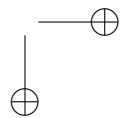
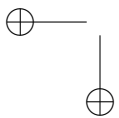
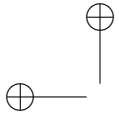


**THE MELANCHOLY LUTE**  
SELECTED SONGS OF THIRTY YEARS



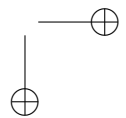
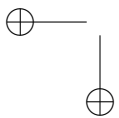


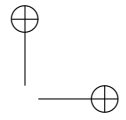
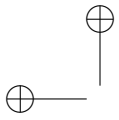


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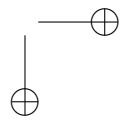
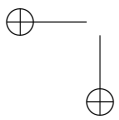
*Franklin P. Adams*

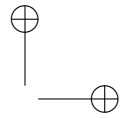
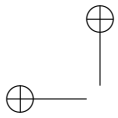
*IWP*





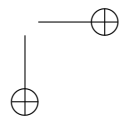
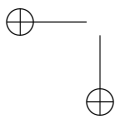
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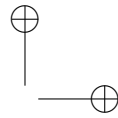




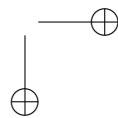
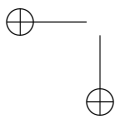
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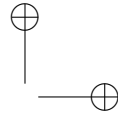
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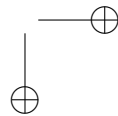
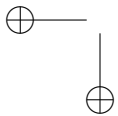


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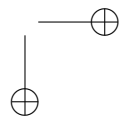
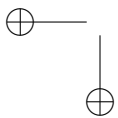


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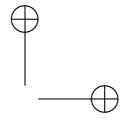
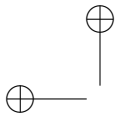




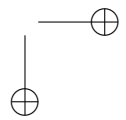
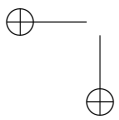
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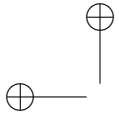




**THE MELANCHOLY LUTE**



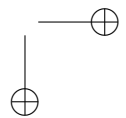
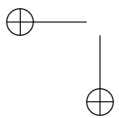


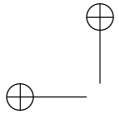


## JOURNALISM

*From THE WORLD, February 27, 1931  
(Its last issue)*

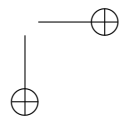
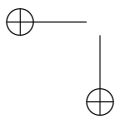
Journalism's a shrew and scold;  
    I like her.  
She makes you sick, she makes you old;  
    I like her.  
She's daily trouble, storm, and strife;  
She's love and hate and death and life;  
She ain't no lady – she's my wife;  
    I like her.

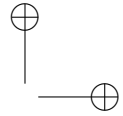




**TO A BOY TWO DAYS OLD**

Be strong, my son; stay ever out of debt;  
Depend not on your sire for livelihood;  
Have a good time; be merry and clever, and let  
Who will be good.





## THE SKEPTICISM OF ANTHONY

Anthony Adams, *etatis* three,  
Is the trustingest boy you could hope to see;  
But he asks, with the hint of a tiny frown,  
“Why did the Bridge fall down?”

Anthony Adams believes the things  
That his ever-so-lyrical mother sings  
To him as he slips to his evening sleep,  
But “Why did she lose her sheep?”

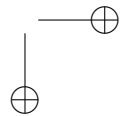
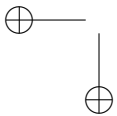
Anthony Adams, his father’s mold,  
Doubts never a thing that he is told,  
But he asks, regarding the piper’s son,  
“Why did away he run?”

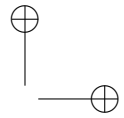
Anthony Adams – his father’s trait –  
Worries when anything isn’t straight.  
His life is built on a regular plan,  
So “What is a crooked man?”

Anthony Adams, a moral boy,  
Finds Tommy Tucker a singing joy,  
But this is the question of his life:  
“Why did he want a wife?”

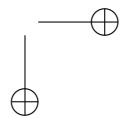
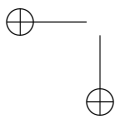
Three are Anthony Adams’s years,  
Too few to fathom a woman’s tears,  
And “Georgie Porgie” – he asks me – “why,  
Why did he make them cry?”

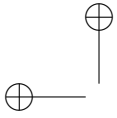
Anthony Adams, a person wise,  
Knows that his father never lies.  
I answer his queries truly, so  
I tell him I do not know.





Anthony Adams is only three,  
And trusting as ever a boy can be,  
So if you can answer him, be so kind  
As to write to the undersigned.





## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

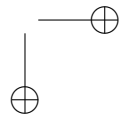
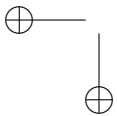
Never smash thy promise, lad;  
    Never break thy word;  
Never kiss a lady's lips,  
    Lest thou seem absurd.

Be a rock the girls can trust;  
    Never tell a lie;  
Never come thou back again  
    When they say good-by.

Never let them wonder, lad,  
    If thou'lt be on time;  
Pay thy debts with diamonds,  
    Never with a rhyme.

Never be a wastrel, lad;  
    Never fool a maid;  
Make of honor a business,  
    Make of truth a trade.

Do thou as I tell thee, lad;  
    Be the best of men:  
And girls won't write of thee in verse,  
    Nor think of thee again.



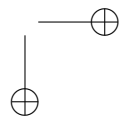
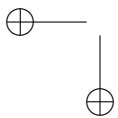


## TO A BOY BORN APRIL 18, 1928

Timmy, I cannot tell you wrong,  
I wouldn't lie for love or money.  
"No," I reply, "you're not as strong  
As Mr. Tunney.

You cannot run as fast as Tat  
(Your nickname for your older brother);  
You can't attack a sharp or flat  
As well as Mother.

But yours the devastating lure  
That well may turn into a winner  
Of all the world. Already you're  
Its greatest grinner."





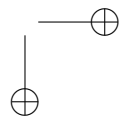
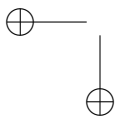


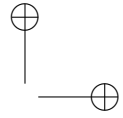
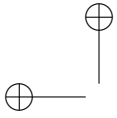
## FOR A BIRTHDAY BOY

My son, when something in your eye  
Yesterday morning chanced to fly,  
Doctor Levine stuck in a stick  
And made your eye no longer sick.

And though the cinder (known as “crumb”)  
Hurt you, you told him, more than some,  
You said, with candor in your eye,  
“I didn’t cry, I didn’t cry.”

I’m glad the gods – or some one – gave  
You such a smiling heart and brave,  
But yours may be less brave and bold  
The day *your* son is five years old.





## VERS OF MR. CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

### I

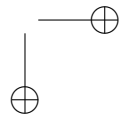
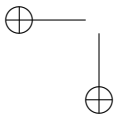
My boy, look out for trouble when  
A lovely woman, gazing at  
You, says, "I don't like handsome men. . .  
Whatever made me think of that?"  
If you would save yourself, my son,  
Take it upon the rapid run.

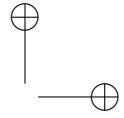
### II

If you are thirty-odd or more  
And women say, with love preface,  
"I think all younger men a bore.  
You older men have so much. . . sense,"  
Unless you're set to take a wife,  
Away from there run for your life.

### III

When you take ladies out to dine,  
And you, a prodigal with cash,  
Order a rare and costly wine  
To cut – to coin a phrase – a dash;  
When they observe, "I hate to see  
You spend your money," flee, oh, flee!





IV

Haply a girl for whom you ache  
Is plighted elsewhere that night,  
But says, "Oh, nothing I won't break  
For you, the moon of my delight."  
Unless, my son, you crave to "take it" –  
Excuse the slang – don't let her break it.

V

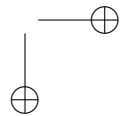
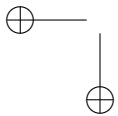
"It is not beauty I demand,"  
So said the poet (nor ask me who).  
My son, I raise my dexter hand  
To swear the following to you:  
Insist on beauty, boy; and bet  
That even that you will not get.

VI

Lithe and listen, lither lad:  
Are you fain to live a life  
Merry, joyous, free, and glad  
With a wise and lovely wife?  
Practice getting such a boon  
Hitting bull's-eyes at the moon.

VII

My son, avoid the tender touch  
Of her who says, hand on your arm,  
"I think, my dear, you smoke too much."  
Tobacco heart hath less of harm  
Than ladies lovingly who lecture.  
(My boy, this isn't just conjecture.)





VIII

“O, my love’s like a red, red rose,”  
I’ve sung, my son, as who has not?  
But when the blood less quickly flows,  
And boils at points yearly more hot,  
I find, as you will, O first-born,  
My love is like the sharp, sharp thorn.

IX

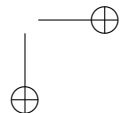
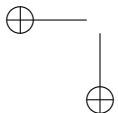
I have, you say, the cynic’s eye?  
The girls I hold in disesteem?  
You say I say that Love can die,  
That women are an empty dream?  
Go, son of this too-bitter bard,  
Straight to the top of Scotland Yard.

X

Not so far as you can see  
Trust who tells, or but implies,  
What a mother she would be;  
Doubt the evidence of your eyes.  
Briefly, son, I bid you spurn all  
Instincts bordering on maternal.

XI

When she looks you in the eye,  
Saying, “If we twain should tire,  
Freedom’s famous battle cry  
We shall shout,” she is a liar.  
Wedded, you will be a slave  
All points northerly of the grave.



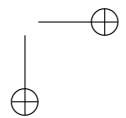
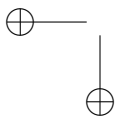


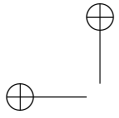
XII

In eighteen-hundred-ninety-one  
Each girl was an intactile gem,  
And never a fellow fit, my son,  
Even to touch her garment's hem.  
The girl today, past any doubt,  
Thinks that he is – and just about.

XIII

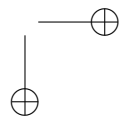
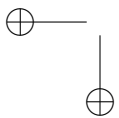
When woman on your every word  
Appears to hang, bound by a spell,  
Know naught in life is so absurd  
As that a woman listens well.  
Sad is the sight, the mockery hollow,  
When lovely woman stoops to follow.

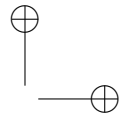




**LINES TO THREE BOYS,  
8,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ , AND 2 YEARS OF AGE**

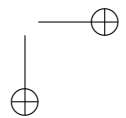
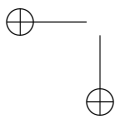
Gentlemen, I love and like you,  
Caring little for your IQ.

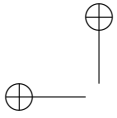




## BASEBALL'S SAD LEXICON

These are the saddest of possible words:  
“Tinker to Evers to Chance,  
Trio of bear cubs, and fleetier than birds,  
Tinker and Evers and Chance.  
Ruthlessly pricking our gonfalon bubble,  
Making a Giant hit into a double –  
Words that are heavy with nothing but trouble:  
“Tinker to Evers to Chance.”





## ESSAY: MY VACATION

*For the First Day of School*

NEW MILFORD, CONN.

So all accoutered fared I forth  
And steered my motor west by north,  
Recking of naught, and nothing caring;  
And then my car burned out a bearing.

RICHMOND, MASS.

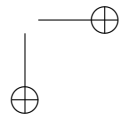
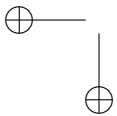
Of tennis I played one or two sets  
On a court at Richmond, Massachusetts.  
It made me feel so fine and dandy  
Thad to have champagne and brandy.

AUSTERLITZ, N.Y.

Hard by the Empire State line sits  
The tiny town of Austerlitz,  
Wine from whose grapes I drank so deep  
That some one said I went to sleep.

BENNINGTON, VT.

Here stepped I first on Vermont soil,  
And here I changed my motor oil.  
Where Ethan Allen spent his youth,  
I somehow lost an upper tooth.







LAKE BOMOSEEN, VT.

Swiftly the golden moments pass.  
(The boat – Bill Bull’s – ran out of gas.)  
How fair to frivol all the day  
To kibitz Woollcott’s mad croquet!

BARNARD, VT.

To Barnard, high among the hills,  
They forwarded my August bills.  
The food was of the finest sort,  
But not Red Lewis’s tennis court.

AUBURN, ME.

Thinking of matters and of things,  
I lost my way near Poland Springs;  
And here in Obbun I said: “Why:  
Not purchase me a pint of rye?”

NORTH BROOKLIN, ME.

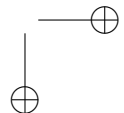
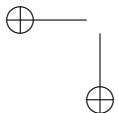
And finally I found my way  
To Katharine White’s, on Blue Hill Bay.  
Her guest-resistance was so meek  
She let me stay a baker’s week.

