LYRIC, DOMESTIC AND SACRED

POEMS

BY

JOHN P. WILLIAMS.

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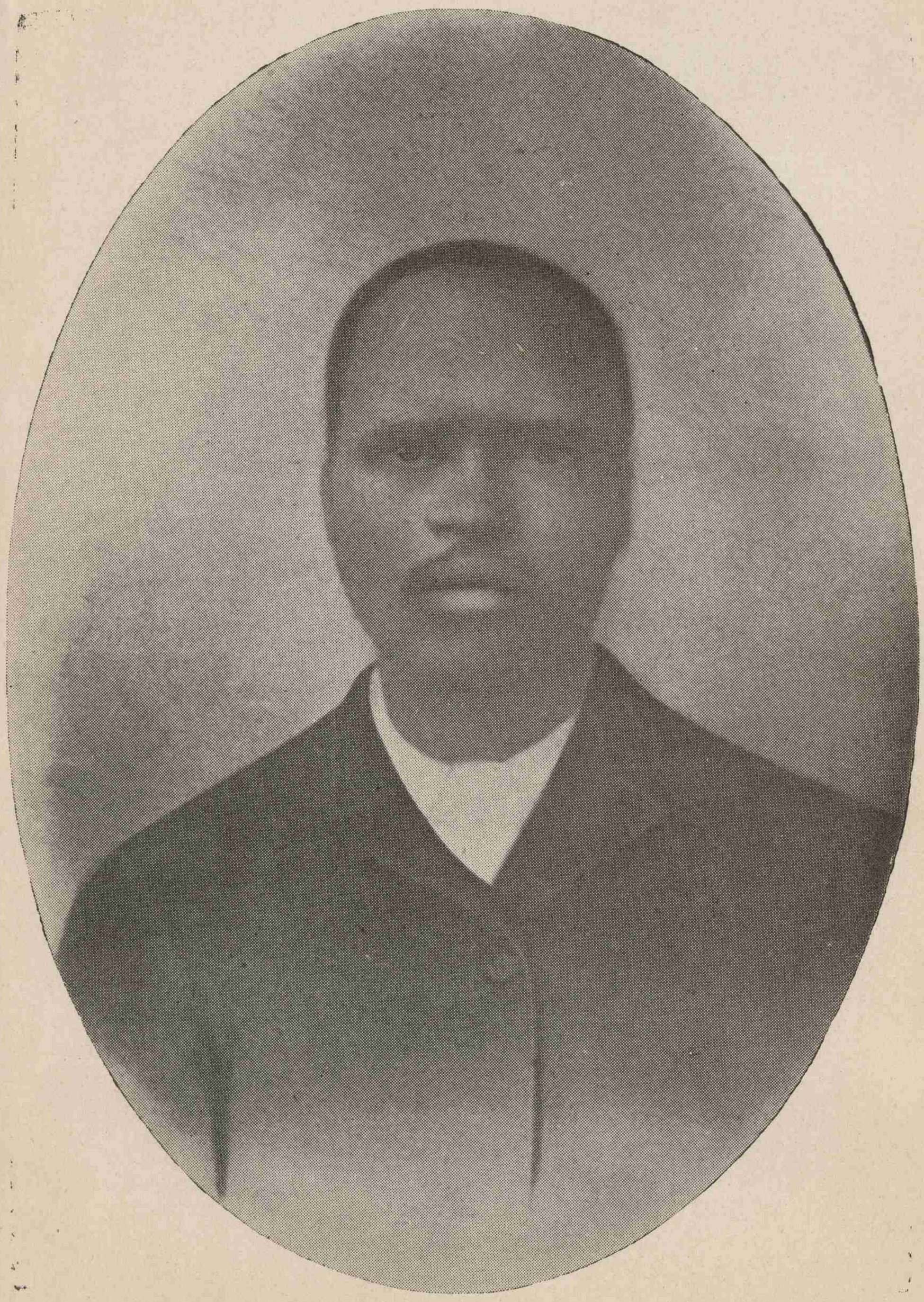
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PREFACE.

It is not the aim of the author to exhibit any pre-eminence whatever in this book of poems, nor to try to transcend the wonderful flight of other bards. But rather humiliate himself and sit thunder-struck under the shadow of their broad lusty wings. He does not think that his verse flows in ecstatic harmony like that of the other poets, nor dances in serenity like the glad sunbeams. He muses that he has but a very little gift of the God of song, and very much less literary attainment, and for this reason, he comes as a menial penitent before the court of Apollo, begging revengeful censure to have mercy and to spare his squeaking muse. He hopes his brogue meter will find a lowly pew in the heart of many regardless to criticism and imperfection.

JOHN P. WILLIAMS.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HON. JOHN L. SHEPPARD.

When the rosy twilight of evening dies
On the hills and along the skies,
Nature itself begins to sigh and weep;
And night shades the land and deep.

The busy world sends up mournful cries,
As the gasping day, lingering, expires
With a faint glow that excites and awes,
When time seems to make a sudden pause.

Who hath not felt the solemnity of the hour
When departing day loses its vivid power;
And the tender emotion that it instills,
As the rolling sun declines along the hills?

Thus, it was with one who died
Full of excellence, dignity and pride;
One whose life was without a stain,
And lived without censure and died without pain.

With grief it fills our hearts and eyes,
When one of mental pre-eminence dies,
Leaving a wailing world behind,
And the everlasting issues of a peerless mind.

A mighty spirit hath forever gone down,
A destined child of virtue and renown;
Well might glory everywhere proclaim
The honors of his blessed name.

In his day, he was a source of light,
A divine focus of genius burning bright,
Whose beams were serene and mellow,
To light up the gloomy vales below.

He was a mass of wit and intelligence;
Heavy charged with burning eloquence,
Which at times did burst and fly;
And stubborn men were seen to cry.

In the council or at the bar;
In the time of peace, or in the time of war,
He thundered bold amidst the throng,
And poured vindicative wrath upon what was wrong.

He was a guardian angel for mankind;
Always just as, a plumb-line;
His heart was free from prejudice,
And his mind from burning malice.

All of him which is deigned to remain,
The everlasting products of a wonderous brain,
The electric blaze of an immortal mind
Still glows in the vanguard of mankind.

Ye proud jurists! emulate him hence,
For he was a man of masterly wit and rare intelligence;
Therefore, ever deign him a worthy praise
Amidst august councils where flashes of eloquence blaze.

What human heart cannot feel
And mourn the loss of such a mighty shield;
Or glorify the relics of such an infinite mind;
Not to be desecrated by the hands of ruthless time?

He was born, indeed, for the council and the bar,
And was a just rival of Ingersoll and Lamar,
Two wondcrous leaders who had fought
In many wordy battles on the field of thought.

A powerful spirit hath passed hence into endless rest,
Like the sunken sun on a cloudless West;
Its golden beams, reflecting still,
Give loveliness to the skies and every vale and hill.

Oh! noble personage, once only rebound,
For no one like unto thee have we found,
Though long have we sought but in vain,
And turn to thy memoirs which yet remain.

Oh, most worthy departed Sheppard!
Thou revered unparalleled lord;
We still emulate thee here,
And hold in fond reverence thy ashes, dear.

Oh! could human prayers provoke the dull ears of death
We would at once call back thy fleeting breath
And give unto thee as of yore,
Worthy praises forevermore.

We would cald thee in lovely vesture,
  Such as time never did unroll;
And in whose subtile lattice texture
  Every thread would be amaranthine gold.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

The Sunny South, the balmy land;
  It's as sweet as the rosy dawn,
With many blessings in her hand
  To greet the coming morn.

A paradise it does appear,
  An elysium in a sunny clime;
And it to me is ever dear,
  For its wealth and bliss is mine.

I love the south with its birds and bees,
  And its damsels with sunny hair;
I love its shady live oak trees
  And its fragrant vital air.

I love the sunny brooks and rills
  That through Dixie's Eden flow,
I love the supernal plains and hills
  That in sunlight glow.

Lo! the smiles on her dimple cheeks
  And lips strawberry red;
But even at times she wails and weeps,
  To venerate her gallant dead .

The blessed South, the Madonna of the chair,
  Whose hues were born in heaven;
And like the angels bright and fair,
  Thus, to her they are given.

She smells like a fragrant rose;
  Her teeth are Ceylonian pearl;
In her face beauty glows,
  And crowns her queen of the world.

She is an olive by a sunny stream,
  And is decked with snowy florets fair;
Smiling eternal green
  And playing to the balmy air.

Lo! the eleven stars in the crown
  Upon her zealous head!
'Tis but a halo of glory burning round
  The memories of her gallant dead.

Other lands rage and rave;
  And rivers run red with blood;
Still she holds her standard above the waves
  And stems the swelling flood.

She is thorough-bred,
  From the Anglo-Saxon line;
And revers the course she took and led
  In that peerless tragic time.

Gigantic wars may rise,
  And wild destruction everywhere be proclaimed;
Still her standard will bear to the skies
  Her triumphs and her name.

GOD.

God must be awful in form;
He works in mysteries;
He rides in the vanguard of the storm
And sways the wind and seas.

His mighty throne is on high;
His domain is everywhere;
With lightning He blasts the tsky;
And shakes with thunder the air .

In darkness He hides His face
And shuts His glories in;
Still we trust in His grace
Beneath the cloud of sin.

He marshalled all the worlds above,
Around the centre sun;
He fixed the stars all in love,
And bade them when to run.

He spreaded out the sky as a sheet
And painted it in rich blue;
He bade the spheres all to greet
The art of the wonderous view.

THE DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.

Well did the sun hide his blushing face
In sack-cloth in the sky;
When Jesus Christ, with mercy and grace,
Gave up the ghost and died.

His life and blood he gave
As a ransom for you and me;
And he roused the saints in the grave,
When he died on Calvary.

Dear dying lamb, I look to thee,
For no other help have I;
Oh! hadst thou not ransomed me,
My soul would forever die.

Jesus robbed death of his sting,
And asunder burst the grave;
He bade the dead to rise and sing
His wondrous love to save.

Then full in the view of saints and foes,
Upward to glory he flies,
Bearing the grim visage of woes;
And in triumph rides to the skies.

Up to heaven's pearly gate
The Lamb of God is gone,
To enter there and advocate
My guilt before the throne.

I see him before his Father's face,
All stained with mortal blood;
And his bleeding wounds, full of grace,
Spout forth a cleansing flood.

Before the court of glory there,
He disclosed my wretched state;
How he found me in despair
At Hell's adamantine gate.

MAMA'S BABY.

The lips of mama's baby
Are sweet as sugar lump,
And its little dimple cheeks
Are soft, round and plump.

Go to sleep, little baby,
Hush! and don't cry;
Papa is coming home
To baby, by and by.

Close your laughing eyes,
And go away in a trance;
Bright and happy to wake again,
To see kitty leap and prance.

Mama will hug baby,
It matters not where she goes;
And will keep the ugly flies
From tickling baby's nose.

Put your hands in mama's bosom
As she sings her lullaby,
She will wipe away all tears
From little baby's eyes.

Mama will pat baby's breast,
And kiss its fat hands and feet;
Mama's and papa's little darling,
Hush! and go to sleep.

Rock-a-by baby in mama's arms,
As a little birdie in a nest;
Mamma will ever hold you dear,
Close to her loving breast.

THE SINGING BIRD.

I heard a bird singing the other day,
And it seem'd to be singing to me;
And in its song it seemed to say.
"I'm poor but my heart's merry.

I sat and listened to the bird
Singing in the willow tree,
And using not a single word,
But 'twas sweet as it could be.

Such melody in song,
Pouring from the throat of a bird;
And harmonious and strong,
The sweetest I ever heard.

Amongst the weeping boughs of the tree
The lonely bird I descried;
Content to sit where none could see
But his nestlings and darling bride.

I thought: had I such gift of song,
  Doubtless, I would sing,
And as my years circle on
  I'd make creation ring.

THE DREAMS OF OTHER DAYS.

At the friendly moon I gaze
  As it rises from beyond the sea;
And all the dreams of other days
  Come sadly back to me.

Deluding dreams of my young delight
  That long ago had fled,
Now come back to me tonight
  And crowd into my aching head.

My heart heaved and sighed;
  And tears in wild deluges came,
As I sat sorrowful and cried
  That my life had been so vain.

The scenes of days long gone by,
  And wanton in their flight;
Seemed like clouds, to scud and fly
  Across my brain tonight.

Memory opens wide her gate;
  And dreams of the past return;
Some for me to vindicate,
  And some for me to spurn.

WHITE-HEAD CABBAGE.

White-head cabbage just cooked right,
  And nice cool milk to swallow;
Then some egg bread, good and light,—
  It's enough to make a fellow holler

After I'm through with the cabbage
  Hand me down a little peach pie;
Then just see how I manage
  To live, and not to die.

When I'm done with the cabbage and pie
  And all other dainty stuff,
I pick my teeth and shut my eyes
  And say, "I've got enough."

You talk about your ham and steak;
  Your pork chops and your chicken;
But have some cabbage for my sake
  Somewhere back in your kitchen.

A COVETOUS HEART.

If the world belonged to but one man,
  His kingdom would be from shore to shore;
Though his riches might be like Sahara's sand,
  Still the man would want a little more.

Just a little more some men crave;
  Although they are millionaires,
Nevertheless, they toil and save
  To obtain earth's precious wares.

A little more, then a little more,
  Is what a man craves all the time;
Though his dominion reaches from shore to shore,
  And he has rubies and gold of all kind.

TAKE THE WORLD AS YOU FIND IT.

If you know not what to do,
  Why, search the Holy Writ—
Never let heretics worry you;
  But take the world as you find it.

Let orthodoxy's supernal glare
  Drive skepticism into a fit;
But let this be your only care:
  Take the world as you find it.

Let pagan fallacies, indignant, rise
  In eloquence and wit,
Swelling from below to the skies;
  But take the world as you find it.

Let others mock and try to tear
  The fame of the Holy Spirit;
All this is hard for you to bear;
  But take the world as you find it.

Don't worry, but keep still and cool
  When staunch partisans fall out and split;
It matters not which party rules;
  But take the world as you find it.

THE WIND AND LEAVES.

The wind played the fiddle
  And the little leaves danced;
The tune was didlededidle;
  And the boughs of the trees pranced.

The leaves did frisk and flirt
  In two-step and clog dance;
Each one wore a brown skirt,
  Or a pair of brown pants.

The music of his fiddle was sweet,
  For a mighty fiddler was he;
He sang to his fiddle and patted his feet,
  Thus, he filled the leaves with glee.

Overcome by the ecstasy of his song
  Some of the leaves fell down to sleep
In hollows deep and long;
  Never more to dance and weep.

A COLD DAY.

The clouds hang low and gray;
  The wind blows mighty cold;
Water fowls are on the way
  To the South Pole.

It's freezing cold, and soon will snow
To cover the hills and vales;
And around hearths where fires glow
We will tell our winter tales.

"Lo! it snows!" the children cry,
Who are just let loose from school;
And homeward they trip and fly
In the evening's gray and cold.

The snowflakes came flouncing down
All white as they could be,
And soon they mantled all the ground
So it you could not see.

The trees were robed in supernal white;
The fields and every cot;
And like the Alhambra in moonlight,
Gleamed things around the yard and lot.

The horses neigh; the cows low;
The sheep's bleat came o'er the way
Across the heaps of drifted snow,
For a wisp of hay.

The landscape shone in a silvery sheen
Far as the eye could see;
And not a bird could be seen
There, flying o'er the lea.

Not a bird did sing
A sweet psalm to heaven above;
But tucked its head under its wing,
And sat dumb in the grove.

JENNY.

Jenny found a baby
Somehow, I do not know;
But everybody tells me
The baby was white as snow.

It had blue eyes and kinky hair;
  Its cheeks were round and fat,
But what it was, no one knew,
  For its little nose was flat.

She gave it motherly care
  And it grew fast and fat;
But when she carried it out to church
  The people asked "What's that?"

Jenny loved the baby, you know,
  And carried it everywhere;
Although it had deep-blue eyes,
  A flat nose and nappy hair.

Jenny's affection for the baby was great,
  Simply because it was white;
Though others scoffed and scorned it,
  And called it spurious outright.

Where, when, and how she found it,
  My sad muse does not know;
But I'm sure, in the pious household
  It caused a mighty uproar.

The baby was a hybrid,
  And the family didn't want it there;
Because of it's peculiar looks,
  Glaring in the household affairs.

The household to Jenny said,
  "You must take that child from here;"
That was too sad for her to do,
  So it roused her tender care.

Weeping, she took the baby
  And wandered all about;
But everywhere poor Jenny went
  The people drove her out.

Often at night she had to sleep
  In some waste house or barn,
And sometimes in a cotton pen
  Far out upon a farm.

She never once forsook the child,
  But gave it tender care;
And bravely nestled it in her arms
  Before the people everywhere.

She was not ignorant of the fact
  That she was forever disgraced,
And so she bore the buffs and scorns
  Which were hurled into her shameful face.

She sank low down in despair
  And dragged her life out in grief and pain;
And sad tears fell from her eyes,
  Like heavy drops of rain.

One day, as I was dreaming—
  But ah, it's too sad for me to tell;
I heard a mournful solemn tolling,
  Coming from the old church bell.

It tolled the knell of a departed soul,
  Who was well acquainted with grief;
And travailing in birth and pain,
  Had made her life so brief.

It was proclaimed everywhere
  That poor Jenny was dead ;
The laity heard the plaintive cry
  And every heart moaned and bled.

Slow to the grave-yard we saw her borne
  By those whom she loved so well,
A funeral marching to the tomb
  While the sexton tolled the bell.

Around the hallowed bier stood
  Friend and malignant foe,
And in the cold , damp earth they buried one
  Who died from baneful woe.

THE LAMP.

My lamp is dimly burning
  And is gradually going out,
Soon I must leave off and go
  On that doleful endless route.

Mimic shadows are fading;
  My room is growing dark;
Everything looks gloomy
  Except one lingering spark.

After the last ray of light had faded,
  I sank down to repose;
And I dreamed of sweet life,—
  How it comes and swiftly goes.

AN UNKNOWN TRIBE.

I see an awful tribe rising,
  Who it is, I do not know;
But it is climbing up, surprising,
  Out of the gloom and mire below.

With boldness it presses right on,
  Never musing once to stop
Until it gains that lofty throne
  On the hill's purple top.

Hell inflamed with bitter spite
  Can't stay time's onward pace;
So indignation with all it's might
  Can't check a rising race.

Long it groped to find the way
  Through the rayless gloom below,
Until at last one immortal day
  It was bidden to rise and go.

It rose, and is rising still,
  Though tyrants stand hard by;
Soon it will mount that rugged hill,
  And pitch it's camp on high.

It saw great heroes toil and drop,
  Endeavoring to lead on the van,
And struggling to gain the mountain top
  To view the Promised Land.

When it shall have overcome
  Trials and great tribulations,
Grant it a happy home,
  Not embroiled by cruel nations.

In the loom of art it shall weave a flag,
  Whose threads shall be silk and gold;
And others shall see it wave and wag,
  The true emblem of a nation's soul.

As ages grow old and hoary,
  This tribe shall onward plod,
And loom at last into glory
  At the very gate of God.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Hush! The choirs are singing
  Hard by and from afar;
They set the air a ringing
  With the strains of Dunbar.

From every farmhouse and cottage;
  Fom every hamlet and town;
From every city cultured visage
  His mellow lays sound.

Let the linnet and oriole wail,
  And in modesty coo the dove;
When they hear this nightingale
  Thrilling his notes of love.

Above all birds of the grove,
  Warbling in lyre and rhyme;
Devotion call him bird of Jove,
  That sacred bird is mine.

Grant this bird supernal grace
  Amidst the lyric throng,
And in the grove of poesy place
  Him, a master bird of song.

When he pitches on lyrical wings,
  Warbling in his flight,
The Muses listen as he sings
  In raptures of delight.

Thou anointed bird of paradise,
  A destined bird of rhyme;
Beyond the range of vulgar vice,
  In the eyes of fancy shine.

Sweet nestling of the poetic grove,
  Ever warbling ecstatic lays;
Struck by the hand of mighty Jove,
  Ere the fullness of thy days.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

When every mortal deed is made pure
  Eternal light shall shine;
The world shall be rendered new
  And conform to God's design.

When the righteous conquer and rise
  Then the blissful age will come,
And the redeemed now on high
  Shall again make earth their home.

When every wrong is made right
  The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
To gild the world with hallowed light
  And renovate the earth and skies.

In that illustrious day and time
  When God shall appear on a cloud,
The dead in Christ shall rise and shine
  And shout "Hosanna" loud.

Jesus shall drive alone on high
  Wherever ranged Noah's flood,
And his sword upon his puissant thigh
  Shall be dripping with sinners' blood.

When Jesus shall have chased away
  All sin with his avenging rod;
The Church triumphant in that day,
  Shall stoop to the ransomed Church of God.

In Palestine, the revered Holy Land,
  The Church below shall meet that Church above,
And extend to each other the right hand
  Of everlasting fellowship and love.

Here sorrowful on that storied field
  Where Christ was crucified,
The deed to the Church shall be revealed
  How Jesus groaned and died.

MACEO.

I'm going to sing a song
  That other poets despise,
And deem it all unworthy
  For poesy to recognize.

On poetic wings I mount the breeze
  And fly to a moorish clime,
To pay the homage there I owe
  To martyr of mankind.

I honor and love all great men;
  This is a tribute that we all owe,—
Then why not grant a tithe of it
  To the soldier—Maceo?

No braver captain ever led the van
  In ancient or modern time,
Yet, Saxon bards loathe to sing
  Of this noble hero of mine.

Sing and tell it in glory;
  Write it in seraphic rhyme
So that Spain will always revere
  This swarthy warrior of mine.

CONSCIENCE.

Unerring conscience, a gift divine,
  Ever leads the soul aright;
Amidst the gloom of sin and crime
  It shines, a beacon light.

When passion comes to outrage
  The spirit and make it sin;
Conscience sallies forth to engage,
  And war is waged within.

FACTS.

Among men there are facts,
  (And this is one, as a rule)
The man who talks most and acts
  Is generally the biggest fool.

Some men think they know,
  Though really they do not;
When duty summons them to show
  They fall upon the spot.

He, who says, "I do not know
  About things mystic and queer,"
Shall in lingering time grow
  In knowledge deep and clear.

WILD CHAOS.

Out of nothing were created
  The vast earth and the skies;
This is so thin it can't be seen
  By the mind's searching eyes.

From black and wild chaos
  The system of order sprang;
Young creation exclaimed "Hosanna!"
  And heaven, rejoicing, sang.

At the uprising of form and order
  Horrid confusion gave way;
Then loomed across the dark mass
  The beacon light called "Day."

A WOMAN'S WEAPON.

A woman's weapon is a tear
  That from her lovely eyes falls;
It can subdue more manly hearts
  Than ten thousand shells and balls.

The sad tear-drops of a woman
  Will conquer in their flow,
And she needs no other sword nor gun
  To subdue her toughest foe.

Weeping woman's pious drops
  That roll down from her eyes,
Will melt cruelty's iron heart
  In their pure and hallowed fires.

Her tears are outlets of grief and love;
  She sheds them for things divine,
And with a contrite heart she kneels
  Before her country's shrine.

Down the vales of her lovely face
  Her tears, like rivers flow,
When forlorn, abused or crazed with love
  And tossed to and fro.

THE MAINE.

This man-of-war with proud mast,
  Rides the billowy sea no more
Heedless to the roaring blast
  That sweeps the ocean's shore.

No more her banner towers on high,
  And gambols wild on the breeze,
Bearing the eagle through the skies,
  O'er dark and stormy seas.

No more this grim monster of war
  Shall brave the fleet of foes,
That come, belligerent, from afar
  To disturb our peaceful shores.

Her deck no more is crimsoned red,
  Made thus by heroes' blood,
The costly tribute of her dead,
  As she fought upon the flood.

Lo! her hull was all consumed
  By the flames of a frenzied foe;
Thus the sea might be her tomb
  Far from her native shore.

Though the foe tore down her salls
  And in flames wrapt her deck;
Still that eagle of the sea and gales
  Shall tower above her wreck.

Her cannon no more in thunder roar
  In battles upon the mighty sea,
To humble the pride of any stubborn foe,
  Who insults the flag of the free.

Heedless to howling wind and rain,
  And the blackest shroud of night;
On the deep rode the vessel Maine
  Without pale dread or fright.

SWEET TALK.

Everyone who talks sweet—
  Don't take him to be your friend,
For he may prove a snare to your feet,
  In the long and tedious end.

Judge not a man by his looks,
  Nor by the clothes he likes to wear;
For he may be a scholar in all books,
  Or some great millionaire.

So, you cannot judge a man
  By simply seeing his face;
You may try and do all you can,
  But his mind you cannot trace.

Truly man is all deceit
  At his best and highest rate;
Then why not call him a cheat
  In his purest and noblest state?

He's sneaky in all his ways,
  And is treacherous all the time;
This is why he sings and prays:
  He is so proned to crime.

Show me a good man, if you please—
  (I have never seen one yet;)
I know 'tis sad for one to believe
  That all were frauds I met.

A STORM.

Dark and stormy was the night;
  Dread alarm was everywhere,
And terrific loud thunder
  Rolled heedless along the air.

Vivid sheets of lightning
  Flashed through the angry skies;
And consternation filled the heart
  With a spirit of deep surprise.

Onward swept the raging storm,
  O'er the land and main;
And in mighty torrents
  Fell the beating rain.

Man and beast stood astounded,
  And wondered what to do,
As the enraged clouds rose
  And the storm louder grew.

The birds ceased their songs of love
  And groped to find the way in the grove,
For this was the vengeful hour
  Of unrelenting Jove.

Not a star was seen
  Burning along on high;
For a pitchy gloom had snatched all
  From mortal eye.

While the storm was raging
  Untimely death we tried to evade,
And bowed low in reverence,
  And in sincerity prayed.

Such is the condition of the elements
  When Great Jehovah drives
His awful sounding chariot wheels
  Along the stormy skies.

PARDON US, OH SAVIOR.

Forgive us for every idle word,
  And for every evil thought;
All the misery we now possess,
  We know we have justly bought.

Our sins are so many
  And for them we cry,
Begging thee to have mercy
  And pardon us ere we die.

Wash us in that cleansing tide,
  That stream of blood divine;
Make us pure, white and clean,
  And call us heirs of thine.

Write our names in bright glory
  On pages clean and fair;
Then reveal to us, dear Savior,
  That you have written them there.

Indeed, if we but knew
  That thou heeds't our cry,
We fain would in an instant
  Give up the ghost and die.

By faith we hope to conquer
  In this war-fare, by and by;
Then to that bright mansion above,
  On wings of love we'll fly.

THE TWO POLITICAL PARTIES.

For high tariff the Republicans fight,
While the Democrats battle for low;
Each one thinks its policy is right,
And this each tries to show.

Livelihood gave rise to these,
Each one in a different clime;
Divided by thirty-six degrees
North parallel line.

Away back in the days of old
When partyism was dead,
Democracy was pure as gold ,
And was by patriotism fed.

Now, that patriotism is dead,
Partyism lordly rules,
And mugwumps wave the lash o'er the head
Of so many political mules.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERANCE?

Some may rejoice and shout;
Some may think it a shame and sin
That Col. Roosevelt is out,
And William Taft is in.

Their partyism is the same;
Each one is staunch, stalwart and true,
And each in lineage came
From those who wore the blue.

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Sail on, Oh! thou ship of States;
Great is thy engineer—
Posterity to thee relegates
The shores she loves so dear.

A powerful nation bids thee sail,
And bear it in triumph o'er,—
It knows thou canst not fail
To reach that glorious shore.

The destiny of a mingled race
Great in spirit and name,
Is in thy powerful embrace
To row across the main.

Hoist every snow-white sail;
Give the nation's signal sound;
Fear not the lightning and the gale,
But joyfully onward bound.

Dread not perils of the sea ,
Nor sanguinary wars on land;
That invincible spirit in thee
Will give force to thy right hand.

The nation stands on the hill,
Gazing with wishful eyes;
It longs to see thy flag still
Waving in the skies.

In thee is the common welfare
Of the land of the free;
And sweet woman with tenderest care
Is on the deck of thee.

Wherever thy spangled banner flies,
Thy foes bow to thee,
Whose bounds are but the skies,
And the mighty sea.

UP TO THE HILL HE IS GONE.

Up to the hill he's gone
To suffer and die for me;
The heavy cross he bore alone,
And let the world go free.

Up Mount Calvary's rugged steep,
The cross they made him bear;
And the daughters of Zion did weep,
Making solemn the very air.

There a vast multitude assembled
To behold the awful sight;
The earth reeled and trembled,
And day turned into night.

They scourged and beat him without shame,
While the heavy tree he bore;
And until his fainting frame
Was crimsoned with his gore.

He languidly looked around and about,
But still up the hill he toiled;
His jeering persecutors did shout,
And think the deed was royal.

Upon Calvary's lofty head
He heaved the burden down;
And when it fell it woke the dead
In the dismal regions around.

His feet and hands they nailed
Fast to the rugged wood;
Then him they tauntingly hailed
As "King of the Jews" and good.

'Crucify him!" was the cry
Of the rabid crowd,
Who stood around hard by,
Blaspheming God aloud.

In sweat and blood, his life ebbed away;
His frame grew faint and cold;
And to a disciple he did say,
Oh, the weeping woman behold!"

Mother was the sweetest and last dream
To forsake his dying breast;
Like day's last lingering beam,
Sadly fading on the West.

Around thronged friend and foe,
The Lord Jesus Christ to see;
Some cried in joy and some in woe,
When they nailed him to the tree.

Between two criminals he as crucified,
One on the left and one on the right;
And they in agony and pain eyed
The ruthless and shameless sight.

The Holy Writ, in characters red,
Now and forever say:
"Among malefactors they made his bed,
And took his garments away."

With a loud voice he cried,
Saying, "Father, I commend my soul unto thee;"
Then he gave up the ghost and died,
Fast nailed to the tree.

From the sixth to the ninth hour,
Darkness o'er the earth prevailed;
And men, you could not cower,
Beat their breasts and wailed.

The earth did shake and rocks rent;
The mountains around did nod,
The centurion and watchman did repent,
And said, "Surely, he was the Son of God."

Time furled his rushing wings,
And did forbear to fly,
When the mighty King of kings
Gave up His ghost to die.

The earth did heave and quake
With a dreadful sound;
And the dead in the vales did wake,
Rose up, and walked around.

Deep silence prevailed in heaven
Among the seraphic host;
When divine orders were given
For Christ to give up the ghost.

A STILL TONGUE.

Shut your noisy mouth
  And keep still and cool;
Then wise folks will never
  Take you to be a fool.

Always bridle your tongue
  In the presence of your superior,
And he is not apt to dream once
  That you are his inferior.

In the council of the wise
  Be sedate and slow to speak,
Rather sit to listen and learn;
  These render you apt to teach.

Speak and act with sense;
  Be always apt and keen;
Never rise once to speak,
  Simply to be seen.

THE BLISSFUL AGE.

If all the world were mine
  And under my control,
Still I would trust in things divine
  More than I would in gold.

If the world was full of divine love
  And man to man did right,
We would not long for that heaven above,
  For we would have one just as bright.

When all wrongs are made right
  Chill death shall be no more;
The benighted world shall blaze in light,
  As white as new fallen snow.

The righteous shall, by and by, control,
  When the old shall pass away;
The new shall dawn in gold,
  And let in one eternal day.

Every vale and every hill
  Shall in glory shine;
Every laughing brook and rill
  Shall flow in love divine.

The sainted dead shall rise and sing
  At the renovation of the earth and sky;
And the earth in praise shall ring,
  With melody from on high.

The fruit of trees shall be mellow and sweet
  And life everlasting to the soul,
Whose viands shall be ambrosial meat
  And nectar from rivers of gold.

When the New Jerusalem shall come from above
  With the redeemed host of myriad years;
And in supernal piety moved by love,
  It shall dance to the music of the spheres.

The earth shall be given to the good,
  The purchase of blood divine;
And every earthly grove and wood
  Shall be a sacred shrine.

Lo! the great church triumphant,
  That presides in heaven above,
Shall meet on earth with the church militant,
  In fellowship and love.

