I am destined to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel;
Not an 'Oss nor an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas!
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.
I resides in a Hattic and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably habsent from 'Ome.
Tho' 'ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art,
But look and you'll see in the Heye I appear.
Only 'ark and you'll 'ear me just breathe in the Hear;
Tho' in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox!),
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
Of Heternity Hi'm the beginning! and mark,
Tho' I goes not with Noar, I'm the first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Elth – have with Fysic no power;

I dies in a Month, but comes back in a Hour.

Horace Mayhew.

AFTER WORDSWORTH

ON WORDSWORTH

HE lived amidst th' untrodden ways
To Rydal Lake that lead;
A bard whom there was none to praise
And very few to read.

Behind a cloud his mystic sense,
Deep hidden, who can spy?
Bright as the night when not a star
Is shining in the sky.

Unread his works – his “Milk White Doe”
With dust is dark and dim;
It's still in Longmans' shop, and oh!
The difference to him.

Anonymous.

JACOB

HE dwelt among "Apartments let,"
About five stories high;
A man, I thought, that none would get,
And very few would try.

A boulder, by a larger stone
Half hidden in the mud,
Fair as a man when only one
Is in the neighborhood.

He lived unknown, and few could tell
When Jacob was not free;
But he has got a wife – and O!
The difference to me!

Phæbe Cary.

FRAGMENT IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH

THERE is a river clear and fair,
'Tis neither broad nor narrow;
It winds a little here and there —
It winds about like any hare;
And then it holds as straight a course
As, on the turnpike road, a horse,
Or, through the air, an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore
Have grown a hundred years or more;
So long there is no knowing:
Old Daniel Dobson does not know
When first those trees began to grow;
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,
As if they'd nothing else to do,
But ever must be growing.

The impulses of air and sky
Have reared their stately heads so high,
And clothed their boughs with green;
Their leaves the dews of evening quaff, —
And when the wind blows loud and keen,
I've seen the jolly timbers laugh,

And shake their sides with merry glee —
Wagging their heads in mockery.

Fixed are their feet in solid earth
Where winds can never blow;
But visitings of deeper birth
Have reached their roots below.
For they have gained the river's brink,
And of the living waters drink.

There's little Will, a five years' child —
He is my youngest boy;
To look on eyes so fair and wild,
It is a very joy.
He hath conversed with sun and shower,
And dwelt with every idle flower,
As fresh and gay as them.
He loiters with the briar-rose, —
The blue-bells are his play-fellows,
That dance upon their slender stem.

And I have said, my little Will,
Why should he not continue still
A thing of Nature's rearing?
A thing beyond the world's control —
A living vegetable soul, —
No human sorrow fearing.
It were a blessed sight to see
That child become a willow-tree,

His brother trees among.
He'd be four times as tall as me,
And live three times as long.

Catherine M. Fanshawe.

JANE SMITH

I JOURNEYED, on a winter's day,
Across the lonely wold;
No bird did sing upon the spray,
And it was very cold.

I had a coach with horses four,
Three white (though one was black),
And on they went the common o'er,
Nor swiftness did they lack.

A little girl ran by the side,
And she was pinched and thin.
"Oh, please, sir, do give me a ride!
I'm fetching mother's gin."

"Enter my coach, sweet child," said I,
"For you shall ride with me;
And I will get you your supply
Of mother's eau-de-vie."

The publican was stern and cold,
And said: "Her mother's score
Is writ, as you shall soon behold,
Behind the bar-room door!"

I blotted out the score with tears,
And paid the money down;
And took the maid of thirteen years
Back to her mother's town.

And though the past with surges wild
Fond memories may sever,
The vision of that happy child
Will leave my spirits never!

Rudyard Kipling.

ONLY SEVEN

(A Pastoral Story after Wordsworth)

I MARVELLED why a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild,
And look as pale as Death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I ask'd her why she cried;
The damsel answered with a groan,
"I've got a pain inside!

"I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven."
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?"
She answered, "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?" quoth I;
"Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But they were in a pie!"