SUTTON ISLAND, ME.

Loud is my praise, or even louder,  
For Mrs. Arthur Pederson’s chowder;  
It had such qualities and traits  
I had to have three brimming plates.

SEAL HARBOR, ME.

Here where the chilly waters girt  
The shining shores of Mount Desert,  
Where live a lot of wealthy folk –  
Crack! crack! it was a piston broke.





WELLS, ME.

If you are out for peace or fun,  
Avoid a lodging on Route 1;  
Unless awake you love to lie  
And listen to the trucks whiz by.

PORTLAND AND KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

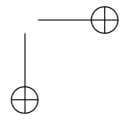
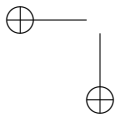
A thing for which I am unfain  
Is trying to park in Portland, Maine.  
But to my western soul twas manna  
To see The Gentleman from Indiana.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

What can I say as yet unsaid  
About the views in Marblehead?  
Or how, without theatricality,  
Describe the Dreyfus hospitality?

WESTON, CONN.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though I roam,  
I find that there's no place like home.  
And yet, in spirit and in letter,  
Occasionally there is a better.





## CONNECTICUT BUCOLICS

### I

Summer is come, and in our garden close  
Blooms riotously red the estival rose;  
How sweet it is to see us all at e'en  
Chucking the rose-bugs into kerosene.

### II

Now, from the summit of our heav'n-kissed hill  
Flows gently down the softly riant rill.  
It flows till early June, and then goes dry;  
And so we have electrical supply.

### III

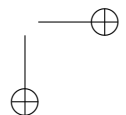
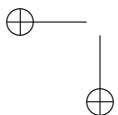
Across the vale I see the contiguous kine,  
And pen a vibrant and Virgilian line,  
Gaze at the wind-swept grass and unborn hay –  
The wind hath blown my manuscript away.

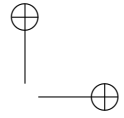
### IV

The not yet ripened grape is earnest of  
The wine of Autumn, and ensuing love.  
My wine is costly, so my faith I pin  
On French vermouth, with equal parts of gin.

### V

What time I seek my couch as comes the dark,  
I seem to hear my watchdog's honest bark,





And fear lest he devour a neighbor's hen,  
Which cost, last time, a not unfrigid ten.

VI

No slugabed am I, for ope mine eyes  
When through my casement Phoebus 'gins arise,  
Nor slumber after crows the unquiet cock –  
Roughly, these merry morns, at four o'clock.

VII

Observe the exuberant peonies, lily white,  
Of which almost the half are free of blight.  
Our blue delphiniums are our fairest things  
(The Totty's blue is bluer than the Schling's).

VIII

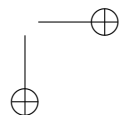
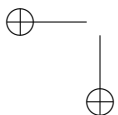
I sport with Amaryllis in the shade  
Cast by our maple of the A-est grade;  
The Bartlett treemen say its days are num-  
bered. Boy, do I owe them a Tidy Sum?

IX

Our peas are of the glorious hue of green,  
So is our string, and so our lima bean.  
And clamorous are my hungry boys' demands  
For the Royal Scarlet and the White Rose brands.

X

Here *otium cum dignitate* is my lot  
Penning my poems in my secluded grot.  
My joys are many, my perturbations few,  
Save on the days when mortgages come due.





XI

Here am I wealthy in the treasure, Time,  
To choose a word, to simonize a rhyme;  
Nor waste bi-daily hours to smooth my cheek –  
The razor knows it only twice a week.

XII

At eventide, returning from their browse,  
Come home the Blue Ribbon Dairy's Guernsey cows;  
I love to watch them walk in their awry way,  
Except when I am motoring on Cross Highway.

XIII

Whiter than any laundered things with Lux  
Swim on the lake my neighbor's eider ducks.  
Why do they sleep all day? And when I lack  
My slumber, do they quack-quack-quack-quack-quack?

XIV

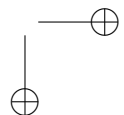
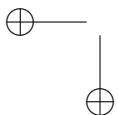
Futile the frenzy of the city oaf;  
The Fairfield County farmer loves to loaf,  
Save when the errant Summer Lady stops  
To ask about the Government and Crops.

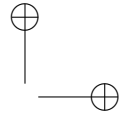
XV

Observe us, when the nights are chill and damp,  
Under the Connecticut Light and Power lamp;  
I watch my wife, the bookworm, study daily  
The *Manual of Gardening*, by L. H. Bailey.

XVI

I love to tour the fragrant fields whose chief  
Production is the cheap tobacco leaf,  
And, in my 1927 car,  
Drive on, and smoke a 40c cigar.





XVII

Lengthen the summer nights; and it is good  
To sleep in houses not of brick, but wood –  
Unto whose roofs the sun of summer days  
Incessantly devotes its cosmic rays.

XVIII

Comes grateful ev'ning mild, nor is there heard  
The well-known hoot of night her solemn bird;  
But wedding-guest-like I can't choose but hear  
My neighbor's radio vaunting some one's beer.

XIX

Our Weston elderberries nothing lack,  
And velvet is the Bethel applejack;  
But how I love to sit from 8 to 10  
Silent within a speak in Darien!

XX

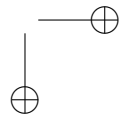
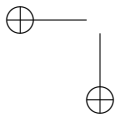
Flows gently the sweet Aspetuck's cascade;  
See now the Saugatuck at the Devil's Glade!  
Yet all about my lowly thatched shack  
I seem to hear the J. Henry Roraback.

XXI

In Fairfield County's many a Peter Bell,  
To whom a primrose is a plant to sell;  
And many a Mrs. Bell, to whom the rose  
Waxes to win a first at the flower shows.

XXII

Now grows the goldenrod in every field;  
The strawberry patch is on its second yield;  
The peaches are not ripe upon the tree,  
And so we get them from the A. & P.





XXIII

I sometimes think that never grows so red  
The rose as where the fertilizer's spread.  
Here crave I naught. And yet, if I were rich,  
I'd buy some stuff for poison ivy itch!

XXIV

I hate the people who in August crow,  
"Your place must look delightful in the snow!"  
But more I hate the winter clucks who croon,  
"It must look beautiful in May and June!"

XXV

As fall the soft September shades of night  
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And I return on time to the dining hall –  
It being too dark to see a tennis ball.

XXVI

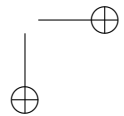
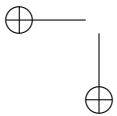
Number me not among the louts who like  
The billboard's blot upon the lovely pike,  
But how my beauty-loving soul contorts  
At huge-limbed hikers in their khaki shorts!

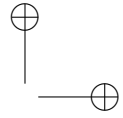
XXVII

Oh, silent night! save when at twelve o'clock  
I waken at some errant motorist's knock,  
And tell the fellow: "Left across the bridge,  
Then take the second right to Redding Ridge."

XVIII

Him with anathemas I crave to crown  
Who tells me: "This was once a lovely town."  
Him with these bitter words I then do slay:  
"I, too, was a panic in a distant day."





XXIX

Serenity is in my soul tonight,  
And peace is in my heart the while I write.  
I should have done my work a whole lot sooner  
If I had killed that careful piano-tuner.

XXX

Autumn arrives tomorrow, and with its breath  
Comes thanatopsis, or the hint of death.  
But past the graveyard whistle I a tune:  
The summer theaters will be closed till June.

XXXI

Far from the traveled highway let me dwell  
Where I may not be found by Doctor Fell.  
Let whoso will live on the poet's plan:  
By the side of the road, and be a host to man.

XXXII

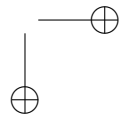
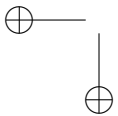
The Saugatuck is high at Lyons Plain –  
A river rushing with September rain;  
Even the Aspetuck cascades and roars,  
And every house is full of swollen doors.

XXXIII

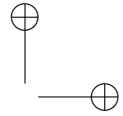
September ends tomorrow, and next week  
My joyance at the Danbury Fair I'll seek;  
And I shall see the oxen, straining hard,  
And eat the awful waffle, cooked in lard.

XXXIV

All questions in the countryside are plain,  
Like "Will it be a month of sun or rain?"  
But over and over I roll this on my tongue:  
"Is it worth while to have the old bat restrung?"







XXXV

The summer people all have gone away,  
And quieter grows the country day by day:  
Yet, once within New York, I find I'm fain  
To tarry till I miss the midnight train.

XXXVI

Comes April now, when by my fair abode  
No motor traffic dares the muddy road;  
And calm and peaceful is my sleepy toil,  
Save for the noise of the burner buming oil.

XXXVII

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble crooks  
I curl up in a chair Among My Books,  
The quiet shattered only by the spouse  
Who says, "This year we've got to paint the house,"

XXXVIII

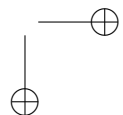
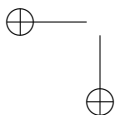
In love for children I do nothing yield  
To Riley, A. A. Milne, or Eugene Field;  
Even when that oaf, my smiling son and heir,  
Tells the conductor he must pay half-fare.

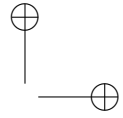
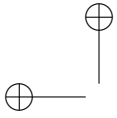
XXXIX

Now daylight saving comes, and I am gay  
For that it seemingly prolongs the day;  
But it is hard to be Gibraltar's Rock  
When children doubt that it is 7 o'clock.

XL

Ah, spring hath been so tardy and so chill  
That yet no dogwood blooms on Greenfield Hill.  
Who term yesterevening's paper deadest of all  
Never have known last autumn's tennis ball.





XL I

Blooms the rathe primrose (*Primula vulgaris*)  
Not yet by the garage where my old car is;  
O.K., my love. (She says that it must be a-  
Bout time to plant *Aubrietia deltoidea*.)

XL II

I sometimes think that nothing holds so still  
As does the air from here to Fanton Hill,  
And so upon the arid Lyons Plain  
I burn some brush, when blows a hurricane.

XL III

Already have I seen on Compo Beach  
The Summer People and the City Peach;  
The latter, my love, is like the red, red rose –  
But only as to fingers and to toes.

XL IV

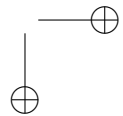
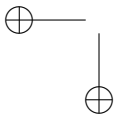
“My love in her attire doth show her wit.”  
How since Queen Bess’s days the fashions flit!  
Now on Connecticut’s many tennis courts  
She jumps about in too revealing shorts.

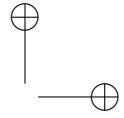
XL V

My dear, think thou tomorrow when it seems  
That thou art fain to tell me of thy dreams,  
With me conversing thou forget’st all time.  
Remember, I must whittle out a rhyme.

XL VI

When that Aprille with his showres chilly  
Comes whistling up and down the Road Good Hilly,  
Then of a weather-poem have I fears,  
Lest it be hot and sunny when this appears.





XLVII

Now winter, with its pitfall and its gin,  
Is past, and summer is y-cumen in.  
Again the hues are pale and emerald greens;  
Again I put in yestersummer's screens.

XLVIII

Phœbus Apollo, as I call the sun,  
Now shines to show the season hath begun.  
To Javits's court I fare with hope and pride,  
And net the balls I do not hit outside.

XLIX

Too hot, too humid at the noonday's height  
To read, to sleep, to study, or to write;  
Far pleasanter than making prose or jingles  
To play a cooling five-set match of singles.

L

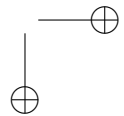
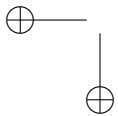
October's maples turn to red and gold;  
The noons are warmish, but the nights are cold,  
And all the dahlias erst so red, alack!  
Are frozen assets in the well-known black.

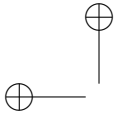
LI

The Cocktail Crowd, the City Slicker Lot,  
No longer clutter up this rural spot.  
Infrequent now the Simple Rustic's deal  
In that estate correctly known as real.

LII

For the kunning kids of Lyons Plain what luck!  
There's skating on the gelid Saugatuck.  
And for the writer what infinite delight!  
For the house is calm till fall the shades of night.





LIII

In Weston, Easton, Greenfield Hill, and Redding  
The snow is smooth for skiing and for sledding.  
Sweet then to sit by the fire, my dear, oh, *my* dear,  
And write, But what? I ain't got any *idear*.

LIV

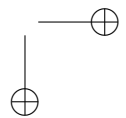
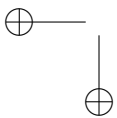
The tumult and the shouting leave me cold.  
Let politicians argue, scream, and scold!  
At them and all their bartering I scoff,  
And sleepily I turn the radio off.

LV

Mine erstwhile alabaster house today  
Is being painted a delightful gray  
With scarlet doors; to symbolize, I've said  
Before, My Little Gray Home in the Red.