LOVE.

No one hears love when it comes,
  Nor can we hear it when it goes;
For it always walks or runs
  On its tiny tip-toes.

Love comes like the noiseless hours
  That steal through the air;
That deals life to flowers
  That look so sweet and fair.

Love chooses some heart for its shrine
  Then begs to worship there;
When fired by passion all but divine,
  It leaps o'er the bars of care.

SOCATONCHEE.

Where sunlight first kissed my cheeks
  And young ambition taught me how to dream,
Hard by the Socatonchee Creek,
  A wild and sunny stream.

In memory I love to roam
  Along where Socatonchee flows,
Close by my dear old home
  It headlong onward rolls.

On its shady banks I lay
  In other days gone by,
And heard the shrill note of the blue-jay,
  And the hawk in the midsummer sky.

Oft times, I stemmed its rippling tide,
  And on its bosom swam;
Like a swan I did glide
  Down to old beaver dam.

There many a poplar tall
  And lank sycamore—
Fit masts for some great admiral,
  Grow along its reedy shores.

From Colonel Shackleford's mill,
  I roamed its wilds for game,
Down to Ancient Kidd's still,
  A distillery now dead to fame.

Here brood the wild beasts at night,
  And the hunters of the swamp in the day;
For the last beam of civil light
  From the place has faded away.

The moping owl's hideous voice
  Gives tongues to the silent air;
And many owls hoot and rejoice
  To meet in congress there.

OLD AGE.

Getting old and childish—
  Youths laugh at me
Because I'm not so stylish
  As I used to be.

Getting somewhat feeble,
  Suffering with aching pains
That are mighty disagreeable
  Just before it rains.

Back and limbs are aching,
  Figure is stooping o'er;
Lusty prime is fading,
  Age is bending it low.

Getting so forgetful
  Can't remember anything;
The mind is dull and fretful;
  The tongue is slow to sing.

Leaning on a staff in hand;
  Shaking with the palsy;
Twice a child and once a man,
  Which is Nature's policy.

Busy smoking a pipe;
  Sitting and dreaming alone;
This is ever old folk's delight
  When life's prime is gone.

MOSES AND HIS SPOUSE.

The swarthy prince Jethro,
  A meek and pious man—
He and the storied Zipporah
  Were natives of Afric land.

He gave his daughter in wedlock
  To Moses, an Israelite,
The shepherd of his bleating flock
  On the plain and mountain height.

Miriam and Aaron did despise
The Ethiopian spouse of their brother—
This caused a sedition to rise,
So God called the three out together.

God told them Moses was meek,
Above all men of the land;
And said it was godly for Moses to seek
And to wed the woman, an Ethiopian.

God sanctioned this marriage,
And gave unto it His hand
Then bade the peerles leader and sage
To march on to Canaan.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Like a flower torn from its bed,
We are fast withering away;
Soon to all we shall be dead,
And lowered to rest in the clay.

We hope to leave a sweet perfume
Like some flowers gay,
To scent heaven's dressing room
And make it as fragrant as May.

Regardless to joy or remorse,
Ceaseless time cannot wait
For that impatient pale horse
Stands pawing at our gate.

We see gay scenes on the way
As our time goes sweeping by;
We fain would stop awhile to play,
If time would cease to fly.

But time and tide cannot wait,
For wretches like you and me;
But bears us on to the gate
Of vast eternity.

LIFE IS A NARROW VALE.

Life is an intricate narrow vale
  Between two vast eternities,
Though hard we strive, but yet we fail
  To comprehend its mysteries.

Along the vale of life barriers rise
  On the left and on the right—
Too awful for mortal eyes,
  And inaccessible in height.

Narrow and short the vale of life extends,
  And into wonderful eternity goes;
Like a tiny stream that ends,
  And into the vast sea pours.

However anxious life may crave
  To leap the headlong height
It cannot from eternity evade,
  And visit the vale of light.

Wild eternity is on each side
  Vastly above and below,
The wondrous somewhere of those who died
  Countless ages ago.

A septillion of our years is but a day
  By the chronometer of wondrous eternity;
And human longevity, the least to say,
  Is naught in such a vast infinity.

THE WORLD ISN'T LIKE IT USED TO BE.

The world isn't like it used to be
  In ages long ago,
When men in social equality
  Walked jovial to and fro.

Folks have made a powerful change
  From their primitive pedigree;
Though, they are said to be the same,
  But unlike them who used to be.

In that good olden time
When men used to be
All trustworthy and divine,
They had but one pedigree.

They dwelled close together
In love and fidelity,
And called each other brother,
In social charity.

Now, the time has become so strange,
From what it used to be;
And Ethnology seems to arrange
For each a different pedigree.

NATURE.

For you nature stands waiting
With exhaustless, lavish hoards;
Then why not be contented,
And await her rich rewards.

It is charged with many blessings
For the rich and the poor;
And in its unknown airy flight,
It will stoop at every door.

Let nature have its destined course,
And you pursue its unerring way;
For beyond the sense of skilful art,
It wields a mighty sway.

Nature is a God-like friend,
And in life it ever abides;
It matters not how frail the physique,
Still in nature it confides.

It surpasses all man's cunning sense,
And works in harmony divine;
It fills and embellishes immensity,
And rolls on yet sublime.

It permeates the universe;
  It has no limit or bounds;
It fills all measure and space
  Where form and order are found.

THE GREAT SOON DIE.

Great geniuses soon die
  And we don't know why is it
That men of common sense live longer
  Than men of pre-eminent wit.

The life of the wise is short,
  But that of a crank is long;
The saying is now a proverb,
  And is made a vulgar song.

I would rather be wise and do good,
  And live but a short time;
Than to live a thousand years
  And leave no good behind.

The man who speaks the longest
  Isn't always the man who tells you most;
Neither can you tell the quality of a thing
  Simply by its cost.

LAZY.

Lazy, Lord have mercy!
  Too lazy to move your feet;
Ragged, hungry and dirty,
  Still you're trying to beat.

So lazy, Lordy! Lordy!
  You don't know what to do;
Naked and bare foot,
  Hard up and down, too.

Standing on the corner
  Or shuffling along the street;
Not a nickle in your pocket
  To buy something to eat.

Lazy, Lord have mercy!
  Lazy without shame;
Lagging around dram shops,
  Waiting for a game.

HAPPY JACK.

Whistling a merry tune,
  With a heart light as the breeze
In the genial month of June
  When the wind sighs low in the trees.

If you want to hear, anon,
  Some whistling from happy Jack,
Who is the only genuine son
  Of old man whistling Mack.

Just go afield in the day;
  You need not make one whack—
But listen to the whistling lay
  Of the buffoon, happy Jack.

Come all ye sluggish boys,
  And each one bring a sack
To hold the lot of vulgar noise
  Which is made by happy Jack.

He whistles and sings all the time ,
  More noisy than a jay;
This bespeaks a vacant mind
  At any rate or way.

He is rude, loud and noisy
  Wherever he moves about;
Stupid and drowsy,
  Low-down and all out.

A BIG RAG.

A big rag was in town
  On last Saturday night;
All the coons had come down
  To frolic, dance and fight.

Skunks and coons of all kind
Showed their faces there;
And lady coons dressed up fine,
With long artificial hair.

Some brought a fiddle and bow,
And bottles of cognac and wine;
One tuned the old banjo,
And picked: "That Girl is Mine."

Some coons did cut the highland fling,
Merely to make a show ;
Others cut the pigeon wing,
High up off the floor .

Old coons and young coons,
Let me tell you, were there;
And the chieftian of all coons,
Like a great big grizzly bear.

BIG MAN HAM.

Yon comes big man Ham,
Riding in a fine gig;
Right by the side of Uncle Sam,
Who makes him feel so big.

He drives right straight along,
And never looks aside;
He knows his physique is strong,
And is full of manly pride.

He sits like an immortal king,
Right by Uncle Sam's side;
It matters not what aversions bring,
They jovially onward ride.

He eyes the aversion of the land,
As he rides proudly along;
Uncle Sam is at his right hand,
To make it powerful and strong.

What soldierly bearing his physique shows
From head to the very feet,
And in his gig, like a Trojan he goes,
Trotting down the street.

He stands right at Uncle Sam's side,
  In the moments of great calamity;
And this is enough to make him ride,
  Big in the land of liberty.

THE CIVIL WAR OF 1861.

In years ago, a cry was made,
  It echoed the world around;
And men put aside the plow and spade,
  To engage in a war renowned.

When civil secession was proclaimed,
  At once a bloody rebellion began;
And swept like an angry flame,
  O'er a quiet and plenteous land.

Men sallied into the ranks of war,
  Each, his virtuous cause to sustain;
And the fervid entreaties of nations from afar
  Couldn't invite them to refrain.

This fraternal war shall ever be
  Unparalleled in storied lines;
And distant ages shall see
  Its causes and designs.

Deep compassion will ever move
  And manly hearts will feel,
To think 'twas the country's love
  That drove them to the battle field.

No bloodier battles ever were fought,
  No heroes ever more brave,
No sacred spot was ever bought
  More precious than each grave.

ODE TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Roll on, thou mighty river,
  The American wonderful Nile;
Flow along thy reedy shores,
  To the ocean wide and wild.

Oft times have I ridden thee
In placid peace and rest;
Borne along by thy flood tide,
In the arms of happiness.

Thou mighty sire of waters, roll on!
Only nature can curb thy flow,
And hold thee with its giant hands
Until time is no more.

Regardless to wreck and time,
That sweeps o'er the breast of sorrow;
Thou rolleth on yet today,
And changeth not tomorrow.

Roll on, great Father of Waters,
By cities on thy shore,
And stop not to welcome them;
But steady onward flow.

When wintry deep snows dissolve
On the Northern mountains and plain;
Thou roll the languid burden on
Headlong, gurgling to the main.

As thou floweth, gathering volume
From branches on each side,
Until at last thou spreadeth out,
A sea, not deep, but wide.

Often thou delugeth thy banks,
And depopulates the fields below;
Then all the frantic beasts of thy swamp
At once to the highland soar.

TEXAS ALAMO.

When honor comes to crown
Martial deeds here below;
It will rear its throne on the spot of ground,
The site of the Alamo.

Few was the number of the brave
  Who guarded the Alamo,
And fought and died to save
  The fort from a Mexican foe.

As long as the river, San Antonio,
  Rolls on to the mighty sea;
It will bear the story of the Alamo,
  The Texas Thermopylae.

A name implying baptism of blood,
  To the fortress was given long ago;
And it still renders sacred the wild flood
  Of the River, San Antonio.

In obedience they fought and died
  In defense of the Alamo;
And as the battle did ebb and tide ,
  The ground was crimsoned with gore.

Of the one hundred and eight-one
  Who vied with the formidable foe,
And of them was left none
  Alive in the Alamo.

The hot gate had its messenger of death,
  But the Alamo had none;
For not one alive was left
  Of the one hundred and eighty-one.

Write this garrison in a storied line
  Deep in the volume of fame;
So that posterity in the orbit of time
  Will know how it was slain.

Write ancient chivalry in ink divine,
  Until the pages of annals glow;
But sing ye bards, in seraphic rhyme
  Of this garrison of the Alamo.

Revolutionary wars may rise
  And sweep the land o'er;
But pity, with tearful eyes,
  Shall weep o'er the Alamo.

HARDSHIP AND GRIEF.

If your life is toil and grief,
  Do not sob and sigh;
You can make your woes brief,
  If you will but try.

However intricate is the way
  Leading o'er mountains high;
Its intricacy vanishes away
  Before the phrase: "to try."

Mighty deeds have been wrought
  By the living o'er the dead and dying;
And mighty battles have been fought
  By men simply trying.

All ingenius arts came
  From minds inspiring,
And leaped out from men's brain
  By them patiently trying.

Toil on up the mountain pass,
  Ever seeking and prying;
Great may be the result at last,
  By your patient trying.

1912.

This is the year for fighting,
  It's nineteen hundred and twelve;
And news men are writing
  Trying to enrich themselves.

Editorials are flying
  Red-hot everywhere;
News boys are crying,
  Taft, Wilson and Teddy-bear.

PUBLICATIONS.

Publications false and vain
  Ride unbridled through the air;
To infatuate men of little brain,
  And to weaken their political care.

All this is done to infatuate
The minds of sober men,
And in political debate
Show how his party will win.

They wave the mighty lash
O'er the head of so many mules;
And headlong, they dash
Like so many rustic fools.

CAMPAIGN SONG OF 1912.

Get your knapsack
And shoulder your gun,
Place your budget on your back
And begin to run.

Yonder comes Roosevelt,
Run! boys, run!
No heavier tread was ever felt
Beneath the shining sun.

Lo! the peerless patriotic God,
Lo! the plumes on his head;
Lo! how they dance and nod,
Adjusted to his royal tread.

Hurry! boys, and fall in line
With this noble hero,
Who waved our flag in a tsrange clime
In the face of a dusky foe.

There's no other man
Who stands so high;
Throughout this broad land,
Beneath the public's eye.

In tender mercy he looks down
When the poor and needy cry,
And scatters living bread around
When he's passing by.

Supreme power was his crown
Which he deigned to exercise;
And visited many a southern town,
That others did despise.

This great and good man appeals to all
In great Jehovah's name,
To vote for him in the fall
From California to Maine.

Around the Colonel in days past,
We rallied frank and bold;
And when it comes our ballots to cast,
We'll vote for him, heart and soul.

Come all you hardy, jolly boys,
The Colonel is calling you;
Cast aside your trivial joys,
And bear him conqueror through.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

Put on your peg-leg breeches,
And your great big coat;
Go and hear the speeches,
So you'll know which way to vote.

Democrats and Republicans speak
On the issues of today;
You had better go out right now,
And hear what they have to say.

Each one has an axe to grind,
And he wants you to turn the stone;
But if he is elected
You come before him unknown.

After he gets in office,
And grown big bellied as a frog;
He'll never notice you,
No more than if you were a dog.

Little he'll care for a dog,
And a great deal less for you;
But go, and hear him speak
Upon today's issue.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

I like a man with horny hands
  And with cheeks sun-burnt brown,
One who never sits and stands
  Idle in any town.

I like a man with ready hands,
  One always willing to do
Just merely all the good he can,
  With a heart manly and true.

I don't like a man who lays around,
  And strolls from place to place;
But I like one who gets right down,
  And looks labor square in the face.

The man who follows the plow,
  And wields the axe and hoe
Complies to the law in Eden's bower,
  Given long time ago.

With the good old hoe and plow,
  Cultivate the sod;
For man must live by the sweat of his brow,
  Was so ordained by God.

Manual labor is king,
  The source of human welfare;
From it many blessings spring,
  And flow along everywhere.

Drive your team afield,
  You hero with cheeks of tan;
And with ardent zeal,
  Just do all you can.

THE SON OF MAN.

The saddest song I ever heard
  'Twas about the son of man,
The light and the word
  Of the benighted land.

A spirit in human form,
  Full of mercy and love
Came down his wonders to perform,
  A spirit, heavenly dove.

Remote realms had been searched around
  And no one found worthy there;
Then redeeming love drove him down,
  To a work in deep despair.

A world long lost in rayless gloom,
  A world vexatious and base;
Destruction was the final doom
  To it and the human race.

A world without a way,
  All death and sin bound;
Until that glorious day
  When a worthy lamb was found.

For many gloomy irksome years,
  Ere the dawn of conquering grace,
Pity shedded many tears
  For Adam's dying race.

For the crime that man had done,
  He intercession made;
For grace to man was unknown,
  Who far away had strayed.

He stood on the mid throne,
  As a lamb that had been slain;
The only worthy one,
  And from whom David came.

ALWAYS THINK.

Always think before you speak,
  It's a prudent way;
Thus, you may remember well
  What you do or say.

Think deeply, think thrice,
  Ere you go forth to say;
For to you it may be a blessing
  Somehow, on some day.

Thinking always precedes expression
  When prudence is standing by;
And reason pictures the result
  Before the inward eye.

ROBERT E. LEE.

O, if I had the gift of song,
  And my rude tongue had been taught to sing;
I fain would chant a noble song,
  That would through endless ages ring.

I would sing of that intrepid soldier,
  The greatest of his day and time;
And still there's no braver
  In this nor any other clime.

I would sing of that noble hero,
  And let the world hate my lay;
My chorus would be generalissimo
  Of the gallant gray.

Let years their shifting scenes bring
  In the noble land of the free,
Still I would ever sing
  Of General Robert E. Lee.

I'd sing of this martial personage,
  The captain of the gallant gray;
Though sectional spirit might rave and rage ,
  To black-guard and denounce my lay.

I would sing unto him a worthy praise,
  Such as no mortal tongue sings;
Then, aloft myself I would raise
  And soar away on eagle's wings.

Upon my harp I fain would play
  And sing in seraphic rhyme,
Of this gallant captain of the gray
  In that tragic time.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

A precious tender voice I hear
  Ever inviting me home;
And that voice to me is dear,
  It matters not where I roam.

'Tis my sweet mother's voice
  That rings in my soul;
And it makes my sad heart rejoice,
  And melt away in gold.

How sweet my mother's voice sounds,
  Yet in my memory's ears;
It soothes my sorrows, heals my wounds
  And stops my flowing tears.

What grief consoling sounds
  Come from mother's breast!
They are balms to bleeding wounds
  And to the weary rest.

My mother's voice is a balm
  To all my pains and grief;
It assuages like a charm
  And gives me quick relief.

It dispels sorrow from my breast,
  And tells me not to fear;
It lulls my aching feelings to rest,
  And rouses up tender care.

My fond mother's voice oft' times,
  Rings within me like a golden bell;
And memory loves to hear its chimes,
  Whose sounds it loves so well.

DO NOT KICK.

If your back isn't sore, why, then don't flinch
  And never kick before you are spurred;
But stand still old pony,
  And be curried.

Cast a stone into a gang of dogs
  Where there's not a growl;
But the dog that the stone pelts
  You must know, will surely howl.

Thus, we know what dog is struck,
  From his hideous cries;
And the lame, wounded cur
  Stands whining before our eyes.

So it is when the truth is spoken,
  Some folks rejoice and shout;
But the one whom the truth condemns,
  Is generally the first to pout.

It's no use to get mad at the truth,
  And puff up and pout;
For in life's uneven way
  Judge Time will find you out.

THERE'S DUTY FOR EVERY ONE.

There's duty for every one,
  A little something to do;
To set in order everything,
  To make the world bright and new.

If you cannot do one good deed,
  You may do another,
In the way of sympathizing
  With a needy brother.

There is ever work to do,
  A work for everyone;
Whether he is peasant low,
  Or king upon a throne.

The harvest is ripe and yellow,
  It bends and nods in the breeze;
Then why not go forth
  And gather its golden sheaves?

The yellow harvest is waiting,
  And the Master is calling you;
Who will go and work today
  For the laborers are but few?

CEASELESS TIME.

Stop! O Time and tell me why
  Thou art flying on so fast?
Ever swiftly moving by,
  And conquering as you pass.

Stop and wait a little while,
  Here are riches in gold;
Do as you did at Gideon
  In that sacred day of old.

Curb your rushing wings,
  Don't bear mortals on so fast;
But grant them an ample chance
  To be saved at last.

Lo! how mortals are wafted away
  To some dolorous shore;
And borne on your vast wings
  To come back here no more.

Lo! the countless souls, O Time!
  You have borne away;
And still boastful, you onward fly
  With not a word to say.

Stoop from your stupendous career,
  O Ceaseless, cruel Time!
And stop to hear we suppliants
  In every land and clime.

O relentless, impartial Time!
  Whose breast knows no sorrow;
Why do you waft me from the bright today
  Into the dark tomorrow?

THE MIND.

The mind is like the restless sea,
  Which the waters do not fill;
But ever busy as it can be
  And never once is still.

When sleep seals the wakeful eyes,
  The changeful mind stops still;
And deep into unconsciousness
  Broods the voluntary will.

Sleep gives rest to the busy mind,
  And deigns it power to dream;
So in the land of nod
  We perceive things good or mean.

In sleep, the mind's involuntary,
  And has no restrain;
Oft times it wafts me away
  And brings me back again.

In the realm of visions the body pursues
  Wherever the mind soars;
But how this mystery is done
  No living mortal knows.

Visionary dreams rent me in twain,
  And bear one part far away;
Then on electric wings of wakefulness
  Bring me back ere the peep of day.

MONODY TO DR. S. M. TAYLOR.

Yon sun was fast declining,
  To the coastal mountains of the West;
And he descried a revered sire dying,
  Or hailing at the portal of rest.

For awhile the sun seemed to stop
  And put on a raiment of red,
Then on he rolled behind the mountain top,
  To weep sadly for the pious dead.

Ere he dipped his glowing head
  Beneath the billows of the sea,
He kissed the lips of the hallowed dead,
  And bade the soul where to flee.

The wondrous milky way so vast,
That at night belts the sky,
Saluted the soul as it passed
On its way to God on high.

On life's highway he laid down
And took his burden as a pillow for his head,
Then died like a martyr without a frown
At leaving the living for the dead.

Lo! with fortitude and patience he ran his race,
Beneath his country's glowing eyes;
And fast in virtue's strong embrace,
And in veneration he died.

Now the pious gentleman and medicine is dead,
And left an angel spouse to weep;
May the world around her reverence spread,
To lull her grief to sleep.

His dear spouse, in grief and pain
Shall drag in widowhood on through life;
And in sad tears, like drops of rain,
Shall remain his zealous wife.

His household dear, with tearful eyes,
And vast number of friends too,
Sob deep in lamenting cries,
And shout "What shall we do?"

He was born all mellow sunshine,
All diamond dust and gold;
And a thoroughbred from the Aryan line,
The storied patrician of old.

No finer blood through veins ever ran,
No heart more kind and true;
Than the blood and heart of the gentleman,
Of whom I sing to you.

Beneath a wilderness of sweet flowers,
Then lay the revered doctor down
Where some oak majestic towers,
And spreads its shade around.

There at his humble head please place
A costly slab of living stone;
So memory, failing, cannot misplace,
His sepulchre when we are gone.

He shall never be forgot
While affection lives and weeps;
And piety can point to the sacred spot
Where he in silence sleeps.

Oh! in many handfuls bring,
Gay flowers of sweet perfume;
In the sacred time of spring
To scatter o'er his tomb.

In placid peace O let him sleep,
Until that awful day
When sad mourners shall cease to weep,
And sorrows shall vanish away.

Then from the tomb, O let him rise,
And in supernal radiance shine;
When God shall appear on a cloud in the skies,
And the world is rendered refined.

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

The Progressive party has a good name,
And styles itself new;
From the Republican party it came,
Which is stamped to be true.

Out from a political mass,
This recent faction grew;
Whose body is iron and brass,
With clay mingled too.

'Tis but a fractured portion
Torn loose from a zealous mass;
And now rising into existence,
Rampant and fast.

Territorial expansion and human progression
  This new faction outlines;
And says that the common welfare
  Is its prayerful designs.

Its ringleader is brainy,
  At least, so said to be;
Here he is held in high esteem,
  And far away across the sea.

It is straining every nerve
  And there's but little doubt,
Of it rising rampant into power,
  Driving all others out.

The adherents of such an irresolute mass
  That has triumphed for so many years,
Split asunder in nineteen hundred and twelve,
  And left its pardemonium in tears.

THE WOUNDED DOVE.

A dove with pinions drooped down,
  Stopped at my cot to rest;
It had a deep and ghastly wound,
  In its little breast.

Drooped, it sat on my portico,
  And half frightened looked at me;
Not once did it try to go,
  Or from my hovel flee.

It was a hallowed modest dove,
  Meekest bird of the feathery host;
It's an image of genuine love,
  And the Holy Ghost.

Perchance, the dove had been shot
  In its heaving breast;
And this is why it came to my cot,
  Seeking ease and rest.

The harmless creature of the field and wood,
  A bird generous and meek;
In my door came and stood,
  Dispirited, wounded and weak.

O'er many distant hills and woods
  Perchance, this bird had soared;
And feasted wild in the fields of grain,
  Which in sunlight glowed.

How often have I marked its flight,
  Straight through the ethereal air;
Until its form died out of sight,
  And left my vision bare.

Oft times have I heard,
  In the young days of spring;
The sad voice of this cooing bird,
  Which moans but cannot sing.

Sorrowful bird of the solitude,
  The cooing turtle dove;
Why do you haunt where scenes are rude
  Like one forlorn in love?

AT EACH THROB OF THE HEART.

At each throb of the heart
  The number of days are less,
Until life's burning taper fades
  And forsakes the heaving breast.

Every moment that comes and goes
  In gloom or sunshine,
Finds us all a little further
  Down the stream of Time.

Every momemnt, every hour
  That in life comes;
Still bear the soul nearer
  To its eternal home.

Dimmer burns the taper of life
  As each moment flies,
And so its lustre fainter grows
  Till it finally expires.

Deep in an unconscious state
  The once groveling body now lay,
Deprived of a magnanimous soul
  And debarred from the light of day.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

The premises to me looked strange,
  Not an object did I know;
And the house looked not the same
  That it was forty years ago.

Its roof was warped and caving in,
  Through its rooms jackals prowl;
And at night it's a pleasant inn
  For the bat and moping owl.

The chimney has fallen down,
  The building is leaning o'er;
And dissimilar look things around
  From what they were forty years ago.

The lattice work of the spiders hang,
  Veiling the ceiling above;
And the cricket there alone sang
  Its dubious note of love.

A wonderful change had taken place,
  And it astounded me so;
No likeness could I find or trace,
  Which was there forty years ago.

Where the orchard used to be
  And russet mellow apples grew,
But now there is not an apple tree
  Standing in the hazy view.

The master and mistress are dead and gone,
  Their issues are far away;
The house is delapidated and forlorn,
  Fast tottering in decay.

Here at night in the days of old,
  The festal bowl went round;
And many a stranger wet and cold,
  A pleasant lodging found.

Here the good man and his guest
  Talked the night away;
And did not think of the hour of rest,
  Again until it was day.

Here the traveler talked of Bull Run,
And many a bloody fray;
Then showed just how each battle was won,
By the gallant blue or gray.

Many war tales were told
Of feats heroic and gory;
And the pious sire and household
Heard each tragic story.

While slow hours did come and go,
And darkness mantled the deep;
The traveler talked till morning's glow
Woke the world up from sleep.

Breakfast there was served up,
The viands were rich as gold;
Nice coffee to fill the stranger's cup,
And nice porridge to fill his bowl.

ALEX AND JIM.

Of noble men let poets sing
In loud and cheering hymn—
As I'm too feeble to chant like them,
I'll sing of poor Alex and Jim.

These were two sainted souls,
Who never did seem to grieve;
Because they were not burdened with cares,
They seemed to live at ease.

Everybody call them idiots,
So it's a vulgar whim;
But if there's any souls I love,
It is poor Alex and Jim.

They are all serene sympathy,
All harmless as a dove;
And desire to live ever in touch,
With mankind whom they love.

Whenever you see these simple souls,
Although they may look grim;
There you'll find a clean heart,
In the bosom of Alex and Jim.

They are not heirs of fortune and fame
And adherents of any faith;
Still perchance God in the end,
Will take them in His loving embrace.

When their life's race shall have been run,
Beneath God's vigilant eyes;
Poor Alex and Jim will go hence,
To a home beyond the skies.

They are poor, ragged and destitute,
Please grant them their share of bread;
For by and by poor Alex and Jim
Will be numbered with the dead.

IDA.

Ida has got on her riggins,
All except her red shawl;
And a white head rag she wears,
When she goes on a call.

She sticks a pipe in her mouth,
And snuff in her lips;
She kimboes her arms,
With her hands on her hips.

I know she is going a visiting,
For I can surely tell;
As I know a thing or two,
Simply by their smell.

I bet you she's going a visiting,
To that what do you say?
To see her visiting, 'tisn't strange,
For she does this every day.

She likes to make frequent calls,
More so than to stay at home;
And with matronal sacred care,
Prepare for days to come.

She's out and gone in a minute,
And you know not where;
For she's slick as a greasy pig,
Without a bit of hair.

She has many a false chum,
  Both great and small;
And I guess it's the reason why
  She makes these frequent calls.

'Tis just to go a visiting
  In a very appropriate time;
Otherwise, it will engender,
  The slimy germ of crime.

Short visits made seldom,
  Makes hearty friendship long;
But she thought often calls
  Would render goodwill strong.

So she haunts every shanty in town
  Where there is a tattling crowd,
Unclean and full of gossips,
  Cordial wine for the proud.

MARRYING.

Marrying is but a leap in the dark,
  What'll be the result, we don't know,
Whether it will be all joyous love,
  Or all vexation and woe.

When we take a leap in the dark,
  We cannot see nor can we tell
What we are lighting down upon,
  In any ambitious spell.

So 'tis with many who marry,
  Let them be well breds or rakes;
In that solemn conjugal hour,
  Make a woeful sad mistake.

'Tis true, we do not know,
  But are led by spiritual belief,
Which has often brought about
  Much pain and endless grief.

When the nuptial sun dawns
  The dense darknes passes away;
Only then individuals know,
  And see each other now-a-day.

Oftimes there's virtue in marrying,
  Sometimes there's shame and woe
That slumber and hide in the soul,
  So that we do not know.

To marry is a divine act,
  At least it is said to be;
But the grief it sometimes engenders,
  I hope angels do not see.

With our much learning itself,
  And all we can scrape and rake;
Still whenever we go to marry ,
  We are liable to make a mistake.

'Tis a leap in the dark across a chasm
  To gain some delightful shore;
And should we erring miss,
  We sink to the hell below.

It was designed for human welfare,
  And not for grief and shame;
So, through a mistake of the parties
  This most sacred union is vain.

A FAINT AND LONELY RAY.

Through the hazy gloom I see
  A faint and lonely ray,
That gives life and joy to me
  Of some coming sweet day.

In bitter grief's darkest night
  I grope my way to find;
Until I see that ray of light
  Piercing through the gloom of time.

Through the dense midnight shade
  Hope sends a faint ray to me,
And bids me continue to wade
  Through life's dark stormy sea.

No other guide can I find,
  Except this little light,
To bouy up my sad mind
  And lead me on aright.

I see it gleaming far away
  Across the dark rolling tide;
'Tis but hope's lonely ray,
  My staff and my guide.

It's the ray of hope that animates,
  And urges me straight on,
Up to beatitudes' pearly gate
  And burning jasper throne.

As everything fades before my sight,
  Clouds muffle up the stars and moon;
Hope sends her flickering light
  To dispel the horrid gloom.

WAR IN EUROPE.

Beyond the sea nations are fighting,
  Like mad tigers over a prey;
And tacticians are dictating and writing
  The details of the bloody fray.

Europe is in a state of convulsion,
  From the mountains to the sea;
And the national great commotion
  Reaches the land of the free.

Against a nation, nations are warring
  For martial supremacy and fame;
And the din of its awful jarring
  Is heard from the Ural to the Seine.

The day of the great Napoleon seems
  To dawn in the east again;
And spread its red and fiery beams
  From Russia down to Spain.

The belligerent spirit of long ago,
  Of nations powerful in arms;
Now seems to have come once more
  With fierce and dread alarm.

There is a great confederation
  Of boasted European powers;
Who are fighting a lonely nation,
  Who is just as powerful as ours.

IT'S NO USE TO WORRY.

It's no use to worry,
  Let unerring conscience guide;
Wait for the wagon,
  And we'll all take a ride.

Don't get in a hurry,
  And at others fret and chide;
But wait for the wagon,
  And we'll all take a ride.

In a state of scandal
  Clothed in vain pride;
But wait for the wagon,
  And we'll all take a ride.

It matters not where you are,
  Or where you may abide;
You must wait for the wagon
  And we'll all take a ride.

Though you've bosom friends,
  Along the way you glide;
But you must wait for the wagon
  And we'll all take a ride.

Notwithstanding your great riches,
  And your vivid senses beside;
You must wait for the wagon
  And we'll all take a ride.

THE U. S. FLAG.

Lo! the red, white and blue
  That dances in yon skies;
'Tis but a sign of what is true
  With all its rich dyes.

Proudly it waves above
The land and the sea;
And is a token of national love,
For the country of the free.

