

Waterman Nixon

Sonnets of a Budding Bard



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Sometimes I get to wishin' I might be
A little lamb like Mary's, fond and true,
With Susan Sanderson as Mary, see?
We'd play amidst the clover sweet with dew,
And everywhere that she wast there'd be me,
And if she wasn't, I'dst be elsewhere, too

Lines Wrote in School Whilst I Shouldst Have Been Studyin' My Lesson

I've just about madest up my mind to be
A poet such as Shakespeare and the rest
Of them big literary gents, and dressed
In velvet clothes, write up the things I see
In some grand style to show that Browning he

Hast been done up! And when plain folks request
My autograph, then, throwin' out my chest,
I'llst make them wish that they wast great like me!

I'm tired dwellin' midst surroundin's where
Cheap things art always waitin' to be done:
I'dst rather loaf and dream and have long hair
Like all great poets dost: and, oh! what fun,
To dash off lays and sell them, then and there,
Whenever I'llst be needin' any "mon."

Thoughts Thought Whilst Thinkin' about Mary and Her Pet Lamb

Full oft I've read how Mary's lamb didst go
Where'er his kind and lovin' mistress went,
As if the little creature wast content
If it couldst only be where she wast. Oh,
I realize what madest it hanker so
To be in school that day: it surely meant
It loved her! Yet, that mean old teacher bent
On bossin' things – he didst not seem to know.

Sometimes I get to wishin' I might be
A little lamb like Mary's, fond and true,
With Susan Sanderson as Mary, see?
We'd play amidst the clover sweet with dew,
And everywhere that she wast there'd be me,
And if she wasn't, I'dst be elsewhere, too.

Lines Wrote Whilst Thinkin' about How Pa Acts When Dressin' Up

Whilst pa and ma art dressin' up to go
To church or somewhere, so I've heard ma tell
The neighbor women, pa tears 'round pell-mell
And turns things upside down, and wants to know
Who hid his clothes! and makes ma stop and show
Him where to find them. Ma she know'st full well
They're where he's kept them since he earnest to dwell
In our house: that's been twenty years or so.

And when ma's donest her level best to try
To help pa so he wilt not fuss and fret,
And found his clothes, shoes, collar, cuffs and tie,
And there ain't nothin' more for her to get,
Pa looks at her and with an awful sigh
Says: "Thunderation! Ain't you ready yet?"

Lines Wrote Whilst Realizin' We Oughtst to Be Kind to Dumb Brutes

Wise William Goat, familiarly addressed
As "Billy!" Thou art an amusin' brute,
For thou hast some traits that are truly cute
And others, still, so it must be confessed,
That I hast learned in sorrow to detest.
'Tis fun to see thee, in thy manner mute,
When boys dost tease thee, give some one a "beaut,"
Yet, he who's "it" deems thee a sorry jest.

Yestreen I met some other boys, and we,
At thy expense, wert havin' much delight
Till thou got'st 'round to where I didst not see
That thou wast headed my way. Sorry plight!
That's why I write this standin' – woe is me! —
And slept'st upon my bosom all last night.

Sonnet Wrote Whilst Thinkin' of Our Parents in the Garden of Eden

O Adam and O Eve! How very nice
It must have been to live where you wast at.
No neighbors anywhere with whom to spat,
Nor any one to give you free advice.
Ma says she'd gladly pay 'most any price
For such a lay-out. And she's certain that
Because there wert no servants in your flat
Is how you camest to call it "Paradise."

And pa says that if Eve hadst dressed the way
Our women do we shouldst have missed the fate
Of goin' forth into the world to stray,
For she'd be somewhere, still, inside the gate
Delayin' things, as women dost to-day,
A-tryin' for to pin her hat on straight.

Lines Wrote Whilst Smartin' from Punishment Received for Lyin'

O Washington! (O Reader, hast thou not
In readin' high-toned poems wrote for show,
Observed how many of them start with "O?"
Well, anyhow, there is an awful lot.)
The noble deeds thou wrought'st are not forgot
But serve to make thy name, where'er we go,
A household word. If all they say is so
Thou didst some mighty clever stunts. That's what!

And yet, thy fame belongest to thy dad;
Thou shinest by reflected light, forsooth,
For thou 'rt the only boy that ever had
A pa who, when his son dared tell the truth
About some kiddish prank didst not get mad
And lamm him! O thou heaven-protected youth!

Thoughts Thought about Ma's Notions Regardin' Love and House-keepin'

When sister Maymie saidst she'd like to learn

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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