LVI

Let him who will prate of the nation's needs,  
I am not one who listens or who reads.  
I'll tell what the country needs in Lyons Plain;  
Two days of gentle, unremitting rain.



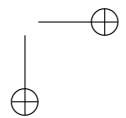
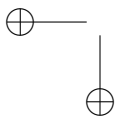


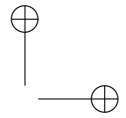
## THE COWARD

I walked alone in Weston  
The day that Housman died,  
And pondered the perfection  
Of his poetic pride.

And how the songs of scholars  
Are simple songs and sure,  
How utter is the music,  
How true the note, and pure.

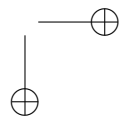
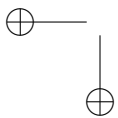
I walked alone in Weston  
The night that Housman died,  
And craved the simple courage  
To lay my pen aside.





## LULLABY

If, my dear, you seek to slumber,  
Count of stars an endless number;  
If you still continue wakeful,  
Count the drops that make a lakeful;  
Then, if vigilance yet above you  
Hover, count the times I love you;  
And if slumber still repel you,  
Count the times I do not tell you.





### “LINES WHERE BEAUTY LINGERS”

FROM “INDEX OF FIRST LINES” IN THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind  
That which her slender waist confined  
It fell about the Martinmas  
Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass

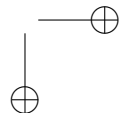
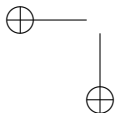
A fool there was and he made his prayer  
A flying word from here and there  
It is not, Celia, in our power  
I’ve watched you now a full half-hour

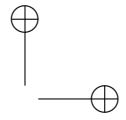
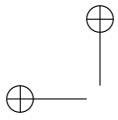
O, my love’s like a red, red rose  
Love is a sickness full of woes  
Balkis was in her marble town  
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

At setting day and rising morn  
She stood breast high among the corn  
My heart leaps up when I behold  
Ben Battle was a soldier bold

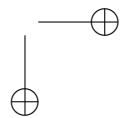
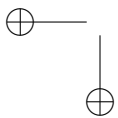
A child should always say what’s true  
I am his Highness’ dog at Kew  
By the rude bridge that arched the flood  
A ruddy drop of manly blood

A little Boy was set to keep  
Day set on Norham’s castle steep  
Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?  
Give me more love, or more disdain





Love in my bosom like a bee  
Love still has something of the sea  
I sat with one I love last night  
She was a phantom of delight.







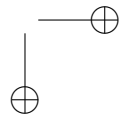
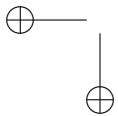
## A BALLADE OF GOOD CHEER

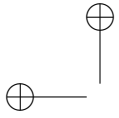
*God rest you merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay!*

Sing me a song of Christmastide  
And let the bugles blow  
A merry message far and wide  
Across the sleet and snow!  
For though the world be indigo  
And life be grim and gray,  
Let not your sadness overflow;  
Let nothing you dismay!

Though Poverty be multiplied  
By Bitterness, and though  
The human race be terrified  
Of what it needs to know,  
What matters it if hope be low  
And love have flown away?  
What though the night be leaden slow?  
Let nothing you dismay!

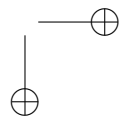
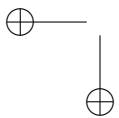
Though Greed and Avarice and Pride  
And Patriotic Show  
And universal suicide  
Yearly but greater grow,  
Hang holly high, and mistletoe!  
Come dance and drink and play!  
Come, Cupid, draw your deadly bow!  
Let nothing you dismay!

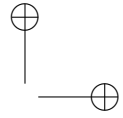
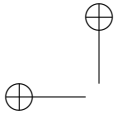




L'ENVOI

Prince, though my soul be sick with woe,  
Here comes the Christmas Day;  
Sing, though it break the heart, "Heigh ho!  
Let nothing you dismay!"





## BOOK REVIEW

*My Experiences in the World War*

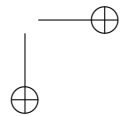
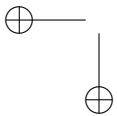
By General John J. Pershing

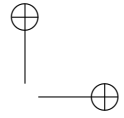
New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 2 Vols. \$10.

My General, I have waited long  
To snap you my salute in song,  
And song alone; for long ago  
At Chaumont and at Neufchateau,  
At Romorantin, Gondrecourt,  
La Ferté, Nancy, Toul, and Tours,  
At Issoudun and at Nevers,  
At Paris, Meaux, and St. Nazaire,  
Whenever you and I would meet,  
In trench or office, house or street,  
My hand would rise, my heels would click,  
And was I graceful? Was I quick?

You must remember in July  
The day I passed you; and how I  
Saluted. I remember we  
Were near the room at G-2 D  
At Chaumont. . . Well, in staff or line  
No snappier salute than mine  
Ever was seen. And I was proud,  
My heart was light as any cloud,  
For I had supped Hymettian sweets,  
And I was Lee and I was Keats.

“Tut! Tut!” I thought, “it is not hard  
To be a warrior and a bard.”

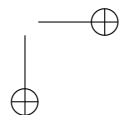
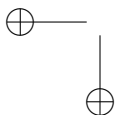




A perfect blend of sword and pen  
Was I saluting Pershing, Gen.  
(Mark Watson saw me, and said, "What snap  
You put in that salute, Mon Gap!")  
And did you then salute me back?  
You did not, did not do it, Jack.  
So swore I then a mighty oath  
That I would get you, by my troth!

I thought perhaps that you would mention  
That incident of my attention,  
And so, although of war no lover,  
I read your book from cover to cover;  
But not a chapter, page, or line  
About a deed supremely fine –  
In fact, as I've never said before,  
It was all that I did to win the war.  
For I didn't fight, and I didn't shoot,  
But, General, how I did salute!

Revenge: I've read your book, dear Gen.,  
Published by Stokes for dollars ten,  
And there's never a footnote or half a line  
About me and that snappy salute of mine,  
And my opinion of your book and you  
You'll never find out from this review.



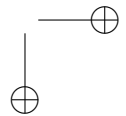
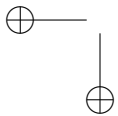


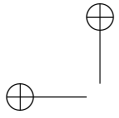
## VARIATION ON A THEME OF WALLER'S

Go, lovely rose! Tell her that she  
Is lovelier than thou canst be;  
    Go say her sooth, and so confess  
    That all thy summer scent is less  
Than is her redolence to me.

Fly to her, flower, as fast and free  
As any swift that skims the sea.  
    Tell her the tale my girl may guess –  
    Go, lovely rose.

Say that her cheek gives shame to thee,  
Say that her very lips, perdie!  
    The sightless bowboy's self would bless. . .  
    Thus in the days of good Queen Bess  
Bards pulled their wild hyperbole:  
    "Go, lovely rose."



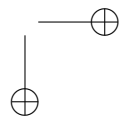
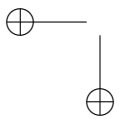


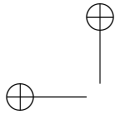
## SONG

Better bards than I, my fair,  
Golder pens than mine,  
Ought to celebrate your hair,  
And lips incarnadine.

More melodious songs than I  
Ever hope to chant  
Ought to make the music my  
Penny piccolo can't.

Better bards with greater wit  
Ought to sing of you,  
But, my Dear, you must admit  
That they never do.





## PANTOUM

Oh, these are terrible times,  
Bad for the jesters and japers.  
Daily incredible crimes  
Clutter the best of the papers.

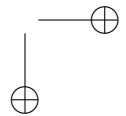
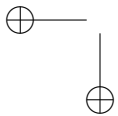
Bad for the jesters and japers!  
Pray we that beauty and mirth  
Clutter the best of the papers  
Over the face of the earth.

Pray we that beauty and mirth  
Pour on the nations that need them  
Over the face of the earth  
Wearied of worries that bleed them!

Pour on the nations that need them  
Showers of the spring, and the sun –  
Wearied of worries that bleed them,  
Avid of frolic and fun.

Showers of the spring and the sun,  
Come to this valley of sorrow  
Avid of frolic and fun –  
Come on the morn of the morrow!

Come to this Valley of Sorrow!  
Daily incredible crimes  
Come on the morn of the morrow.  
Oh, these are terrible times!





## LIFE

On the way to my daily occupation,  
Passing adown a chill, a dark way,  
Entered I into the subway station  
Known as Cathedral Parkway.

Ride who will on the elevated,  
Tramp who will on the open road,  
I took the subway, be it stated.  
It's nearest to my abode.

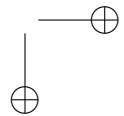
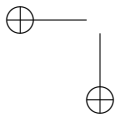
Life, I thought, is a game of cricket;  
Life, I mused, is a thing alive.  
I bought a ticket, I bought a ticket;  
I think that I purchased five.

Those are the things that seethe and foment;  
Those are the things that weight my brow –  
Not that I think they're of any moment,  
But Poetry's like that now.

I waited six minutes upon that landing,  
And at 9:42 I took an express;  
Women and men were seated and standing,  
Thinking of things, I guess.

And I looked over a gentleman's shoulder –  
He was probably forty-six years of age –  
And read – though he may have been six months older –  
All of the *Times* front page.

But something happened on which I reckoned  
Not. I was reading, I said, the *Times*,  
When the gentleman got off at Seventy-Second,  
So I stood thinking of rhymes.







There were many persons standing near me,  
Dull appearing and silly of face;  
But in modern poetry, thought I, dear me!  
Nothing is commonplace.

If I describe them, not acutely,  
Telling, at length, what clothes they wear,  
Manneredly, prosily, overminutely –  
Merely that they were there –

I shall achieve quite a reputation  
For seeing the Calm above the Strife;  
I'll be a Poet of Observation,  
One who has Looked on Life;

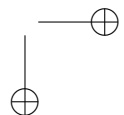
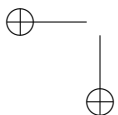
One who can give interpretation,  
One to invest the crude with grace,  
One to – but then I reached my station.  
It was, I recall, Park Place.

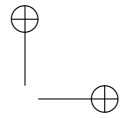
And I walked to the office, far from skittish  
(I walk that way, as a general rule),  
And I wished, I wished I were one of the British  
Bards of the moder school.

A bard who could take his pen and ink it,  
Listing things in a one-two-three  
Order, till critics and men would think it  
Utterest poetry.

Oh, for the storms of wild applause it  
Would receive from the human race,  
Most of whom'd think it was great because it  
Merely was commonplace.

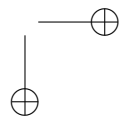
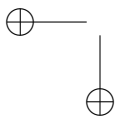
Still, on my way to my occupation,  
Passed I adown a chill, a dark way.  
Entered I into the subway station  
Known as Cathedral Parkway.

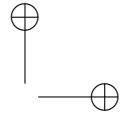




### TRIOLET ON THE VERNAL EQUINOX

Spring, you gentle thing, you  
    Come to town today.  
Gratitude I bring you,  
Spring, you gentle thing! You  
Won't get me to sing you,  
    If you fail to stay,  
Spring. You gentle thing, you  
    Come to town to stay!





## THE DOUBLE STANDARD

“Important is the nation’s health.  
Naught is the question of the shekel.  
Ill fares the land that worships wealth!”  
Says Editorial Dr. Jekyll.

**“Do you get up with pains or cricks?  
Do you have stitches in the side?  
Buy Dr. Killman’s Vit-E-Lix!”**

(Says Advertsing Mr. Hyde)

“Down with the greedy grafters who  
The land’s escutcheon do bespeckle!  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!”  
Says Editorial Dr. Jekyll.

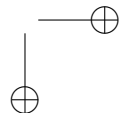
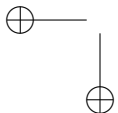
**“Does zero weather give you chills?  
Insomnia leave you weary-eyed?  
Buy Phakem’s Phony Purple Pills!”**

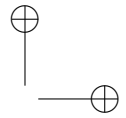
(Says Advertsing Mr. Hyde)

“Better than gold an honest name.”  
“Be true, and let the envious heckle.”  
“Be fair, whoever wins the game,”  
Says Editorial Dr. Jekyll.

**“Lost Energy? Ambition? Calm?  
GET DR. FIERCE’S GILDED GUIDE!  
REMEMBER BIDDY BUNKEM’S BALM!”**

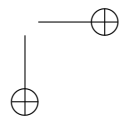
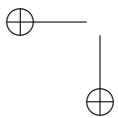
(Says Adversitising Mr. Hyde)

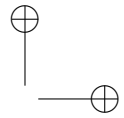
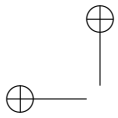




## LINES FOR MAY 2

Darling, yesterday was May Day,  
So I thought that I would tell you  
That I think that you're a Grade A  
Darling. Yesterday was May Day.  
For the bands it was a play-day,  
As perhaps you know full well, you  
Darling! Yesterday was May Day;  
So I thought that I would tell you.