It is the gorgeous ensign
Of a nation proud and free;
And lordly it waves sublime
As the emblem of liberty.

See how it gambols in the gale
And unfurls itself on high?
The nation itself would weep and wail
To view it no more in the sky.

AUTUMN SCENE.

Mellow are the fields of grain
And yellow as the golden sun;
The harvesting time is here,
And the market is now begun.

Cotton fields are wide and white
All shining in the sun;
While everything around,
Looks seared, dead and dun.

Broad scenes of cotton, king
All just white as snow;
Lay waiting for gleaners,
As through the South we go.

Lo! our great king cotton,
The chief staple of Dixie land;
Most of it is sent away
To the shops of England.

Cotton fields are white and waiting,
For the gleaners' hand;
As wealthy hidden treasures
To be disclosed to man.

IT'S NO USE TO PICK AND CHOOSE.

It's no use to pick and choose,
  But just shut your eyes and grab;
For man now is all in booze,
  And woman is playing queen mab.

Indeed, the old is very bad,
  But the young is really worse;
And the devil is so glad
  His heart is about to burst.

We don't know whom to trust
  Any further than we can see;
For the world is full of wicked lust,
  And fickle as it can be.

Since folks now are much alike,
  And but few we really know;
We don't know whom to strike,
  Nor which way we should go.

Why should we look and pry
  With reason as a guide?
We often fail to descry
  The hell that moves inside.

Woman is but a decoy duck,
  And man is but the same;
So by good or bad luck,
  We hit or miss our aim.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

As the glowing rays of departed day,
  Still tinted the hilly West,
A sweet, fair maiden sat by the way
  To meditate and to rest.

Pensively she sat alone
  Under a magnolia tree;
And breathing not a sad groan,
  She shyly looked at me.

The departing day's reflecting beams,
In the face of the maiden shone;
And she seemed as one lost in dreams,
And crazed with love forlorn.

Everything around was smiling
In the evening cool and still;
And her charms were not beguiling
To the gilted Western hills.

On an humble gate stone,
Sat this sweet young miss;
As an heiress of a jasper throne,
Somewhere in the realms of bliss

She was sweet and fair as a lilly,
And modest as a turtle dove;
She dwelled with her sister, Willie,
In devout care and love.

As the reddend glow of the sunken sun
Faded on the Western sky;
Everything around looked seared and dun
To the lovely maiden's eye.

The rosy twilight went down
To give space to the dusky shade;
And vesper, with her lucid crown,
Cheered the heart of the lonely maid.

A GREAT PANIC.

A great panic is now on,
And a famine seems just ahead;
Happy times are past and gone,
And commodity shrinks back with dread.

The monetary stream has ceased to flow
To freshen the arid field;
That lay along its sunny shores,
And give them a spirit to yield.

Money is hard to get and find,
Grim penury awaits us all;
And people now in every clime
On God begin to call.

An awful money dearth is here,
And is spreading wide through the land;
It has filled the heart of business with fear,
And paralyzed the willing hand.

BLISS.

Heaven is a mighty nice place,
So I guess good folks go there;
And not devils with an angel's face,
And inward, a grizzly bear.

Every soul shall not get to heaven,
And live forevermore;
For that place of bliss shall be given
Only to the righteous here below.

No hypocrite shall see God's face,
And feast on His love divine;
Drink from the rivers of His grace,
In the land of corn and wine.

Heaven is not an impious place,
An abode of black-hearted souls;
Whose erroneous deeds and case
Hell punishes and controls.

Your vain loud noisy prayer,
And comical rustic songs,
About the shining bliss somewhere,
Will never expatiate your wrongs.

FALSE PRETENDER.

Lo! how the hypocrite prays and sings,
Simply to be seen and heard;
Until the Holy Ghost takes wings,
And flies away faint and wearied.

Into the church of God he sneaks,
A wolf in sheep's clothes;
And when he prays and speaks,
High heaven shuts her doors.

From the hypocrite God turns His face,
And lends not a listening ear;
For in the hypocrite there is no grace,
The source of religious fear.

Into the church these hypocrites crowd,
Like so many wolves into a fold;
They are but adherents of the proud,
And detrimental to the Christian soul.

False pretenders may pray and sing,
Preach, moan and prophesy;
Still Jesus Christ, my Lord and King,
Shall know them not when they die.

Deep in the church hypocrisy hides
It's deceptive foul face;
And before the mirror of vain pride
It looks like a child of grace.

UNREAL HAIR.

Dress yourself up very fine
And put on many airs,
If you want to cut a big shine
In all foolish affairs.

First, get some artificial hair,
Then take pains to fix it on;
After which, muse you are fair,
As a queen upon a throne.

I admire one's own hair
More than what arts make,
To crown the head of the fair
For vanity's only sake.

One's natural hair is divine,
  Let it be bad or good;
It renders the look genuine,
  And you see it as you should.

False hair is but a sham
  To delude some moral eye,
And it isn't worth a damn
  In a vain and rough reply.

SOME SAY GO YONDER.

Some say go yonder,
  Others say come here;
But the place where all's good
  Is hard to find, I fear.

So shoulder life's burden,
  Like the Son of man;
And toil on with patience
  To do all the good you can.

You need not to worry
  About what others do;
And it matters not who errs,
  Just since it isn't you.

Attend to your own business,
  And let other folks' business go;
Don't stroll from place to place,
  And the seed of discord sow.

Don't peep and meddle into other's affairs,
  That do not concern you;
But be mindful of your own
  And careful in what you do.

A CERTAIN ZEALOUS SECT.

There is a certain sect,
  Multi-millions strong,
Who are supposed to be doing right,
  And not doing wrong.

With spiritual power it's moving
In every land and clime;
And in the guise of doing right,
It's allowing all mankind.

Its divine intent is good
In uplifting fallen humanity;
But if we look at it as we should,
It has become a reception for vanity.

The hand of folly has desecrated
And marred its first design;
Which it took and led
In the old apostolic time.

Its prestine purpose was to reform man,
And imbue him with morals sublime;
So that every deed, word and thought
Would accord with the Heavenly mind.

In certain seasons of the year,
(I know not the exact dates;)
There convenes an association,
Of renegades, rascals and delegates.

We find there some pious souls,
Burning with hallowed fire;
And others big with lust,
After vain and gaudy attire.

This pompous and vain synod
Of messengers of the revered sky;
Acts a bitter foe to rectitude;
Life's deity to glorify.

Here the adulterer and the adultress intrigue
In clandestine love affairs;
Here many a pious moralist is inveigled,
And led into fornication's snare.

Sacred prudes and mundane rascals
Intercourse and mix here together;
So the depraved or the upright,
We can't tell one from the other.

It gives evil doers a chance
  To enjoy some illicit desire;
Until that unctuous feeling comes on,
  And burns like hallowed fire.

Sacred unions, conventions and institutes,
  And indeed a great many more,
Are now but august receptions
  To give prudery a mortal blow.

ARTISTIC FINE DRESSING.

Immoral wenches may dress fine
  And live at ease and rest;
But virgins in their common clothes,
  To me, look far the best.

Fine raiments can never make character
  What it really is not;
It can but excite the passion,
  And make desires hot.

Fine dressing cannot hide
  The morally debased from sight;
When the character is well known
  To be as black as night.

Dressing up in fine apparel
  And having a bewitching face,
Will never do for a screen
  To hide moral disgrace.

Good repute is all and all,
  It requires no apparel fine;
To raise in esteem the individual,
  Who is virtuous to mankind.

Though in pompous array
  The morally debased may glow,
Still virtue shall abhor them
  Upon every pious shore.

Fine dressing and gold will not veil
  Immorality's ugly face;
And with wily, gaudy charms
  Make the wanton chaste.

MORAL PURITY.

Ever admire chaste repute,
  Which is life's preserving god;
Who beyond this veil of tears
  Shall grant a sure reward.

Preserving character divinely pure
  Is more precious than gold;
It's everlasting water and bread
  To the hungry, fainting soul.

WANTONS.

In this brazen, adverse age
  The good and the bad do just alike;
So it takes but God to tell,
  Who's wrong and who's right.

Reprobates of the deepest dye,
  From which moral abuses spring;
Seem to come in gangs,
  And crowd into the social ring.

Chastity goes all unnoticed,
  Unworthy of any praise;
It seems that lewdness is boss,
  And scoffs at virtue's ways.

Strumpets lost in vicious pleasures,
  Ride from place to place;
Heavily charged with lust,
  That's baneful to the human race.

They have hurled down moral purity
  From its ancient throne;
And the world now broods in lewdness,
  Since virtue is dead and gone.

O may bright-eyed virtue return,
  With its chaste living powers;
And kindle a flame of moral integrity
  In these cold hearts of ours.

NEVER UPHOLD WHAT'S WRONG.

Never sanction what's wrong,
Though the passion be mighty strong;
Be ever a conscientious man,
For God leads conscience by the hand.

Forsake not a righteous law or thing,
To gain esteem of a social ring;
But grant to all due respect,
Heedless to race or pious sect.

Whatsoever may be your lot
Who you are, it matters not;
For the right take a stand,
Live and die a just man.

Work for the common welfare
Of mankind in God's care,
And with a generous helping hand
Try to uplift fallen man.

Be ever loyal to humanity,
And unto all show charity;
Be just and pious in what you do,
To render life pure as morning dew.

Have the heart clean of racial grudge,
When matters occur for you to judge;
And thus, without pain or resentment,
Grant reward or punishment.

A GIRL SIXTEEN.

When a girl is sweet sixteen
Just dress her up neat and clean,
In a robe of bombazine
Then she looks like a May queen.

Place her on the ballroom floor
In the warm embrace of her beau;
Let her jelly-rose and tango,
Ball the jack, and many more.

Let her wiggle and waltz so
To make her cold feelings glow;
And the result you may know,
It's hello central, hello!

TAG-RAGS.

There are tag-rags here
  And I guess tag-rags are there,
So tag-rags, I fear
  Are raging everywhere.

Now saddle up your old gray,
  Come and go along with me;
And if you're a tag-rag riolence,
  We'll ride across the sea.

If you admire ruthless butchery
  And are a glutton for human blood,
Just saddle up your old gray,
  And buff the swelling flood.

Pitiless tag-rag violence
  Is raging like a storm,
Bearing brutal butchery
  Into every commodious home.

Down with tag-rag violence,
  Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!
And up with impartial minds,
  That detest the tag-rag law.

EUROPE'S NATIONAL WAR.

What's the matter over yonder?
  I hear a mighty din;
Is it low growling thunder,
  Or wild raging wind?

Sea-gulls come flocking home,
  Mad clouds are swinging low;
Such omens forebode an approaching storm
  Upon this sunny shore.

Horrid monsters are rising,
  Hideous from the sea below;
And all the finny host
  Are riding in fright to the shore.

The great commotion is felt
  Throughout the earth and air,
And its inhuman sequents
  Are heart-breaking everywhere.

Monstrous beasts rising up
  All over the mighty sea,
As formidable and malignant foes
  To liberty, love and peace.

Hark the deep growling din!
  'Tis the roar of awful Mars,
Bellowing in his ocean cave,
  O'er the blood of horrid wars.

Beasts' horrid forms are rising
  From the sea's unfathomed caves;
And are exalting their awful heads
  Like Titans above the waves.

O! for myriad tongues to sing,
  And sue for tranquil peace;
To spread o'er the warring sea,
  And bid disaster to cease.

When the goddess of peace shall come
  With a rainbow upon her head,
The raging sea, weary of its troublings,
  Shall subside into silence, dead.

The low angry war clouds shall scatter
  And dissolve away like snow,
Then rosy peace with ringlets of gold
  Shall spread from shore to shore.

The dusky hills shall gleam
  And rejoice in the glare of peace,
From the Cimbrian hills
  To the storied tales of Greece.

O may the rivers no more run red,
  Mingled and turbed with blood
Spouting from the sequel
  Of a maddened flood.

OLD UNCLE SAM.

Old Uncle Sam is powerful,
  He is the nation's head;
But the European war scares him
  So he can't give his children bread.

His subjects are all famishing
  Solely for luxuries and bread,
And the manly courage of the nation
  Is now in awe and dread.

For many years he had boasted
  Of his vast treasures of gold,
But now it seems that he isn't able
  To provide for his own household.

His children, starving, climb his knee,
  And cry aloud for living bread;
This makes his long aquiline nose
  And pale cheeks glow red.

He says, "hush children, do not cry,
The calamity will cease by and by;
Then I shall give thee milk and bread
And among you will blessings spread."

"When the bloody disastrous war stops,
  Streams of blessings shall flow;
Rippling on in bounties,
  Hard by every peasant's door."

The helpless and hungry no more shall cry,
  And wee babes in their mother's arms;
When the propitious time comes
  To calm and dispel all alarms."

"Then all my hungry starving souls,
  Who are feasting upon the air;
Shall jovial live in that Saturian age,
  Conditions now seem to declare."

"My ample granaries are empty,
  The market of my staples is low;
My loyal inferiors are all nude,
  And beg at my pent up door."

THE DAWN.

Lo! day is now breaking,
  And tints every orient hill;
Elegance everywhere is waking,
  In the dawn roseate and still.

Lo! the day advances fast
  From yon gorgeous dawn,
And its dazzling light to cast
  Upon the murky morn.

The shade begins to run and hide
  From the glare of dazzling light,
And crouch down to abide
  Where reigns eternal night.

The stars all are darkling,
  O'er shadowed by the rosy light;
And like a timid stripling,
  They blush and hide from sight.

All the prismatic hues are seen
  Adorning the orient sky;
Making it a picturesque scene,
  More gorgeous than Tyrian dye.

Soon Phoebus showed his glowing face,
  And flaming wondrous hair;
Then on rolled he in his race
  Beyond the buxom air.

A LITTLE TATTERDEMALIAN.

A little tatterdemalian once sat
  Hard by a public highway,
And being ragged and hungry, too,
  He didn't have much to say.

He had no father and mother,
For both of them were dead;
He had no sister nor brother,
And nowhere to lay his head.

There was no crown in his hat,
His raiment was tattered and torn;
So in a wretched state he sat,
All destitute and forlorn.

He looked a pitiable sight,
And humble as any lamb;
But with his wee bit of might,
He served the great "I AM."

"Mama and papa, both are dead,
They died when I was a babe,"
This is what the little boy said,
To the passerby, Uncle Gabe.

Grief filled his little mind,
Anger inflamed his eyes;
Then in a puerile whine
The little orphan sobbed and cried.

He had had no maternal care,
Nor any paternal providence;
But he had glutted on desponding fear
Without parental prudence.

He had no fond knee to climb,
And pucker up in arms to rest,
Then nurse on milk divine,
Issuing from a mother's breast.

No one to show his feet the way
Along which our Lord and Savior led;
By teaching his little heart to pray
At night ere he goes to bed.

GERMAN CHIVALRY.

Rally on you Teutonic nation,
Great valor is your name;
When it comes to martial deeds,
You are well known to fame.

You have borne a sacred name,
  Storied in the deeds of war;
Though not rich with the spoils
  Of sullen nations afar.

You have rallied around your flag,
  Now bravely rally again;
And let your sovereign glory spread
  From the Ural and beyond the Seine.

Shout in the battle cry,
  To meet your allied foes;
And fight like Thracian warriors,
  Who had long fought before.

Rally round your banner,
  And never give the battle o'er,
Until you've humbled the boasted pride
  Of every European foe.

When the bloody war is over,
  And the victory is won;
Take off your knapsack,
  And drop the heavy gun.

Turn your back to the field of battle,
  And toward home your face;
For ye are hardened myrmidons
  Of the German race.

For England, France and Russia,
  Yea, other alliances combined;
They cannot foil and subjugate,
  That invincible spirit of thine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LONG AGO.

Dim in memory are seen
  The days of long ago,
As I muse of childhood's scene
  But little do I know.

Dim pictures of long ago
  Come gay before my sight,
And flit spectral to and fro
  Athwart my mind tonight.

Other days of woe and delight
  Come back with inaudible tread;
And as a phantom at night,
  Haunts my wearied head.

In hazy memory I dream,—
  I see days past and gone;
Away down that endless stream,
  That rolls inaudibly along.

Dim on memory's wall I see
  The scenes of my juvenile days,
That have come back to me
  Since now I'm old and gray.

SOMETIMES I'M MERRY.

Sometimes I'm merry,
  And very often I am morose;
When 'tis highly necessary,
  For me to side with my foes.

But still I sing a song cheery,
  And endeavor not to muse,
Or allow myself to worry
  O'er the actions of a few.

O let me smile and sing!
  Whilst my day comes and goes;
'Tis no matter what antipathies bring,
  In favor of all my foes.

Singing makes my heart merry
  By dislodging every doubt and fear,
So I have no chance to worry
  O'er rumpuses far or near.

When my tribulations are hard,
  My tongue begins to sing;
And call upon my Savior and Lord,
  High Heaven's awful king.

Often I sing and pray
  For blessings from on high,
And to drive the misty veil away
  Which rolls before mine eyes.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Yesterday is dead and gone,
  Never to come again;
And the infallible today
  Reaps his golden grain.

She is the achiever of his endeavors,
  And is rich with all his spoils;
In her hands she holds his harvest,
  And on her brow she wears his laurels.

In dying he bequeathed to her
  The land and mighty main;
And bade her honor please,
  While living, conquer and reign.

He once stood triumphant,
  But now he has passed away;
Let us no more serve him,
  But serve the great today.

She is the heritage of his riches,
  And heiress to all his fame;
The halo that blazes around her,
  Is but his dazzling name.

Can she ever reign and triumph
  Over foes sullen and grim;
If we are not loyal to her,
  As our fathers were loyal to him?

God who sways the circling ages,
  And drives on the wheels of time;
Bids us serve and obey her,
  And live in love divine.

ARSON.

Arsons now seem to be many,
  And in gangs they seem to go;
Making the earth and sky at night,
  With horrid fires glow.

The work of an incendiary is seen,
  It matters not where I go;
But who is the real arson?
  My sad muse does not know.

At night we see giant flames
  Kissing the very sky;
Then we hear fire whistles blow,
  And women scream and cry.

Fire! Fire! the populace shout,
  And some shoot a horrid gun;
Then toward the awful conflagration
  Men and boys in frenzy run.

The city is burning down,
  Sad mothers and children cry;
Distraction, wild, muffles up all
  And brings tears in every eye.

Lurid flames make the sky burn red,
  And set the night on fire;
The glories of night become astounded,
  And seem to blush and expire.

Tongues of flames maddened by wind
  Like Titans, reach on high,
Were too appalling to the night
  And too dazzling for the eye.

Fine buildings and rich relics,
  Melted down in the flames;
And a black charred molten ruin,
  So the magnificent scene became.

ON THE MOSSY BANK OF A STREAM.

On the mossy bank of a stream,
  Away down in Tennessee;
When the stars and moon in glory
  Looked down upon you and me.

I saw the soft bosom of the stream,
As it smilingly glided to sea;
And I dreamed that future bliss,
Was but for you and me.

The fragrant myrtle was in bloom,
Mellow hung apple and berry;
The sward was soft and green,
And our wooing hearts were merry.

On the brink of the sunny stream,
There stood a poplar tree;
On it I carved your precious name,
And you did the same for me.

In my heart you planted a for-get-me-not
And I planted a sweet one in thine;
As we strolled along the sunny stream
With your soft hand in mine.

ODE TO GERMANY.

Never get up and skedaddle
But stand brave and proud;
Sally forth in the battle
And on to victory shout loud.

Hark! the shrill blast of the bugle,
Echoing loud along the Rhine;
The Germans are playing Yankee doodle,
And are thinning the enemy's line.

They are bearing their imperial sway
From the Ural to the Pyrenees;
Thence toward the setting sun
To the great isle beyond the seas.

Great Kaiser holds his foes at bay,
By baffling their martial skill;
And surely some triumphal day
He'll pitch camp on the Grampian Hill.

The German sons and daughters shall row
Down the Elbe and famous Rhine;
And chant their peans as they go
On to French and British climes.

That flaxen haired, blue-eyed nation,
  Who is ancient in the annals of war;
Shall drive headlong into subjugation,
  Boastful powers near and far.

It shall beard the lion in his den,
  And rend from his jaws the prey;
Then break the wings of the eagle of France,
  And take her supremacy away.

Her bitter foes shall bow at her feet,
  And draw her imperial car;
For rising generations shall greet
  Her great renown in war.

NO WORK TO DO.

The wheel of industry has stop'd still,
  And it refuses to roll;
So there's not enough work to do,
  To keep alive the body and soul.

Hardy laborers seek work,
  But none do they find;
There's but little work to do,
  So I see, of any kind.

Men's teeth are sharp
  And their appetites are good;
Still they can't find much work to do
  But chop a little wood.

Folks are very keen to work,
  For they want raiment and food;
Which they must indeed have,
  In an honest or dishonest mood.

Work is very scarce indeed,
  Money is hard to get and hold;
The poor are deeply in need
  Of food of all kind.

LOVE.

Of all the sweets the sweetest is love,
  That burns in the human breast;
'Tis a spiritual unction from above,
  And itself it will manifest.

Love is a cloudless serene day
  That is most lovely in the eve and morn;
Hottest and steadiest when the sun's midway
  Between the twilight and dawn.

There serene peace is seen
  In every blessed home;
Where the floweret of love is queen,
  And mad broils can never come.

Love is the world's sacred shrine,
  And around it cluster health and mirth;
It makes the star of hope to shine.
  And sweetens the life on earth.

CUPID.

Cupid came to my bed
  On wings wee and light;
He thought that my soul was dead
  Because it was out of sight.

His noiseless wings I did not hear,
  When he stoop'd from above;
And whispered softly into my ear
  The first accent of love.

To the land of nod I had gone
  To spend the dreary night;
So little Cupid found me alone,
  And without a ray of light.

In dreamland's downy bed
  I had couch'd myself to rest;
And seemingly all were dead,
  Except my heaving breast.

A NARROW VALE.

What is life but a narrow vale
  Between two narrow heights of eternity?
Whose horrid peaks we cannot scale
  To survey the wondrous immensity.

The vale is intricate and deep,
  Betwixt barriers infinitely high;
Thus, we may wail and weep
  Still from beyond we get no reply.

Down in the darkness of the vale,
  We grope our way to find;
But only on fancy's wings can we sail,
  O'er the heights into endless time.

In awe and wonder we look above,
  And see the flaming sky,
Then long to scale the heights above,
  And o'er vast eternity fly.

WHAT IS A MAN?

O divine muse, tell me if you can
Really, what is degraded man,
Who is so artful and alert,
And was made out of mean dirt?

Made out of a substance that is low—
(It's the lowest of all I know)
Is this the very reason why,
He is ever so prone to lie?

He's but a mystic mass of foul dust,
Charged heavy with burning lust;
And imbued with slimy deceit,
To beguile everyone he may meet.

What's in him, good and evil?
A little of God, and a heap of devil;
So on account of his perfidy and grass,
It would be just to call him an ass.

I mean the gentleman of the long-ear kind,
For that honorable gentleman is very fine;
Though he brays and raises much sand,
Still he is a great deal better than man.

LITTLE ZANY.

Little Zany is papa's man,
With eyes just like a mink;
He rolls in the dust and sand,
And is as black as ink.

His hair is full of sand and dust,
His nose is snotty, too;
And into laughter you will burst,
Whenever he looks at you.

With eyes white and big
And lips thick and red,
He is a dirty little pig
From his feet to his head.

Wallowing in the dusty road,
Making hillocks of sand;
He looks like a rusty toad,
And not a Zany man.

On his head is scanty hair,
Which naps up in kinks;
His face is anything but fair;
His eyes are like a mink's.

Though he has india rubber feet,
Black face and shiny eyes;
Still papa thinks he's sweet,
As anyone in the by and by.

He cares not to be nice and neat,
And to appear in jaunty grace;
Still papa thinks he's sweet,
With an ugly, dirty face.

THE SEA.

The grey old sea is angry,
  And his face is pale as the dead;
He defies all human injunctions,
  And is never still in his bed.

He rolls from shore to shore,
  And is restless as he can be;
So this is the reason why
  He's called the restless sea.

Deep down in his dark cavern
  There's serene peace and rest;
Quite different from the conditions
  Upon his angry breast.

He bellows and growls,
  And dashes against the sounding shore;
Then the remote distances around
  Echo with a deafening roar.

His mad waves in mountains high,
  Swell from his raging breast;
And roll impetuous onward,
  With frothing and foaming crests.

He breathes defiance in the face of man,
  And laughs at any human craftiness;
When devised to sway and calm
  The raging billows on his breast.

When his agitating vast waves
  Swell threatening on to the skies;
The heart shudders and trembles,
  And the manly ambition dies.

A SECRET.

In the breast hides a secret,
  A secret we will not tell;
Though it chimes within us,
  Just like a ringing knell.

Housed up in the deepest care,
  Let a secret forever dwell;
And may no fascination draw
  It from the heart's cell.

Deep in the innermost recess,
  Let a secret hide and dwell;
When it is so pertinent,
  To those whom we love so well.

There's a secret in the heart,
  The world does not know;
Which shall surely be disclosed
  As soon as from earth we go.

A SACRED SONG.

A sacred song is a cheerful thing,
  When the bosom is filled with grief;
Then don't forget to pray and sing,
  To make long sorrows brief.

A song is a little thing,
  But inspiring as it can be;
From it sorrows and woe will wing,
  And turn into fragrant glee.

It is ever a healing balm,
  To a sorrowful wounded soul;
And bring on a soft calm
  To make the wounded whole.

It dispels sorrow from the breast,
  And lifts up the droop'd head;
It imbues the weary with rest,
  And drives away fear and dread.

A song is a thrilling fire,
  And the feelings it will incite;
When mirth is about to expire,
  In grief's rayless night.

What ravishing rapture is in a song,
  When sweetness accords with the strain;
It enlivens the spirit and makes it strong,
  And bids joy come back again.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES ARE GONE.

The good old times are gone,
And the world looks jaded and worn;
Perhaps they will come again;
Like refreshing showers of rain.

The present times might be good,
If zealots and demigods would
But leads on in the van of fearless right,
And march on with shield and banner bright.

Good times have been, but are not now,
And the devil knows the reason why and how,
Men have become so obdurate,
So cruel, so begrudging, so profligate.

Good old times where have ye gone?
For thee we long and long,
To behold thee as of yore
With your face of shining gold.

Great men have been and are still,
We need little of mortals who try to kill
Oppress and abuse mankind,
And ride into glory on the nag of crime.

But verily penal woe is given,
To those who play their devices before heaven;
I do not know whether angels weep, but I
Have wept so much as to weep again.

FICKLE MEN.

Let me go to some unknown clime,
Where I can't hear of gruff and crime;
And feel not the weight of the oppressor's rod,
The penal punishment of a demi-god.

Old times were good but the present is bad,
Imposters have made the world mad;
And everything seems going pell mell,
Plunging headlong into hell.

Indeed, when thou wert a lad,
Wild zeal of men made thee glad;
And thou mused then it was Pitt,
Old England's master in wit.

We've seen giants of wit and eloquence stand,
Like Titans, face to face in this land;
We've heard their heart-stirring voices loud,
Like thunder in a roaring cloud.

Similar mortals have held in high esteem,
But now come before us as an idle dream;
Yea, vulgar phantoms by the wind driven,
And not propitious gifts from high heaven.

We've seen these intellectual prodigies rise,
And shout blazing up through the skies;
Stamping horror on our sight.
Like the glare of Etna at night,

We have seen false personages
Riding in the van as mighty sages;
Leading on a sottish nation,
Through blind and wicked ambition.

An eager desire for mortal fame
Has rendered them wild and vain,
And even now they'll rob the graves
To get what their ambition craves.

Common welfare is no longer their aim;
Flint-hearted injustice is the game
That is practiced now a day,
As these flagrant heroes lead the way.

Let these mighty potentates move on
Through seas of blood to thrones;
And o'er many broken oaths,
And vast piles of human bones.

THE CREATION.

The vast universe is something,
  But it from nothing came;
And don't you think sometimes
  That this maxim is very strange?

Verily! verily! it is very strange,
Still it can be really so;
And in the presence of reason,
Let us say we do not know.

All matter without form is nothing,
So please heaven let it be;
And in the philosophy of reason,
This nothingness may we see.

Out of non-existence He created the earth,
And gave it loveliness and form;
Then fixed the bounds of the deep,
And calm'd the chaotic storm.

A LITTLE CHILD.

A sweet little child
Is a flower in every home;
It's a sweet for-get-me-not,
Anywhere you chance to roam.

I love to hear its prattling tongue,
Its cheerful mellow voice;
Its childish dreams and plays,
Makes home's sad heart rejoice.

A child is the heart of home,
And parental love centers there;
And its smiles of mirth and joy,
Keep home sweet and fair.

A little child is an idol,
In the fond heart of home;
And it brings sunshine in,
When trials chance to come.

It's an innocent little being,
And is free from all guile;
Thus, in the home, it is a lamb,
So gentle, meek and mild.

It unites the bonds of parental love,
And fastens the adherents together;
And keeps alive the love of home,
In the bosom of father and mother.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The man of destiny, Oh! where is he?
  Who wield'd the sceptre of God;
And potentates of land and sea,
  Bowed at his sacred nod.

Did he once think that he was but a man?
  Nay, rather thought he himself divine;
And the mightier far of all the land,
  To wage war against mankind.

He deluged the vales with blood,
  And made hills with the mangled dead;
Nations shedded tears like floods
  Where'er he chanced to tread.

He made monarchs draw his car;
  The vanquished, he made his slaves;
And everywhere he carried war,
  He filled that region with graves.

The world bowed on trembling knees;
  All Christendom fell prostrate;
And kingdoms fell like autumn leaves,
  Under the sway of this potentate.

He was a man of a thousand thrones,
  And a despot without shame;
He strewed the earth with hostile bones,
  And rode right on to fame.

Chance and fate did combine
  To destroy this formidable foe;
Who seemed to rule remorseless time,
  And bear war to every shore.

This peerless despot without restrain,
  And victor of a thousand battle fields;
Though full of ambition, wild and vain,
  Pet fate made him yield.

STRANGE TIMES.

The times are so odd ,
  The folks are so tricky;
Who, fumbling, count their money,
  With fingers long and sticky.

The times are so hard,
  Without a specious excuse;
And sorrowful, I alone,
  Have got the weary blues.

Hard times are now here,
  And I fear harder times are coming;
Sometimes I think I can hear
  Their moving wheels humming.

The times are turned up topsy-turvy ,
  And the people are mighty funny;
Everybody has sticky fingers,
  That will adhere to money.

There are hard times all around,
  Hard times are everywhere;
Hard times are all the go,
  In both the earth and air.

Hard times are upon us now,
  And still harder times may be on ahead;
Yet, Providence may provide,
  And grant us all some bread.

FULL FEELINGS.

Though gloomy clouds o'ercast the sky,
  Still the sun will shine some day;
And in resplendent glory,
  Shall chase the darkness away.

Perchance the mist will vanish,
  Before mine languid eyes;
And let embittered sorrow
  Turn into lovely smiles.

Dissipate the gloomy cloud,
  Which rises before my sight;
And may I behold once more,
  My heart's sole delight.

Drive this stormy cloud away,
  That rolls across my aching breast;
And let the sun shine in
  Upon my grief and distress.

It's a cloud of sorrow, not rain
  That o'erspreads my mind;
And renders me the most miserable
  Of all beasts and mankind.

Then why should I sigh and fear,
  When the cloud must scud away;
And leave me all forsaken,
  Awaiting a brighter day?

TO LADY L. B.

Now, since my grief's no longer yours,
  And yours no longer mine;
Though we be no longer one,
  Let us plumb the Christian line.

My love is no longer yours,
  For you didn't prove true to mine;
Still I'll entreat high heaven,
  To grant thee blessings divine.

My heart's no longer yours;
  You wouldn't let yours be mine,
But tore it from my bosom,
  Who gave it love's corn and wine.

When anything incited thy soul,
  It also incited mine;
And when you were sweet to me,
  Why, I to thee was kind.

The agonies which pierced thy soul,
  Also pierced and tortured mine;
When chill penury and death claimed thee,
  I held thee still as mine.