"If that's the case," I stammer'd out,
"Of course you've had eleven."
The maiden answered with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wonder'd hugely what she meant,
And said, "I'm bad at riddles;
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles.

"Now, if you won't reform," said I,
"You'll never go to Heaven."
But all in vain; each time I try,
That little idiot makes reply,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

POSTSCRIPT

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,
Or slightly misapplied;
And so I'd better call my song,
"Lines after Ache-Inside."

Henry S. Leigh.

LUCY LAKE

POOR Lucy Lake was overgrown,
But somewhat underbrained.
She did not know enough, I own,
To go in when it rained.

Yet Lucy was constrained to go;
Green bedding, – you infer.
Few people knew she died, but oh,
The difference to her!

Newton Mackintosh.

AFTER SIR WALTER SCOTT

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

(The true story in blank verse)

OH! young Lochinvar has come out of the West,
Thro' all the wide border his horse has no equal,
Having cost him forty-five dollars at the market,
Where good nags, fresh from the country,
With burrs still in their tails are selling
For a song; and save his good broadsword
He weapon had none, except a seven shooter
Or two, a pair of brass knuckles, and an Arkansaw

Toothpick in his boot, so, comparatively speaking,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone,
Because there was no one going his way.
He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for
Toll-gates; he swam the Eske River where ford
There was none, and saved fifteen cents
In ferriage, but lost his pocket-book, containing
Seventeen dollars and a half, by the operation.

Ere he alighted at the Netherby mansion
He stopped to borrow a dry suit of clothes,
And this delayed him considerably, so when
He arrived the bride had consented – the gallant
Came late – for a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen, and the guests had assembled.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and
Brothers-in-law and forty or fifty cousins;
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom ne'er opened his head):

"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in anger,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"
"I long wooed your daughter, and she will tell you
I have the inside track in the free-for-all
For her affections! My suit you denied; but let
That pass, while I tell you, old fellow, that love
Swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one glass of beer;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to yours very truly."
The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the nectar and threw down the mug,
Smashing it into a million pieces, while
He remarked that he was the son of a gun

From Seven-up and run the Number Nine.
She looked down to blush, but she looked up again
For she well understood the wink in his eye;
He took her soft hand ere her mother could
Interfere, "Now tread we a measure; first four
Half right and left; swing," cried young Lochinvar.
One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door and the charger
Stood near on three legs eating post-hay;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
Then leaped to the saddle before her.
"She is won! we are gone! over bank! bush, and spar,
They'll have swift steeds that follow" – but in the
Excitement of the moment he had forgotten
To untie the horse, and the poor brute could
Only gallop in a little circus around the
Hitching-post; so the old gent collared
The youth and gave him the awfulest lambasting
That was ever heard of on Canobie Lee;
So dauntless in war and so daring in love,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

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Anonymous.

AFTER COLERIDGE

THE ANCIENT MARINER

**(The Wedding Guest's Version of
the Affair from His Point of View)**

IT is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three —
In fact he coolly took my arm —
“There was a ship,” quoth he.

“Bother your ships!” said I, “is this
The time a yarn to spin?
This is a wedding, don't you see,
And I am next of kin.

“The wedding breakfast has begun,
We're hungry as can be —
Hold off! Unhand me, longshore man!”
With that his hand dropt he.

But there was something in his eye,

That made me sick and ill,
Yet forced to listen to his yarn —
The Mariner'd had his will.

While Tom and Harry went their way
I sat upon a stone —
So queer on Fanny's wedding day
Me sitting there alone!

Then he began, that Mariner,
To rove from pole to pole,
In one long-winded, lengthened-out,
Eternal rigmarole,

About a ship in which he'd sailed,
Though whither, goodness knows,
Where "ice will split with a thunder-fit,"
And every day it snows.

And then about a precious bird
Of some sort or another,
That – was such nonsense ever heard? —
Used to control the weather!

Now, at this bird the Mariner
Resolved to have a shy,
And laid it low with his cross-bow —
And then the larks! My eye!

For loss of that uncommon fowl,
They couldn't get a breeze;
And there they stuck, all out of luck,
And rotted on the seas.