## A TENNIS PLAYER'S GARDEN OF VERSES

### WORK IN SUMMER

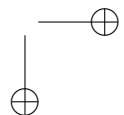
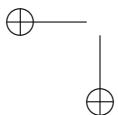
In winter, when the court is white,  
I'm at my work till late at night;  
In summer, 'tis another tune;  
I somehow get it done by noon.

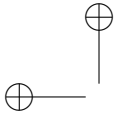
I have to work till noon to get  
The Conning Tower all written and set;  
Why, sometimes it is nearly one  
Before I get the column done.

And does it not seem hard to you  
That there is morning work to do?  
That sinks the westering sun too soon  
For seven sets an afternoon?

### WHOLE DUTY OF PLAYERS

A player should never, never let  
Himself be lured to "One more set,"  
And be on time at the dinner table,  
At least as far as he is able.





## O, I WENT DOWN TO THE RIVER BANK!

*O, I went down to the river bank  
Last night,  
When a million stars were bright  
And you in the long grass lay.*

*O, the wind blew over the river bank  
Last night,  
And the touch of your lips was light  
As we in the warm grass lay.*

*O, I came up from the river bank  
Alone,  
While the weary wind made moan,  
And the dawn on the crushed grass lay.*

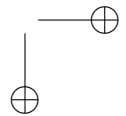
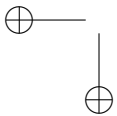
– RUTH THOMAS PICKERING, *Vassar, '14*, in *Vassar Miscellany for February 1914*.

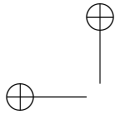
### TO RUTH

O, I read all of your poem, Ruth,  
Last night,  
And I said: “To the colyum’s height  
With that there little lay.”

O, I gave some thought to your poem, Ruth,  
Last night,  
And I felt that I ought to write  
The lady who wrote that lay.

O, I am keen for your lyric, Ruth.  
It smokes!  
But – how did it hit your folks  
When they read their daughter’s lay?



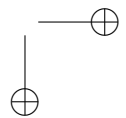
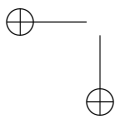


## THE RICH MAN

The rich man has his motorcar,  
His country and his town estate.  
He smokes a fifty-cent cigar  
And jeers at Fate.

He frivols through the livelong day,  
He knows not Poverty her pinch.  
His lot seems light, his heart seems gay,  
He has a cinch.

Yet though my lamp burns low and dim,  
Though I must slave for livelihood –  
Think you that I would change with him?  
You bet I would!



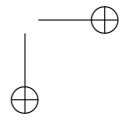
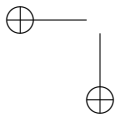


## PLEA

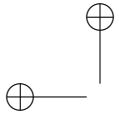
Oh, sing a song of sixpence; and  
A theme that you might set above  
Finance: I mean, you understand,  
Of Love.

Sing songs to Fortune and to Luck;  
Sing songs of Araby or Nome;  
Sing one song for my old Kentuck-  
Y Home.

Sing songs of Winter and of Fall,  
Sing songs of Summer and of Spring;  
Sing any ancient thing at all –  
But *sing!*





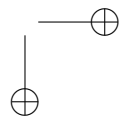
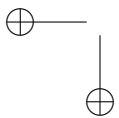


## CHATTER

Consider Edgar Allen;  
He cannot write or read;  
But he can tell you everything  
The various nations need.

And there is Bennie Blevitch,  
Who goes into a trance  
And tells you what his vision is  
On money and finance.

And yet of all the people  
Nobody says, "I heard. . ."  
For every one is talking,  
And no one hears a word.



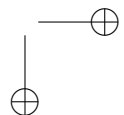
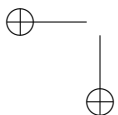


## THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF DAILY VERSE

In the days of the Kid that was Yellow,  
Or ever men grew to be Men,  
An eager and elegant fellow  
Was I with the paper and pen.  
When no one made whisky and gin burn  
The palate, the throat, and the brain,  
I parodied my Poe and my Swinburne  
Again and agayne.

On Tuesdays we silly young striplings  
Would parody Watson and Noyes;  
On Wednesdays a couple of Kiplings  
Were done by us comedy boys;  
On Thursdays the sling and the arrow  
Would pillory Lover and Lamb;  
On Fridays and Saturdays paro-  
Dy Omar Khayyam.

Oh, those were the years we were youthful!  
Oh, those were the years we were young!  
And time was a thing that was truthful,  
And truth was a trip on the tongue.  
When stuff was as sad as 'twas sappy,  
And fun was a fatuous phrase,  
O Honey, but those were the happy  
Delightful old days!





## ON THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

Oh, yesterday was the merry Yuletide,  
But I am by a column-rule tied  
To ceaseless labor, This the pay-off:  
I never, never get a day off.

For if I had no daily fetters  
To bind me to The Beautiful Letters,  
What games there are, and how I'd play 'em  
From 1 p.m. to 7 a.m.

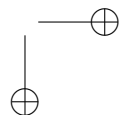
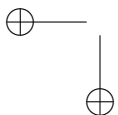
Oh, what a wild and wasteful winter  
I'd have were it not for the printer  
And his demand for copious copy!  
Verse! In the bucket but a droppie.

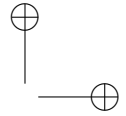
With ne'er a shackle I'd be able  
To dally at the gaming table  
Without that sorrow's crown of sorrow:  
"I've got to quit, or I'm sunk tomorrow."

No one would say, when I read at night time,  
"Papa, it's putting-out-the-light time.  
It's twenty minutes to eleven;  
Remember, you must rise at seven."

And when I'm out with this or that one,  
I wouldn't leave at 12 or *at* 1;  
And would I give the baby bowboy  
A target? Oh, boy, oh, boy, *oh*, boy!

Gyveless, I'd seek the barracuda  
In Florida or in Bermuda  
(Untrue; but that rhyme was a strangler.  
I am the Incompletest Angler).



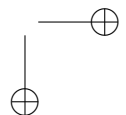
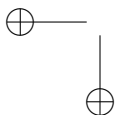


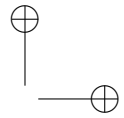
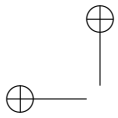
And I could have a primrose time at  
Some softly semi-tropic climate,  
Where, with some elderly palooka,  
I'd play six sets on green *en tout cas*.

"Tut! tut!" I hear you say, explicit,  
"You love your work, and how you'd miss it!"  
My mental music and my mind's tone  
May be the whirring of the grindstone.

(The trouble with these feathery-hearted  
Poetics is, that once they're started,  
Though interest – mine and yours – diminish,  
They're somewhat difficult to finish.)

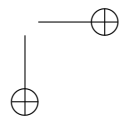
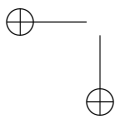
Although sincere and analytic  
The verses seem, they're hypocritic;  
For though I shout my shackles gall so,  
I do those things I like to, also.





## THE FOOL

The Fool did on his motley  
And sighed, as who should say:  
“If all but me be sobbing,  
Why then must I be gay?  
“If all the world be weeping,  
And very life seem wrong,  
Why is it mine to fashion  
A whimsy and a song?  
“Pray, why must I be merry?”  
– But came no answering word.  
For that the world was weeping,  
And none the Fool had heard.





## THE INCONSTANT READER

PROVOKED BY THE BAB BALLAD OF "EMILY, JOHN, JAMES, AND I"

Emily Q. was never the name  
Imprinted upon her card;  
But to know what was is not my aim  
(And I am a daily bard).

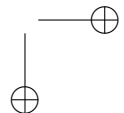
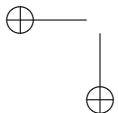
She seemed to be set for a subway ride  
As, at Seventh Ave. and Twelf',  
She descended the stairs on the uptown side  
(I do it each day myself).

She awaited a Broadway-bound express  
That morning at 8:52;  
She was wearing a beautiful azure dress  
(*My* suit was a shiny blue).

To a stop that is commonly known as dead  
Came the train: it's a popular plan:  
And I let the lady get in ahead  
(For I am a mannerly man).

The train went on, and gathered speed,  
Like an orator growing glib,  
And her favorite paper she started to read  
(I refer to the *Herald Trib.*).

She sat directly across the aisle,  
And her face, which was wise and sweet,  
Was lit by the flame of a sunny smile  
(I own to a small conceit).





“The Not Impossible She who seems  
The pearl of a poet’s love:  
The responsive darling of all my dreams”  
(That’s what I was thinking of).

“A woman, who, rather than read the news  
Of things that had just occurred,  
Would vividly virile verse peruse”  
 (“Peruse” is a dreadful word).

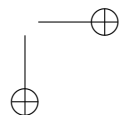
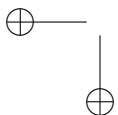
Or equally possibly, such a laugh –  
For the smile to a laugh arose –  
Might have been provoked by a paragraph  
(I’m far from a flop at prose).

She turned to an oaf and said: “How droll!  
How comic! How deep! How sage!  
I’m consumed with love for ‘The Timid Soul’”  
(It’s a thing on the sporting page).

The crone detrained at a certain Square  
That was named for a morning sheet,  
And emerged from the station – if you care –  
(Like me, at 40th Street).

How Gilbert himself would make this great,  
And set it to supple song!  
And how the theme he’d elaborate!  
(And make it a column long).

Let the future fog of oblivion fall,  
And fall pretty good and hard  
On her who Never Reads Verse at All!  
(And I am a daily bard).





### INEPT QUOTATION'S ARTIFICIAL AID

It was a friar of orders gray  
And he stoppeth one of three:  
I chanced to seek at break of day  
That not impossible She.

“I was with Grant —” the stranger said —  
By the nine gods he swore —  
For here, forlorn and lost I tread  
Beside a human door.

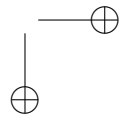
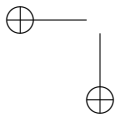
Stay, lady, stay for mercy's sake!  
How glazed each weary eye!  
And could I ever keep awake  
Till a' the seas gang dry?

Love still has something of the sea,  
In the first sweet sleep of night;  
Whate'er the years may bring to me,  
Fond mem'ry brings the light.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Beside the springs of Dove;  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
She never told her love.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
Look backward with a smile.  
The apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And only man is vile.

I have set my life upon a cast —  
To die were far more sweet —  
As through an Alpine village passed  
The print of Lucy's feet.







Drink to me only with thine eyes  
To drive dull care away.  
In Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
Upon a truss of hay.

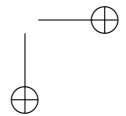
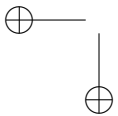
I never saw a Purple Cow  
Or nursed a dear gazelle;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
I only feel Farewell!

She left us in the bloom of May,  
When night and morning meet,  
Yet some maintain that to this day  
Her voice is low and sweet.

If this fair rose offend thy sight  
In faëry lands forlorn  
She was a phantom of delight  
Breast high among the corn.

For what avail the plough or sail?  
Men were deceivers ever.  
Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,  
And let who will be clever.

I prithee send me back my heart,  
Half hidden from the eye;  
'Tis of man's life a thing apart –  
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.





## BALLADE OF SOBRIETY

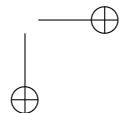
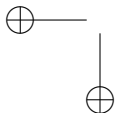
I wonder in what slimy speak  
Semiramis gave me the air.  
Who said that Tony's gin was weak?  
Who was that girl with aluminum hair?  
Who gave me that old hat to wear?  
Who said I was afraid to fight?  
Who paid the taxi-driver's fare?  
Who were my pals of yesternight?

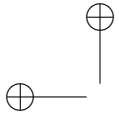
Who was that girl who quoted Greek?  
Who hit that lady with a chair?  
What Delta Chi called me a Deke?  
Who said: "My darling, I don't care"?  
Who said to me: "My wife is there"?  
Who said: "My husband isn't bright"?  
Who said: "You're more than I can bear"?  
Who were my pals of yesternight?

Who said: "I love a rosy cheek"?  
Who said: "You kiss me if you dare"?  
Who said: "Say that again, you sneak"?  
Who said: "Speak lower when you swear"?  
Who said: "That *isn't* Ina Claire"?  
Who said: "Let's go; it's nearly light"?  
Who tripped me on that final stair?  
Who were my pals of yesternight?

### L'ENVOI

Prince, you're a prince, and we're a pair.  
Where did we go? and were you tight?  
Whose life did I agree to share?  
Who were my pals of yesternight?