There is a mighty fault in us,
  And I rather believe it's mine;
So I'll brook it all in sorrow,
  Without a shriek or whine.

A WILLOW TREE.

A willow tree stood by a stream,
  With long weeping hair;
And crowned with living green,
  It danced to the gentle air.

It made welcome the beasts of the field,
  Likewise, the birds of the air;
And the swain at noontide ate his meal,
  Beneath its dense leafy hair.

For varied season it had stood,
  Through storm and through sunshine;
Not as a monarch of the wood,
  But as an humbler kind.

Panting herds hurried to the shade
  Of this storied willow tree;
And the peasant with hoe and spade,
  Came thither from o'er the lea.

There to couch in the waving locks,
  And refreshing shade of the tree;
The birds from everywhere did flock,
  So jocund and so free.

'Twas a safe retreat from the blaze
  Of a red fiery sun;
And rustics from fields of maize
  Would oftimes thither run.

THE RAIN.

The rain came sprinkling down,
  Sporting in the golden light;
And each drop wore a silver crown,
  A lovely little clear sight.

The rain sang a song to me,
As it came streaming down,
To gratify the earth and sea
And all things around.

He struck the strings of his lyre,
And set the skies a ringing;
Not a bird did dare to stir,
When it heard him singing.

He softly sang his song,
To the lyre of the wind;
'Tis true, his strain wasn't strong
As it could have been.

The strings of his lyre were long,
But their note was sweet;
And by the solace of his song,
My soul was rocked to sleep.

What music is in drops of rain,
As they come pattering down;
And weary hearts love its strain—
That sleep producing sound.

AT MIDNIGHT.

I stood on my portico at midnight,
Gazing at the milky way;
And I heard the city clock striking,
In the tower dark and gray.

The moon rose beyond the city,
Casting her loveliness round;
And all the panorama of night
Seemed to be with glory crown'd.

The serene firmament above,
Did in refulgence glow;
And transmitted its lucid light,
To a somber world below.

I saw meteors shooting down
The starry spangled skies;
Dragging on a train of light,
And in a moment expired.

The moon shone in her glory,
  Tinting all with her silvery beams;
And all drowsy nature, except I,
  Seemed to be in the land of dreams.

The cock's shrill clarion I heard,
  Heralding the mid-night of ours;
As time seemed to ease on,
  Like dew along the flowers.

HUSBAND AND WIFE NO MORE.

Some of my friends are not yours,
  And some of yours, not mine;
And for this reason, I fear,
  Our love will never entwine.

A friend to you, but an enemy to me,
  Has engendered hate and strife;
And rent the most sacred union,
  Such as husband and wife.

Thou art too weak to bear the blame,
  Then I must bear it alone;
And like a beast of burden,
  I'll bear it as my own.

O let me bear the blame alone!
  So that you may go free;
And may no fault be in you,
  But let it all be in me.

So I'll shoulder the cross of blame,
  And bear it up the hill of life;
And there myself a ransom give,
  As an atonement for thee, my wife.

So wherever thou mayest be,
  It surely matters not where;
O may the sun in glory,
  Send rays of happiness there.

Whatsoever appeases thy soul,
  Will it not appease mine?
Now, as we no more stand,
  With hearts and hands entwined.

But death soon shall level all,
The grave is but our goal;
And there's no redemption beyond,
And no pardon offered the soul.

Though we be as far apart
As the East is from the West;
Let our minds cease from troubling,
And our souls be at rest.

From your heart cast the malice,
Which you have now for me;
And bury it in forgetfulness,
Deep as the mighty sea.

Lo! my sun of life is declining,
And death is advancing fast;
I think I hear my solemn knell
Tolling on the evening blast.

The deep growls of life's sea
That fill the heart with fear;
Let them not frighten our manly souls,
And dispossess us here.

MT. PLEASANT.

There's a charming little city,
'Tisn't a chief city in size;
And its hospitable people
You cannot criticize.

In the balmy benign South
Stands the sunny little city;
Where the people and bird cheerful,
Sing but one common ditty.

Here the civility greets the stranger,
And grants him sweet gay posies;
Sweet scented flowers of magnolias,
And all kinds of roses.

Here butterflies and buzzing bees
Sip the dew from perennial flowers;
And zephyrs sofly come and go
Along with the silent hours.

The fragrant wholesome breezes
  Wake the birds to flit and sing,
And all the little urban scenes
  With warbling melodies ring.

The balmy smell of many flowers
  Is scented in the morning breeze,
And sacred birds chirp and sing
  Among the boughs of the trees.

Shady trees of varied kinds
  Stand dressed in living green,
And they make the city handsome,
  A grand and picturesque scene.

HOBBLE SKIRT.

Put on a nice little hobble skirt,
  With a long slit on each side;
And saucy wiggle as you walk,
  Then the coxcombs will want to ride.

Put on a nice little hobble skirt,
  Let your teeth be white in front;
Then now just grin a little,
  And the coxcombs will grunt.

A lady with a hobble skirt on,
  And it around her hips fitting tight;
All the dudes and fops will say,
Great I AM! she's right."

If you want to have a rag-time,
  Get a fine little hobble skirt;
All trimm'd with blonde-lace,
  Then you must begin to flirt.

This attracts all the bucks and beaus,
  Who like a fashionable world;
That exposes the lovely form
  Of every woman and girl.

But nevertheless, get a hobble skirt,
  Be sure the splits run high;
So that the disclosure will extend
  High up soft woman's thigh.

When you go a beau hunting,
  Please put on a hobble skirt;
And wiggle your rear part a little,
  To show that you are pert.

Thus charm every carnal seeker,
  Whose morals are depraved as dirt;
And who admires the conventional usage,
  Known as a hobble skirt.

Now, to tantalize the lust in man
  You shake, frisk and flirt;
With a big plummed hat on
  And a fine hobble skirt.

TWO BAD COONS.

Two bad coons had a wrangle
  About what one of the coons had said;
So one of the coons grabbed a great big club,
  And laid the other coon out dead.

Now the she-coons were astonished,
  And held fast by fear and dread;
They could but bawl and bellow
  O'er the coon who was dead.

Their cry was, "Poor coon's dead,
  And he was a mighty bad fellow;
Let all the other coons around,
  Lament, bawl and bellow."

He had been bad for a long time,
  And had won in many a strife;
Till finally for a concubine
  He lost his romantic life.

He was a Mississippi bottom coon
  Who had rambled into Louisiana,
Where his life found its crude end
  In the false love of Sue Anna.

LADY ISAAC WILLIAMS' RESIDENCE.

I sat beneath the mantling shade
  Of a young lank poplar tree,
And mused o'er the imposing scenes
  Which were enchanting to me.

There stood a resplendent mansion,
  A pure shriine, the Lady Irene Williams' pride;
Though others in proud majesty shone,
  Still it they couldn't chide.

Its porticoes, its balconies and ample hall
  Were to the eyes a pompous sight,
And many a pilgrim tarried here
  To spend the blessed night.

Its modern, proud majestic dome,
  In the air tower'd high;
And was among the first to catch
  The traveler's gazing eye.

Here in this Elysian site
  The sward is soft and green,
And floral beauty with sunny curls
  Around the premises is seen.

Here English sparrows chirp and sing
  Among the boughs of the trees,
And the sweet smell of perennial flowers
  Comes along with the Southern breeze.

Here the late Isaac Williams used to dwell,
  And strove to help the poor;
And with a generous heart he bade them
  To enter his hospitable door.

He lived a kind-hearted, noble man
  To all the people around;
And not a more practical one
  Ever breathed in the little town.

'Twas here the sire laid his plan
  To grapple with the foes of life;
And reared this palace on the hill
  As a refuge for himself and wife.

Here he scaled the hill of wealth
  And left chill penury in the vale;
Then took his burden for a pillow
  And died without a wail.

GOOD COMMON SENSE.

Some folks go to school
  To get an education,
But it makes them a bigger fool
  Than I'd like to mention.

They go to rural diistrict schools,
  And then from there to college;
After all they remain fools
  For the want of common knowledge.

They come back bookish as can be,
  Without good common sense;
And even then they cannot see
  Their fault and negligence.

Versed in books is a good thing,
  But common sense is better;
Trickling down from reason's spring,
  Without the skill of letters.

You may take all the book knowledge,
  But give me good common sense;
That can't be gotten in college,
  With all its training diligence.

A NIGHT SCENE.

'Twas on a cloudless serene night,
  As I was homeward passing by;
I came to a celestial sight,
  That would charm any mortal eye.

In a spell of joy I stopped to gaze
  Under the glow of an electric light,
Though there were no cloud and haze
  To veil the sky that night.

There stood a pear tree amid the scene
  Resembling some glorious tree,
And its foliage glistened with silver beams,
  Most pleasing to the guests and me.

The yard grass was soft and green,
  And there prudes and lassies sat;
Also fine gay beams were seen,
  All having a merry chat.

It was a panorama of gaiety and joy,
  Greeted by the starry welkin above;
So there was nothing to mar and decoy
  The heart that beats to love.

The stars were darkling in the light,
  And sadly did shut their twinkling eyes;
To enhance the scenery of the night,
  While toiling industry dies.

Two maidens stood across the street,
  With soft angelic hair;
Their voices were mellow and sweet;
  Their faces were tender and fair.

A very cozy, fine house there,
  Did crown the picturesque site;
And the electric fuse did glare,
  To dispel the shadow of night.

Here bashful lovers were palavering
  And breathing words soft and low;
With sweet charms ever endeavoring
  To make love's feeling glow.

DELWOOD PARK.

Lovely Delwood, with its ruddy springs,
Now of it Mt. Pleasant sings;
And shall my muse not swell the chorus,
To make the place more glorious.

The dense foliage of shady trees,
Were softly dancing to the breeze,
And veiling the soft verdue below,
From the sun's meridian glow.

A vast multitude hung on the ledge of the hill,
Which rose gently from a lovely rill
That ran on wild through the vale,
Murmuring its joyful tale.

There's a reservoir deep and wide,
With a diving apparatus on its east side,
'Tis here the young Ward diving, fell,
And urged his way to bliss or hell.

Here the trees are marshalled in grand array,
Along the park's winding way,
And their heads with laurels crowned,
Spread their gloomy shade around.

Here in such a graphic delphian vale
The beating heart cannot wail,
And cannot once employ
Anything beyond mirth and joy.

What a delectable scene is the dell!
Human tongues can hardly tell;
Here nature sings a welcome song
In a harmonious strain soft and long.

Rapt delight spreads the hills and vale over,
Sweet solace is in the grass and clover;
Serene bliss is in the balmy air,
And the park looks picturesque and fair.

Here too, is a seminary of recent fame—
Speers' College is its revered name;
Here fair youths in life's higher purpose learn'd,
And their inward zeal was made to burn.

LOVELIEST PORTION OF SERENE DAY.

The loveliest portion of serene day
Are the morn and falling eve;
Whenever day opes and shuts its eyes,
Then we inhale its salutary breeze.

The meadow with dew is wet,
  The flowers sparkling shine;
And life and vigor is in the air,
  That comes from some spicy clime.

A reddened glow fringes the sky,
  And tints the ether above;
The hills and vales begin to smile,
  And birds begin to sing in love.

Lovely is the hour of evening,
  Refreshing is the breath of morn;
They flush red the face of nature,
  Which looks so pale and worn.

'Tis then the vegetable world looks live,
  And dances and plays to the air;
While flowers wet with sacred dew,
  Sparkle sweet and fair.

A FOOLISH WOMAN WILL TALK.

A foolish woman will talk
  In spite of all you do or say;
And you cannot stop her
  In her headlong way.

This is all she can do,
  So please leave her alone;
For you cannot change her
  When she is once grown.

She'll break before she'll bend
  Under instruction's pressure;
And you need not to admonish her
  Against any dangerous adventure.

So give a lustful woman her way,
  For that she is going to have;
And in her putrid sore complaint,
  This is the only healing salve.

WEE NELL.

Other bards may sing of Irene,
  The fair Grecian belle;
But I'll sing of the infant queen,
  The sweet Wee Lassie Nell.

Oh! what lovely smiles
  Are in her dimple cheeks;
Though but a wee child,
  She's mild, gentle and meek.

In person, she's a lamb of God,
  In spirit, she's a dove;
And all exquisite graces accord,
  To make her a cherub of love.

Her eyes like a sparkling gem shine,
  Radiating from irises of blue;
Under a lovely brow divine,
  That charms all mortal view.

She's a blue blood baby miss
  Of the Anglo-Saxon line;
Which is revered in high bliss,
  To be a lineage of the purest kind.

Her aspect seems to be aglow,
  Adjusted by a cute nose and face;
And her whole person goes to show,
  That she's a perfect figure of grace

What joy fills her parents' heart
  As she puckers in their arms,
A sweet place of solace and rest
  And a safe retreat from harm.

Now sweet wee lassie Nell,
  May you ever in glory shine;
And may no ills and griief dwell
  In that fair little bosom of thine.

TO AN AGED APOSTLE.

Yon moves a reverent man,
  Stooping o'er under the burden of age;
And admonishing a perverse world,
  To pursue the ways of the sage.

Regardless to his faltering steps,
  He moves with religious fear;
Very careful how he lives,
  For he thinks his end is near.

He's palsied by many years,
  Sear'd and wither'd by timely blasts;
And now with dim vision he sees,
  And knows his days are past.

No carnal desires haunt his spirit,
  Whose ambition directs its way on high;
Up to God who shall receive it,
  Beyond the starry skies.

See how he staggers and totters on;
  Old age is bending him low;
Where there now is ashes in him,
  A great fire used to glow.

BEAUVOIR, THE SOUTH'S MECCA.

Where the tidal waves ebb and flow,
  And long grey moss of trees sweep the ground;
There's a palace just white as snow
  Not far from Mississippi Sound.

Near to the sound is a memorable spot,
  Which is my fond devotion's shrine;
Others may loathe it, I cannot,
  For it's rich for prose and rhyme.

There are always spicy breezes,
  Blowing soft from Southern isles;
The landscape around pleases,
  And there is nothing vile.

There humming birds and bees
  Fly buzzing from flower to flower;
And gay warblers among the trees,
  Which form a shady bower.

There once lived a noble chieftain,
  He was a soldier, statesman and sage;
A mighty rock hewed out of the mountain,
  And a Confederate intercessor of the age.

For the noble South he fought and bled,
  Then swam across the belligerent tide;
And in the days of peace made his bed
  On the altar of the South and died.

Revere the shepherd of the Southern flock,
  Whom zealots covered with blame;
Still firm he stood, an awful rock;
  Pointing the South to fame.

Beyond Biloxi stands his palace
  Collossal, picturesque and grand;
Whose lofty dome is above the surface
  Of all the neighboring land.

Here is the Mecca of the Confederacy,
  A Southern blue blooded Democrat's shrine;
And it needs no touch of poetic fancy,
  For it's ever memorial and divine.

Ruthless hands may efface
  And tear this edifice down;
Still myriad years shall honor the place,
  And hail its hallowed ground.

He was a Hampden with a dauntless breast,
  And for Southern secession stood;
For he was born of the best,
  Of old Kentucky blood.

May Southern valour guard around,
  And in memory hold him dear;
For no greater chieftain can be found,
  Than the hero who once lived here.

Let the world in happy days
  Bemoan for the illustrious dead,
And pour the oil of worthy praise
  Upon his peerless head.

Confederate daughters now would greet
  Him with tenderest care;
Then in living water wash his feet,
  And wipe them with their flowing hair.

They would robe him in a royal manner
  Regardless to the cause or why,
And rejoice to see that spangled banner
  Once more on the Southern sky.

Oh! if he would wake from everlasting sleep
  And breathe and speak once more,
His beloved South would cease to weep
  And her sad tears cease to flow.

As a ransom he gave his life,
  For the struggling South alone;
Then soared beyond the din of human strife,
  Up to an amazing jasper throne.

THE APOSTLE.

Go ye, in all the world,
  And the living gospel strew;
Lo! Jesus will be with you
  It matters not where you go.

Go preach to saints and sinners,
  Go spread the tidings around;
Through every clime and isle,
  Wherever man is found.

Then blow the Gospel trumpet,
  Blow ye apostles, blow!
Until its blissful sound,
  Rolls from shore to shore.

Preach to every nation,
  Preach in the hedges and highway;
Take no note of your sermon,
  For Jesus will tell you what to say.

The sacred gospel must be preach'd
To sinful mortals who die,
For it has cleansing power
To render souls fit for the sky.

DON'T SEEK BLISS IN RICHES.

Do not seek bliss in riches,
Nor the living among the dead;
But seek your soul's salvation,
Which is life's everlasting bread.

Repent and believe
In Christ's redeeming love,
And heaven will open wide
Her pearly gates above.

Let all the world admire
Such unexample love,
Till Messiah shall reign below,
As he reigns in glory above.

Ought not the world to blush with shame,
And bow its stubborn head,
To a crucified savior,
The first ressurection of the dead?

IN THE HOUR OF GRIEF.

In the hour of grief be merry,
And try not to look morose;
Sing a roundelay cherry,
And follow where destiny goes.

There's sorrow for everyone,
So you must accept a share;
The king on his royal throne
Must a portion bear,

When I'm in grief, I smile,
And never once look sad;
For sorrow is but for awhile
And it's no use to look mad.

To bitter grief do not comply
And sink down in despair,
For serene joy by and by
Will beam again bright and fair.

Laugh and be merry,
When you are buried in grief,
Sing a song very cheery
To make your sorrow brief.

VARIED LIKES.

Some folks want a high yellow,
Some want a high brown;
And some want a charcoal color,
The darkest can be found.

Stick hard and fast to your own color,
And think it superfine;
Whether it be fair, dark or yellow,
Admire it all the time.

The man in black who wants to be yellow,
He would be white if he could,
By doffing off his smutty color;
Don't you think he would?

But I'm glad he can't do so,
And I'll tell you the reason why—
This and others go forth to show
That he's helpless in God's eye.

God made man in his own likeness
To suit His divine taste,
And I don't deem it prudent business
Trying God's work to efface.

SOON I SHALL GO AWAY.

Soon I shall go away,
But I shall return again;
If I do not go in the way
That leads to endless pain.

Oh! surely I must go
  From this house of clay,
To where I do not know
  Until Judgement Day.

Soon my trembling spirit in flight
  Shall go into the great somewhere,
An unknown world of delight,
  Or a world of woe and despair.

Shall my soul from God be driven
  Headlong down to hell;
Or shall it fly to heaven
  And with Jesus dwell?

In palpable darkness I stand
  With eyes, but I cannot see
That fair and happy land
  Beyond the skies for me.

Where God and angels dwell,
  Oh! let my soul fly;
And not lunge its way down to hell,
  And there forever die.

O Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
  Please come when I die;
And bear me away on the wings of love,
  To that beautiful world on high.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

Lo! the way which Jesus led
  Up the stupendious skies,
With salvation's crown on his head
  And triumph in his eyes.

Up through the starry welkin he goes,
  While many there stood by;
The fervid saints and bitter foes,
  Begin to weep and cry.

Beyond the flying clouds
A fiery chariot awaits,
To bear the conqueror o'er the flood,
Straight up to heaven's gate.

The solar system begins to sing,
"Hosanna! to the Prince of Light;"
And worlds unknown begin to ring,
With music of delight.

Heaven's everlasting gate flew wide
To let the King come in;
And millions there rush forth in a tide
To hear of death and sin.

Far away in the mid air,
Beyond mortal sight;
He met his holy Father there,
On the wondrous height.

He chained death to his chariot wheel;
The powers of the grave to his thigh;
And vowed the world, power and zeal,
To follow him on high.

High on his blazing car,
Between worlds and worlds he drives
Straight up to God's awful bar,
Beyond the clouds and skies.

GOOD PRINCIPLES.

Good principle takes the lower seat
Since money has the stand;
Coward it sits under the feet
Of the cleons of the land.

Money now is the measure
Applied to everything;
And you must have a treasure
Or your name will not ring.

Money is an awful king,
  It governs in every affair;
Wherever art and industry ring,
  You'll find that money is there.

Good character is fine;
  It's finer than anything;
Still in this degenerate time,
  We see wealth is king.

Bad character with a million dollars
  Now shines amazingly fair;
It defies good morals and scholars
  Here and everywhere.

Let man rob and cheat,
  Then with riches sneak into fame;
The world can't see that he is a beat,
  And it lauds him just the same.

Ahead of virtue wealth stands
  Boastful now a day;
He holds the sceptre in his hands
  And rules with relentless sway.

A GLOOMY HOUR.

Everything around me is gay,
  And I, alone am sad;
All my sweet moments have passed away,
  And therefore, I'm not glad.

Birds and bees are on the wing,
  Zephyrs breathe sweet and low;
The woods with melody ring,
  And all objects in sunshine glow.

The birds are singing loud;
  Gay butterflies are seen;
And lambkins are frisking proud
  O'er the meadow green.

You babbling little stream
  Joyfully onward flows;
Never having a sorrowful dream
  Of what comes and goes.

DESPONDENT.

O if sorrow would go away
And not come back to me;
I would see once more a happy day,
And shout a jubilee.

In sorrow I eat and drink,
In woe I sit and walk;
In grief I love and think,
And in misery I laugh and talk.

WHISKEY ELECTION.

The Lone Star State had an election,
A grave question to decide;
Whether the state should be prohibition,
Or anti in its pride.

The battle was fought in July,
In nineteen hundred and eleven;
And the pros went down forever to die,
While the antis rose to heaven.

The pros fought and fought well,
But the antis would not yield;
And many pros' ballots fell
And died on whiskey field.

The state now is wet,
Its not dry like a powder house;
And everything is smooth, you bet,
And quiet as a mouse.

SAINT PETER IN JAIL.

Saint Peter laying in a horrid jail,
Excluded from living light;
And the Church of Christ did pray and wail,
For his deliverance that night.

Sleep had sealed Saint Peter's eyes,
And he, in sleep was dead;
An angel smote him on the side
And thus to Peter said.

"Arise at once! Do not hesitate;
Put your sandals on your feet;
And I'll lead you through the iron gate,
The entrance of a street."

The angel led him from ward to ward;
While the keepers were fast asleep;
And the gate opened on its own accord,
To let them in the street.

Peter followed the angel on,
Not knowing what was done, 'twas true;
Until the holy messenger had gone,
Then it was God's Spirit he knew.

At first Peter thought it was a vision,
Or an empty dream
That came into the prison
Very softly and serene.

After the angel had gone,
Peter knew not where to go,
For he was left in the night alone,
To wander to and fro.

Now his doubts were faint and fleeting,
And his faith was strong;
When he came to prayer-meeting,
Where had gathered a pious throng.

When Saint Peter hailed at the gate,
A damsel, Rhoda, came;
But she did not wait
For the apostle to tell his name.

She rushed back into the house,
Glad tidings to relate;
But timid as a little mouse,
She says, "Brother Peter is at the gate."

"Nay! Nay!" the adherents cry;
"'Tis but his angel you see;"
Then Peter came in before their eyes
And tells how he was set free.

THE BLUE JAY.

The blue jay was trying to sing
Just like the mocking bird;
But his dubious voice would not sing,
Nor could his notes be heard.

He sat alone one day
Trying to sing to me,
And he thought his song was gay,
For his heart was merry and free.

There was no music in his song;
No melody in his voice;
No symphony sweet and strong
To make a dull heart rejoice.

He essayed to sing again and again,
And again and again he failed;
So being disgusted at his strain,
He stopped and away he sailed.

DIVERS FOLKS.

Black folks and white folks
Mixed up here together;
Red folks and yellow folks;
Yet they don't know each other.

White folks in the lead,
Black folks just behind;
Then come the yellow folks,
And the red folks fourth in line.

The white folks lead the van,
The black folks bravely follow;
The yellow folks scout around,
And the red folks whoop and holler.

White folks are enlightened,
  Black folks are trying to be the same;
Yellow folks are sitting in idleness;
  And red folks are hunting game.

BILLIE KERSANDS.

Billy boy, where have you been
  Since I saw you last,
In thy rosy days of youth,
  Which now seem to be past?

Where've you been so long?
  Tell me if you please;
Yon far famed minstrel
  Over land and seas.

Even when I was an urchin,
  Out on the village green;
Thou didst sail across the ocean
  To look at England's queen.

Even there thy comic jests
  Made laugh the sullen queen,
And she wildly declared thee
  The funniest she had ever seen.

Since then the ploughshare of years
  Has cut furrows in thy face;
Still thy manly form
  Retains its jaunty grace.

Though encumber'd by many years,
  Thy limbs are supple yet;
And thou on the minstrel stage,
  We shall not soon forget.

TEN THOUSAND STARS.

Ten thousand stars are in the skies;
  They look like jewels to me;
They stop the gaze of the eyes,
  And no further can I see.

The welkin with its gorgeous dye
  Surpasses all human art;
It brings elegance before my eye,
  And emotion in my heart.

Lo! the burning heroes at night
  Marshalled along the sky
By the hand of eternal light
  That shall never die.

Far above the sea and land
  Rolls this celestial host,
Conforming to the right hand
  Of some wondrous ghost.

There Wisdom fixed them long ago,
  Ere appeared the everlasting hill;
And bade them all when to go;
  Conforming to His will.

In wild mystery they move
  Beyond comprehension's reach;
Little about them can we prove,
  And less can we teach.

What is this starry embellished work?
  Is it to beautify the skies?
Or is it for us to worship
  And to ever idolize?

All I know it is a grand scheme,
  Dancing along in grace;
And noiseless as a dream,
  It moves in infinite space.

SIM DOBBS.

Sim wants to be a white man;
  Something he cannot be;
And he is doing all he can,
  To change his color, you see.

He wants his kinky hair made straight,
  And his dusky skin made white
Then he thinks at any rate,
  That he would be made just right.

Sim is not contented to be
  Just as he was made,
For no elegance can he see,
  In such a smutty shade.

Lilly white powders he puts on his face,
  And tries to straighten his hair;
He thinks it is a disgrace
  For him not to be white and fair.

Sim is a black man,
  But he does not want to be so;
And he is doing all he can
  To change his color, you know.

He thinks that he is all right,
  Except his color and hair;
And he had rather be white
  Than black as a grizzly bear.

Sim thinks that hair and color
  Make the mighty man;
He doesn't muse the intellect and dollar,
  Will stamp him a hero in the land.

THE GOSPEL LIGHT.

The world is not like it used to be
  In the good olden days;
When Jesus walked upon the sea,
  Over the rolling waves.

A benighted world all in despair
  Had never seen the Gospel Light;
Now sees it beaming bright and fair
  Over the deep of rayless night.

Let all the earth rejoice,
  For deliverance has come;
Let redeeming love be its choice
  And shout salvation home.

A light of redeeming love
  Driving palpable darkness away;
And radiating from above
  Brighter than illustrious day.

The light of redeeming love
  Has reached the world at last;
It beams from a hidden source above,
  And burns without full of gas.

From Zion's hill the light gleams
  By night and by day;
And pours its radiant beams
  Upon the pilgrim's highway.

AUTUMN.

The best season I know:
  It is yellow autumn time;
When money begins to flow
  Along a business line.

When the corn is rich and yellow,
  And the cotton fields are white;
These make the farmer a jolly fellow,
  And he loudly laughs outright.

The farmer knows full well
  This is mellow harvest time;
So he can buy and sell,
  And quaff brimmers of wine.

Now he can stop every dun;
  Knock honest debts in the head;
And after all this is done
  He can walk off without dread.

Give me golden autumn time,
  The best season of the year;
It makes my heart blithe as wine,
  And dispels every fear.

Sing of your good old summer time,
And all your flowery Mays;
But none of these soothes this heart of mine,
Like the yellow Autumn days.

PUT ON YOUR BUSTLE.

Put on your bustle
And go out and hustle
To see what you can find;
This, you must do,
Or you'll never get through—
I'll tell you now in time.

Just have a sweet smell
And name yourself Belle,
To see what you can find;
This you must do,
Or you will never get through—
I will tell you now in time.

Put on your necklace
And powder your face;
Dress yourself up fine;
This, you must do,
Or you will never get through—
I will tell you now in time.

HOPE.

On the rock of hope, I stand,
And around me growls the sea;
I'm waiting for the life-boat
To come and deliver me.

Hope is a bright star to me
In my life stormy and dark,
Wandering over the deep,
In my little bark.

It is ever a beacon light
Towering o'er the sea of doom,
Guiding my little craft
Through the rayless gloom.

When storms rule the sea
  And horrid danger is nigh;
Hope brings the life-boat
  From that shore on high.

THE SEA OF LIFE.

On life's rough and swelling tide,
  My mimic bark sails
On to a distant port and wide
  Where sweep no chilly gales.

Across the dark and stormy waves,
  In hope, the haven I see;
And my soul, anxious, craves
  For the strand beyond that sea.

Though the mad billows roll high
  And dash against my bark,
Still, in the gloom hope is nigh
  To steer me through the dark.

Though the howling tempest rages,
  And upturns with waves the deep;
Still the amazing strand engages
  And bids me silent keep.

Hope is my unerring guide;
  Faith is my sinewy arm;
On the billowy sea I ride,
  And I brook no danger nor harm.

THE SETTING SUN.

When the reddened glow of sunset fade
  On yon cloudless sky,
Everything that God has made
  Seems to weep away and die.

The busy wheels of skill stop,
  While on the West he expires
And sinks behind the mountain top,
  To close his refulgent eyes.

The gloomy shade muffles up all,
And snatches the globe from sight
By spreading around its awful pall,
The blackest robe of night.

The very heart of nature sobs and awes
When day's hero is on the bridge of time;
When nature makes a sudden pause,
And night and day form an arch sublime.

Such emotions the setting sun instills
In genial summer days,
As it declines along the hills,
Reflecting its farewell rays.

MARCH BRAVELY ONWARD.

March bravely onward
If right is your way;
Never stop once to listen
At what wrong doers say.

One who is right need not fear
To attack wrong anywhere;
For in the vanguard of right
Proud victory moves there.

Right is a hardened soldier;
From wrong he will never run,
But fight him as he did at Gideon,
When Joshua stopped the sun.

Right is ever invincible,
Though often cast down;
Still, in the end he rises,
Wearing a golden crown.

Right has ever conquered,
And will ever conquer still,
For its cause is just and holy,
Which is Jehovah's will.

Bold and preserving right,
Anointed vicegerent, king;
It matters not how wrong may rage;
I still of thee, will sing.

Wrong may live and flourish for a time
And on gaudy wings shoot high;
But down to the feet of right
At last it must come and die.

A BENIGN LAND.

In her bosom sleep the blue,
Placid by the side of the gray,
Like sweet flowers wet with dew,
In the lovely month of May.

For the gray she has love and tears,
And sympathy for her foes,
In the raging storm of years,
That sweeps her sunny shores.

DOWN IN A DELL.

Down in a lonely silent dell
There the flowers were all in bloom,
I heard the chiming of a dinner bell,
Proclaiming the hour of noon.

The deep toned bell was ringing
In the tower dark and gray;
And a tolling swain was singing
Just across the sunny way.

The cricket was singing a dubious song,
As the hours went and came;
And the while a thirsty herd prest on
In a long extended train.

Away down the dell I could see
A dancing sunny stream;
And lambkins sporting o'er the lea
Whose robes were soft and green.

I saw the black raven, cawing, fly,
Slow beating o'er the mead;
And heard the bobolink chee, chee, cry
As he flounced on the bending reed.

That wild bard of the field and grove,
The mimic mocking bird,
Was pouring out his notes of love,
The sweetest I ever heard.

GREAT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Great circumstances seem to come
To manifest the genius in man;
And place him as the Rock of Ages,
On Time's eternal strand.

Circumstances make great men
And bid them all to rise;
From menial ranks here below
Up to where honor never dies.

Great events, like revolutions,
Sweep o'er time's misty sea;
And mighty personages from below
Are heaved to the surface of the sea.

Were it not for circumstances,
Man couldn't go on to fame;
But forever brood in oblivion,
Unknown without a name.

Circumstances give vent to genius
That's pent up in man;
Who craves to climb up higher,
And in glory stand.

EXHORTATION.

If you want to be a useful man,
Please bear this in mind.
Never waste precious life
In drinking liquor and wine.

Look not on the brimming bowl,
Where froths sparkling wine;
'Tis venom to the soul
And a viper to mankind.