The crew all died, or seemed to die,
And he was left alone
With that queer bird. You never heard
What games were carried on!

At last one day he stood and watched
The fishes in the sea,
And said, "I'm blest!" and so the ship
Was from the spell set free.

And it began to rain and blow,
And as it rained and blew,
The dead got up and worked the ship —
That was a likely crew!

However, somehow he escaped,
And got again to land,
But mad as any hatter, say,
From Cornhill to the Strand.

For he believes that certain folks
Are singled out by fate,
To whom this cock-and-bull affair
Of his he must relate.

Describing all the incidents,
And painting all the scenes,
As sailors will do in the tales
They tell to the Marines.

Confound the Ancient Mariner!
I knew I should be late;
And so it was; the wedding guests
Had all declined to wait.

Another had my place, and gave
My toast; and sister Fan
Said "'Twas a shame. What could you want
With that seafaring man?"

I felt like one that had been stunned
Through all this wrong and scorn;
A sadder and a later man
I rose the morrow morn.

Anonymous

STRIKING

IT was a railway passenger,
And he lept out jauntilie.
"Now up and bear, thou stout portèr,
My two chattèls to me.

"Bring hither, bring hither my bag so red,
And portmanteau so brown;
(They lie in the van, for a trusty man
He labelled them London town:)

"And fetch me eke a cabman bold,
That I may be his fare, his fare;
And he shall have a good shilling,
If by two of the clock he do me bring
To the Terminus, Euston Square."

"Now, – so to thee the saints alway,
Good gentleman, give luck, —
As never a cab may I find this day,
For the cabman wights have struck.

And now, I wis, at the Red Post Inn,
Or else at the Dog and Duck,
Or at Unicorn Blue, or at Green Griffin,
The nut-brown ale and the fine old gin

Right pleasantly they do suck."

"Now rede me aright, thou stout portèr,
What were it best that I should do:
For woe is me, an' I reach not there
Or ever the clock strike two."

"I have a son, a lytel son;
Fleet is his foot as the wild roebuck's:
Give him a shilling, and eke a brown,
And he shall carry thy fardels down
To Euston, or half over London town,
On one of the station trucks."

Then forth in a hurry did they twain fare,
The gent and the son of the stout portèr,
Who fled like an arrow, nor turned a hair,
Through all the mire and muck:
"A ticket, a ticket, sir clerk, I pray:
For by two of the clock must I needs away."
"That may hardly be," the clerk did say,
"For indeed – the clocks have struck."

Charles S. Calverley.

AFTER SOUTHEY

THE OLD MAN'S COLD AND HOW HE GOT IT

(By Northey-Southey-Eastey-Westey)

"YOU are cold, Father William," the young man cried,
"You shake and you shiver, I say;
You've a cold, Father William, your nose it is red,
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied —
(He was a dissembling old man)
"I put lumps of ice in my grandpapa's boots,
And snowballed my Aunt Mary Ann."

"Go along, Father William," the young man cried,
"You are trying it on, sir, to-day;
What makes your teeth chatter like bone castanets?
Come tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I went to the North Pole with Parry;
And now, my sweet boy, the Arc-tic doloureux
Plays with this old man the Old Harry."

"Get out! Father William," the young man cried.
"Come, you shouldn't go on in this way;
You are funny, but still you've a frightful bad cold —
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cold, then, dear youth," Father William replied;
"I've a cold, my impertinent son,
Because for some weeks my coals have been bought
At forty-eight shillings a ton!"

FATHER WILLIAM

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak;
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"
"I have answered three questions and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

Lewis Carroll

LADY JANE

(Sapphics)

DOWN the green hill-side fro' the castle window
Lady Jane spied Bill Amaranth a-workin';
Day by day watched him go about his ample
Nursery garden.

Cabbages thriv'd there, wi' a mort o' green-stuff —
Kidney beans, broad beans, onions, tomatoes,
Artichokes, seakale, vegetable marrows,
Early potatoes.

Lady Jane cared not very much for all these:
What she cared much for was a glimpse o' Willum
Strippin' his brown arms wi' a view to horti-
Cultural effort.