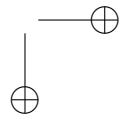
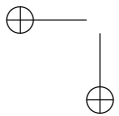


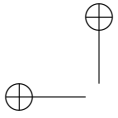


## A RECORD

There be fairer days than these  
In the sunny Cyclades;  
Sweeter far the days may be  
By the blue Ægean Sea.

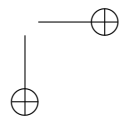
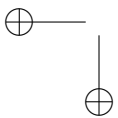
There be warmer suns than this  
By the dead Semiramis;  
But than yours a lovelier face  
Was not ever any place.

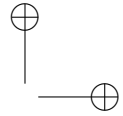




### THE PESSIMIST'S FORECAST

Monday's child is sad of face;  
Tuesday's child will lose the race;  
Wednesday's child has a row to hoe;  
Thursday's child is full of woes  
Friday's child has futile strife;  
Saturday's child has a mournful life;  
While the child that's born on the Sabbath day  
Will find that life is dull and gray.

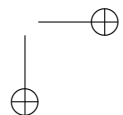
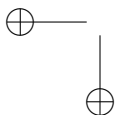




## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

DEDICATED TO STEPHEN VINCENT BENET,  
THE GIFTED AUTHOR OF "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"

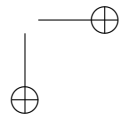
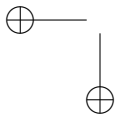
In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two  
Columbus sailed the ocean blue,  
And it's just as well, I beg to state,  
That it wasn't in 1498;  
Though had it been, I might erect  
A rhyme in Daly dialect,  
Like "In Fourteen Hond'ed an' Ninety-Eight  
Colombo sail for Unita State."  
But the year wouldn't matter a little bit  
To a narrative poet, viz., to wit:  
In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-One  
Columbus sailed for the setting sun;  
Or in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Three  
Columbus sailed the bright blue sea;  
Or in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Four  
Columbus sailed for San Salvador;  
Or in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Five  
Columbus sailed for the Western hive  
(A Western hive is nothing whatever,  
But in narrative verse it sounds pretty clever);  
Or in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Six  
Columbus did some juggling tricks;  
    Or in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Seven  
    Columbus discovered the Land of Heaven;  
    Or in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine  
    Columbus sailed the wavy brine.  
Columbus, then, in whatever year,  
Discovered the Western Hemisphere.





I'm writing this out in Connecticut,  
The Nutmeg State, though I am sure of this:  
We don't raise any nutmegs on our farm.  
Why, I wouldn't give a bad Confederate dollar,  
With Jefferson Davis's picture on the bill  
Or Judah Benjamin's, or Laurence Stallings's,  
For all the nutmegs grown in all the world,  
Or all the cloves, or all the cinnamon;  
And that goes triple, boys, for sage and allspice.  
"The Nutmeg State." O Phœbus, what a name!  
Why, I'd as lief that my adopted Commonwealth  
Were called the Parsley or the Kitchen Bouquet State.  
Out in Connecticut I'm writing this,  
And my encyclopedia's in New York;  
So I can't look up things about Columbus.  
Perhaps the noble Guggenheim Foundation  
Will send me over to Genoa to study –  
To study, to dream, to drink Italian wine.  
Oh, I should like to see Columbus's birthplace,  
And then I'd write a fine, authentic poem,  
And critics, none of whom would read it through,  
Would say, "At last we have the Genoan article."  
I could type away, I could pen away,  
    And I couldn't alter, jotly or tittlely,  
That Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa,  
    Which is nowhere else in the world but Italy.  
Oh, Chris was born in Genoa, in Genoa, in Genoa.  
    Oh, Chris was born in Genoa; it isn't far from Como.  
In Fourteen Hundred and Thirty-Six, in Genoa, in  
    Genoa,  
    In Fourteen Hundred and Thirty-Six, that isn't far  
    from accurate.

Columbus went to the public school,  
Where he was known as the studyin' fool;  
He was good at Greek, and his marks were big  
At Geography, Italian, and Solid Trig.  
And the teacher said that the world was flat, so

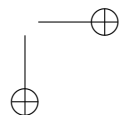
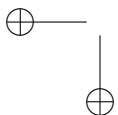




Columbus said to himself, "Is *that* so?"  
Columbus hurried home to his mother,  
Columbus said, with an air profound,  
"I've got a notion that the school can't smother,  
I've got a notion that the world is round."  
"Chris," said his mother, "you're a good bambino,  
But mother knows best, and that is that.  
And *you* know, *I* know, your papa knows, *we* know  
As well as anything that the world is flat."  
"It isn't," said Chris. "It is," said his mother.  
"It ain't," said his father, "you're a bad, bad kid."  
"I ain't." Well, one word led to another,  
So Columbus said, "Good-by, I'm going to Madrid."  
(I used Madrid with a quick bravado,  
For I shouldn't be surprised if he went to Toledo,  
But this is what comes of making rhymes  
Without the Foundation of the Guggenheims.)

Columbus hitch-hiked his way to the Spanish court,  
Wherever it was,  
And said, "I want to see the Queen."  
"She's in conference," said a Spanish cavalier,  
And on his guitar played a tune, dear.  
"I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," said  
Columbus.  
"The quality of mercy is not strained," he added,  
"Give me liberty, or give me death,  
For I'm going away to the U.S.A., and that's where the  
West begins."

Columbus wasn't to be denied,  
So Ferdinand said to Isabella,  
"Come hither, come hither, my bonny bride,  
Come out and see this Italian fella."  
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"  
The Queen then asked C.C.  
"Discovering America, that's my dish,  
The land of the brave and the free."  
"Tra la la la la la, la la la lee,"





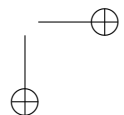
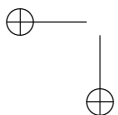
Said Ferdy,  
And Bella,  
And Chris.

“I do agree with you the world is round,”  
Said Isabella of Castile to Chris,  
“But the King and I are absolutely flat.”  
“We haven’t ten pesetas in the house,”  
Agreed the King. “Oh, Aragon, you’re foolin’,”  
Observed Columbus. . . . He had a pretty wit.  
“But,” said the Queen, “I’ve amethysts and pearls,  
And carcanets and chrysolite and coral,  
I’ve diamonds and emeralds and garnets;  
I’ve sapphires, zircon —” “Say no more,” said Chris.  
“If you could pawn those pearls, and so forth,  
In beautiful ships I then could go forth.”  
“I’ll pawn every jewel in my diadem,  
And have the money by 10 a.m.!”

Yode forth the Queen as fair as any flower  
Until she came to where an usurer was  
That was O’Brien hight. “How much,” quoth she,  
“For all the widely famed Castilian lot?”  
So Isabella took the usurer’s gold  
And hied her to the shipyards, where she said,  
“Build me a trio of seaworthy caravels.”  
“Si, si, Regina,” said Señor McCoy,  
“I’ll turn them boats out jest as fast’s I kin.  
When better boats are built, McCoy will build ’em.”

It so befell that a gatherer of news  
Breezed into O’Brien’s pledgery that day,  
Begging a loan upon his winter doublet.  
O’Brien told the youth about the jewels.  
That very night the *Spanish Graficaño*  
Came out with 96-point Gothic caps:

**“IS” HOCKS ALL GEMS; BUYS BOATS FOR  
WOP, SHE SAYS.**







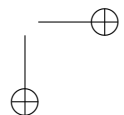
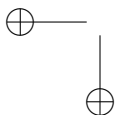
Next day the story died; it was a flop.  
But it was whispered by a lady-in-waiting  
That the King that night gave Isabella hell,  
And told her not to talk to Irish pawnbrokers.  
She promised, being every inch a Queen.  
Three ships went sailing away to the West,  
Away to the West, with a swell idea.  
The *Pinta*, the *Niña*, and – far the best –  
Christopher’s flagship, the *Santa Maria*.  
“I’ll tell the spherical world it’s *some bus*,”  
To the ship-news reporters observed Columbus.

If I had leisure, wealth, and time,  
This would be no abbreviation.  
What words I’d give the Guggenheim  
Foundation!

Columbus had a tough voyage.  
(Sebastian Cabot said it was the worst trip he’d ever  
taken.)  
He landed, as luck would have it,  
On Columbus Day.  
Columbus took possession of the land in the name of  
the firm,  
Castile & Leon.

Then he went back to Spain, and he was a good fellow  
While he had it.  
But you know how it is yourself.  
They got tired of him, and said he was a faker.  
So they clapped him into prison.  
“Thus,” he said, “the world rewards those who serve it!”  
He never said a truer word.

Christopher Columbus’s body lies a-moldering in the  
grave,  
But the country he discovered,  
I refer to the United States of America,  
Goes marching on.



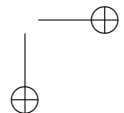
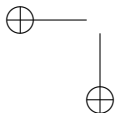


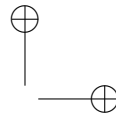
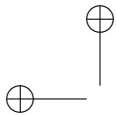
## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

O Muse American, assist me,  
And elevate my pinions to the sky!  
I dare the Book-of-the-Century Club to list me!  
I dare a million eager folk to buy!  
Assist me, Muse American, to tell  
A tale so good that it will also sell.  
For if so be thou helpst not this poet,  
Alone, unsuccored he will have to go it.  
Well, here I go, to keep my hand and ankle in,  
Upon my epic verse on Benjamin Franklin.

Oh, Springfield is a good town, Chicago is a grand burg,  
Lindsay, Lindsay; Sandburg, Sandburg;  
But Benjamin Franklin, Josiah's Boy,  
Simply wasn't born in Illinois.  
(For the purposes of record in history's book,  
*I* was born in Illinois, County of Cook.)  
Franklin wasn't born in Minnesota,  
Connecticut, Arkansas, or South Dakota.  
Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston,  
Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston,  
Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston,  
Yes, he was born in Boston, Mass.

Lord! I could write a Negro spiritual!  
Lord! I could write a Negro spiritual!  
Lord! I could write a Negro spiritual!  
Franklin was born in Boston, Mass.





Then here's to the city of Boston.  
A beautiful, dutiful city –  
The birthplace – *O Dio!* – of history's trio,  
The Sacco-Vanzetti Committee.

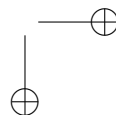
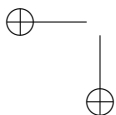
On January Seventeen  
Franklin first saw the light of e'en.  
Number 8 of his mother's ten;  
15 of his father's seventeen; then  
If they'd had birth control, they'd never had Ben.  
For life today is so complex and bewild'rin',  
That you don't find a mother that would have ten chil-  
dren.

Even if she knew that they would be  
Benjamin Franklin and Robert E. Lee,  
Ethel Barrymore and Sem Benelli,  
Charlie Chaplin and P. B. Shelley,  
Herbert Hoover and Harry Houdini,  
William T. Tilden and Mussolini.

But Benjamin's mother was one to whom  
A woman's place is the delivery-room.  
(My head reels dizzily, my hands ooze clammily,  
To think of the four boys who are my family.  
If it weren't for them and their appetites rough,  
Wild horses couldn't make me write this stuff.)  
Franklin's father wanted him to become a preacher,  
But his father thought better – or worse – of it,  
And at the age of ten Franklin went into the soap busi-  
ness.

How it happens that there is no Franklin soap today  
I can't imagine, America being America, which has  
Franklin heaters, Franklin cigars, Franklin counties,  
and Franklin cars.

At the age of thirteen Benjamin Franklin became a  
printer,  
Apprenticed to his older brother John.  
Soon Franklin published the *New England Courant*,  
And wrote and wrote and wrote and wrote.





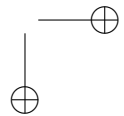
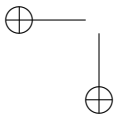
Well, Franklin's stuff in the *New England Courant* was  
good

And hot, so he sailed away to New York  
Without a dime; so he left for Philadelphia,  
Walking up Market Street with a loaf of bread  
Under each arm, and munching of another.

So Benjamin Franklin, in his seventeenth winter,  
Became a Philadelphia printer,  
And pretty soon, by industry's sweat,  
He published the *Pennsylvania Gazette*.  
Of wisdom's store he had no lack,  
So he wrote *Poor Richard's Almanack*,  
And the stuff in that, I still insist,  
Made him the land's first humorist.  
His stuff was good, and full of laughter,  
And it's still swell stuff, 200 years after;  
Which is more, I'm afraid, than they'll say of mine  
In Twenty-One Hundred and Twenty-Nine.  
[To the Viking Press: All right, old son, Twenty-One  
Hundred and Thirty-One.]

I notice how poet-biographers drop to prose  
When things get too hard for them.