Old wine is ever mockery;
  Strong drinks are raging;
And a brimming goblet of either
  Will set the soul a craving.

Be ever aware of foaming wine,
  And for God's sake, any beverage;
For they have been a dagger
  To the heart of every age.

He who tarries long at the dram shop
  And drinks wine to excess,
Weakens all his vitals
  And makes his days less.

Utterly destroy the worm of the still,
  And put down the maker of wine;
So that these veteran archfiends
  Can't urge souls on to crime.

Cast out your port wine,
  The juice of the purple grape;
And drink father Adam's ale,
  Before it is too late.

There's health, vigor and life
  In father Adam's ale;
He drank it long ago,
  And his cheeks grew not pale.

Dash away your beverage,
  And give me nature's wine;
Prest and made only
  By hands truly divine.

IT'S GOING TO SNOW.

I see the wind is rising,
  Gray clouds are hanging low;
The air is getting very cold,
  I fear it's going to snow.

Bevies of wild birds I see,
  On their airy way on high;
Above the humble vales below,
  Southward on they fly.

Wild geese drive along,
  Slow ploughing through the air;
Seeking some distant clime,
  A clime they know not where.

The cattle are coming home to the shed;
  Bossies are bleating loud;
The horses are playing and prancing,
  With heads high and proud.

The fowls of the air and beasts of the field
  Fear it's going to be cold;
And even lambkins cry,
  And dams low in the fold.

THE MARRIAGE OF EVE AND ADAM.

The greatest nuptial that ever took place;
  'Tis far back in the days of old;
In the origin of the human race,
  Ere sin befouled the soul.

In sacred Eden's shade,
  In the primitive days of old;
The wedlock institution was made
  To solace the human soul.

God joined together their right hand
  And announced their wedlock;
Then bade them united stand,
  As adamantine rock.

A mighty host came down
  From the shining courts above,
And gave the groom a glorious crown,
  And the bride a fillet of love.

The blissful air was all arife,
With a sweet melodious strain;
When she was made Adam's wife,
And given a revered name.

The marriage rite was proclaimed
By solely divine power;
And this wedlock is still famed,
Through the land and Eden's bower.

At that nuptial reception
God ruled and officiated there;
And angels in a long procession,
Came down on the fragrant air.

The heavenly guests were delighted
With Eden's transporting scene,
When God in marriage united
This earthly king and queen.

The conjugal rite by God was read,
Which declared them to be husband and wife;
Then He solemnized man as the royal head,
And woman the mother of life.

Angels struck their harps of gold;
Then the birds of Eden sang
Voluptuous songs like an organ roll'd,
And the nuptial with melody rang.

The nuptial feast was of ambrosial meat;
The drink was sacred wine;
And ruddy fruit, mellow and sweet,
Served up in love divine.

After that marriage reception,
And the groom had saluted the bride;
The grand seraphic procession,
Back to heaven began to fly.

High bliss adorned the sacred pair,
Eden's mighty king and queen;
The transporting sights everywhere;
And fields robed in living green.

ADAM.

When Adam out of a slumber woke,
He heard fair Eve's voice;
So mellow and serene she spoke,
It made Adam's heart rejoice.

How lovely did Eve appear!
When first Adam saw her face,
And bade her to come near,
With her angelic love and grace.

Timid, Eve veiled her blushing face
With her long auburn hair,
Which hung wanton down to her waist,
In sunny ringlets fair.

The sight of Eve kindled ardent love
In Adam's weary breast,
And left him alone to rove,
Without a moment's rest.

Her bewitching charms held him fast,
Thus from her he couldn't part,
Till on a certain day alas!
He gained her tender heart.

Her eyes were as a sparkling gem;
Her teeth shone Arabian pearl,
Which amazed and bewitched him,
The first suitor in the world.

All through Eden's leafy grove
And its fields of living green,
Eve liked alone to rove,
Over these enchanting scenes.

Plucking figs and flowers,
Was Eve's sole delight;
In Eden's shady bowers,
From early morn till night.

Often forward she strayed away
From Adam's wounded side,
Until at last one awful day
She an artful serpent spied.

There the tree of knowledge did toss and wave
  Its fruit of good and evil,
Which the serpent cull'd and to Eve gave
  The germ of every ill.

The delicious fruit Eve ate,
  And some she gave to her spouse;
Brought on them eternal fate,
  And in them did evil arouse.

Conscious of their guilt and shame
  To hide they sneak'd away;
Then God down from heaven came
  And called them in the cool of the day.

At first Adam did refuse
  To respond to God's sacred call,
For it bore the direful news,
  Of his death and shameful fall.

The serpent beguiled Eve,
  And she the fruit ate;
Also Adam, to please
  Eve's deceptive palate.

Their nakedness now they saw,
  Which was more than they could bear;
And the penalty for breaking God's law
  Muffled them up in deep despair.

They hid themselves among the trees
  That grew in paradise;
And made aprons of fig leaves,
  Their shameness to disguise.

To the serpent God charged the blame;
  Then branded him with a curse,
And bade him grovel on in shame,
  From bad to endless worse.

For this crime God made him crawl,
  And on his sleek belly go;
From man's shameful fall,
  Into misery here below.

Bitter rancor did God place
  Between the serpent and Eve;
Until comes the day of grace,
  Their deep grudge to appease.

"Woman's heel shall bruise the serpent's head,
  And the serpent's seed shall bruise his heel,"
Thus the Lord God of Adam said,
  When he drove them out of Eden's field.

For the crime she had done,
  Death was made to reign;
And as a penitent all unknown,
  She suffers in parturition and pain.

God bade Eve in sorrow go
  Travailing from day to day;
And that her helpmeet would show
  Her misled feet the way.

From Eden having been driven,
  And now being tossed to and fro,
By a decree of high heaven,
  She must drag her life out in woe.

Sorrowful o'er the shameful act,
  And by its revengeful ire driven;
She goes with her tearful eyes turn'd back,
  Upon her lost heaven.

God a fiery malediction placed,
  Upon the man Adam, too;
That he should eat bread in the sweat of his face,
  As life he journeys through.

He cursed the ground for Adam's sake,
  And sowed thistles and thorns everywhere;
And lest he put forth his hands and take
  Of the tree of life and eat in Godly care.

Therefore, the Lord God drove him away
  From the garden of paradise;
And all forlorn he wanders astray,
  With his evil merchandise.

God placed cherubims round and about
And a flaming sword divine;
To keep fallen man out
Of lost Eden's confine.

Down from blissful Eden he went
God's dire curse to fulfill,
And there a forlorn penitent,
Under God's inexorable will.

In the dense unbroken wild
He groped his way to find;
Still there only man was vile,
A transgressor of the law divine.

RICHES.

Great wealt justly acquired
Is sanctioned by God on high,
Who is propitious to human welfare
Under His all surveying eye.

Be not like the Pharisee,
But justly acquire all you can;
Ever toil on and economize your means,
And thus become a wealthy man.

Many of the sacred patriarchs were rich;
They had cattle on many a hill;
Then why not you and I
If it is God's holy will?

Jacob and Isaac were rich;
And yea! Solomon with swarthy skin;
Then why should we now a day
Think riches a sin?

Great wealth honestly gotten,
Doesn't preclude the soul
From entering eternal bliss,
Whose riches are untold.

Emulate the rich and pious patriarchs,
  And pray God's kingdom to come
On earth as 'tis in heaven,
  And make earth our eternal home.

DREAMING OF MARGIE.

Out in the sunshine and in the shade
  I'm tossed now to and fro;
Rowing down the stream of life,
  Lamenting as I go.

Watching the heaving crested water
  Lash the distant shore;
Dreaming of that dear one,
  Who died long ago.

Thinking she stands waiting
  On the cloudless blessed shore;
Beckoning me to come,
  And live with her forevermore.

Fancying I see her all alone
  Weeping by the stream;
And the filmy fancy is so real,
  I brook it's not a dream.

She's watching and waiting for me,
  Just beyond the dark tide;
And for me to take my seat in glory,
  Right at her precious side.

Just beyond the rayless gloom
  She wails and weeps for me;
I know she muses I'm coming
  Across life's dreadful sea.

I think she is looking in this way,
  From that beautiful shore;
And I fancy she is as lovely,
  As in the days of yore.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

Prohibitionists are trying in every way
To destroy the liquor traffic now-a-day
A legendary depraved evil old,
Which harms both body and soul.
National prohibition is coming,
I hear its mighty wheels humming;
It's coming just around the curve,
And is straining every nerve.
The anti-prohibitionists need not frown,
For the liquor traffic is going down;
Yes! going down to the lowest hell,
Lower than any pro can tell.
The antis now growl and bark o'er their prey,
Which the pros are trying to tear away
Or drive it from the American shore,
To stop premature death and woe.
This wild traffic blights the nation's face,
And weakens the moral tone of the race
By dwarfing the physique of mankind,
And paralyzing the energetic mind.
It's a fuel to chill penury and woe
And spreads wide from shore to shore;
Thus maintaining bacchanal revelries,
Big with unlicensed miséries.
With reluctance it goes to other climes,
With its eyes turn'd back upon the crimes
That it has unwillingly left behind,
Standing grim and colossal among mankind.
For it there's but little pity,
In the breast of the national city;
And the historic day of its defeat,
Let nation-wide prohibition greet.
When every grog shop and every distillery dies,
Every brothel and brewery likewise;
Moral purity and temperance shall reign
From the Golden gate to the bleak hills of Maine,
Then from St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande,
The region shall be a paradise for man;
And the sun of sobriety shall shine
Upon a land of corn and wine.

THE SOUL.

Ah! soul, what art thou?
  Art thou not human conception;
Made immortal some how,
  By some mysterious preternatural invention?

Thou art housed up in mortal,
  That must soon decay;
Wrought by a power supernatural,
  In a miraculous, mystic way.

The unseen soul is immortal,
  Though it hides in vulgar clay;
It came from the Eternal,
  Whose brightness darkens day.

It is but an amazing wonder,
  And it never has been seen;
Still we needn't try to ponder,
  O'er it as we would an idle dream.

A CLEAR NIGHT.

Not a spot of cloud was seen
  On the face of the cerulean sky;
And thus the night was serene
  As time went sweeping by.

All the checkered beauties on high
  Adorning the wondrous expanse above,
Seemed all to my gazing eye,
  To be a celestial field of love.

The starry blazonry God,
  Marshalled all o'er the sky;
Thus a galaxy of stars about the sod,
  Mov'd twinkling before my eye.

Exquisite elegance of the richest dye
Adorn'd the welkin far away
With glittering gems of lucid fire;
Span'd and spangled by the milky way.

RAG-TAG AND BOB-TAIL.

Rag-tag and Bob-tail
Don't live in peace together,
For Rag-tag don't really believe
That Bob-tail is his brother.

Bob-tail indeed, suspects he is;
But Rag-tag thinks he is not;
Thus, by reason of non affinity,
Each stays in his own cot.

Rag-tag is very high strung;
But Bob-tail is a little drowsy;
Rag-tag says Bob-tail's head
Is always somewhat lousy.

At times Bob-tail acts high-toned,
And vaunts and struts around;
Then Rag-tag eyes him
And scorns him with a frown.

Between Rag-tag and Bob-tail
Lurks ever bitter strife;
Each musing that the other
Wants each other's wife.

Rag-tag is in fine shape
To stand up like a man;
Though you see Bob-tail is not,
But he is doing all he can.

Big Rag-tag and Bob-tail,
By and by pulled off a big fight;
So big Rag-tag with great power,
Knocked little Bob-tail out of sight.

Thus little Bob-tail is now gone
To where I do not know;
But I suspect he's in a realm
Where milk and honey flow.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A German soldier lay dying
Far away on Russian soil;
No one to wipe his haggard brow,
And anoint his wounds with oil.

No one wiped the tears from his ghastly eyes,
Nor smoothed back his silken hair;
Nor breathed in his dying ears,
A last and farewell prayer.

All bleeding, mangled and wounded,
And in the throes of death;
He gasping, whispered, "Tomorrow
I'll be out of pain; my soul will be at rest."

"Take my sword as a token
To some bosomed friends of mine;
For I was a German soldier,
Who dreaded not mankind."

"Tell Germany not to weep for me,
Nor bow her imperial head,
When her soldiery comes marching home,
With wild triumphal tread.

"Hang my sword up in the imperial hall
As a token for the German line,
For I gave to her as an offering,
This gallant life of mine.

"Tell my dear mother and sister, too,
Not to grieve o'er the heroic dead;
When they see these troops come home again,
With glad and steady tread.

"In the last night of my life
I saw them in my dream;
Looking and waiting for me
On the bank of that far-famed stream.

"Tell Germany to take this ghastly corpse,
As a sacred offering of mine;
For my native home is in Strasburg,
Dear Strasburg on the Rhine!"

His pulse grew faint and few;
His voice grew low and weak;
His eyes put on a dying look;
The soldier ceased to speak.

In a moment the hero was dead;
His dauntless spirit had gone;
As the last ray faded o'er all,
The stars from heaven shone.

COMICAL JOY.

I tickle you, you tickle me ,
Just a little bit under the chin;
And the entrancing joy it gives
Will make an opossum grin.

Say, let me tickle you
And you may tickle me,
For some hasty joy
We may feel and see.

But hear, don't let us tickle too long,
I'll tell you ere we start,
For the thing you call tickling
Sometimes convulses the heart.

Now while I tickle you, please don't holler,
But let me see you swallow and grin;
When I touch that funny something
Just under your dimpled chin.

MISCHIEVOUS BRATS.

Full of little mischief
  Around the house you go;
I can't tell to save my life,
  What makes you so.

Romping and bawling in the house;
  Slamming the open door;
Scattering old books and rubbish
  All over the floor.

You playful little brats,
  Mischievous as you can be;
Thoughtless as young goslings,
  And as busy as a bee.

Scampering here and there,
  As senseless little kids;
Yes! doing the very things
  That your mother forbids.

NIGHT.

Night's the time for prayer and rest,
  And to note what we have done;
And though our deeds be good or bad,
  We write them one by one.

Then we give thanks for blessings past,
  And pray for blessings to come
Upon ourselves and household,
  And every friendly home.

Night is for secrecy and rest,
  And to lull pan hubbub to sleep;
'Tis then the anger soul prefers
  To bow, pray and weep.

How sincerely can we pray
  In the silent sable night,
Asking God to help us on
  In the way that is right.

AN UNFORTUNATE FELLOW.

When the world goes ahead
  And gets a fellow behind,
It'll give him anything
  Except a good time.

The world's a touter, and is full of taffy,
  This, a fellow needs not to doubt;
For if it once gets the start on him,
  It will certainly put him out.

It will just grab a fellow's throat,
  And choke him until he's dead;
Then fasten him in the seat of his breeches,
  And pitch him out, heels over head.

It matters but little who's in the van,
  And much less who's in the rear;
But in all your own affairs,
  Try to be the chief engineer.

KEEP THE CENTER OF GRAVITY UNDER YOU.

Keep the center of gravity under you,
  If you want to sit or stand;
So live with charity in your heart,
  For God and fallen man.

Let the heart be a nucleus of good
  From which rays of joy shine
And spread through all the universe,
  Their beams among mankind.

Keep the heart washed white and clean,
  With tears and the soap of prayer;
And the garment of eternal life
  Will still be white and fair.

A cleansed heart and bridled tongue,
  Make the robes clean and white;
And serve and fear no other God,
  But the God of right.

THE ONE WHO'S RIGHT.

One need not fear a thousand enemies
  When battling for what's right,
Nor once become discouraged
  Because the captain is out of sight.

But sally forth with courage
  And vie with manly might;
For a thousand enemies can't disarm
  And foil one hero of right.

One right can chase a thousand wrongs,
  Two can put them all to flight;
And victors they ride o'er the battlefield
  In the chariot of golden light.

A LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A little beam of sunlight
  From just across the way
Shone through my window pane
  And played with me one day.

I was very ill in bed;
  Pent in a dusky room;
And this kind-hearted little angel
  Came to see me just at noon.

This little golden sunbeam,
  Transfixing the realms above,
Was but a lost tiny sister
  Of the pleiades of love.

It kissed my sunken, wan cheeks,
  Then softly crept away
To mix and mingle its tiny self
  With the ebbing tide of day.

REPOSE.

My physique is getting weak;
  My ambition is growing dull;
Soon my gift of song
  Will be void and null.

Somewhere on the mountain,
  There's a lone and sacred spring;
And a solitude is long listening,
  And waiting to hear me sing.

In some wild waste,
  There's a lonely fertile spot;
And some generous hand has planted,
  There, a sweet for-get-me-not.

Indeed, somewhere in a realm,
  Where manly hearts are free
I hear a sad voice calling;
  'Tis calling now for me.

Somewhere in a lonesome vale,
  There are no dry human bones;
There souls have no afflictions,
  And hear no dying groans.

INDEED, I'M BUT EMBERS.

Indeed, I'm but embers
  Where I used to be fire;
My sprightly ambition is gone,
  And I'm now looking to expire.

I used to be a green dainty leaf,
  But now I'm a leaf withered and brown;
Soon winter's chilly breath shall come,
  And hurl me headlong down.

For earthly gaudery I used to lust,
  And aspire for airy renown;
But these are only vanities,
  My time-worn heart has found.

I try to do and think what's right,
  Regardless to the pretense of mankind;
Since I do and speak what's just,
  I'm serving God all the time.

APHORISMS.

Hotter the fire,
  Brighter the blaze;
Stouter the man,
  The more can he raise.

Older the woman,
  Greater are the senses;
Younger the woman,
  Bigger are the expenses.

Homelier the woman,
  The tighter she sticks;
Fairer the wench,
  Dirtier are the tricks.

Clearer the welkin,
  Lovelier is the moonshine;
Lonelier the night,
  Fitter is the time.

Longer the wooing,
  Less is the love;
Hotter the desire,
  Thicker is the grove.

LIFE'S SUN.

My life's sun is sinking fast;
  A sad solemn sound I hear
Tolling on the evening blast;
  I know my doom is near.

I feel the night's chilly wind,
  I see its black rolling cloud,
'Tis but a horrid veil of sin,
  Trying to hide me from my God.

How fast it is going down!
  My race is nearly run;
It looks back without a frown,
  Still my blushing, sinking sun.

The silent shade of eve is falling
Down you Orient sky;
The knell of night is tolling, calling
For my sinking sun to expire.

HARD TIMES.

Just think about the good times,
And all the dainties you've had;
But devils now have gotten the world down,
And are dragging it all to the bad.

Now as all are in hard luck,
Accept your portion in full;
For the bad has got all by the heels,
And is making a down hill pull.

Let all deride my harsh muse,
And o'er it grow raving mad;
It doesn't matter a continental;
The world's gone to the bad.

Half of the world is in want and apathy,
And for supremacy, half is gone mad;
So the good old time's blooming cheeks,
Are now looking lurid and sad.

THE SOUTH.

O fair land in a sunny clime!
Sweet land of ambrosia, corn and wine;
Myriad tongues in praise proclaim,
Thy flowery scenes and celestial name—
To hail the welfare in thy eye.
Which glows as thine own sunny sky.

Thou astral clime of lovely grace,
The Elysian home of a noble race;
The lustrious diadem on thy head,
Tints thy dusty hills with red,
To the spicy breezes creep
And kiss thy blooming cheeks.

Thy sparkling lovely, azure eye,
Bright as thy sunlight sky;
And thy generous heart bespeak,
Through the glow of thy red cheek—
And thy soft lips, redder still;
Caress'd by strawberries on the hill.

Yea! rest in the valor of thy sons,
Whose noble sires were Washingtons,
Who call'd down thy goddess from on high,
And fixed thy colors in the sunny sky
So that thou mightest be
Now, and forever free.

Streams of wealth through thee flow,
And copious bliss spread thy landscape o'er;
Thus as thy jaunty joy and wealth,
So is thy lusty rosy health;
These all tempt the alien guest,
Who comes from the East and West.

Lo! the groves of oak and pine,
Crowning that fair brow of thine
And shutting out from full view,
Thy orbs that roll in glossy blue;
And giving romantic beauty to thee,
The Beulah land, the land of the free.

ILL BEHAVIOR IN CHURCH.

It's no use to wheedle and pout
  And kick about what is said,
If you don't know what 'tis about,
  The folks will call you Ned.

Take a seat and never go out
  Until the preacher is through;
Don't walk the aisle like one with the gout,
  But sit right still in your pew.

Sit still and don't go out;
  Hear what the apostles say;
Beyond the shadow of a doubt
  It will do you good some day.

Don't turn around in your pew
  Just to see who is coming in,
But wait till the preacher is through,
  For otherwise it's a sin.

During sacred services
  Never laugh, giggle and grin,
Unless moved by spiritual caprices
  Less you commit a sin.

You may have on a fancy hat
  And a very stylish suit,
But if you don't sit still after that
  The church lowers you to a brute.

If you have on ten dollar shoes
  And a dress looking neat and pat,
You must sit still in your pews,
  And listen to the preacher's chat.

Don't go to church to show out
  And neither to make fun,
When Christians begin to shout
  And praise the crucified one.

Joe goes to church to show his clothes;
  Sallie simply to be seen;
Joe thinks he is a rose;
  And Sallie thinks she is a queen.

AWAY DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Away down the Mississippi river,
  Far far away;
Where blades of tall grass quiver,
  And all the year is May.

Down where the tall slender flag
  And the wild bulrush grow;
There in delight I used to lag,
  On the winding river shore.

I can hear the swains singing,
  Down on the river shore;
And I hear the farm bells ringing,
  In the morning's ruddy glow.

In memory still I see,
  Though far, far away,
The humble cabins on the lea,
  Hard by the river way.

I see the flowery meadows fair,
  Lotted with orange trees;
I smell the sweet scented air,
  That comes on the wings of the breeze.

Blessed be the balmy spot,
  Hard by the river side;
Way down where the sun shines hot,
  Swanlike, let me sing and die.

Take me back to the old plantation
  Where cotton and ribbon cane grow;
Let me see there my dear relation
  Once more on the river shore.

Take me back, O to my mother's;
  Where my dear father died,
Bemoaned by my sister and brothers,
  Down on the river side.

A TRUE FRIEND.

Among all the human beings,
  It is hard to find a friend;
To wade with you through thick and thin
  And stick to you to the end.

Always love a true friend,
  A friend who falters not;
One who'll stick to you in the end,
  Whatever may be your lot.

One who will wade with you
  Through thick and thin;
Mark him down your most true
  And noble hearted friend.

DIXIE.

Oh! how I love Dixie Land,
  The sunny clime where my father died;
There I'll ever take my stand
  And fight for its noble pride.

In Dixie may I live and sing
  In Dixie O let me die!
Whose clime is ever emerald spring,
  Beneath a Southern sky.

I love its tall tossing pines,
  Its tinted vales and hills,
Its collossal temples and shrines,
  Its murmuring brooks and rills.

In Dixie I'll take my stand,
  And breathe my life out there;
Then be buried in the Southern land,
  A land whose skies are fair.

I love its birds and sweet flowers,
  Its bees and gay butterflies,
Its dense cool refreshing bowers,
  And its ever summer skies.

In its defense I'll stand,
  Upon its ramparts high,
And with manly heart and hand
  Hold its colors to the sky.

I have rallied once around its flag,
  And will rally once again;
When its just for me to wage,
  War for its righteous name.

In the line of the gallant gray,
  With its proud banner on high;
And in the hottest of the fray,
  I'll fight until I die.

Then, as a soldier, pass o'er the river,
  To rest in the shade of the tree;
And dream of the land I've delivered,
  In the noble country of the free.

This sweet beloved Southland
  Of cotton, corn and wine,
Was destined to be my natal land,
  Where glory is ever mine.

O sacred be the ground
  Where her gallant graves spread;
And valor guard solemnly round
  The ashes of her valiant dead.

SACRED CONSCIENCE.

There is a glowing light within me
  That shines by night and by day;
However dark may be the sea,
  It shows my feet the way.

It's a beaming beacon light
  On my life's rock-bound coast;
And in my life's rayless night,
  It is my guide post.

When I wander in black despair,
  And through the gloom can't see far;
It dissipates the clouds there,
  For it's Jesus, the morning star.

I'd have to grope the way to find,
  Were it not for this light,
Shining from a source divine
  Beyond my feeble sight.

It is like a beacon light,
  An awful watchtower in the sea;
For frightened sailors at night,
  Or lost shepherds on the lea.

THAT AWFUL GOD.

That awful God I love;
  He rules everywhere;
He drives His noiseless wheels along
  The highway of the air.

When He speaks the howling winds cease;
The swelling sea subsides;
And that grim monster, the lightning,
Trembles with terror and hides.

He charges the clouds with thunder;
And bids them where to roll
Along the vast firmament
They follow His control.

In the palm of His hand creation dances,
And conforms to His design;
It varies not the tithe of a hair,
From His predestined law and line.

DOWN IN THE MEADOW.

Down in the sunny meadow,
I love to loiter there,
With daisies sweet around me,
Smiling everywhere.

Where roses wild entwine,
And kiss the daffodils;
Where buttercups trig and tall,
Weep to the singing rills.

By the side of every daisy
There's a sweet blue bell,
Fairer to my fancy
Than the lily of the dell.

Kiss me sweet pinks and roses,
And darling daisies too;
For I must leave the meadow,
And bid you all adieu.

Sweet lovely daisies;
It grieves me to part;
But still I'll ever hold you
Precious to my heart.

Plucking pinks and daisies,
Buttercups and bluebells too,
Daffodils and roses
Wet with sparkling dew.

Down in the sunny meadow,
  Dreaming in tender care;
With daisies all around me,
  Looking sweet and fair.

THE YOUNG MOON.

The crescent moon went out of sight
And left the stars to rule the night,
But darkness wouldn't be controlled
By these mimic little souls.
The little stars crawled to the West,
Where the moon had gone down to rest;
And each, in a little trundle bed,
Tucked his twinkling little head.

All the stars in a train
Did to the moon complain;
But darkness laughed with all his might,
For he was champion of the night.

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

Jack is in the pulpit,
  Raising a mighty sand;
Everybody thinks its wit,
  And says its mighty grand.

Some call him sin-killer Jack,
  Some, that preaching dog;
Others say little did he lack
  In being a big frog.

Parson Jack with a stolen bride,
  The daughter of Deacon Gray;
Preaches by the roadside,
  On each Sabbath day.

When the parson begins to holler,
  The sisters begin to moan;
But when the parson calls for a dollar
  The brethren begin to groan.

MY HARP WILL NOT RING.

I hang my harp on the willow tree,
  That you see weeping by the way;
And perhaps when my heart gets merry and free,
  I will play it again some day.

My harp strings will not sound;
  My voice is faint and low;
My heart bears a ghastly wound,
  Right through its very core.

This is the reason I cannot sing,
  And my strain is vulgar, low;
My little harp will not ring,
  Like the harp of Apollo.

WHO SHALL GET TO HEAVEN?

Who shall get to heaven
  And dwell there after they go?
The Bible says, "Many shall be driven
  From the bar of God," you know.

When the righteous shall barely escape;
  Oh! where shall the ungodly stand;
When God's chariot wheels shall shake
  The awful sky and land?

ROXANNA.

Have you ever seen Roxanna?
  She is as lovely as the dawn;
Dancing in the orient gate,
  Gilding the hazy morn.

She is a rose of Florida,
  The sweetest flower of all the dell;
Well might the world call her:
  "Roxanna, beauty's belle."

I forsook her at the river side,
  Many sad years ago;
Thence I heedless fled
  To whither I did not know.

On the margin of the river,
I forsook her cozy home;
For my wayward fancy
Was then to sport and roam.

I left her melting down in tears,
And weeping with sad woe;
Mantling her face in her apron,
And saying "please, don't go."

'Tis true we are far apart;
My wandering has been tedious and long;
Still I'll never venture forth
To do her one single wrong.

Oftimes at night when I'm asleep,
In spirit she seems to come;
And in a plaintive voice
Sings to me "Sweet Home."

Since the thorn in my flesh is dead,
And my wayward fancies sleep;
I love sweet Roxanna,
And she needs not to weep.

She is brave, lovely and true,
Virtue's only anointed child;
Made thus by holy design,
To be sweet, gentle and mild.

If I never more meet her
On that sunny shore;
I hope we'll strike glad hands
In that blissful forevermore.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus lover of my soul
In agony and in woe;
Ransomed me, I am told,
And paid the debt I owe.

Jesus did shed his precious blood
On Mount Calvary,
As a sacred cleansing flood,
For you and for me.

Jesus heard my groans and cries
  Pleading to be free;
He left his royal seat on high,
  And came down to dwell with me.

The lamb of God came down
  With salvation for the dead;
They made for him a thorny crown,
  And placed it on his head.

O lamb of Calvary!
  I see the crimson tide,
Still ebbing down like a sea,
  From thy wounded side.

Jesus, dying, looked at me
  And did seem to say:
"Tell all that Salvation is free,
  And that I am the Way."

Jesus lead me and let me stand
  Near the cross until I die;
Then send down an angel band
  To bear me to the sky.

TOUSSAINT.

There's an isle somewhere in the sea,
  Not remote from earth's equal dividing line;
There sleeps the soldier and lives the free,
  Whom burly vassalage could not confine.

Though warbling bards loathe to sing
  Of the isle and its hero of might;
Still freedom o'er it doth ring,
  Its chimes of mellow delight.

Out of a mass of ruin we saw him rise
  Encumbered with wieldy age;
With youth's sprightly flashing eyes,
  And supernatural courage.

The Spanish, the plucky, the French, the brave
  Sallied forth to conquer this moor;
But found there an untimely grave
  Among the despised poor.

From a mass totally despised
  By nations in wars renowned;
In wonder saw the captain rise,
  With martial glory crowned.

He was a soldier fashioned by nature's hand,
  And not by the tactician's mimic skill;
He sought to liberate his native land
  By his chivalry and iron will.

He had no wealthy arsenal of war,
  Save hardy endurance by his side,
And an ignorant soldiery black as tar,
  But by Jesus Christ inspired.

A thunderbolt amidst woes,
  There out of slaves he planned;
Then hurled it at the horrid foes,
  And drove them from the land.

Then scudded the foe from the sullen isle,
  That gazed upon the sea;
That element shall ever smile,
  How the islet was made free!

In his day he was the Achilles,
  True valor's only son;
And on the greater Antilles,
  His godly race did run.

Though the weight of the hero's dust
  Is no more than vulgar clay,
Still the equipoise is just
  In all who pass away.

Haste! impartial age and rise,
  As one though long been dead;
And enthrone the warrior unparalleled high,
  While his foes look on with dread.

He was the greatest captain that ever buckled sword
The bravest martyr that ever died,
The grandest patriot that ever breathed a word,
And the only soldier worthy to be deified.

When the roll is called up yonder,
For the greatest soldier in fame,
The captains all shall gaze and wonder
When the Judge shall call his name.

Far in the rear of the veterans all,
This warrior without a frown
Shall rise responsive to the Judge's call,
And march to the throne of renown.

Black and poor and all despised
By men of a nobler birth;
Still honor shall bid him rise
Up higher than any from earth.

JESUS.

Jesus will hear and heed
My tender cry,
He knows exactly what I need;
And sends me a good supply.

Jesus, thou art an everlasting friend,
And no other have I;
Thou art my source and my end,
And thus I cannot die.

There's a stream of hallowed blood
Ever flowing from thy veins;
And the atheist knows the purple flood
Will wash away sinful stains.

Thou art my all in all,
And art from everlastingness;
I'll hearken unto thy call,
And adore thy righteousness.

What unexampled love
  Thou hast for wretched me!
And came down from above
  To set me, captive, free.

There's no friend like unto thee
  In earth or heaven above,
That could come to ransom me
  With such redeeming love.

THE CHURCH.

Daughter of Zion, arise and sing!
  I love to hear thy voice;
Thy sweet melodies ring,
  And make my dull heart rejoice.

Live and sing O daughter divine!
  In the realm of eternity;
And in a greater lustre shine
  To lead souls to liberty.

Were it not for thee,
  My soul would go astray
On this dark pathless sea,
  And could not find the way.

What earthly force has greater might
  Than that in thy right hand?
What soldiery can put thee to flight
  Or once before thee stand?