Little guessed Willum, never extra-vain, that
Up the green hill-side, i' the gloomy castle,
Feminine eyes could so delight to view his
Noble proportions.

Only one day while, in an innocent mood,

Moppin' his brow (cos 'twas a trifle sweaty)
With a blue kerchief – lo, he spies a white un
Coyly responding.

Oh, delightful Love! Not a jot do *you* care
For the restrictions set on human inter-
Course by cold-blooded social refiners;
Nor do I, neither.

Day by day, peepin' fro' behind the bean-sticks,
Willum observed that scrap o' white a-wavin',
Till his hot sighs out-growin' all repression
Busted his weskit.

Lady Jane's guardian was a haughty Peer, who
Clung to old creeds and had a nasty temper;
Can we blame Willum that he hardly cared to
Risk a refusal?

Year by year found him busy 'mid the bean-sticks,
Wholly uncertain how on earth to take steps.
Thus for eighteen years he beheld the maiden
Wave fro' her window.

But the nineteenth spring, i' the castle post-bag,
Came by book-post Bill's catalogue o' seedlings
Mark'd wi' blue ink at "Paragraphs relatin'
Mainly to Pumpkins."

"W. A. can," so the Lady Jane read,
"Strongly commend that very noble Gourd, the
Lady Jane, first-class medal, ornamental;
Grows to a great height."

Scarce a year arter, by the scented hedgerows —
Down the mown hill-side, fro' the castle gateway —
Came a long train and, i' the midst, a black bier,
Easily shouldered.

"Whose is yon corse that, thus adorned wi' gourd leaves
Forth ye bear with slow step?" A mourner answer'd,
"'Tis the poor clay-cold body Lady Jane grew
Tired to abide in."

"Delve my grave quick, then, for I die to-morrow.
Delve it one furlong fro' the kidney bean-sticks,
Where I may dream she's goin' on precisely
As she was used to."

Hardly died Bill when, fro' the Lady Jane's grave,
Crept to his white death-bed a lovely pumpkin:
Climb'd the house wall and over-arched his head wi'
Billowy verdure.

Simple this tale! – but delicately perfumed
As the sweet roadside honeysuckle. That's why,
Difficult though its metre was to tackle,
I'm glad I wrote it.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

AFTER CAMPBELL

THE NEW ARRIVAL

THERE came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked and looked – and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the Unknown water,
And moor herself within my room —
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned in hope and love —
And common-metre rhymes.
She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water;
She's too new for the British Lloyds —
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells – and tame ones too,
Ring out the lover's moon;
Ring in the little worsted socks,

Ring in the bib and spoon.
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water;
Away with paper, pen, and ink —
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

George Washington Cable.

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER

A FELLOW near Kentucky's clime
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who would cross the Ohio,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I am this young lady's beau,
And she, John Thompson's daughter.

"We've fled before her father's spite
With great precipitation;
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation.

"They've missed the girl and purse beside,
His horsemen hard have pressed me;
And who will cheer my bonny bride,
If yet they shall arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then in time,
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go, not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit.

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,
The boat was at the landing;
And with the drenching rain their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew drearer;
Just back a piece came the police,
Their tramping sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"It's anything but funny;
I'll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my father's money!"

And still they hurried in the face
Of wind and rain unsparing;
John Thompson reached the landing place —
His wrath was turned to swearing.

For by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand held all the cash,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back!" he cried in woe,
Across the stormy water;
"But leave the purse, and you may go,
My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain; they reached the other shore
(Such doom the Fates assign us);
The gold he piled went with his child,
And he was left there *minus*.

Phæbe Cary.

AFTER THOMAS MOORE

THE LAST CIGAR

'TIS a last choice Havana
I hold here alone;
All its fragrant companions
In perfume have flown.
No more of its kindred
To gladden the eye,
So my empty cigar case
I close with a sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine; but the stem
I'll bite off and light thee
To waft thee to them.
And gently I'll scatter
The ashes you shed,
As your soul joins its mates in
A cloud overhead.