Though a style  
As new  
As a  
Shirt with starch  
Is the style  
Of Joseph  
Moncure March.  
His stuff's unmild  
And somewhat arty.  
He wrote  
*The Wild Party*.  
His muse goes "Bang!"  
And gets all het up;  
He wrote that sang-  
Uinary book *The Set-Up*.





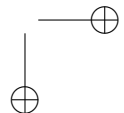
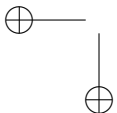
So Franklin took a kite and key  
And today we tune in on WJZ.  
He went to England, he went to France,  
And they say that he was That Way about Romance.  
Franklin's religion was not so good;  
He believed in doing the best he could.  
He believed in God, but not in creed –  
Pooh for the word, but hooray for the deed!  
That's the story, a little cut;  
That's the tale in the shell of a nut.

O Benjamin Franklin,  
I started a comical piece about you,  
And then I read about you,  
And your strength and wisdom and far-seeing political  
humor.  
The best loved, the greatest American.  
Printer, writer, philosopher, scientist, diplomat, states-  
man, utter democrat, fair umpire.  
I found that you were too deep to try to fathom with a  
column-rule.  
For, said you:

“Vessels large may venture more,  
But little boats should keep near shore.”

And I was about to throw the stuff away,  
And try to write a better piece tomorrow, or next week,  
or next year.  
But said you: “Never leave that till tomorrow which you  
can do today.”

So don't blame me,  
Benjamin Franklin.

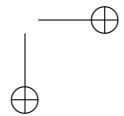
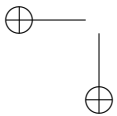




## NOAH WEBSTER

A's the indefinite article;  
Zythum's a kind of malt;  
An atom's a pretty small particle;  
And sodium chloride is salt;  
And I, a bard of great modernity,  
Could keep this up till half-past eternity,  
And I don't mind telling in a rackety rhythm  
That I know a lot of words from A to Zythum.  
But words and their meanings – I wouldn't know 'em,  
Without the help of the subject of this poem.

In Seventeen Hundred and Fifty-Eight,  
Webster was born in the Nutmeg State.  
And believe or not in omens and signs,  
That's the selfsame State wherein I write these lines!  
For Letters is an Art that I revere,  
And I am a glutton for atmosphere.  
But maybe my way's deleterious;  
My wife says I take my Art too serious.  
Shakespeare, she says, wrote *The Merchant of Venice*  
Up in Stratford while playing tennis,  
And Thornton Wilder wrote about San Loo  
Without ever having been near Peru;  
Benét wrote about John Brown of Kansas  
In that atmospheric Paris which is France's.  
But though *my* work smells of the lamps and benches,  
It's anyhow careful and conscientious,  
And a hundred millions probably would laugh  
To see a false rhyme in my epitaph.





So Noah Webster, far from frail,  
At the age of sixteen entered Yale.  
Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of Noah Webster's freshman year:  
It was late in the spring of '75,  
When General Washington, then alive,  
Through the town of New Haven had to pass  
On his way to the town of Cambridge, Mass.  
But Washington hurried his officers' limbs on,  
And that's why the Blue detests the Crimson.  
But on the record let it be engraven:  
Washington did stop in New Haven,  
And the students drilled for the C. in C.,  
And they gave him the Brek-kek-kek three times three.  
But Noah Webster, '79,  
Leading the Elis' musical line,  
Sang "Bola" all through New Haven town,  
And "Here's to George Washington, drink him down!"  
"I'd rather stay here," said George, in tears,  
"Than fight this war for four more years."

So Noah Webster emerged from Yale, and opened a  
school in Sharon, Conn., in 1782.

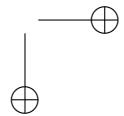
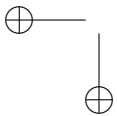
It was a school that specialized in the English language.  
Then he kept a classical school.

And he wrote: "I there compiled two small elementary  
books for teaching the English language. The coun-  
try was then impoverished, intercourse with Great  
Britain was interrupted, schoolbooks were scarce and  
hardly attainable, and there was no certain prospect  
of peace."

One of the books was:

*A Grammatical Institute of the English Language, Com-  
prising an Easy, Concise, and Systematic Method of  
Education, Designed for the Use of Schools in Amer-  
ica.*

It was Webster's unabridged title, if you ask me.





Of course, that was before the electric light age, or  
then there probably would have been a sign on Broadway  
advertising the book.

Then came *The American Spelling Book* –  
A good speller, a best seller.

And in 1789 he wooed and married Rebecca Greenleaf  
of Boston.

It so happened that Webster was talking one night at  
their home in Hartford,

And he said to his wife, “I’m a man of few words.”

“You’re a man of a few hundred thousand,” she said. “I’ll  
bet that you were christened Noah kase yo’ Pappy  
thought yo’ sho’ would ride on a flood of words.”

“Beck,” said Noah Webster, “it appears to me like as if  
how you had hit on something big.”

So Noah went to the desk and wrote:

*An American Dictionary of the English Language*, BY  
NOAH WEBSTER.

Then he thought, and thought, and thought.

You know how it is yourself

(Though I’d give 10 to 3 that you don’t);

And then he looked out of the window,

And went upstairs and shaved for an hour,

And then went out to buy a Hartford Courant (Estab-  
lished 1764),

And stalled for another hour.

You may not know how that is, but I do.

And then he wrote:

“To my Wife, Rebecca Greenleaf Webster, but for whose  
kindly suggestion I never should,

No, would

Have thought of writing this colossal,

No, humble little

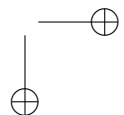
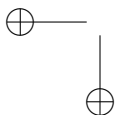
Book.”

Then he tore that up.

He was afraid that she might see it,

As though wives ever read even the dedications of their  
husbands’ books!

(Hey, Mom?)



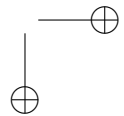
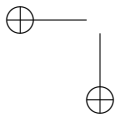




Then his pen began to fly.  
You who know about the Dictionary may want to know  
how he began.  
You remember the Aard-vark?  
Well, it seems that there was a Swede in Hartford, and  
he used to refer to the place as Aardvark, Connecticut.  
Maybe he was Middle High German.  
The rest is history.  
Webster went abroad and studied etymology, and Names  
of Men and Women, Abbreviations, Flags of All Na-  
tions, Insignia of the U.S. Army and Navy, Foreign  
Words and Phrases, and many [*obs.*] and [*colloq.*]  
words.  
And the first edition came off the press  
In 1828, I guess.  
During the time that he amassed that knowledge  
He helped in the founding of Amherst College.  
In his Dictionary he took great pride.  
And in 1843 he died.

Webster's American Dictionary, as I see it,  
Was a tremendous Declaration of Independence.  
For it set down authoritatively words that the new coun-  
try felt ashamed of and apologetic for  
Until they appeared in the book.

Johnson had his Boswell;  
John Brown his Benét;  
Napoleon had his Ludwig,  
And Webster  
F.P.A.





## “THE POEMS OF EUGENE FIELD”

*(Somewhat in the Fieldian manner.)*

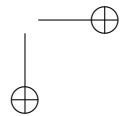
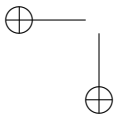
No gold-reguerdoned poet I to puff a book for pelf,  
For even I am forced to buy the books I praise myself,  
Albeit there be those that think that when I laud a tome  
Its publisher invites me in to make myself at home.  
Could you but see the monthly bills that stare me in the face,  
You readily would see that such is not the happy case;  
Yet once again I toot the horn, again the pen I wield  
To advertise the Poetry of Eugene Field.

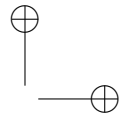
Not Swinburne with his lovely lines that lilt their way along,  
Not Byron's burning poetry, nor Wordsworth's simple song,  
Not Kipling's vine balladry, nor Marlowe's mighty line,  
Not Tennyson's pellucid rhyme, nor Shelley's odes divine,  
Not Dobson's dainty triolets, nor Chaucer's sturdy verse;  
Not Southey, Calverley nor Hood, nor eke Sir Thomas Perc.,  
To none of these I bring the bay, to none the laurel yield –  
My choice is for the Poetry of Eugene Field.

How varied are the poem-themes in which that book abounds!  
The Apple Pies, the Gosling Stews, the Joys Unknown to Lown-  
des!

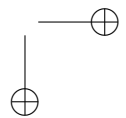
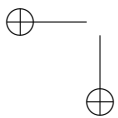
And oh, how that dyspeptic apotheosized the cooks  
And longed for roast-beef very rare, but even rarer books!  
And wit ye well, how hee ben fain to rede of ony knight  
Wyth mace and hauberk, helm and glaive, and mickle valoure  
dight;

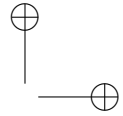
While in the odes of Q. H. F. his knowledge he revealed –  
Good sooth, he was a busy bard, was Old 'Gene Field.





Exalted be the memory of him with whom we've smiled,  
But blessed thrice the name of him that sang a little child.  
Let those who will declare the Gentle Poet insincere –  
I donk it, Hey the Carpenter, and check a rising tear.  
The which is why I celebrate that poet and his rhyme  
And hint it were a goodly gift to give at Christmas time –  
Two dollars net, Charles Scribner's Sons – Why should it be  
concealed?  
Go, buy that brimming volume by Eugene Field!





## THE LONG AND INVOLVED ANNALS

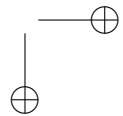
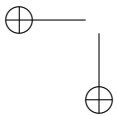
PROVOKED BY READING RUTH SUCKOW'S  
727-PAGE BOOK, "THE FOLKS"

Years ago, when I was younger –  
As were you, and you, and you –  
Keener was my reading hunger  
In, say, Eighteen Ninety-Two.

Nor did appetite diminish  
As the years – say, forty – fled;  
Still it saddened me to finish  
Almost every book I read.

Oh, those prehistoric ages  
When, a youth, I used to pore  
Over a book of so few pages  
That I always wished for more!

Gone the golden days when my wish  
Was for longer literatewer!  
These the dullish days when I wish  
All the pages might be fewer.





## THE TRANSLATED WAY

### I

*“Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’, So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh –”*

When I into your eyes do see  
So goes away my woe from me,  
And, too, when I your mouth do kiss  
So gains my health a benefice.

When I upon your bosom lie  
It comes o’er me like joy from sky,  
And when you speak it: “I love thee!”  
So must I weep quite bitterly.

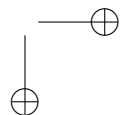
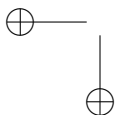
### II

*“Ich hab! im Traum geweinet –”*

I have in a dream been weeping,  
Medreamt thou didst lie underground,  
Then wakened I up and the tears flowed  
Still down from my cheek all around.

I have in a dream been weeping,  
Medreamt thou didst me forget,  
Then wakened I up, I continued  
Crying long, bitterly yet.

I have in a dream been weeping,  
Medreamt thou wert to me yet good,  
Then wakened I up and still always  
My tears did come down in flood.





III

*“Hör’ ich das Liedchen klingen, Das einst die Liebste sang –”*

Hear I the songlet singing  
That once the dearest sang,  
From out my breast upspringing  
There comes wild painful pang.

Impels me one dark languish  
That high wood to attain,  
Dissolves in teardrops’ anguish  
My extraordinary pain.

IV

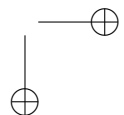
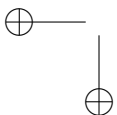
*“Was will die einsame Thräne?”*

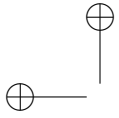
What wants the teardrop single?  
She mists my glance with pains.  
She back from olden times yet  
Within mine eye remains.

She had many glittering sisters  
Who all have taken flight,  
With my torments and my gladnesses  
Dissolved they in wind and night.

Like clouds have disappeared also,  
The diminutive stars so blue  
That in every torment and gladness  
My heart would smile into.

Oh, likewise my love has vanished  
Like to a trifling sigh,  
Though old, individual teardrop,  
Now too, disappear, pray I!



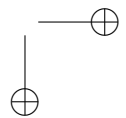
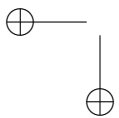


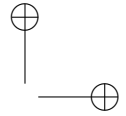
v

*“Du bist wie eine Blume –”*

Thou art like to a Flower,  
So pure and clean thou art;  
I view thee and much Sadness  
Steals to me in the Heart.

To me it seems my Hands I  
Should now impose on your  
Head, praying God to keep you  
So fine and clean and pure.





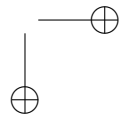
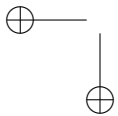
## OPTIMISM

**“5,000 Back at Work Again”;**  
**“Sees Record Gain for Citrus Fruit”;**  
**“Detroit Retakes 5,000 Men.”**

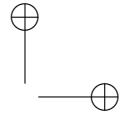
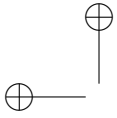
I need a suit.