On the eternal rock of faith
  Amazing Zion stands;
The colossal Temple made by grace,
  And not by mortal hands.

AN AGE OF WICKEDNESS.

The good in man is God;
  The bad in him is the devil;
And you cannot, with an iron rod,
  Thrash out of him all evil.

To make matters better now a day;
  Just do crime for crime;
For retaliation with restless sway,
  Sweeps away the laws of time.

The way to make bad men better
  In this highly enlightened time
Get a rabid rabble together,
  And do crime for crime.

Lives now a lawless mob,
  And with madness tries to refine,
The viciousness of an age,
  By committing crime for crime.

Personal vengeance inflames the mind
  And hurries this crowd along;
It shakes its fist in the face of right,
  And beast-like does what is wrong.

Public justice stands neutral;
  And the clergy and laity divine;
The world beholds this vile gang
  Doing crime for crime.

Equity on drooped wings
  Has flown to an unknown clime,
And left all the rabid passion
  To do crime for crime.

BALD EAGLE.

This bird with a proud curved beak,
  And dimples and fearless eyes;
His home is on the mountain peak;
  His fields are the wild skies.

On wide spreading sweeping sails,
  Right up to the stars he soars,
Above the low groveling vales,
  And mountains mantled with snows.

The noblest bird of the air;
Bald eagle is its name,
The emblem that mighty nations bear,
In the grand parade to fame.

On barren peaks she builds her nest,
Where suns eternal shine;
Then deep in the bed of brooding rest,
She dwells in peace sublime.

WASH CHOATE.

Yonder comes Wash Choate
With Miss Nannie Boon;
He's smelling like a billy goat,
And racking like a coon.

But don't he look slick?
Yes, you bet your life;
He thinks he's playing a trick
For her to be his wife.

See his stylish Stetson hat,
And tailor made pants and coat;
And I bet you after that
He smells like a billy goat.

Wash had on a silk cravat,
And celluloid standing collar;
These made him look pat,
But then he didn't have a dollar.

He's dauntless when the thunder roars;
And the sun can't dim his gaze;
Bold amidst flashes of lightning he goes,
And is not once amazed.

He stoops to the howling storm below,
And rides upon its breast;
It matters not how the wind may blow,
He skims along at rest.

Wash looked slick and slim,
At least, to Nan he did;
And she always calls him
"Wash, my sporty kid."

Wash thinks he's mighty slick,
And dresses up mighty fine;
He walks with a hickory stick,
Trying his best to shine.

FALSE HAIR.

Paint your cheeks and powder your face white;
Hitch on some long straight hair;
Then muse yourself a pretty sight,
Looking gaudy and fair.

Though you have hair on your head,
Still you must buy some,
Or go and rob the silent dead;
They say 'tis better than none.

All women are gone wildish
About long false hair,
Which is now very stylish
Here and everywhere.

Fine raiment and long hair
Are all that woman needs;
Very little does she care
For higher or greater needs.

False hair is all the go,
And it suits women well;
She wants every one to know
That she longs to be a belle.

RACE RIOTS.

Race riots are current
And prevalent in this age;
It needs but little at present
To put them into rage.

The fire of prejudice rages in the land,
And burns with fervent heat;
In the breast of nearly every man,
Whom you may chance to meet.

There are two races in this land,
And their interests are together;
Why not they walk hand in hand,
As good sons of one mother?

Why not be a stalwart brother
In the struggle for honor's crown?
And if 'tis placed on the head of another;
Let not hate tear it down.

If each race would but do right,
And sociably live together;
Men against men wouldn't fight
And hate and kill each other.

HEAVEN.

We pine and seek for heaven afar,
And not for a heaven nigh;
In life we wage continual war
To gain a bliss on high.

Wherever nature is found
The Spirit of God is there;
To scatter love and joy around;
And that is heaven fair.

In a heart full of divine grace
The Spirit of God loves to dwell,
Such a heart is a blissful place
And not a dark dungeon of hell.

THE EVIL SEED WE SOW.

The seed of evil you sow on your way
Will by and by germinate,
And indeed in some future day,
They'll come up sure as fate.

The evil we do is virulent,
  And is big with contagious matter;
It bites like a serpent,
  And stings like an adder.

The evil we do lives oftimes
  After we are dead and gone;
And into others its way finds,
  From the very time it is born'd.

He who sows evil seed,
  In harvest shall garner the same;
And the fruitage of his wicked deed
  Shall ever be his blame.

WHEN MY ANGEL MOTHER SINGS.

There's a sweet melody keeps ringing
  And it chimes like a golden bell,
'Tis my angel mother singing,
  But where I cannot tell.

Hark! her chanting voice I hear,
  As she strikes her lyric strings;
And angels from heaven come near,
  When my angel mother sings.

Apollo, the god of song for always,
  And the warbling birds on wings,
All must cease their dull lays
  When my angel mother sings.

There in the sacred choir,
  Brusht by angels' wings;
You will feel a hallowed fire,
  When my angel mother sings.

Seraphim cast away their lutes,
  And mantle their heads with their wings;
The choir in glory stands amazed and mute,
  When my angel mother sings.

What blissful melody fills the ear
  And thrilling raptures bring,
Bearing God and angels near,
  When my angel mother sings.

THINK AND THINK.

Think and think is the way,
And by others be not led astray;
For the world is full of cranks;
And men are playing many pranks.

Don't let a man take you by the nose
And lead you wherever he goes;
But rather stop for a moment and think
Ere you leap over the brink.

There's a heap of men in the world
With no more sense than a two year old girl;
They never think once for themselves,
But leave it for others on the upper shelves.

If man for himself would think once
And quit being a dupe or dunce;
Men would journey on hand in hand,
And happiness like rivers would flow thru the land.

To think is a harbinger of right;
It leads the blind out of darkness into the light,
And there firmly fixes him,
Not to be bribed by any political whim.

MY GRIEF.

Why does cruel grief mark me out,
  And shoot direct at me,
While they who are with me shout
  And laugh aloud in glee?

My life is all woe and distress:
  Bliss I see nowhere;
My days bring me no redress,
  But misery I must bear.

Clouds of grief ever rise
  And roll across my breast;
Briney tears spout from my eyes,
  And my soul cannot rest.

A shroud of grief hangs o'er my head,
And from me veils the sunshine;
So happiness can no longer spread
Around me her wings divine.

O! iron-hearted ruthless grief!
Why do you serve me so?
Please make your stay brief,
Then from me forever go.

RACE PROBLEM.

There is a great question on hand,
And it sets the sage at wonder;
Even the great statesmen of the land;
It they cannot ponder.

They have pull'd their long beard,
And thought long and deep
Over the sublimity of the race problem
Which is inexplicable and steep.

All the sages have failed to solve
This most momentous question,
And all the results they have advanced
Are but theoretic suggestion.

No solution has been given yet
To the problem so pertinent and grave
That courses through the universe,
Manifesting virtue in her ways.

Let sapient men rub their bald heads
And pull their long gray beard
Trying to solve an absurdity;
Of such we have never heard.

A CABIN SCENE.

Sweet potatoes in the oven,
Baking soft and brown;
Dirty face little children,
Squatting all around.

Looking at each other,
  Smiling without a frown;
Thinking of what's in the oven,
  Baking soft and brown.

See them all squatting
  Oh! how their hearts sound;
Beating for what's in the oven,
  Baking soft and brown.

All are ragged and dirty,
  Swarming like flies around;
Smelling what's in the oven,
  Baking soft and brown.

It makes their mouths water;
  Slobbers come driveling down;
Smelling what's in the oven,
  Baking soft and brown.

There each sits waiting,
  Hungry as a hound,
For what's in the oven
  Baking soft and brown.

By and by the mammy comes;
  She takes the lid off,
And hands to each little dirty scamp,
  A potato sweet and soft.

A PERVERSE BOY.

A wayward boy once left home;
  He thought himself a man;
And dream'd it was time to roam
  O'er the sea and land.

He stroll'd o'er many a hill and vale,
  Wherever his fancy led;
Until ill-fortune, like rain and hail,
  Shower'd down upon his head.

He spent all his scanty hoard
  In pleasure and in sport,
And he had none left to pay his board,
  So he pawn'd his only coat.

Now he fervidly wished for money;
  He had nowhere to stay;
For he had not one loose penny
  To pay his licentious way.

He became a stranger,
  And was driven from door to door;
He slept at night in a manger,
  And was hated by rich and poor.

He said, "Experience is a costly school,
  But I wouldn't learn in any other;
Oh! I, a wretch'd heedless fool,
  Why didn't I listen to mother?"

CHICKEN STEW.

'Possum baked with sweet potatoes,
  And carved up to serve you;
But if you want to see me do some eating,
  Give me good rich chicken stew.

Pound cake and pies are mighty good,
  Tarts and puddings are too;
But if you want me to do some eating,
  Give me good rich chicken stew.

Pork sausage is good indeed,
  Tender beefsteak is too;
But if you want some chewing done,
  Give me good rich chicken stew.

All the meats and dainties I like,
  Except a very few;
But none of them are so nice to me,
  As good rich chicken stew.

Fish served up in the nicest style;
  Enough to make a cat mew,—
Doesn't satiate my taste so much,
  As good rich chicken stew.

THE KEEPER OF THE WORLD.

While you are in the world,
  Endeavor to be a good man,
By planning some virtuous deed,
  And do it if you can.

The world is but a vast Eden,
  And man is its warden for a time;
He is placed here to beautify it,
  And leave his good works behind.

Building up and beautifying
  Is but replenishing the garden,
And this is what God requires
  From the hands of every warden.

All that one can justly acquire
  Edifies the world for mankind,
And drives the old ship of Zion
  Over the sea of ceaseless time.

When you die leave something behind
  That is made by your brawny hands,
And undying glory will gather around it,
  It matters not where it stands.

The world was created for a paradise,
  And placed in man's care
That he might edify and adorn it,
  And keep it holy and fair.

Toil on ye wardens;
  For the gardener will surely come,
To adore the edification of your hands,
  An emblem of His heavenly home.

A MAN OF SORROW.

My mother and father in sorrow,
And I drag my life out in grief;
Perchance some kind-hearted tomorrow
Will bring to me relief.

My life is all sadness,
And journeys on so brief;
I have not one day of happiness,
But all my days are grief.

I eat sorrow for bread.
For water, grief I drink,
Until sleep drives me to bed,
And weeping, dares me to think.

In misery and carroding pain,
Nameless in despair;
I roam o'er every hill and plain;
And joy I find nowhere.

Thorns are in my bed at night,
And thus I cannot sleep;
I, anxious, long for morning light,
So that I may not weep.

ADAM AND EVE.

There once lived a man and his wife;
Their names were Adam and Eve;
For a time they had no strife,
But lived in pleasure and ease.

This man and wife were free
To do just as they please;
Their viands were nectar and honey of the bee,
Hoarded from flowers and fruits of trees.

No death, no sickness, no pain
Lurked in that paradise,
But life and health reigned
Without the malaria of vice.

Adam, you know, was holy made,
  And I suppose Eve was too;
For a time they lived in Eden's shade;
  If divine inspiration is true.

There were no living souls on earth
  Except this God-like pair;
Until Eve brought forth by birth,
  A man child fine and fair.

Strange is the story about Adam and Eve,
  But I guess it is alright;
For the Holy Bible we must believe,
  And love it with all our might.

Though the story is obscure and odd,
  But still it can be true,
For it is said to be the word of God,
  Which is life everlasting and pure.

God told Adam not to eat nor taste
  The fruit of one certain tree,
So that he might remain holy and chaste,
  And evil he could not see.

The forbidden fruit that Adam ate,
  Grew upon a tree, it is said,
A tree of evil big with fate
  Stood there morally dead.

What kind of fruit was it?
  My muse would like to know;
Please tell me art and wit
  If such fruit and trees will grow?

Tell me reason, the son of truth,
  Was it really the fruit of a tree,
Or a myth to sheath a thing uncouth,
  Not designed for us to know and see?

A COQUETTE.

I went out on a call the other night,
(You bet your boots, I thought I was right;)
A dusky cloud muffled up the moon
Which now and then peeped through the gloom.
I went to see a girl some might call neat;
She had soft dimple hands and little feet;
Rays of beauty stole across her face,
And tinted her cheeks with lively grace.
But ah! she was a girl of little wit;
She could read and write too a good bit.
Of course, what's that? Is it all
We need on this terrestrial ball?
Neatness zoned about her waist;
Beauty in sunlight lined her face;
Her raven tresses hung in curls,
Yet she was the most unwitty of girls.
She was exquisitely pretty in the face,
And delicately neat in the waist;
These alone are but bait to catch fools,
Who would not learn in wisdom's schools.
In figure she was plantain tall,
In airs she seemed as one I met in the hall
Just a few nights before this;
When I ate cream with a charming miss.
In short, she was a lady of very little taste;
Her appetite craved for things base;
Her manners and words were all uncouth,
Ill suited for such an image of Ruth.
She liked the slangs of the idle swains;
She adored fine raiment more than fine brains;
Oh! how these unlettered swains made her laugh,
My little muse can't tell you the half.
Oftimes she took a walk or ride
With some dirty fellow of little pride;
These alone were her choice guests;
These pleased and tickled her all the best.
She went to school; she knew some books;
She judged inward things by outside looks,
Which charm the senses of absolute fools
Destitute of formulas, principles and rules.
This girl may have gone to college, too,
For little Latin and less Greek she knew;
She could decline nouns, conjugate verbs
And define a few simple words.

How this girl would giggle and grin
When some burly simpleton tickled her chin;
Her limbs in wild emotions did move;
Bent on the hour her love to prove.

OKOLONA, MISS.

There's a charming little city,
  And of it I love to dream;
For there I sang my first ditty
  Out on the urban green.

There my young muse began to flow
  On to the sea of rhyme;
And ideal schemes did come and go
  On the wings of fleeting time.

Like a colt there I was trained and shod
  For life's rough, rocky way;
And first learned the Word of God,
  That I might not go astray.

There my heart first learn'd
  Of Jesus and his love,
And my soul first did burn
  With hallowed fire from above.

That sunny city is dear to me,
  For it's my infancy's home;
Far out from the raging sea
  Where storms seldom come.

There on its streets I used to walk
  With some college fellow,
And being bookisk we used to talk
  Of masters wise and mellow.

The balmy smell of many a rose
  Perfumes the very air,
And the shining magnolia grows
  And blooms perennial there.

Sweet Okolona, my native home,
'Tis but of thee I sing;
'Tis not London nor ancient Rome,
That makes my lyre ring.

Charming little Okolona,
With its birds, butterflies and bees,
Is lovely as Aurora
Rising from beyond the seas.

It is fringed about with shady trees;
It is decked with flowers gay;
And is fanned by a scented breeze,
Waft'd from a Southern bay.

UNKNOWN BARD.

There's a sad bird in the wild,
He is singing but not free;
And everybody who hears his song
Says it is as sweet as sweet can be.

In solitude he sits and sings
From morn till close of day,
And the rude woodland around
Echoes with his musical lay.

He loves to dwell in the wilderness,
Where sorrow, temptation and care
Never embroil his peaceful breast,
And break the solemnity there.

What thrilling notes of melody
He pours out on the air;
And country people passing by,
Stop still and listen there.

They look about everywhere
To descry the little bird,
Contented to sing in solitude,
The sweetest song they ever heard.

MAN IS BUT A BUBBLE.

Man's but a bubble on the ocean of life,
  And is far out from the shore;
In a moment he disappears,
  And he is seen and heard no more.

He's but a faint shadow,
  And he continues not;
So his few days here on earth
  Shall soon be forgot.

O, how he pants to live!
  Now and forevermore;
Still he sinks down in the sea,
  Far out from the shore.

He comes into the world weak,
  And is helpless when he comes to die;
A thousand voices may call him,
  But still he cannot reply.

He is a degraded mass
  Of selfishness craving for pelf;
He labors for the world,
  But first for himself.

Fickle man is ever changeful,
  All but his immortal soul;
He drags righteousness to market,
  And sells it for silver and gold.

What's man that God should be mindful of him?
  A higher species of brute, a worm, a beast;
All except his immortal soul
  Is nothing but a cheat.

A JOYFUL DAY.

That will be a joyful day
  When an angel band shall come,
From beyond the milky way
  To bear my spirit home.

What raptures move in my breast
  And how I long and pine!
To bathe my soul in the sea of rest,
  And feast on love divine.

The thought of such a heavenly home
  Produces constant joy in me;
And I dread not to wade and roam
  Through death's gloomy sea.

I hope Jesus will show his smiling face
  In the hour of death and fears;
And lead me to that throne of grace,
  Beyond this vale of tears.

What mortal force can hold me fast,
  If Jesus would but say:
"Come to me, fear not the blest.
  For lo! I am the Way."

At these transported words I'd fly
  From this sin cursed vale of tears,
And mount in triumph to the sky,
  O'er horrid death and fears.

TRUTH AND A LIE.

Truth goes on in a steady pace;
  A lie always swiftly flies;
But ere they reach the end of the race
  Serene truth wins the prize.

A lie is an evil charm;
  Truth is love divine;
A wilful lie produces harm,
  But truth is the light for mankind.

A willful lie with all its power
  At times may hurl truth down;
But in some vindicative hour
  Truth will rise with a golden crown.

Bury the truth, it will not die,
  But it will rise again some day,
And boastful in the face of a lie,
  It will manifest itself some way.

Truth is slow to go;
  Ready falsehood flies,
And a thousand miles it'll go,
  Before truth can bat its eyes.

LIFE.

Life is swiftly passing on,
  Swift as fleeting light;
And soon hence it shall go
  Into the prison house of night.

Helpless life pleads for mercy
  At the approach of pitiless death
Still death scoffs at life's prayer,
  And takes away the breath.

Circling days bear me on
  Right up to the very gate;
Where life and death hold council
  To judge my future fate.

My timid life, trembling, dreads
  To encounter inevitable fate,
And to brood in solitude
  In a dark oblivious state.

Can life elude the certain doom
  That awaits it by and by?
Is it a maxim old and true,
  That mortal man must die?

Sweet, blissful enchanting life,
  I know you cannot stay,
For that terror, death is coming
  To drag thee hence away.

Life is a sunny vale
With flowers sweet and fair;
And would be a paradise
If death were not there.

GOD AND CHRIST.

God is just in all His ways,
And wise in all His plans;
He pours out blessings throughout the days
With stretched out open hands,

Hard by the flowing brook
A starving prophet He fed;
And according to his sacred book
He will give His children bread.

God Almighty is always near
Though at times it seems otherwise;
When doubt and danger appear
We think He's beyond the skies.

He's an arm of strong defense
When howling foes are nigh;
And through his unerring providence
We triumph by and by.

Beyond all cunning art and sense
Works His invisible form
As guardian rules of providence
And rides in every storm.

Trust in the word of the Lord;
Live and die in the faith;
And great will be your reward
Handed down from a throne of grace.

The Son of God is mighty to save,
The saints in bliss behold;
Himself a ransom He gave,
For every contrite soul.

In deep contrition His life He gave
To save a wretch like me;
And rose in triumph from the grave,
And bade his saints go free.

He left His royal mansion above
And came down clothed in clay,
A Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
To show my feet the way.

He found me lost in a wretched state,
All helpless in black despair;
No one worthy to advocate,
And my guilty cause to bear.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

It's no use to grieve and fret,
But be pious in all you do;
Trust in God and don't forget,
He'll bear you conqueror through.

Remember too He will not turn
His back upon His saints,
Nor will He deign once to spurn
Their songs and their complaints.

Be of good cheer; new courage take,
The Holy cross to bear;
And at the sacred fiat of fate
A crown of glory to wear.

All black clouds we see and dread
Are not big with indignant blasts;
Some are charged with blessings to spread
Along the way they pass.

MY SPIRIT.

My spirit loves to stray;
Its wings I can't confine;
In a moment it flies away,
And leaves me far behind.

Oftimes unbridled it flits away,
  Leaving me all forlorn,
And with the dreams of some other day,
  It seems to be at home.

It seeks to roam at night,
  When all nature is still;
It prefers darkness to light,
  Its mission to fulfill.

It's wonderful in its flight,
  And can soar everywhere;
Swifter than solar light,
  It goes through the subtile air.

ANCIENT NOAH.

Noah was a man of God,
  He built the ark I'm told;
To hold the fauna of the world
  In the dark days of old.

He and his household, too,
  Were in this mighty boat;
It was the greatest vessel
  That ever man did float.

He was the greatest seaman
  That ever rode the main;
The most gifted pilot,
  In darkness and in rain.

He was the grandest carpenter
  That ever drove a nail,
And the bravest sailor
  That ever hoisted sail.

NOAH, THE PREACHER.

Noah preached repentance
  Before the awful flood,
And ere the coming Messiah,
  That fount of hallowed blood.

He preached to the antediluvians,
  Who were in the bitterness of gall;
And told them God Almighty
  Would destroy them all.

He preached night and day,
  Telling them to repent;
Still they called him a foolish man,
  Everywhere he went.

He poured out his very soul,
  In prayers and sacred songs,
Beseeching the Antediluvians
  To repent of their wrongs.

They married and gave in marriages,
  And danced to the very day
When God sent His awful flood,
  And swept them all away.

HEROINE.

The gravest battle that is ever fought
  Perchance by valor on earth;
It is by fair woman wrought,
  In the hour of human birth.

She has no heavy gun
  To bear upon her foes;
And with fortitude she dares not run
  From pain, death and woes.

A Spartan at the gate
  In obedience to order dies;
So prone she falls only to fate
  And then at his feet expires.

Fair woman, goddess of the free!
  Bear on your noble part;
For the greatest triumph on land or sea
  Is charged to woman's heart.

From woman spouts a living stream,
  That replenishes the fields of life;
She, too, sheds forth the only beam,
  In the nuptial sphere as wife.

When the spoils of the battle are shared,
  Grant woman the noblest part;
For no valor can be compared
  With that in woman's heart.

THE MULE.

I once knew an old mule,
  (He was about twelve hands high;)
And if you'll only keep still and cool,
  I'll tell you about him by and by.

This little donkey can pace and rack,
  Although he's slow as a snail;
(But stop right here, let me tell you a fact)
  You must never monkey with his tail.

Stay from his heels and off his back,
  These two are death in the pot;
And if you don't think it's a fact,
  Why yonder he is in the lot.

About this mule, tricky Jack,
  Let me tell you before you start;
Whenever you mount upon his back,
  You'll find he's a pitcher from his heart.

If you think you can ride this mule,
  Why, I'll bring him out right now,
And others will see that you are a fool,
  And you'll know not what nor how.

Indeed he looks shaggy and frail,
  And clumsy as an old cow;
But please don't monkey with his tail,
  For he will put you out of business some how.

When this old mule goes to kick
  He backs his ears and nods his head,
Then like lightning such as quick,
  He lays you straight out dead.

When he nods his head, his heels rise
  Quicker than you can say scat;
And from your head the fire flies,
  Then he trots away after that.

It's well to stay and stick
  Common laity always say;
But when this mule begins to kick
  You had better keep away.

When this old mule begins to motion
  You may think it's fun;
But when he gets his heels in action,
  I tell you, you had better run.

THE SUN'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

When the majestic and radiant sun
Beyond the desert air seems to run;
In wonder mysterious hides from sight,
And still floods other hills and vales with light,
Circumspect, we see him on the way.
Indeed he stands or moves we cannot say;
We behold him disappear and come again
In the vast heaven of God's domain.
Along his path are stars glittering bright,
Opaque by day but refulgent at night;
For some unknown cause they shoot down the sky,
Dragging on a flaming train and in an instant die.
His function is warmth, growth and light,
And with equipoise portions the day from night;
So that mortal man, inconstant on earth,
Might number his years or days from birth.
Ere the sun first rose earth was without form
Dark was the marl, and wild with storm;
Dense clouds in pitchy darkness hung and rolled,
Until the sun was teemed with rays of gold.

When first he appeared on the orient sky,
Darkness from the face of the earth began to fly;
Form and beauty at once sprang into sight,
And confusion fell dead astounded at his light.
When he drove first his blazing car across the sky,
The deep wandered in giddy surprise;
The heavens adorned then, began to shine,
And the spheres began their song divine.
As he charged up the stupenduous way so vast,
Worlds, like sentinels, saw him through infinitude pass,
And stood wonder struck, gazing at the sight
Of such a phenomena deluging immensity in light.
Dreadful alarm in his eclipse did he create,
Through mid Zodiac on his annual gait;
The Zodiacal synods fixed fast at rest,
Saw this ball of burning gas, which seemed to roll to the West.
God ordered forth the sun ere He did the hills,
The dusky mountains, wide rivers and purling rills;
No forest or soft verdure saw his first glow;
For nothing without his agency could grow.
There were no flowers to greet him on his way,
No bird warbling its plaintive note ere day;
And no living soul to hail him king,
In his circumscribed, spheriodal ring.
Upon the liquid void he first look'd down
Pacific and serene, without a frown;
He lipped the cheeks of the wild deep,
And lulled disorder fast asleep.
When the waters and sky first saw his beams
Which burst forth in seven streams
An ethereal sea of gorgeous light,
Nature in hosanna laughed outright.

MT. VERNON CEMETERY.

EPITAPH TO MAJOR JACK PETTY.

Here may rest some pious soul,
Once filled with heavenly zeal;
It sought not treasures of vain gold,
Nor the rod of empire to wield.

Costly marble with the sculptor's art may shine
To tell of martial deeds, heroic and gory;
But not a stone raised nor a carved line,
Can warrant that the dead's in glory.

Can the voice of sorrow with flowing tears
Provoke the dull cold ears of death
Will not the storm of rolling years
Bring back the fleeting breath?

Let epitaphs in glory blaze,
And hearts with serious emotion burn;
No tribute from the voice of praise
Can invoke the dead to return.

MY MARGIE IN GLORY.

When the hallowed star with refulgent ray
Had heralded the coming morn;
And driving years drove on the day,
When my Margie from my soul was torn.

O Margie! tender departed soul,
In thy sweet blissful rest,
Where seas of joy ceaseless roll;
Lend ears to the groans of my breast.

Can I forget the sad day
When thy soul took flight
Through the dark and perilous way,
Up to the world of light?

Ah! ever dear departed wife,
I, thy lovely image see still,
Moving on as once in life
To do thy Sovereign's will.

There is a dark and gloomy sea,
Charging with raging blast,
That intervenes you and me
Inaccessibly high and vast.

Let not pitiless eternity ignore
Thy devoted spouse in life;
Little else where thou art or go,
Still be my devoted wife.

Dear Margie, our last embrace;
How can I ever forget!
And the sweet smiles on thy face
Dwell green in memory yet.

Through orbs of gushing tears,
I saw thee dying fast;
And low in grief and fears,
Knew I, 'twas our last.

Since thou, dearest of all, have fled
And left me to wail and weep;
Thy hallowed ghost comes to my bed,
And guards me when I sleep.

Sweet Margie, if I, too, had fled,
I would not weep for thee;
But I thought while by thy side
Thou could'st immortal be.

Still I'll brook what has past,
And in sorrow brook it o'er;
When on thee I looked my last,
And thou didst smile no more.

I often at thy image look,
And think thou shall live again;
Still other thoughts I shall not brook
That all my thinking is vain.

Let earth in gore run red,
And o'er the cruel waves float piles of dead;
Let mighty heroes ever rise and fall,
Still thou shall be my all and all.

If wars internecine in heaven arise,
To embroil thy home beyond the skies;
Be not astounded Oh! Margie dear,
And forget you left on my cheek a tear.

Let Hierarchs and Seraphim in grandeur ride,
And in whose air ever shone heavenly pride;
Woo not these mighty princes divine,
But be true and remain ever mine.

Thy form supernal and looks shy
Did ever enchant fair heaven's eye;
Struck, too, by thy virtue and love;
These kindled desires in those above.

In kindling desires let them pine,
For thee Oh! dear spouse of mine!
Regardless to high heaven's decree,
Still be thou pious to me.

Infinite distance, remorseless doom,
And the stubborn decrees beyond the tomb;
Shall never baffle my eternal love
For thee who dwells now above.

A ROW WITH A COON.

I am going to see a lady coon tonight,
And I know full well we're going to have a fight;
I don't care for that I'll go anyway
Just to see what that lady coon has to say.

Once with that lady coon I stood mighty pat,
When she used to wear my Stetson hat;
But since a strange coon has intervened;
He has made my lady coon very mean.

That lady and I used to kiss and hug
Warm and content as two bugs in a rug;
Such delicious raptures I never felt before,
O for Jesus' sake, let me hug her once more.

I don't want to catch any old he-coon there,
For I know my lady coon is going to rear,
This she always does when he's about,
So he can nelp her to make me turn out.

I went there once just to have a litle chat,
I thought of no harm in doing that;
Who do you reckon I found there,
A dressed-up he-coon in a rocking chair.

He was a white coon or almost so,
And this made my lady coon love him, you know,
Indeed you know this is the case,
That looks us every day square in the face.

As I walked in that coon looked around
And eyed me with an angry frown;
Then on a sudden he made a dash,
And soon I was that coon's hash.

My lady coon too then made a plunge,
And against me urged a giant lunge
Which brought me down to the floor;
Then how I scrambled for the door.

Ah! Lord they beat me from black to blue,
For you know I couldn't manage two;
And especially a coon six feet high,
Whom Trojan Hector wouldn't defy.

I begged them to turn me loose,
That I never more would be a goose;
And to fall in love too soon
With a fine looking lady coon.

That coon, let me tell you, was mighty stout;
He choked me till my tongue lalled out;
I felt my eyes pop out of my head,
And Lordy me! I thought I was dead.

In the seat of my breeches he grabbed me,
And fastened me back of the neck you see;
Then raised me up without dread,
And pitched me out doors, heels over head.

I had no time to reckon my fate,
But wishfully looked at the gate;
In giddy struggles I tried to go,
For that coon had killed me, you ought to know.

At last I got to the gate without my hat,
And of course you know I didn't think of that;
I'll tell you right now, it was a hell of a fray,
And you bet your boots I was glad to get away.

I didn't take time to even look back
To see the old coon whose name was Mack;
But jumped in my running clothes right then,
And O! my Lord, how I burned the wind.

I didn't go to see my lady coon any more
For why, I guess you already know;
Old Mack was head knocker there,
And that was more than I could bear.

I thought it a shame to be in such a mob
In order to hold such a little job;
So I drove my ducks to another pool,
And left my lady coon with her fool.

He's a fighter, let me tell you, from his heart,
And if you don't think so, just make a start,
And you will see just as I did
That this Alabama coon is a fighting kid.

I have had many a sinewy twist,
But never before felt the effects of such a foot and fist,
That landed on me in thunder sound,
And drove me like lightning to the ground.

THE RIGHTEOUS.

Though man in death lay down,
  But he again shall rise;
When the Judge comes to crown
  With glory, the earth and skies.

Though flesh and bones in dust sleep,
  And mingle themselves with clay;
Still flesh and soul again shall meet
  In that great rising day.

The saints of God shall rise
  In the storm of whirling years;
And God shall wipe from every eye
  All sad and woeful tears.

AFTER I'M DEAD.

Do this for me after I'm dead:
  Just bury the evils I've done;
But suffer my good to live and spread
  Everywhere as the light of the sun.

All my wayward deeds hide,
  But let my virtuous ones shine;
So all wayfarers may confide
  In what is all divine.

Treasure my good deeds as gold,
  But my evil please cast away;
So they can't pollute any soul
  Or lead it far astray.

With me all my evil bury,
  But all my good save;
And you need not worry
  And weep o'er my humble grave.

A ROSE.

A dainty flower stood by the way,
  And in sunshine fair it grew;
I plucked it in the month of May,
  And found it lovely and true.

I nestled it warm to my heart,
  Then breathed its sweet smell;
But ill-fortune was my part,
  Too sad for me to tell.

A chilly wind with poisoned breath,
  Breathed on my rose one day;
And my fond floret withered in death
  With not a sad word to say.

Now my dried up flower stood,
  Far from its genial bed;
Once the loveliest flower of the wood,
  But now defaced and dead.

The flower fading in my hand,
  But little dreamed I
Of moving it to a strange land,
  Beneath a more genial sky.