All pleasure is fleeting,
It blooms to decay;
From the weeds' glowing circle

The ash drops away.
A last whiff is taken,
The butt-end is thrown,
And with empty cigar-case,
I sit all alone.

Anonymous.

'T WAS EVER THUS

I NEVER bought a young gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But, when it came to know me well,
'Twas sure to butt me on the sly.
I never drilled a cockatoo,
To speak with almost human lip,
But, when a pretty phrase it knew,
'Twas sure to give some friend a nip.
I never trained a collie hound
To be affectionate and mild,
But, when I thought a prize I'd found,
'Twas sure to bite my youngest child.
I never kept a tabby kit
To cheer my leisure with its tricks,
But, when we all grew fond of it,
'Twas sure to catch the neighbor's chicks.
I never reared a turtle-dove,
To coo all day with gentle breath,
But, when its life seemed one of love,
'Twas sure to peck its mate to death.
I never — well I never yet —
And I have spent no end of pelf —
Invested money in a pet
That didn't misconduct itself.

Anonymous.

"THERE'S A BOWER OF BEAN-VINES"

There's a bower of bean-vines in Benjamin's yard,
And the cabbages grow round it, planted for greens;
In the time of my childhood 'twas terribly hard
To bend down the bean-poles, and pick off the beans.

That bower and its products I never forget,
But oft, when my landlady presses me hard,
I think, are the cabbages growing there yet,
Are the bean-vines still bearing in Benjamin's yard?

No, the bean-vines soon withered that once used to wave,
But some beans had been gathered, the last that hung on;
And a soup was distilled in a kettle, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it awfully hard;
As thus good to my taste as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower of bean-vines in Benjamin's yard.

Phæbe Cary.

DISASTER

'TWAS ever thus from childhood's hour!
My fondest hopes would not decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
Which was the first to fade away!
The garden, where I used to delve
Short-frock'd, still yields me pinks in plenty;
The pear-tree that I climbed at twelve
I see still blossoming, at twenty.

I never nursed a dear gazelle;
But I was given a parroquet —
(How I did nurse him if unwell!)
He's imbecile, but lingers yet.
He's green, with an enchanting tuft;
He melts me with his small black eye;
He'd look inimitable stuffed,
And knows it – but he will not die!

I had a kitten – I was rich
In pets – but all too soon my kitten
Became a full-sized cat, by which
I've more than once been scratched and bitten.
And when for sleep her limbs she curl'd
One day beside her untouch'd plateful,
And glided calmly from the world,

I freely own that I was grateful.

And then I bought a dog – a queen!
Ah, Tiny, dear departing pug!
She lives, but she is past sixteen
And scarce can crawl across the rug.
I loved her beautiful and kind;
Delighted in her pert bow-wow;
But now she snaps if you don't mind;
'Twere lunacy to love her now.

I used to think, should e'er mishap
Betide my crumple-visaged Ti,
In shape of prowling thief, or trap,
Or coarse bull-terrier – I should die.
But ah! disasters have their use,
And life might e'en be too sunshiny;
Nor would I make myself a goose,
If some big dog should swallow Tiny.

Charles S. Calverley.

SARAH'S HALLS

THE broom that once through Sarah's halls,
In hole and corner sped,
Now useless leans 'gainst Sarah's walls
And gathers dust instead.
So sweeps the slavey now-a-days
So work is shifted o'er,
And maids that once gained honest praise
Now earn that praise no more!
No more the cobweb from its height
The broom of Sarah fells;
The fly alone unlucky wight
Invades the spider's cells.
Thus energy so seldom wakes,
All sign that Sarah gives
Is when some dish or platter breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Judy.

'T WAS EVER THUS

I NEVER rear'd a young gazelle,
(Because, you see, I never tried);
But had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged Uncle John
Has known me long and loves me well
But still persists in living on —
I would he were a young gazelle.

I never loved a tree or flower;
But, if I had, I beg to say
The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower
Would soon have withered it away.
I've dearly loved my Uncle John,
From childhood to the present hour,
And yet he will go living on on —
I would he were a tree or flower!

Henry S. Leigh.