**“Employment Gains in Textile Trades”;**  
**“Chicago Sees Demand for Silk”;**  
**“Mob Cheers as Unemployment Fades.”**

My kids want milk.





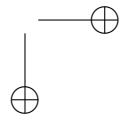
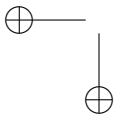


## “THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK”

*If, as Mr. Robert L. Duffus in the GLOBE suggests,  
it had been written as a sonnet*

As sank the sun of summer afternoon  
In vespertine effulgence far away,  
Marking the ending of another day –  
Another perfect day of jocund June,  
The Etruscan’s barrel-organ played a tune  
While youths and maidens, sempiternal, gay,  
The light fantastic tripped; and I would sway  
With Mamie in a riotous rigadoon.

East Side and West, and all around the town  
The children sang their “Ring-Around-a-Rose”  
And chanted “London Bridge Is Falling Down.”  
But oh, the grace of her! the twinkling toes  
Of her my love! of her my Mamie Rorke  
With me upon the sidewalks of New York!

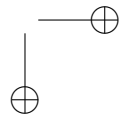
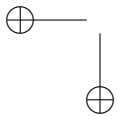




## THE UNSEATING OF BLACK CARE

“When” (Gilbert) “darkly looms the day,”  
“And” (Gilbert) “all is drear and dark”;  
When mirth’s a million miles away,  
    And dead is humor’s kindly spark,  
I know, though black the clouds that lower,  
That dawn is near the darkest hour.

When in my Gilead is no balm,  
    When all mine argosies are sunk,  
I read what people do at Palm  
    Beach; I lap up the social bunk;  
Lo! sable Care her sorrow hides,  
And Laughter holds his hundred sides.





LINES WRITTEN IN CANDOR,  
WITH A COPY OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY, TO A LADY

Dottie, who sincerely dottest  
With thy praise this lute of mine,  
Deeming me, thou say'st, the hottest  
Bard that sings the mighty line:

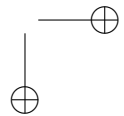
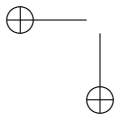
Dottie, jocund-hearted Dottie,  
I was never one to find  
Maculate the shield unspotty,  
Clouds upon the clearest mind.

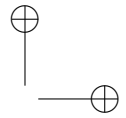
When thou set'st the blithesome bay so  
Sweetly on my blushing brow,  
I were graceless to gainsay so  
Keen a lit'ry judge as thou;

To deny thy fairest, latest  
Utterance (January 5),  
Calling me about the greatest  
Minnesinger now alive.

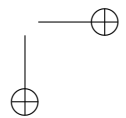
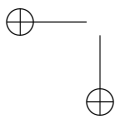
Ruder I than any churlish  
Oaf to look for any flaws  
In simplicity so girlish,  
In so sweet – to me – applause.

Here, upon a silver salver,  
Find my heart; and with it find  
All the works of C. S. Calver-  
Ley, the greatest of his kind.





And whene'er thou read'st this volume  
Of the verse of C. S. C.,  
May'st thou know how good this colyum  
Actually ought to be!





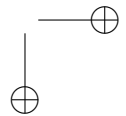
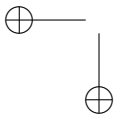
**“HERE’S FLOWERS FOR YOU”**

Come, my darling, let us go  
To the lovely flower show.

See *Carpatica Turbinata!*  
See Enchantress *Decussata!*

*Verna Nana Potentilla,*  
Bristol Fairy *Gypsophila!*

*Ternstræmiaceæ* in H<sub>2</sub>O –  
Come, my darling, let us go.





## THE CONSERVATIVE READER

In the days of old when rhymes were bold,  
And ballads held their sway,  
The poems would swing like anything,  
And songs were brave and gay.

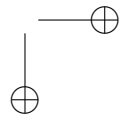
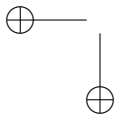
In olden times when verse had rhymes,  
And poetry had fetters,  
Those were the days of roundelays  
And bards in love with letters.

I see no longer simple song,  
And lyric limitation.  
“Damn everything,” the moderns sing,  
“Including punctuation!”

“Let freedom ring!” the moderns sing.  
“Our verse is free and winging!”  
It fails to fly, and rarely I  
Detect the sound of singing.

I don't object to intellect  
(I love the ninth dimension),  
But as a rule the modern school  
Is past my comprehension.

I like to read the rhymes unfreed!  
I crave 'em, I demand 'em.  
Till death I'll fight for those who write  
So I can understand 'em.





## SIGNAL SERVICE

Time-table! Terrible and hard  
To figure! At some station lonely  
We see this sign upon the card:

\*

We read thee wrong; the untrained eye  
Does not see always with precision.  
The train we thought to travel by

†

Again, undaunted, we look at  
The hieroglyphs, and as a rule a  
Small double dagger shows us that

‡

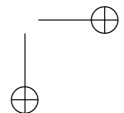
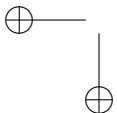
And when we take a certain line  
On Tues., Wednes., Thurs., Fri., Sat., or Monday,  
We're certain to detect the sign:

§

Heck Junction – Here she comes! Fft! Whiz!  
A scurry – and the train has flitted!  
Again we look. We find it – viz.,

||

- \* Train 20: Stops on signal only.
- † Runs only on North-west division.
- ‡ Train does not stop at Ashtabula.
- § \$10 extra fare ex. Sunday.
- || Train does not stop where time omitted.



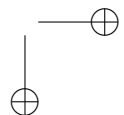
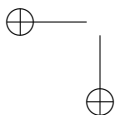


Through hieroglyphic seas we wade –  
Print is so cold and so unfeeling.  
The train we wait at Neverglade  
¶

Now hungrily the sheet we scan,  
Grimy with travel, thirsty, weary,  
And then – nothing is sadder than  
☞

Yet, cursed as is every sign,  
The cussedest that we can quote is  
This treacherous and deadly line:  
\* \* \*

¶ Connects with C. & A. at Wheeling.  
☞ No diner on till after Erie.  
\* \* \* Subject to change without our notice.







## TO A THESAURUS

O precious codex, volume, tome,  
Book, writing, compilation, work  
Attend the while I pen a pome,  
A jest, a jape, a quip, a quirk.

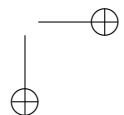
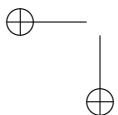
For I would pen, engross, indite,  
Transcribe, set forth, compose, address,  
Record, submit – yea, even write  
An ode, an elegy to bless –

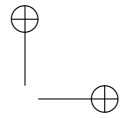
To bless, set store by, celebrate,  
Approve, esteem, endow with soul,  
Commend, acclaim, appreciate,  
Immortalize, laud, praise, extol.

Thy merit, goodness, value, worth,  
Expedience, utility –  
O manna, honey, salt of earth,  
I sing, I chant, I worship thee!

How could I manage, live, exist,  
Obtain, produce, be real, prevail,  
Be present in the flesh, subsist,  
Have place, become, breathe or inhale.

Without thy help, recruit, support,  
Opitulation, furtherance,  
Assistance, rescue, aid, resort,  
Favour, sustention and advance?

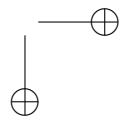
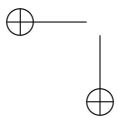




Ala Alack! and well-a-day!  
My case would then be dour and sad,  
Likewise distressing, dismal, gray,  
Pathetic, mournful, dreary, bad.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though I could keep this up all day,  
This lyric, elegiac, song,  
Meseems hath come the time to say  
Farewell! Adieu! Good-by! So long!





## BALLADE OF SCHOPENHAUER'S PHILOSOPHY

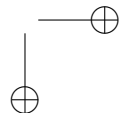
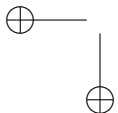
Wishful to add to my mental power,  
Avid of knowledge and wisdom, I  
Pondered the Essays of Schopenhauer,  
Taking his terrible hills on high,  
Worried I was, and a trifle shy,  
Fearful I'd find him a bit opaque!  
Thus does he say, with a soul-sick sigh:  
"The best you get is an even break."

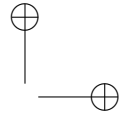
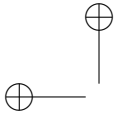
Life, he says, is awry and sour;  
Life, he adds, is sour and awry;  
Love, he says, is a withered flower;  
Love, he adds, is a dragon-fly;  
Love, he swears, is the Major Lie;  
Life, he vows, is the Great Mistake;  
No one can beat it, and few can tie.  
The best you get is an even break.

Women, he says, are clouds that lower;  
Women dissemble and falsify.  
(Those are things that The Conning Tower  
Cannot asseverate or deny.)  
Futile to struggle, and strain, and try;  
Pleasure is freedom from pain and ache;  
The greatest thing you can do is die –  
The best you get is an even break.

L'ENVOI

Gosh! I feel like a real good cry!  
Life, he says, is a cheat, a fake,  
Well, I agree with the grouchy guy –  
The best you get is an even break.





## TO MY FOUNTAIN PEN

O fluent fountain pen of mine,  
Methought once that the mighty line  
Was not to be inscribed by thee,  
But now the light has come to me.

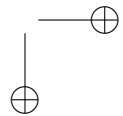
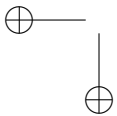
The other night, at half-past ten,  
“Hey, leave me take your fountain pen!”  
Said Edna Ferber. And she wrote  
Some stuff posterity may quote.

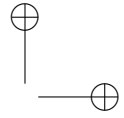
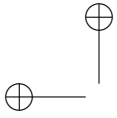
“O grant me of thy benefice,”  
Said Zona Gale, of Portage, Wis.,  
“The loan of that there monster quill.”  
“Why, sure, Miss Gale,” I said, “I will.”

And then she wrote, with this here plume,  
Phrases that flower and words that bloom.  
“Your courtesy I shan’t forget,”  
Said she who wrote *Miss Lulu Bett*.

And Mr. Ade said, “Leave me take  
That fountain pen of yours.” (To make,  
Perchance, a line as sound and sure  
As ever dented Literature.)

And so, fair fountain pen of mine,  
Thou canst inscribe the mighty line.  
Perhaps, if such a thing can be,  
The difficulty lies with me.





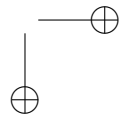
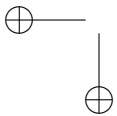
## “I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER”

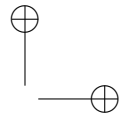
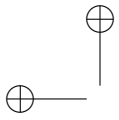
I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born;  
The rent was thirty-two a month,  
Which made my father mourn.  
He said he could remember when  
*His* father paid the rent;  
And when a man's expenses did  
Not take his every cent.

I remember, I remember –  
My mother telling my cousin  
That eggs had gone to twenty-six  
Or -seven cents a dozen;  
And how she told my father that  
She didn't like to speak  
Of things like that, but Bridget now  
Demanded four a week.

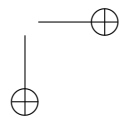
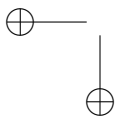
I remember, I remember –  
And with a mirthless laugh –  
My weekly board at college took  
A jump to three and a half.  
I bought an eighteen-dollar suit,  
And father told me, “Sonny,  
I'll pay the bill this time, but, oh,  
I am not made of money!”

I remember, I remember,  
When I was young and brave,  
And I declared, “Well, Birdie, we  
Shall now begin to save.”





It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from riches  
Than when I was a boy.

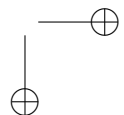
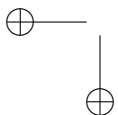




## SONG OF SYNTHETIC VIRILITY

Oh, some may sing of the surging sea, or chant of the raging  
main;  
Or tell of the taffrail blown away by the raging hurricane.  
With an oh, for the feel of the salt sea spray as it stipples the  
guffy's cheek!  
And oh, for the sob of the creaking mast and the halyard's  
aching squeak!  
And some may sing of the galley-foist, and some of the  
quadrireme,  
And some of the day the xebec came and hit us abaft the  
beam.  
Oh, some may sing of the girl in Kew that died for a sailor's  
love,  
And some may sing of the surging sea, as I may have observed  
above.

Oh, some may long for the Open Road, or crave for the prairie  
breeze,  
And some, o'ersick of the city's strain, may yearn for the  
whispering trees.  
With an oh, for the rain to cool my face, and the wind to blow  
my hair!  
And oh, for the trail to Joyous Garde, where I may find my  
fair!  
And some may love to lie in the field in the stark and silent  
night,  
The glistening dew for a coverlet and the moon and stars for  
light.