Bleak and blasted my flower lay,
  Torn from its parent stem;
It grew in beauty by the way,
  A precious little gem.

Although my rose is faded and dead,
  And its beauty and fragrance all gone;
Still I think its lustrous red
  Decorates some airy throne.

No other rose can look
  So fair and serene;
No other rose shall I brook
  To be the floral queen.

GOD.

God is too great for mortal sight;
  His face would dim their gaze,
And blast them with eternal fright
  To see the dreadful blaze.

GOD IS ALWAYS NIGH.

God is always near
  With blessings most profuse;
Though at times it may appear
  Not so, to human views.

He draws back the curtain of night;
  He ushers in the day,
That floods the world in light,
  And shows our feet the way.

He rains down blessings in showers
  To migitate fervid heat;
To drink and freshen flowers
  That blossom at our feet.

HINDRANCE.

Never turn back to weep and cry
  When obstacles are in your way;
But double your courage, go on and try,
  For you may succeed some day.

Hindrance is but a shell
  Around the kernel sweet;
And deep within its tiny cell
  We find the precious meat.

Whoever to trials gives up his case,
  And don't bravely and steadily march on;
Will never triumph in the race
  That points to honor's throne.

Crosses come before glory's crown;
  The clouds ere the rain;
A noble feat precedes renown,
  A cause forgoes the pain.

Don't stop once to turn aside,
  And frown at your task;
But be willing to provide
  For what your soul may ask.

Nobly and bravely press on
  In life's grand parade;
And mock every hindrance with scorn,
  That stubborn odds have made.

Behind obstructions success hides
His ever blushing face;
And there justly he presides
In serene love and grace.

Whenever your crosses are hard
And many to overcome;
Remember you the sure reward,
That holy, blissful home.

Use obstacle for a stepping stone,
And walk with courage bold;
Press straight on to the throne
Where success waits in gold.

WILD GEESE.

Lo! in the crimson sky,
A V shaped quivering line
Of water fowls passing by,
From a distant unknown clime.

Through the pathless air they soar,
Long wandering but not lost;
Still gabbling, onward they go
With God their guiding post.

They are wild fowls migrating where?
My muse does not know;
And heralding to the climes so fair,
Chilly wind and snow.

Through the rosy depth I cannot scan
Them in their distant flight;
And far above the sea and land,
They plough through day and night.

In obedience to some command,
They without trembling, fear,
Stoop not to the welcome land,
Though darksome night is near.

On some bleak barren shore
Their downy nests are found;
Where drifts of perpetual snow
Lay mantling all around.

They never turn aside from approaching storm,
Though the skies with lightning blaze;
But still move on their darken forms,
Gabbling a quaint old praise.

Proud and noble is their chieftain,
And his heart is frank and bold;
He leads unerring the gabbling train
To where regions are ever cold.

The leader ploughs like a plowshare,
And heaves the air aside;
So that others back in the rear
Can easily onward ride.

The captain's voice is heard at times,
Bidding them to follow on;
Then lo! those erring, fall back in line,
And beat along in the throng.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

The best and greatest of societies all,
Is the militant fane of God;
And it is destined never to fall
Without the will of God.

The church is a fellowship I love
Beyond all the others I know;
It leads to a brighter world above,
Whose throne is white as snow.

Firm on the rock of human faith,
Rising out of the sea of love;
Christ, His ransomed Church did place,
And flew back to his mansion above.

Fane = Temple or Church

It's founded on love, faith and hope,
  The Christian's great trinity;
And no other union can with it cope
  Or stop its stream of leniency.

'Tis a sublime mansion,
  Whose dome is in heaven above;
And 'tis called the daughter of Zion,
  The spiritual temple of love.

Deep rooted in the rock of Emmanuel,
  The Church's huge pillows stand;
Deeper than mortal tongues can tell
  Or human minds can understand.

'Tis built of stones hewed out of the mountain,
  Which was before creation took place;
And lo! it now is a cleansing fountain
  For all the human race.

Oh! ransomed Church of God, sing!
  The song of redeeming love;
For thy spouse is reigning king
  Now in earth and heaven above.

Let all the world round
  Sing this sacred song;
Till its awful solemn sound
  Wake every heart and tongue.

How sweet its hallowed voice sounds
  In the world's listening ears;
It alleviates pains, heals wounds,
  And plants religious cares.

THE WIND.

The wind was high one day,
  And I think too, he was mad;
But in a frolicsome way
  The little leaves all seemed glad.

He howled in the tops of the trees,
And made a roaring sound;
Then the little yellow trembling leaves
Came frisking headlong down.

He whirled the fallen leaves all about,
And heaped them in the hollows of the grove;
Then onward in a boastful shout
The seared fields o'er he drove.

He snatched up everything,
And drove it whirling in the air;
He made the upland roar and ring,
In his awful mad career.

He made the forest bow and moan,
And send forth a pitiable cry;
And nature herself seemed to groan
And sue for peace on high.

RISING AND FALLING.

I'm rising and falling on the way,
Trying my best to toddle on;
For I'm aged, wrinkled and gray,
And am scoffed at by the strong.

Still to stagger on I try,
Till I fail to rise no more;
Then all unknown give up and die,
Like others who are gone before.

The fire in my blood is dead and gone,
And leaves me sterile and cold;
And in my flesh there is no thorn
To spur up my drowsy soul.

My memory isn't like it used to be,
It doesn't retain half so well;
And things now I know and see
In a few days I don't know so well.

When you see that your memory is failing;
  Then know indeed that you are on the decline;
And that you are swiftly sailing
  Down the awful stream of time.

MY COUSIN JULIUS AND I.

Dear to me is the sweet scene
  Of other days gone by;
When we, in childhood, o'er the green,
  Chased the bee and butterfly.

Away from home all day
  Wading in the water of the brook,
Or playing leap-frog on the way,
  Or dangling with the line and hook.

We drove the lowing herd o'er the lea,
  And in whoops yelled out our joys;
For our limbs were light and hearts were free;
  In the time when we were boys.

The wealthy fold we drove ahead
  Right up to the milker's pail;
Or pursued them wherever they led
  Slow winding through the vale.

On the mossy banks of sunny streams,
  Where waters living flow;
Our childish thoughts all like dreams,
  Did seem to come and go.

In front of my father's sunny cot,
  Stood there an old elm tree;
Its leafy boughs made a pleasant spot
  For my cousin Julius, and me.

Beneath its overhanging shade
  With a bubbling spring hard by;
Many a sport and prank we played,
  My cousin Julius, and I.

In memory I see the old swing,
  In the shade of the old elm tree;
And still of it I love to sing,
  For it was dear to Julius and me.

Mirth and joy crown'd us there
  While swinging up and down,
Dipping our souls in cooler air,
  Then descending back nigh the ground.

Tired of the sportful moil
  We leaped from the jolly old swing;
Now free from amusing toil,
  We listen to the merry birds sing.

Oftimes contortions were our games,
  Far away in the sable sands;
By tossing high our supple frames,
  And light on feet or hands.

No other one there to shout and praise
  When one the other excelled;
No other one there to stoop down and raise
  One when he erring fell.

In memory I see the shady spot,
  Away down the sunny dell;
Where stands my father's humble cot,
  A hovel I love so well.

Under that consecrated tree
  Dig our graves with a silver spade;
Then side by side enter Julius and me,
  In the elm tree's silent shade.

Magic rhyme cannot tell—
  Nor any florid line from thee;
How I long once more to dwell
  In the shade of the old elm tree.

UNCLE SAM.

I'm going to tell you something
  That is good as eggs and ham;
When you want to monkey,
  Don't monkey with Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam is a mighty man,
  He puts life in all the banks;
He is witty and watchful,
  And is up to all your pranks.

When he summons forth all his power
  What mortal soul can stand
Before this awful giant,
  The mightiest of the land?

He's the Polyphemus of the land
  And is unbiased, just and true;
He wears a stove pipe hat,
  And a suit of navy blue.

He controls the navy,
  And receives legates from afar;
He leads the army to battle
  In the time of dreadful war.

When he speaks proud nations tremble
  And hide themselves in awe;
They know that he is mighty,
  And invincible in war.

On his puissant thigh is his sword,
  And the thunderbolt of power in his hand;
He wields the affairs of the nation,
  And is the bulwark of the land.

What myrmidons or hardened force
  Can before him stand
Whenever he deigns once to raise
  His avenging right hand?

He wields the sceptre of power
  Over the ship of states,
And steers this mighty vessel
  Safe over the deep of fates.

Never tamper with Uncle Sam,
  I'm telling you a fact;
For he coins the specie of the land,
  And the bills of green back.

Stand right in with Uncle Sam,
  For he's not very hard to please;
If you want a grand time,
  And move along with ease.

I'M BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE.

I'm basking in the sunshine
  Resting my limbs and soul,
And looking o'er the landscape
  That beams now in gold.

Precious sunbeams are shining
  Above and all around me;
And my soul is sailing in ease,
  Over the ethereal sea.

Sweet blessed sunlight
  Shines in my heart today;
It gilds the hills and vales,
  And yon mountain gray.

A flood of sunlight is in my heart,
  The birds and rills chant praises;
The tinted hills all rejoice,
  And vales of darling daisies.

Everything smiles in the ambient air;
  It charms my wanton eyes;
And through the flood of golden light
  Flit bees and butterflies.

Sunny brooks dancing run,
  And sweetly laugh outright;
Singing praises to the sun,
  For these rays of light.

THE FUGITIVE STRANGER.

I'm an animal without a friend,
  A creature without a home;
Surely some land will receive me in the end,
  And bid me no more to roam.

I am tossed and driven,
  And have nowhere to go;
Is it a decree of high heaven,
  That man should treat me so?

I'm scorn'd everywhere
  And look'd on as a castout;
Far from human pity and care,
  All forlorn, I wander about.

Oh! humanity what have I done?
  What crime has my ancestry committed;
In years dead and long gone,
  That I can't once be pitied,

My head is water at times,
  And my eyes spout a briny sea;
To think there's no propitious climes,
  That welcome wandering me.

I dream that God created the earth,
  And granted it to man as a home;
[He didn't brand me with a curse,
  Compelling me to ever roam.

Still I'll brave it to the end,
  And will never, never once cower;
Though disdained by wretched man,
  Whose appetite is for absolute power.

Portion to me a godly place,
  And deed it as my home;
Where my long detested race,
  And I, may cease to roam.

For ages I have been tossed and driven,
  By a blind faction's hate;
And I, as one in contrition even
  Still plead at mercy's gate.

The world turns from me its face,
  And lends my cry no ears;
It scoffs at my rejected race,
  And slights my sad tears.

Long have the billows of the sea
  Hurled me to and fro;
For there's no land to pity me,
  And invite my fleet ashore.

There is an isle far, far away,
  Somewhere in the sea;
And sacred common legends say
  Its ports are open for me.

INVOCATION.

Thou serene father of the deep,
  Up to thee I direct mine eyes;
Under thy trident I bow and weep;
  And unto thee I dispatch my cries.

Helpless I bow before thee,
  Old, worn and sore;
Struggling on this mad sea,
  To reach the retreating shore.

With my weather beaten fleet,
  I, the long wanderer have come;
And have fallen prostrate at thy feet,
  Beseeching thee to grant us a home.

Thou who gave the winds force,
  To upturn the azure sea;
Will thou not curb them in their course,
  And save my tribe and me?

Lo! me thou awful sea-god,
  Down on my trembling knees;
Beneath thy chastening rod,
  And vengeance of the seas.

Lo; my ships scattered here and there,
  O'er the waves far and wide,
And many a corpse everywhere,
  On the heaving tide.

My divine relics all lay
  Scattered over the face of the sea;
And thou relenting God, I pray,
  Preserve them for my race and me.

Bring on a mild day
  To lull the mad winds to sleep;
Then the waves without sway,
  Will recede from the deep.

O spare the remnant of my detested race!
  And at least pity persecuted me;
If 'tis no corroding disgrace,
  Lo, thy realm and thee.

O bring our long voyage to an end
  And drive us here and there no more;
But allow us to live as generous men
  On some far delightful shore.

Where loyalty to country gets a tribute of praise,
  Hardihood and piety a precious crown;
And virtue pure in all her ways,
  Receives her just renown.

An impartial land where political franchise
  Against its citizens bolts not its door;
And boastful ride on to despise
  And to disfranchise its poor.

WINCHESTER GUN.

The day has come, don't you know,
  That the world is in a strife;
And you should have a forty-four
  To protect yourself and wife.

Don't forget as you go
  Down the road of life;
To take along your forty-four,
  To protect yourself and wife.

Remember all this is so
  And trust not in a knife,
Rather than in a forty-four,
  To protect yourself and wife.

That forty-four is a mighty gun,
  And it always whistles so loud;
A man will jump right up and run,
  And not think he is too proud.

Before that Winchester gun,
  Whose calibre is forty-four;
It's no use to start to run.
  But at once get ready to go.

In a dream take a view
  Of all the things you know;
But there is something you can't do;
  You can't dodge a forty-four.

If you have a Winchester gun,
  Whose calibre is forty-four;
Stand right still and do not run
  From any rabid foe.

Just do whatever is right,
  That the world may see and know;
And when you are assailed at night,
  Just grab your forty-four.

You need not to open your door
  To descry who is about;
But stand and work your forty-four,
  And never once go out.

THE GREAT AND LOVELINESS.

Every fine courser isn't on the race track,
  Every regal brow isn't honor'd with a crown;
And so you'll find this to be a fact,
  As ages come tumbling down.

Sometimes you'll find a sweet flower,
  Not in a beautiful yard or garden;
But deep in some secret bower,
  As if hiding from its warden.

Here contented it loves to dwell
  In lavishing beauty wild;
Unconscious of its sweet smell.
  And its looks gracious and mild.

The violet seeks to hide
  Its purple blushing face;
And never muses to confide
  In its modesty and grace.

THE FARMER.

Prepare your land well
  Before you sow your seed;
In harvest you'll have some to sell,
  After keeping all you need.

Keep the weeds and thistles cut down
  In days that are sunny;
So when autumn comes with a golden crown,
  You may have something to barter for money.

In winter plough up your field,
  And sleet and snow never mind;
If you want an abundant yield
  In yellow harvest time.

COLORED GIRLS SINGING.

I hear a sweet anthem ringing,
  That sounds a jubilee;
'Tis the swarthy daughters singing,
  In the vales of the land of the free.

Just listen now for Jesus' sake,
  At their melodious voices;
Chanting at the evening gate,
  And everything rejoices.

O how their mellifluent voices ring
  In pathetic symphony divine;
And no other daughters can sing
    Like these lovely daughters of mine.

When all the sky is clear.
  And the winds sigh low to the trees;
In the silent evening I hear
  Them singing in the open breeze.

When the ruddy glows of sunset fade
  From the vale and the hills;
They love to sing in the evening shade,
  Because it's cool and still.

When my brunette daughters sing,
  "Nearer my God to Thee;"
The welkin around is made to ring
  With hallowed jubilee.

When they sing Zion's praise,
  The Holy Ghost comes down;
And birds just stop singing and gaze;
  Transported by the heavenly sound.

ETERNAL DEATH.

No sound or voice is heard
  After eternal death;
No waiting or no sad word
    Can call back the fleeting breath.

The florid lips, the precious breath,
  And all that in beauty shines;
Fades away in the hour of death,
    And leaves a pale corpse behind.

Where rolls oblivion's awful deep,
And solemn silence spreads;
There the pallid corpses sleep
In the voiceless region of the dead.

No sad mourners' fervent prayer.
Nor parents' wailing cries;
Can enter the dull ears there,
And bid the dead once to rise.

The haggard brow, the languid eyes,
The dying hands entwine;
The last beam over all expires
On the midnight sky of time.

The dreadful din of war,
The armies' lusty tread;
The peal of cannon near and far
Can't wake the drowsy dead.

A SQUARE DEAL AND FAIR PLAY.

Grant him a square deal,
And a fair play;
Then mark his manly zeal
All along the way.

Admit him in the game,
And let bigots kick and puff;
Let every youth and dame
See that he is no bluff.

He asks for but and honest deal,
And a decent place
On life's great battlefield,
Which tests every race.

Stand aside, give him fair play
Is all he demands of you;
And never mind what bigots say
About what he cannot do.

He's all oak and steel,
  And has a god-like will;
He wants but an honest deal,
  And cranks to keep still.

Just act fair when you deal
  The cards of life to him;
And never smuggle, swindle and steal
  The winning cards of him.

All he wants is fair play,
  And a square cut and deal;
And unbiased tongues to judge and say
  And not tongues of blood and zeal.

Let him in the game,
  And don't squabble and pout;
If he wins a little fame
  Don't work to put him out.

MOSES.

Yon comes Moses with a derby hat
  Stuck on the side of his head.
And in his hands he has a ball and bat
  And struts like he isn't afraid.

Moses struts along the street
  Airy as Judge Todd;
And slings his arms, hands and feet
  Just like he's the city god.

In his suspenders he puts his hands
  And moves like a peacock gay;
He widens out when he stands
  And blockades the gangway.

He possesses excellent ways,
  And to everybody he is polite;
Look at him and you'll see him raise
  His hat to black and white.

Moses dresses up neat and fine,
  And walks like he owns the town;
This is the reason all the time,
  Why some folks run him down.

RACE PREJUDICE.

The storm of prejudice is raging high,
  And the meek must keep still;
And on duty hold the eye
  And move at heaven's will.

Now is a squally time,
  And I want my folks to know
That they had better mind
  How they talk and go.

Race prejudice is swelling high,
  And everywhere spreads around;
It gathers on the peaceful skies.
  And bursts with thunder's sound.

Keep fixed in your place,
  Assigned to you by law;
Press forward with a steady pace
  In life's gigantic war.

When the clouds of prejudice roll away
  The social sun shall appear;
And the goddess of love in that illustrious day,
  Shall wipe from the eyes every tear.

Bear persecuton like a god,
  And keep the tenor of a pious way;
Racial hate with an iron rod
  Will cease to rule some day.

When socialism from the dead shall rise,
  And prevailing look in this way;
Then ere begrudging factious eyes
  Shall dawn that social day.

CHRISTMAS.

Merry Christmas is here,
Just listen at that noise;
Santa Claus is comig
To see the little girls and boys.

Haste to bed little children,
And sleep good and sound;
Santa Claus is going to bring you
Something when he comes around.

He has pretty dolls for little girls;
French harps and horns for the boys;
Apples, candies and oranges,
And thousands of other toys.

Hang your little stockings up
Close by the fireplace;
Then jump in your little bed
And cover up head and face.

First, kiss dear mother and father,
And say to all goodnight;
Ask angels to guard and keep you
Safe, until morning light.

CHRISTMAS EVE NIGHT.

Merry Christmas now is here,
And the world's heart beats glad;
It tolls the knell of the dying year,
But yet no one feels sad.

Hosanna to cheerful Christmas day!
It's here with laughing joy;
It hails the youth, the old and gray.
And every little girl and boy.

Balls of fire are everywhere,
Flaming the skies tonight;
And upward to the stars they bear
A train of gorgeous light.

Big guns are shooting all around,
  But not with awful noise;
While old Santa Claus like a clown,
  Tickles the little girls and boys.

Jolly swains are hooting
  Here and everywhere;
Christmas guns are shooting,
  And shaking the silent air.

Gaiety now is prancing
  Because 'tis Christmas Eve;
Genuine love is dancing
  Softly as the breeze.

FRED DOUGLASS.

A great day is coming on
  When the judgement shall take place;
And around one awful throne.
  Shall gather the human race.

The great and small will be there,
  The noble and the ignoble;
And that righteous judge with golden hair
  Shall weigh the deeds of people.

Every soul shall rise
  Responsive to his name,
Full in view of the Judgement's eyes
  To receive reward or shame.

Every famed revered head
  Shall come forth in that hour;
And every tremendous army shall tread
  Around the judgement tower.

Deep in the rear of the people all
  This mighty personage shall rise;
And wild cheers from the judgement hall
  Shall rend the sacred skies.

Up to the amazing throne of grace
  Where preside the three God-heads,
This champion orator of the human race
  Beneath rousing cheers shall tread.

The nations there shall wonder and gaze
  As he mounts the battlements of fame;
And that ancient sire af circling days
  Shall announce and honor his name.

Upon that dazzling ornate throne
  This orator and statesman shall stand;
As one who tread the winepress alone;
  And is now at Jehovah's right hand.

His woolly hair white as snow
  Still shall adorn his head,
And in supernal radiance glow
  Above all the rhetoricians dead.

His ornate oratory may inflame,
  And astonish the human mind;
Still the sacred trinity shall proclaim,
  Him the orator of mankind.

Ah! champion Douglass live on
  Forever in the volume of fame;
When myriad years shall have flown,
  Still illustrious shall be thy name.

Thy burning eloquence and wit
  Thy fluent language divine,
Will ever equal William Pitt
  And Sheridan of the Saxon line.

TO MARY.

My years may come and go,
  Laden with grief and pains;
My hair may whiten like snow,
  Upon Siberian plains.

My soul shall ever ebb and sigh
When thee, it cannot see;
My heart throbs to never die,
And live alone for thee.

I gasp for living streams
To yoke me to thy side;
And lull away in dreams,
On its ebbing tide.

Let the avenging God of the ocean
Enraged, plough up the sea;
Let mountain billow excite emotion;
They cannot drive me from thee.

Ere the rock of thy life was shivered,
And numbered with the countless dead;
You wept that she might be delivered,
As she gasped for life in bed.

And after death had chill'd her frame,
And stilled her heaving breast;
Thy love for me proved just the same
To ease my soul to rest.

Thus in the darkest hour of life,
When lurid hope had not a ray;
Thou wert to me as a tender wife,
And sweet as a rose in May.

Let foes envy thy sacred soul,
And thy womanly virtues disapprove;
My fondness shall ever be as gold,
My heart from thee will never move.

TO CHAS. BROACHE.

When some rude bud begins to swell,
Along the pathway through the dell;
Ere long in loveliness it blooms,
A choice floweret with sweet perfume.

In peerless beauty it weeps and pines away,
Under the glowing sunshine of noonday;
Now it's a flower all withered and seared,
And not a snowy floweret to be endeared.

Thus, faded the flower sweet and fair,
And wasted its fragrance on the jejune air;
Once smiled to adorn the wild scene,
And enchanted the eye with living green.

But now it nods its drooped head,
A dainty flower, all defaced and dead;
So 'twas with one who lately died,
And ebbed away from our side.

A bosom friend and kindred dear
To the needy both far and near,
He toiled on up the hill of life,
Through clashing ages of peace and strife.

And saw from its hoary height
The vale beyond wrapt'd in wondrous light;
After surmounting the horrors of below,
He took his burden for a pillow;
And down he laid his wearied head
To be numbered with the silent dead.

He was a man of honesty, piety and pride,
And thus in the path of rectitude he died;
His manly heart was in his hand,
Liberal toward every man.

He always exhibited a willing mind,
To provide for the welfare of mankind;
Though but a husband man of the soil,
And his livelihood was in daily toil.

To no higher sphere in life did he aspire,
For virtue was his only desire;
And to see the world with glory crown'd
Wherever human hearts are found.

No title of honor did he attain,
Save that of one poor wretched swain;
Whose kingly head wears no crown,
Though it's just to man the world around.

Oft has his hospitable door
Opened wide to invite the poor;
And the wearied traveler, seeking rest,
Was received and entertained as a royal guest.

So he had no ambition for royal power,
He deemed his life to be just as ours,
But look'd he up the shining way,
Where glows but one eternal day.

Universal love was his guide,
And he stalk'd with fortitude side by side;
Until on life's rugged brow at last,
He felt the chilly wind and fell in the blast.

Moral integrity is always shown
In one who dies without a groan;
Crosses the hands upon the peaceful breast,
And sleeps away to the paradise of rest.

So it was with the pious dead,
Ere his gracious spirit fled
Up to the gate of everlasting life;
Far from the groans of his bereaved wife,
Who shall linger on in widowhood,
And remain his bosom wife.

IKE AND WADE.

Lazy Ike and Wade
  Having a little fun;
Sitting in the shade,
  Hiding from the sun.

The sun is beaming down,
  Red hot from the sky;
And all the earth around
  Seems to be a bed of fire.

Sitting on the portico,
  Dodging the sun's heat;
Chewing and smoking tobacco,
  And always ready to eat.

Tattling and giggling,
  Whiling the time away;
Dancing and fiddling,
  On a hot summer day.

Cooling in the shade,
  Fanning the flies away;
Trying their best to evade
  The fiery heat of the day.

A BULLY AMONG BULLIES.

He is a bully among bullies
  And will not dare to run,
Unless he's caught in a fray
  Without a great big gun.

In petty fights and quarrels
  He must have his big gun;
And without it dear sir,
  You'll surely see him run.

When he has a great big gun
  This enables him to fight;
He'll knock fire out of your head,
  Let it be wrong or right.

With a great big gun on his side,
  He fancies he's Marshal Ney;
Full cock'd and primed
  To quell any rabid fray.

Give some fellow little authority,
  And a great big horrid gun;
Then he muses himself more mighty
  Than God's anointed son.

Rob him of legal power,
  And take from him his gun;
Then bring him right down to fight,
  And you'll see the coward run.

True valor is in the heart of man
  Who will fight without a gun;
And in the riot come out victor,
  True valor's mighty son.

Lay aside your arms
  When your opponent has none;
And vie with each other
  Without a great big gun.

To arrest a disarmed villian,
  For what he has done;
Don't first blow him up side his head
  With the muzzle of your gun.

Although vested in authority
  And abetted by a great big gun;
Still your culprit is human
  And is somebody's son.

Don't vaunt and bully o'er men,
  Though your gold weighs a ton;
Remember manly fortitude
  Is never found in a gun.

THE DEWY MORN.

The birds all are singing,
  The air is pure and sweet,
The woods with music are ringing
  The golden morn to greet.

Buzzing bees are flying,
  Laden with honey dew;
Lambkins are crying,
  For their mother ewe.

Nothing seems to be dying
  Under the sun's glare;
Butterflies are flying
  Among the flowers fair.

All nature is smiling
  Without a blot or blight;
The sunbeams are gilding
  The landscape in delight.

The soft breath of the morning
  Is cooling summer's hot veins;
And nature is not groaning
  And parching up in pains.

HE WHO CAN'T FAIL.

A fall one needs not fear
  When he's already down;
Though pride may at him jeer,
  And lordly o'er him frown.

He who's up is liable to fall;
  He who's down to rise;
Falling and rising are common to all,
  In nature's prudent eyes.

When one's poor and down,
  Exposed to disgrace,
Eye him not with a frown,
  For this is man's primitive place.

From lowness we rise
  Up to higher ground;
Then never deign to despise
  A fellow when he's down.

Lowness is the fist round
  In life's gradual rise;
From which the climber who's down
  First upward casts his eyes.

Wherever human intelligence flies,
  The wheels of industry resound;
And men seem to fall and rise
  Where manly prudence is found.

OLD FOLKS AND YOUNG FOLKS.

When some old folks are wake,
  Some young folks are mad;
But when some old folks go to bed,
  Some young folks are glad.

Some old folks like to peep and pry,
  Deep into young folk's affairs,
To see if they can descry
  Some immoral intent there.

Oftimes old folks are right
  And young folks are wrong;
Old folks know it is night,
  A good time to do wrong.

Old folks are ever on the lookout
  Vigilant sentries at the gate;
Trying to descry what's about
  Before it is too late.

When the old folks say "bed time"
  Take your hat from the wall and go;
It's no use to grumble and whine,
  For these old folks certainly know.

A SORROWFUL HOUR.

Who can sing in such an hour
  When sorrow and grief rain down;
And beat with almighty power
  To crush him to the ground?

Black clouds, the harbinger of a storm
  Ever rising all around;
And lightning of horrid form
  Precedes the thunder sound.

Tribulations like big drops of rain,
  Shower down upon my head;
My enemies in a long extended train,
  Press on with lusty tread.

However my foe is strong,
Its gruff voice I hear;
But if I'm not in the wrong
What need I to fear?

Let calumny and error burn,
And infamy cover me o'er;
Still my innocence they cannot spurn
While truthful fires glow.

Human lions around me howl,
And mad-dogs at me bay;
All of them around me prowl,
And mark me as their prey.

BROKEN CONFIDENCE.

Broken confidence is hard to mend,
When once broken between lovers and friends;
Its strong cohesion is no more,
And never can be, as it was before.

When once lost it can't be found
Any more in life's dizzy round;
Though we seek it and seek again,
Yet all our seeking is in vain.

When it's lost it's gone forever,
And we can confide never
In the virtue of that soul
Which we thought was pure as gold.

Wherever lives strong confidence
In regard to moral excellence;
It'll not hearken to any hearsay,
Surmised to slander one now a day.

It's hard to have confidence in one
Who has deceived you once before;
Though your affection she has won,
Still in her you confide no more.

TITULARY APOSTLES.

Preachers cut a mighty dash,
  And feel themselves made new
When they eat pork chops and hash
  And a nice right chicken stew.

Some strong hot coffee then,
  And sugar to sweeten it next;
Then only one in every ten
  Can preach a decent text.

On superstitious things they dwell,
  And dreadful phantoms present;
They make us think the captain in hell,
  Is turned loose for the present.

How to live right they never preach,
  But in a slang and hateful way;
Fanaticism is all they teach
  In the sanctuaries of today.

In great emotions they whoop and rear
  Whenever they preach and pray;
This is done solely to scare
  The populace of now a day.

They preach the earth's going to melt and run
  Before the flames like lead;
And God's going to blow out the sun,
  And wild destruction spread.

PROVERBS.

The tongue's like a race horse,
  The lighter the burden the faster it goes;
So deeper the stream,
  The swifter it flows.

We know nearer the bone
  Sweeter the meat;
Nearer the fire;
  Greater the heat.

Plainer the evidence,
  Stronger is the speech;
Deeper the ocean,
  Higher is the beach.

Older the cow,
  More wrinkled the horn;
Older the world,
  More babies are born.

Older the man,
  Weaker the sight;
Older the maid;
 Cooler the night.

Stronger the manhood,
  Warmer the desire;
Younger the maiden,
  Hotter the fire.

HOW TO GET ALONG.

Stay in your place,
  Bridle your unruly tongue;
Tend to your own business,
  If you want to get along.

Don't go around here all dressed up,
  Putting on your gaudy airs,
Raising so much sand and dust
  Meddling with other folks affairs.

Just mind your own business,
  And let other folks alone
Then they can't grieve and fret
  Over what you've said and done.

Don't tattle about other folks,
  When they are not there;
Nor allow yourself once to butt
  Into their own affairs.

Other folk's business is not yours,
  And you need not to interfere;
Let them do what they will,
  But your own boat try to steer.

You can't suit everybody
  And every person can't suit you;
So attend to your own business,
  And try your best to get through.

TIME'S FAST FLYING.

Time is fast flying
  Bearing us on to the tomb;
So we are gradually dying,
  And hence will go soon.

Within us rings a direful sound,
  And it makes pious hearts cry
To dream of the spot of ground
  Where we must surely lie.

We are walking down to the tomb,
  Though unaware we go,
Leaving behind the dressing room
  Granted to us here below.

Onward, we march night and day
  With nimble and noiseless tread,
On that irremediable way
  To the land of the silent dead.

Our lives are ever fleeting;
  Disasters rage and rave;
Our hearts like drums are beating,
  Sadly marching us to the grave.

THE VIOLET.

Blushing modest violets,
  From among the leaves are peeping;
They hear the light tread of gentle spring
  Come creeping! creeping! creeping!

They are crown'd with purple hoods,
  Whose heads are blushing and weeping;
They see hard by the verdant spring
  Come creeping! creeping! creeping.

The host of blushing violets,
  All in a pinky dye,
Are seen here and there
  Bright as a deep blue eye.

Sweet blushing, bashful violets,
  The eager children are seeking;
For they think 'tis time for spring
  To come creeping! creeping! creeping!

How dainty and modest is the violet!
  Who in loveliness is weeping;
When blithesome flowery spring
  Comes creeping! creeping! creeping!

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

After every sincere act of devotion,
  Spiritual blessings will surely come
To kindle in us sacred emotion,
  For our blessed home.