AFTER JANE TAYLOR

THE BAT

TWINKLE, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!

Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.

Lewis Carroll.

AFTER BARRY CORNWALL

THE TEA

THE tea! The tea! The beef, beef-tea!
The brew from gravy-beef for me!
Without a doubt, as I'll be bound,
The best for an invalid 'tis found;
It's better than gruel; with sago vies;
Or with the cradled babe's supplies.

I like beef-tea! I like beef-tea,
I'm satisfied, and aye shall be,
With the brew I love, and the brew I know,
And take it wheresoe'er I go.
If the price should rise, or meat be cheap,
No matter. I'll to beef-tea keep.

I love – oh, how I love to guide
The strong beef-tea to its place inside,
When round and round you stir the spoon
Or whistle thereon to cool it soon.
Because one knoweth – or ought to know,
That things get cool whereon you blow.

I never have drunk the dull souchong,
But I for my loved beef-tea did long,
And inly yearned for that bountiful zest,
Like a bird. As a child on that I messed —
And a mother it was and is to me,
For I was weaned on the beef – beef-tea!

Tom Hood, Jr.

AFTER BYRON

THE ROUT OF BELGRAVIA

THE Belgravians came down on the Queen in her hold,
And their costumes were gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sheen of their jewels was like stars on the sea,
As their chariots rolled proudly down Piccadill-ee.

Like the leaves of *Le Follet* when summer is green,
That host in its glory at noontide was seen;
Like the leaves of a toy-book all thumb-marked and worn,
That host four hours later was tattered and torn.

For the rush of the crowd, which was eager and vast,
Had rumpled and ruined and wrecked as it passed;
And the eyes of the wearer waxed angry in haste,
As a dress but once worn was dragged out at the waist.

And there lay the feather and fan side by side,
But no longer they nodded or waved in their pride;
And there lay lace flounces and ruching in slips,
And spur-torn material in plentiful strips.

And there were odd gauntlets and pieces of hair;

And fragments of back-combs and slippers were there;
And the gay were all silent, their mirth was all hushed,
Whilst the dewdrops stood out on the brows of the crushed.

And the dames of Belgravia were loud in their wail,
And the matrons of Mayfair all took up the tale;
And they vow as they hurry unnerved from the scene,
That it's no trifling matter to call on the Queen.

Jon Duan.

A GRIEVANCE

DEAR Mr. Editor: I wish to say —
If you will not be angry at my writing it —
But I've been used, since childhood's happy day,
When I have thought of something, to inditing it;
I seldom think of things; and, by the way,
Although this metre may not be exciting, it
Enables one to be extremely terse,
Which is not what one always is in verse.

I used to know a man, such things befall
The observant wayfarer through Fate's domain
He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again;
I know that statement's not original;
What statement is, since Shakespere? or, since Cain,
What murder? I believe 'twas Shakespere said it, or
Perhaps it may have been your Fighting Editor.

Though why an Editor should fight, or why
A Fighter should abase himself to edit,
Are problems far too difficult and high
For me to solve with any sort of credit.
Some greatly more accomplished man than I
Must tackle them: let's say then Shakespere said it;
And, if he did not, Lewis Morris may

(Or even if he did). Some other day,

When I have nothing pressing to impart,
I should not mind dilating on this matter.
I feel its import both in head and heart,
And always did, – especially the latter.
I could discuss it in the busy mart
Or on the lonely housetop; hold! this chatter
Diverts me from my purpose. To the point:
The time, as Hamlet said, is out of joint,

And perhaps I was born to set it right, —
A fact I greet with perfect equanimity.
I do not put it down to "cursed spite,"
I don't see any cause for cursing in it. I
Have always taken very great delight
In such pursuits since first I read divinity.
Whoever will may write a nation's songs
As long as I'm allowed to right its wrongs.

What's Eton but a nursery of wrong-righters,
A mighty mother of effective men;
A training ground for amateur reciters,
A sharpener of the sword as of the pen;
A factory of orators and fighters,
A forcing-house of genius? Now and then
The world at large shrinks back, abashed and beaten,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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