Fear not when thunder begins to roll and spread
  Deep horror on the midnight air;
The God of the living and not the dead,
  Is always present there.

Then why should we tremble and dread
  To encounter a howling blast;
When God protects every hair of our head,
  And preserves us in the last?

Fear not, fear not, ye saints!
  For there's in heaven an eye
That looks down o'er all restraints,
  Whenever ye pray and cry.

God turns down a listening ear
Whenever His children cry;
Then why should we fear,
And doubt His patient reply?

SORRY NEGROES.

You want to be white?
So indeed, I see;
Why don't you know
That you cannot be?

Don't crave for something
Which you cannot be,
But rather for something
You surely can be.

So many sorry Negroes
Are craving to be white,
Knowing at the same time
That they are black as night.

Buying all kind of powders
That come into sight,
Trying to do all they can
To make themselves white.

Ever tattling and dreaming
How to hold each other down;
Who'd rather be a white man
Than to be a brown.

Walking around dressed up fine,
A pretty good looking sight;
Yet he grieves all the time
Because he isn't white.

Educated most highly
He a personage of might,
With a vast bank account,
But still he wants to be white.

He prays and seeks not for fame,
  Nor worthy pleasure in sight;
He only wants his color changed
  Into lilly white.

He scoffs at his own hair and color,
  And loves that of the lilly whites;
He thinks his hair and color
  Debar him from social rights.

'Tis not his hair and color,
  That the world despises so;
'Tis but his wretched condition,
  That bolts the social door.

He sees but little glory in himself,
  For this reason in him God sees less;
And spurns all his prayers, songs and complaints
  In the dark hour of distress.

OLD HOME.

Wherever you may chance to roam
  Or deign yourself once to stay;
Never forget your dear old home
  In life's undulating way.

It's the sweetest place we know;
  'Tis pure affection's shrine;
And wherever we should go
  Let us hold it precious in mind.

There mirth and blithe gather around,
  Fed by undying love,
A sacred stream flowing down
  Out of some fount above.

There's love pure as gold
  In dear old home's breast;
And balm for your bleeding soul,
  And to you the weary rest.

At home there's a constant flame,
  Serene as celestial fire;
It burns on in snow or rain,
  And will not once expire.

It matters not where you roam,
  Or what may be your lot;
Don't forget your dear old home,
  Be it a mansion or a cot.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

Character is one thing,
  Reputation is another;
Though at times
  We find them right together.

The former is the kernel within,
  The latter is the tiny shell;
The former is the flower,
  So the latter is the smell.

Character is one's real self,
  Reputation's what one's said to be;
And sometimes when brought together,
  We find them to disagree.

Character is acquired,
  Reputation can be the same;
But you'll find that they differ
  As life you go on through.

Character is either good or bad,
  Reputation can be the same;
Character is one's real soul;
  Reputation is but the fame.

Character is the first cause,
  Reputation is an effect;
Though very close related,
  Still at times they don't connect.

MARCH ONWARD.

Onward! is the watchword,
  Rally around the banner;
Toil on up the hill,
  And shout a loud hosanna.

Onward march ye soldiers,
  With shield and banner bright;
Sally forth with courage bold
  Into the hottest of the fight.

Don't lay your armour down
  Until the victory you've won;
And taken from your enemy
  Every sword and every gun.

Onward, forward, shout aloud
  Ye valiant hearted band;
Never mind fiery aversions,
  But like a hero stand.

Though the enemy crown the hill,
  And deals death to you below;
Fight on and you shall rout
  This grim and malignant foe.

JOHN KIDD.

His gray beard hung down on his breast,
  He wore his hair long;
His mind seemed always to be at rest,
  His muscles were hard and strong.

His hair was reddish brown,
  His eyes were dark but bright;
On his brow was not a frown,
  To dispel any one with fright.

A kind hearted man was he
  To all his neighbors around;
No better man could we see;
  No better could be found.

In peace he lived with all mankind,
With no malice in his breast;
No other merit sought he to find
Save a place of rest.

His heart was serene as the day;
Kind deeds he did for all;
And, ofttimes he kneeled to pray
For both the great and small.

He had no covetous design,
His feelings were sacred and true;
He was of the Anglo-Saxon line,
Whose blood is divinely pure.

Unharm'd he ran his race
And passed safely o'er;
With sunny smiles upon his face,
He landed on the other shore.

What he knew he kept it hid
And walked in the rear of mankind;
Everybody called him Uncle John Kidd,
For he had no malice in his mind.

Indeed riches he had none,
Regardless to good chances;
But lived as the prodigal son,
In adverse circumstances.

So without eager cares,
His destined course he ran;
And every one who dares
Will say he's a gentleman.

But John Kidd is now at rest,
Beyond misfortune's frown;
And glory o'er his peaceful breast,
Guards solemnly around.

ZAMBO.

Zambo looks like he's right;
Going to see his gal tonight;
All dressed up mighty fine,
So he'll be there tonight at nine.

When the big dog begins to bark,
Just sneak out in the dark;
And you'll surely find
Zambo there just at nine.

Get up out of your feather bed,
Stick your hat on your head;
Dress yourself up and go out,
Zambo is somewhere about.

When he comes you can tell
From his awful rancid smell;
Get up at once and go out
For Zambo is somewhere about.

WOMAN WANTS THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

Woman wants to be man
  To wear man's breeches and coat;
And be a legal subject of the land
  With full rights to vote.

Give woman man's breeches,
  And man's great big coat;
Let her go out and make speeches,
  And bleat like a wild goat.

Grant her the right of suffrage,
  And to dabble in all affairs;
These will increase her politic courage,
  And weaken her maternal cares.

Indoors was woman's divine place
When she dwell'd in Eden's bower;
With her virtue, love and grace,
She craved for no other power.

Her sphere was inclosed there,
Where grow mellow fruit and flowers;
And undefiled by political sin
She adored Eden's holy bower.

Privacy is modest woman's fort
Sweet affection is her shrine;
And she needs no right to vote
To make her province shine.

EARTHLY GLORY.

Heraldic stones piled to the skies
Must crumble beneath the stroke of time;
All mortality, too, soon dies,
And leaves an immortal world behind.

All sublunary grandeurs we know
In corroding time must decay;
And the world shall brighter glow
When the old shall vanish away.

Every earthly tower menacing the sky
To exalt some titulary god,
Shall tumble down to expire
Beneath time's beating rod.

The greatest wonders we know
Reared by the skill of man,
In time shall be no more
Seen towering above the land.

Every antique mosque and palace,
It matters not how sublime;
Must disappear from their place
In the stormy years of time.

Yon tall mountain must bow
Its awful head to the plain;
And fiery isles by divine power
Must spring blazing from the main.

CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

Surely the age of the cities of the plain
To the world has come back again;
When storied Sodom and Gomorrah
Were utterly destroyed by Jehovah.

All the cities and people therein
Were demolished for their sins;
For idolatry was their king
And hosanna they didn't sing.

From Sodom to Zoar Lot fled
In the way his angel securely led;
For Lot was a godly man,
The most righteous in the land.

Lot found grace in God's sight,
And angels guarded him in his flight
From doomed Sodom to the mountain
That looked down on the plain.

When pious Lot into Zoar came,
The sun had gone forth upon the plain
To proclaim destruction to all
Who were in the bitterness of gall.

Now far from peril and harm,
Lot heard a soul-stirring alarm;
His wife looked back all in fault
And there she became a pillar of salt.

Brimstone and fire down from heaven came,
And beat upon the cities like heavy drops of rain;
This was done to consume and confound
The perverse heathens in the earth around.

Their wickedness had gone up to God,
He poured upon them the wrath of His burning rod;
And left not a stone to mark the place,
Once the habitation of an ungodly race.

Black desolation, spreading wide,
Veil'd the plain from side to side;
And wreathing pitchy smoke on high,
Shaded the sun and the golden sky.

Utter demolition was God's aim
To the cities and perverse people of the plain,
And to bury them in oblivion deep,
Nameless there to howl and weep.

Ten righteous souls could not be found
Within the cities' vast bound;
And for this cause all had to die,
God's word to justify.

Terms of salvation to the cities had been given
Before God rained down fire out of heaven,
To annihilate an iniquitous race,
Breathing immorality in His face.

He wrapt'd up the cities in a vast flame,
And depopulated all the plain;
Thus under God's ireful might,
Sodom and Gomorrah vanished out of sight.

An adulterous generation was dethroned,
And its stronghold was overthrown;
And left a charred smoking waste,
The relics of an ungodly race.

Hillocks of cinders and ashes lay here and there;
Sulphuric odors filled all the air;
Black chaos shrouded all the plain,
From the placid sea to the mountain.

NECESSARIES.

Grant me necessary wares:
  Salutary food and health;
Little else should we crave and care,
  For miser's countless wealth.

Just enough money to buy what I need
  And pay for it right then;
Always leaving some for seed
  And a little to lend.

My means are just like my hair,
  Which is very short indeed;
Little else do I care,
  Just since I get what I need.

The great aristocratic class,
  The multi-millionaire;
Must all come down at last
  And take mortal's common fare.

The aristocrat is but a man,
  Well verily so am I;
Though in wealth unequal we stand,
  Nevertheless, we're equal when we die.

The millionaire can't eat his gold,
  Nor in death carry it with him;
Riches can't ransom the dying soul,
  When the eyes in death grow dim.

Aristocrats in gaudy array
  Over death have no power,
They must make their bed in the clay,
  Just as low as ours.

Drive consuming aristocracy away;
  Put the world in the hands of hardy men;
Then all shall behold a brighter day,
  And have more money to spend.

UNTRUE LOVE.

The very heart I thought was pure
  And loved no one but me,
I find it now all untrue,
  And fickle as it can be.

My love had made this heart its shrine,
  For unknown years to come;
In storm or sunshine,
  I took it to be my home.

No throbbing heart was dearer to me
  Than the one I chant of here;
Whether on land or sea,
  I always held it dear.

I braved the storm of years to come,
  By trusting in its love;
And securely deem'd it my home,
  In the bosom of a turtle dove.

At night I have heard it throb and beat
  Close to my listening ear;
And in days serene and sweet
  My love brook'd no fear.

I dreamed my love had found a home
  In a heart that seemed to love me,
And in the shifting years to come,
  Would never from me flee.

But alas! one sorrowful day,
  In wonder and great surprise;
That heart cast my love away
  Disappointed forever to die.

Ever since that day and time
  Sad grief has fill'd my heart;
And tormenting dreams weary my mind
  So that I cannot rest.

Though thy heart hath deceived me,
  Still my love is not dead;
But it lives only for thee,
  Wherever thou mayest tread.

Let thine heart in mirth remain
  Though mine must bleeding beat;
And the aching grief which paineth,
  Is that no more we may meet.

Though disunited are you and I,
  And I know not where thou art;
Will not thou grant one lovely sigh
  To heal my wounded heart?

Every impulse hath been shaken;
  The dignity which a world couldn't bow,
Kneels before thee all forsaken,
  And by thee, too, forsaken now.

I'm weltering down in deep despair,
  Whilst thou art on the hill;
Wilt thou not hearken to my prayer,
  Which is high heaven's will?

Fare thee well, now and forever,
  We cannot mend the broken tie;
And should we meet never, never!
  May we like a widow and widower die.

LOST HOPE.

My last spark of hope is dead,
  And there's not a single ray;
While from me happiness has fled
  And misery lay athwart my way.

When the last beam of hope dies,
  Within an anxious breast;
The soul turns its wishful eyes
  Elsewhere for happiness.

Deep in the abyss of despair
  Where horrors obstruct the way;
Beyond the reach of revered care,
  Lost hopes in misery lay.

PRESIDENT WILSON.

President Wilson has taken his seat,
  And has crossed his mighty legs;
Everybody has plenty to eat,
  And there's no need to beg.

The old Ship of State is sailing
  Now o'er a peaceful sea;
And there's no hideous wailing
  To annoy the land of the free.

Over the calm waters she glides,
  Bound for that evergreen shore;
That stands beyond the rising tides
  Of life forevermore.

In pious peace and rest,
  She now sails along the strand,
Where rivers laden with happiness
  Flow bounteous through the land.

Captain Wilson is now on board
  To row the states o'er the main;
He has cruised along every road,
  And sea-faring is not strange.

Let all the Federal union around
  Sing, "The Comforter has Come,"
Until every yeoman listens to the sound,
  And shouts in the harvest home.

ROCK OF AGES.

The Rock of Ages is higher than I;
  It rises from the vale of eternity;
Then towering midway leaves the sky,
  And hides in the realm of infinity.

Oh! Rock of Ages, hide me
  Till the storm of life is past;
And when death comes to set me free,
  Then receive my soul at last.

In thy cliffs O let me dwell
  Safe from storms below,
Where woes, like seas, rage and swell,
  And death like rivers flow.

Thou art a well of water in an arid land,
  A watch tower and guide post;
The royal way to bright Canaan,
  And guardian son of the Holy Ghost.

The Rock of everlasting Ages,
  Standing beyond this veil of tears;
Where the Jordan never rages,
  And the soul never fears.

TO REBECCA GILMER.

Love has pierced my heart to the core
And from the incision floods the purple gore;
In deathly pangs I bear the wound;
No balm save in thee have I found.

Come fond pet Oh! will you go
Where fiery lovers cease to glow?
Beneath a wedded sunny sky,
There siren-like let us die.

In that ever sacred nuptial lea,
We shall sip nectar like the bee
From lover's gay and perennial flower,
That hides and blushes in a secret bough.

THE COUNTRY SIDE IN JUNE.

In the genial month of June
  To the country side we go;
Where the air is all perfume
  And balmy zephyrs blow.

Where merry birds are singing,
And flit blithely around;
The groves and vales are ringing,
With a joyful sound.

How imposing is the scene
Of meadows spreading wide!
All robed in living green,
Where gamboling brooklets glide.

Sweet pinks and daisies everywhere,
As far as the eye can see,
And crocuses wth golden hair
In beauty dot the lea.

In summer sweet are the hours
When cooled by a gentle breeze
That kisses the lips of flowers,
And tangles the hair of trees.

Here solitude grants us charms,
And fleeting hopes return,
Far from the moil of alarms;
With manly desires we burn.

CONFEDERATE REUNION.

There's going to be a big time
In a Southern city far away;
It's a re-union of the gallant soldiers.
The soldiers who wore the gray.

Veterans of a noble but ill-planned cause
Are to meet again ere they die,
And see once more the Confederate banner
Bravely ride the breezes on high.

There again in martial honor
Each will tell his sad story,
How they routed federal valor,
In battles grim and gory.

The bugle horn, the drum and fife,
  That from the heart drives dread;
They kindle emotion in the old soldiers,
  But they cannot awake the silent dead.

In this grizzly grand array,
  True Southern chivalry is seen;
Heroes upward of three score years,
  Are spry as lads eighteen.

But the saddest scene of all,
  That is their chieftain is dead;
And still glory defends the noble South,
  Pointing to where Davis led.

These veterans are sons of blue-blooded heroes
  Who from yeoman gentry came,
And fought their way through seas of blood,
  To the throne of freedom and fame.

When old age and death calls this soldiery home,
  The Confederate reunion shall be no more;
But that famous lost cause,
  The world will forever know.

In that Lost Cause, 'tis just to say
  That the gray were gallant and true,
And in many bloody engagements,
  They routed the lines of blue.

TO A LADY AT WACO, TEXAS.

I have striven but all in vain
  To forget thy sweet lovely face,
And never to muse of thee again,
  As my future sole resting place.

Could'st thou be here as thou hadst been
  Could I behold that fond breast;
Could I see thee as I have seen,
  It would grant my weary desires rest.

I'm a poor bird without a mate,
  Doom'd by cruel fate to roam,
With a heart sad and desolate,
  I seek thee for my home.

O could I fly and know where to go!
  To seek some heart that weeps for me;
I fain would leave this desolate shore,
  And fly at once straight unto thee.

My deepest affection is written here,
  And when by thee these stanzas are read;
Please let flow tender affection's tear,
  O'er them, as o'er the silent dead.

Moisten them with crescent drops of dew,
  Distilled by true affection's eyes,
Who falters not, but are ever true
  In scenes of bliss or misery.

THIRTY-NINE.

Nine and thirty is now my age,
A little bard and a much less sage;
For thirty-nine years I've dragged along
Through unvaried right and shifting wrong.

Nothing have I to offer at nine and thirty,
But a memorandum black and dirty,
Which awaits me in some final day
When life's last beam shall fade away.

My life's sun has crossed its middle line,
In the Zenith full high of thirty-nine;
Slow sinks now onward to the grave,
Home of the timid and the brave.

This vain race I soon shall have run,
When hides itself my life's setting sun;
And low sinks to silence and rest,
As Sol behind the hills of the West.

No worth have I—but little love;
No true friends on earth; but few above
Would lend an ear to a scribbler's rhyme,
Especially a little bard whose age is thirty-nine.

'Tis time this soul of mine should think,
Not of claret or port wine to drink;
Since vessels huge in sailing life's sea,
It has prematurely wrecked, then why not me?

Consuming years have quaffed up my love,
My manly passion no longer seems to move;
Warm desires no longer kindle in me a blaze,
And seek the sweetest charms for preys.

My imagination once glowed like fire,
A lofty flight in verse it once did admire;
But now it lies in my bosom dead,
In swattling clothes hoary as my head.

Let masters of verse raise the strain,
To sing what I essayed to chant in vain;
And in skill'd flight shoot beyond the line,
Of other bards and one that's thirty-nine.

Although my temples are growing hoary,
The cherished memories of youth are now my glory;
Oh! muse I seek not thy undying praise
That causes the fire in human hearts to blaze.

For any seat with Milton, Lamb or Scott,
Shakespeare, Byron or Goldsmith, I ask not;
Neither with Poe, Dryden or Johnson before thy shrine,
But grant an humbler seat to me who's thirty-nine.

Low in the West hangs my declining sun
Whose reflected beams herald my race is run;
And on the orient vesper leads on sable night,
To bury me soon beneath human sight.

THERE'S A REALM SOMEWHERE.

There's a realm somewhere,
  If my muse serves me right,
A realm whose sky is fair,
  A land of pure delight.

Its ancient honor and dark name
  Through the wreck and storm of years;
And its majestic wonders remain
  Yet amidst its haunty peers.

Though dim on storied pages,
  Its mighty wonders and people stand,
Smitten by the blast of ages
  That have swept o'er the ancient land.

However oppressed and despised
  By its mighty haunty peers;
Still in glory it shall rise
  And conquer in coming years.

DOWN IN THE SHADY GROVE.

Down in the shady grove,
  Where the sward is soft and green;
Young fancy loves to rove,
  And loiter o'er the scene.

There we hear the katy-did's voice,
  And frogs croaking in the stream;
These make sad hearts rejoice,
  Forgetful of sorrowful dreams.

Sweet flowers of varied kind
  Weep blooming all around;
And a crystal rill dances in rhyme,
  Murmuring in a sweet low sound.

The crested noisy blue jay,
  Chattering loud in the grove;
And many another bird in lay,
  Chants to its lovely cove.

The gray hawk's shrill cry
  Echoing loud I hear,
As he skims along in mid sky,
  Without a single fear.

Mimic mocking birds are caroling,
  In melodies transporting and free;
And modest partridges are calling,
  "Bob White," and not "Bob Lee."

A herd is grazing in the sun;
  Butterflies are on painted wings;
And swains their melodies have begun;
  The grove with music rings.

TO HON. MORRIS SHEPPARD.

Were your last rock of hope shivered,
  And you sinking down deep in the sea;
I' fain would help to deliver,
  And preserve thee to the land of the free.

O may thy glory never wane,
  But burn on in refulgent day,
Gilding every vale, hill and plain,
  And driving the gloom away.

God-like in the senate of the land
  Where wit and eloquence shoot fast,
Be there a mighty hero to stand
  And fight error to the very last.

In peerless majesty move on,
  Like some burning hero at night;
Blazing from some aerial throne,
  Wondrous o'er the wreck of night.

Thou art Leonidas at the gate;
  And in the council Sheridan or Pitt;
Yea! Pericles in the senate;
  And so Socrates in wit.

Bright as heaven's revolving light.
Live now and forevermore;
And before a mighty nation's sight
In undying glory glow.

BALL GAME ON SUNDAY.

On Sunday the laity don't care for devotion,
But rather have a big ball game;
So this licentious polished tolerance,
Must make fair Christendom shame.

The laity wont go a hundred yards to church,
But will go twenty miles to a ball game;
Where peasantry and gentry meet,
And all do and look the same.

There's a big game in the city park,
Or out on some village green;
And people on Sunday from far and near
Come to the irreligious scene.

The Sabbath is Christendom's day of rest,
And so by God was designed;
That low humanity might hallow,
And revere it in every clime.

'Tisn't a day for festal sport,
And should be kept ever sinless
By carrying on devotional services,
That God sanctified to be rest.

Now they have secularized the Sabbath,
And rendered it irreverent in God's sight;
So many vile adherents go forth to say
Ball playing on Sunday is right.

Indeed they scoff at God's decree,
To keep the Sabbath from disgrace;
Now lo! perversed defiled gang,
Hawks and spits in the clergy's face.

Horrid unbelief big with infamy,
  Ignores and defames the Sabbath day,
And Orthodox Churches everywhere
  Have not a word to say.

Sunday is the Lord's day,
  An shouldn't be profaned
For the sake of lewd pleasure,
  Nor to deal in any game.

The Almighty hallowed this day
  And solemnized it with prayer and song,
So that we might mimic Him,
  In the storm of years to come.

He wrought six irksome days,
  Then spent the seventh in rest;
And in blissful tranquil peace
  Entertained His celestial guest.

Thus after His rigorous labour,
  Creation moved off with ease;
And on the throne of rest He inhaled cool zephyrs
  In the shade of celestial trees.

AN AMERICAN AIR.

There's a national air I love to hear,
  It matters not where I go;
Its melody drives away every fear,
  And makes patriotism glow.

The broken hearted it animates,
  And makes the wounded whole;
Its strain always corroborates,
  And cheers up a loyal soul.

The sacred anthem is Dixie Land,
  A clime where our fathers died,
A fearless, noble-hearted band,
  Full of great austral pride.

What tickling joy is brought about
Whenever this melody we sing!
And in emotional mirth we shout,
To make fair freedom ring.

How melodious to my listening ears!
Is this seraphic teasing song;
And in the storm of coming years
Keep Southern hearts loyal and strong.

Let a well trained musical band
And a choir from the heavenly South,
Just play and sing Dixie Land,
A land in the balmy south.

Whenever they play and sing
This American sacred air,
The soul will thrill and ring
With raptures it cannot bear.

Angels unfurl their golden wings
And down the skies come near,
When the sunny South sings
This song, which they love to hear.

GOD IS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

God is no respecter of persons;
To Him all His saints look alike;
In His precise, impartial judgement,
He rules them all aright.

He's merciful unto all,
And sends the Comforter down;
From His Holy sanctuary
To wherever His saints are found.

He houses them all in His bosom,
To keep them safe from all harm;
And for them to lean securely,
On His everlasting arm.

In Christ Jesus the saints all abide,
In spiritual body and love;
And thus like him, toil and suffer,
To reign in glory above.

BE EXACT.

Be exact and economic in all affairs,
And not go crazy about fine wares;
But move along contented and slow,
Observing all things as you go.
Toil on with all godly might
To bring hidden aim full in sight;
Never mind the labor particular,
But keep the mind on the dollar.
Irksome labor isn't hard a bit,
If we'd but think of what's in it;
Though fanciful ideas rise and set
Still think of hire we get.
All labor is hard when wages are low,
For there's nothing to make imagination glow.

MAMA'S WEE MAN.

Mama's sweet little baby
With dimple cheeks of tan,
Tries to stand alone
Just like a little man.

Crawls all o'er the floor;
Pulls up by the chair;
Blithe as a sunbeam,
He plays here and there.

Mama's precious little angel
With eyes of violet blue,
That glitter in sunlight,
Like sparkling sacred dew.

The florid lips of Mama's baby,
Drip nectar like a honey comb;
And papa will surely lip them
Soon as he comes home.

PRESENT CONDITION.

Let man against his brother fight,
  And strive to press him down;
Till wrong is dethroned by right,
  And hurled into depths profound.

Demagogues may rule with an iron rod,
  Their greed is but absolute power;
They cannot avert the plan of God,
  And make error one single vow.

A WISE WOMAN.

A wise woman is queen in her kingdom,
  Though it may be great or small;
She governs it with love and prudence,
  So that it may not fall.

She buildeth up her home
  With virtue, piety and love;
And keeps it a chaste reception house
  For the indwelling of God above.

There she's ruling queen,
  The goddess o'er all she surveys,
And in the garb of rectitude
  She walks in virtue's ways.

She always builds up her house,
  And never tears it down;
She acts there a healing salve
  To every domestic wound.

She is never vain and termagant,
  Airy, dissolute and headstrong;
But is always willing and ready
  To pluck the woolly head of wrong.

She is heaven's revolving light,
  Moving around in her domestic sphere;
And giving smiles and loveliness,
  Through the rays of her tender care.

She's apt to teach what's right,
  And quick to see what's wrong;
Thus in her household circle
  She moves a power strong.

To the cross she ever points,
  And shows her family the way
That Jesus Christ himself led,
  Up to more illustrious day.

INTOXICATING LIQUOR.

Take away all spirituous liquors,
  And let pan temperance reign;
Coursing on with life and peace
  Through every moral vein.

Put down the worm of the still,
  Life's most virulent foe;
For with its unsheathed dagger,
  It stabs life to the very core.

Pale penury and woe are found,
  And the moral status is low
In every land and home
  Where spirituous liquors flow.

It's a venomous hydra with many hands,
  Debilitating the physique of man;
And with its quivering forked tongues
  Moves crested through the land.

FLIRTS.

Yon come Sue Liz and Dollie,
  Black Birdie and Caroline;
Great I'm please tell me
  What makes them dress so fine

They are drest in costly silk,
  And the finest of bombazeen;
They wiggle, flirt and flounce about
  Like girls of sweet sixteen.

For thirty years, more or less,
They have had all kinds of fun;
Now still they're rowdy women,
In the glare of virtue's sun.

Robed in richest apparels,
Their sluttish morals to hide;
Then incensed by sensuality
From city to city they ride.

All drest up and without a home,
They ride screened from place to place;
Giving ever a mortal blow
To the virtue of the female race.

Each one rather haunt some brothel,
To indulge in illicit pleasures of life,
Than to plumb the line of rectitude
And live a prudish devoted wife.

They're well-bred ladies in attire,
But are not in spirit and truth;
And thus, for want of moral integrity,
Each is unlike saint Ruth.

For sport and pleasure they crave,
These make them dress so fine;
Forgetting they are Sue Liz and Dollie,
Black Birdie and Caroline.

THE TITANIC.

The greatest vessel afloat went down,
Far out in mid sea;
And all her grandeur and brief renown,
No more the world shall see.

Fair and serene was the day,
When this newly crowned empress of the sea
Steamed majestically from the quay,
Bound for the noble land of the free.

Marvelous and majestic Titanic,
  Made queen regent of the deeps;
Ill-fated sister of the Olympic,
  Now on the bottom of the ocean sleeps.

Just before this colossal queen steamed out,
  A deep sad silence prevailed;
Then were heard a farewell shout,
  From the passengers around the rail.

Waving handkerchiefs and shouting bye, bye,
  To those whom they left on shore;
Mirth sparkled in everyone's eye,
  And each face flushed with glow.

A colossal and picturesque sight,
  The victor of every sea and wave;
Steamed on with herculean might,
  And made mid-ocean her grave.

Heedless to the perils of the passage
  That lurked in the Northern sea;
The Titanic went down on her maiden voyage,
  To the glorious shore of the free.

Full many fathoms down
  In the ocean's dark unfathomed cave;
The ill-fated queen of brief renown
  Made her untimely grave.

There were 2340 souls on board,
  And 1635 of them went down;
Some were returning home; some going abroad
  O'er a Northern sea, dark and profound.

A huge iceberg like a mountain high
  Loomed up in the leviathan's way;
And upreared its awful head to the sky
  To confound this sea monster's sway.

This awful goddess of the deep
  Rush't against her icy foe;
Thence she was made to creep,
  And wish for some friendly shore.

"Collided with a giant foe,
  In the North Atlantic Sea,"
Was the wireless message sent to the shore
  Of England and the noble free.

In her the berg tore a horrid wound,
  Which disabled her to go;
And there was no vessel near round
  To tow her to the shore.

This sea-goddess gaping with a mortal wound
  Languishing in death and pain;
In woeful grief soon went down
  In the abyss of an icy main.

Her iron clad bow bore many wounds,
  She struggled hard not to die;
Yet in dying she made such awful sounds
  That broke the silence on the deep and sky.

Ill-fated Titanic, the White Star liner,
  All who with her went down;
Obeying: Smith, Astor, Butt and Weidner,
  Shall ever wear a golden crown.

Deep down in the sea are their graves,
  Where broods placidness and rest;
For there are no maddened waves
  To roll across a peaceful breast.

The destitute, the learned, the millionaire,
  Who together sadly went down;
With the noble captain with golden hair
  Shall shine on the scroll of renown.

O ye true hearted and brave!
  Beyond disasters sleep;
In a deep, dark oceanic grave
  With water for thy winding sheet.

Long as the hills shall stand,
  And the rolling awful deep;
Mourners shall walk the golden strand,
  And o'er thy doom weep.

At the bottom of the sea, O let them lie
  Until that illustrious day comes
When the dead in the sea shall rise,
  And shout in triumph home.

Then sorrowful survivors no more'll weep;
  Sad tears no more will flow,
When the heroes of the Titanic rise from the deep,
  And promenade the pebbly shore.

The dead and the living some day
  Will strike glad hands again;
When the mighty sea shall pass away,
  And every mountain and plain.

When that dreadful trumpet shall sound,
  Through the earth and down to hell;
All the sainted dead in the sea profound
  Shall rise and come back to dwell.

What amazing wonders shall we behold
  In the great resurrection of the dead!
When diadems of supernal gold
  Shall adorn each drowned head.

Then we shall grieve no more,
  About them we love so dear;
But walk jovially the golden shore,
  And shed not a sorrowful tear.

Remember the spot where they went down,
  And forever hold them dear;
O! may they wear a precious crown,
  Beyond horrid death and fear.

In a rolling angry sea,
  Not conscious of danger near,
A ship and her manly crew
  Went down without a fear.

The gray old ocean is wild,
  'Tis vast and profound,
It pities not the noble men,
  Who beneath its waves went down.

Those men who met their doom
  Without an angry frown;
Stood upon the deck of the sinking ship,
  And all like gods went down.

Those brave hearts beneath the waves,
  Where the North Atlantic flows,
Are braver hearts than ever beat,
  In the bosom of other souls.

Costly marble with the sculptor's art
  Marks many honored graves;
But there no blazing stones are seen
  Towering above the waves.

A sad dirge o'er the waves,
  To the dead a tribute of respect,
Will never wake the heroic dead,
  From out that awful wreck.

LITTLE ORA.

Let the epic bard sing of his hero;
  The poet laureate his queen;
But I'll sing of a fair wee Miss,
  Who is clever, neat and clean.

Little I know about fairy land,
  And less about the fairies there;
But I dream no nymph or fay
  Can ever look half so fair.

Of all wee lassies she is the belle,
  And is sweeter than any rose of spring;
All she lacks in being a cherub
  Is a pair of little wings.

Her eyes are glittering gems,
  Sparkling in violet blue;
Her cheeks flush in beauty,
  And are bewitching, too.

Her lips are strawberry red,
  Disclosing her teeth of pearl;
To me she looks a goddess,
  The wee belle of the world.

She is a lily of modesty,
  Shining serenely sweet,
From her raven black hair,
  Down to her dainty little feet.

Now wee lassie, let me bow,
  And for thee make a fervent prayer,
That God may house you in glory,
  With the angels white and fair.

May you ever be happy and successful,
  In the grand parade of life;
And wear a diadem of glory,
  Beyond this world of strife.

High heaven's Sire please hear my cry,
  Ever pleading at thy bar;
For one, sacred little Ora,
  Bright as the morning star.

Write her name with diamond pen,
  Dipped in blood divine;
Seal it with seven seals,
  And call little Ora thine.

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