Let others sing of the souging pines and the winds that rustle  
and roar,  
And others long for the Open Road, as I may have remarked  
before.

Ay, some may sing of the bursting bomb and the screech of a  
screaming shell,

Or tell the tale of the cruel trench on the other side of hell.  
And some may talk of the ten-mile hike in the dead of a winter  
night,

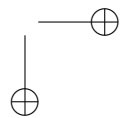
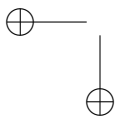
And others chaunt of the doughtie Kyng with mickle valour  
dight.

And some may long for the song of a child and the lullaby's  
fairy charm,

And others yearn for the crack of the bat and the wind of the  
pitcher's arm.

Oh, some have longed for this and that, and others have craved  
and yearned;

And they all may sing of whatever they like, as far as I'm  
concerned.

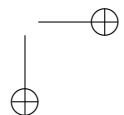
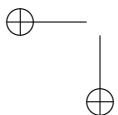


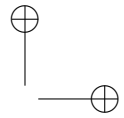




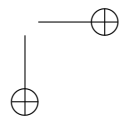
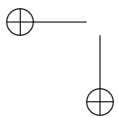
## PALM BEACH

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Foss,  
Catherine Fox and Eleanor Goss,  
Mr. and Mrs. James W. Cox,  
Mr. and Mrs. Lyttleton Fox,  
Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hutton,  
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cutten,  
Mrs. Finley Peter Dunne,  
Grover A. Whalen and Gurnee Munn,  
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hearn,  
Mr. and Mrs. Jerome D. Kern,  
Gerald Brooks and Gerhard M. Dahl,  
Mr. and Mrs. Lessing Rosenthal,  
Leopold Stokowski and James T. Pope,  
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Swope,  
Edward Stotesbury and Mrs. Frank Case,  
Barclay Warburton, Eleanor Chase,  
Mr. Dudley Field Malone,  
Mr. Percy Mendelsohn,  
Milton Florsheim and Percy Pyne,  
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein,  
Addison Mizner and Elsie Cripps,  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phipps,  
Mrs. Thomas Chadbourne and Frank X. Shields,  
Robert Schaffner and the Rosenfelds,  
The Harvey Shaffers and the Westport Helds,  
The Ziegfelds, the Felds, and the Rosenfelds,  
Francis T. Hunter and Bruno Huhn,  
Mrs. Vincent Astor and Heywood Broun,  
Mr. and Mrs. McAneeny,  
Mrs. Bruce Powell and Miss Marion Sweeney,





James P. Donahue and T. L. Jones,  
The Pittsburgh Kaufmanns and the Syracuse Kohns,  
Mr. and Mrs. William Norris,  
Mr. Ira Nelson Morris,  
Mr. and Mrs. Edgerton Freeman,  
R. L. Goldberg and William Seeman,  
Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Stoach,  
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Somers Roche,  
The Mitchells, the Hardings, the Snowdens, and the Peaveys,  
The Baches, the Beaches, the Kahns, and the Levys,  
Evangeline Johnson and Alice De Lamar,  
Mr. Josef Urban and S. T. Carr,  
The Riddles, the Biddles, and the Henry Reas,  
The Parks, the Clarkes, and the Alfred Kays,  
The Mayers, the Thayers, the Marstons, and the Dillmans,  
The Seligmans, the Slaters, the Stehlis, and the Stillmans  
Lie on the beach to get an umber tint  
With nothing to do but get their names in print.

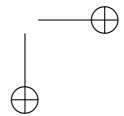
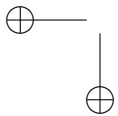




## MEMORIES

*To Holger Lundbergh and Anne Parrish*

These are the things I used to know:  
A book called *Remember the Alamo*,  
Written, I think, by Amelia Barr;  
And the Cottage Grove Avenue cable car –  
It was purple, but the State Street car was red  
That passed by the bakery of Livingston's Bread.  
In our yard, near the drying shirts and socks,  
I planted nasturtiums and four-o'clocks  
And in winter I often used to glide  
On Johnny Cudahy's toboggan slide –  
(He had a pair of pants with stripes,  
And he lived just across from the Conrad Seipps).  
And Toots McCormick and Alma Meyer  
Yelled when I passed on my Barnes White Flyer;  
And a thousand other things I knew  
In the sweet Chicago of '92.





**IF —**

IF MISS EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY HAD WRITTEN  
MR. LONGFELLOW'S "THE RAINY DAY."

The day is dark and dreary;  
Denuded is the tree;  
The wind is never weary —  
But oh, you are of me!

I ponder on the present;  
You muse upon the past.  
And love is only pleasant  
Because it cannot last.

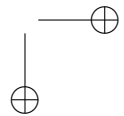
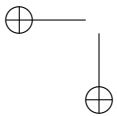
Still, heart! and cease your aching;  
The world is rich in rhymes,  
And hearts can stand a breaking  
About a billion times.

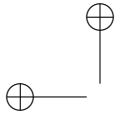
IF MR. H. W. LONGFELLOW HAD WRITTEN MISS MILLAY'S

*"My candle burns at both ends,  
It will not last the night;  
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,  
It gives a lovely light."*

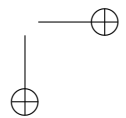
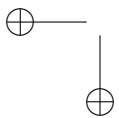
Between the dark and the daylight  
My bayberry candle burns;  
It shines from out my window  
For the traveler who returns.

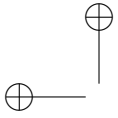
It shines with a holy radiance,  
And a sacred light it sends;  
It flames with a pure candescence,  
And it burns at both its ends.





Not with a blaze consuming;  
Not with a blistering flame;  
Not with a flagrant passion  
Or a heat I dare not name.  
But to blaze the path of friendship  
Its flame my candle lends,  
For its light is the light eternal  
That burns at both its ends.

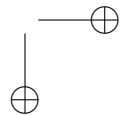
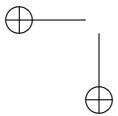


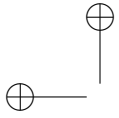


## TO KATHERINE CORNELL

*The Mary Fitton of Will Shakespeare. A synthetic Sonnet, Assembled  
from Sonnets 18, 28, 64, 21, 69, 106, 57, 90, 85, 103, 134, 79, 123,  
and 38.*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day  
When day's oppression is not eased by night  
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay?  
O, let me, true in love, but truly write  
Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view –  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow –  
While I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Then hate me if thou wilt; if ever, now  
My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still  
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace  
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will  
And my sick Muse doth give another place.  
    This do I vow, and this shall ever be;  
    For who so dumb that cannot write of thee?

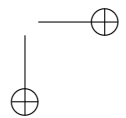
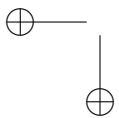


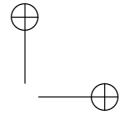
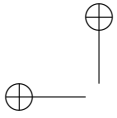


## VALENTINE

Silver stars above me,  
Sun above me, shine!  
Lady, if you love me,  
Be my valentine.

And, my dear, if in you  
Leaps no answering flame,  
Those things will continue  
Shining just the same.





### “A GLANCE. . . WILL TELL YOU WHICH”

*Here are salmon mayonnaise, things in aspic, strawberries and cream, rich cakes, and iced champagne, and the hour is preposterous, but we help ourselves. Happy those guests who in the morning will not be faced with some sheets of white paper! Unlike most men, an author cannot pretend to work; either he is working or idling, and a glance at his sheet of manuscript will tell you which – From “A Musical Party,” in Self-Selected Essays by J. B. Priestley.*

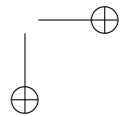
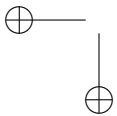
When I go out of doors at night,  
A slave to Recreation’s quest,  
I think, “ ’Twill soon be time to write;  
Tomorrow I must feel my best.”

And yet, as tolls the witching hour,  
And chilled champagne a lady sips,  
Thoughts of tomorrow’s Conning Tower  
Melt at the sight of lureful lips.

One, two! one, two! and three. . . and four. . .  
The hours, like minutes, faster fly,  
And as I seek my castle door  
A million milk-carts rattle by.

“I’m tired now and sleepy, too.”  
Fain would I lie till half-past ten!  
I toss and toss, and wish I knew  
What I could write. . . I rise again.

So officeward I wend my way;  
I face the fair unsullied sheets  
Of paper, saying, “Come what may,  
Tonight I’ll sip no stolen sweets.”

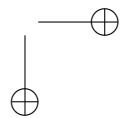
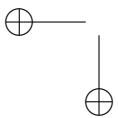


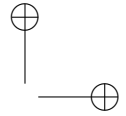




“The heath this night shall be my bed.”  
No, no, that’s wrong. . . This vow is mine:  
My pillowslip shall feel my head  
Tonight at eight o’clock, or nine.

“Working or idling,” which am I?  
Did sloth or labor fill this niche?  
Glance at this poem. I defy  
Priestley or you to tell me which.

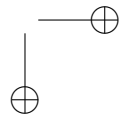
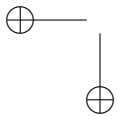




## PRECOCITY

A COLLABORATION BY A. A. MILNE, E. A. POE,  
DOROTHY PARKER, AND YE ED

James James  
Morrison Morrison  
Weatherby  
George Dupree  
Took  
Great  
Care of his mother,  
Though he  
Was only three.  
James James  
Morrison Morrison  
Said to his mother,  
“Mother,” he said,  
Said he:  
“So all  
The night tide  
I lie down  
By the side  
Of my  
Beautiful  
Annabel Lee.”





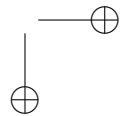
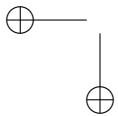
## TO DOROTHY PARKER CAMPBELL, AND ALAN

Dottie, dear, when life was sour,  
Sad, and aching all the time,  
You would send The Conning Tower  
Many a rhyme.

When beset with brier and bramble  
Was the path, you wrote – and how!  
But, O Mrs. Alan Campbell,  
Never now.

I'm no foe to nuptial beauty,  
Yet I'm certain, Mr. C.,  
That you owe a definite duty  
Unto me.

Hit her, slap her, sock her, shake her,  
Till she take the rusted pen;  
Beat her, and her woe may make her  
Write again.

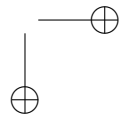
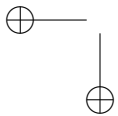




**BRIGHT SAFFRON SHEETS AFTER  
“BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS”**

Bright saffron sheets of crime and strife,  
The wildest of our noisy life,  
How many, many times a day  
Ye have your 96-point say!  
The papers come, the papers go,  
The circulations wane and grow –  
This be your slogan, and ye burst:  
“For God, for Country, and for Hearst!”

In Mexico when troubles rise,  
Who is the wisest of the wise?  
Who gleams like Henry of Navarre?  
Who but our hero, Willie R.!  
What benefits the human race?  
War, WAR – all o’er the well-known place  
War – though the order seem reversed –  
“For God, for Country, and for Hearst!”





## THE OLD OAKEN POET

When I was young, my pen and tongue  
Were slow, nor did I seek to speed them.  
I labored hard to be a bard  
Whose lines were built that some might read them.

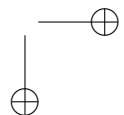
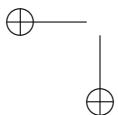
I'd put in days upon a phrase;  
I'd write, erase, and then demolish;  
The perfect whole was then my goal;  
I'd pick and choose, I'd shine and polish.

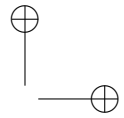
Through half the night my verse I'd write.  
Only when flawless I'd O.K. it,  
And when I'd done what *I'd* call one,  
It sounded swell, if I do say it.

But careful rhyme ain't worth the time.  
The midnight oil will burn and char you.  
To beauty's quest you give the best  
Years of your life, and then where are you?

You're nowhere,  
That's where you are –  
Nowhere.

For you can kid free verse,  
Or no verse,  
As the stuff called free verse usually is.  
Or Dreiserian verse, or e. e. cummings verse –  
You can kid those art-forms all you like,  
Though you never can kid them as much as *I* like.





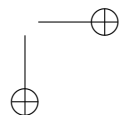
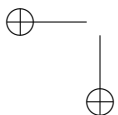
I say  
Repetitiously  
You can kid them all you like,  
And, as Gilbert said,  
The interesting fact remains  
That more people read stuff in this  
Form (Form my four grandparents!)  
Than in the rhymed way.

That is because  
There are so many people who Never Read Poetry.  
So they read these things and think they are reading poetry,  
Especially if it has a little profanity,  
Strained through a colander,  
Add a heaping cupful of obscenity  
And sweeten to taste.

I am sated with it.

I am up to my neck in it,  
That's where it gives me a pain.  
But though I consider it food for the swine,  
The editors  
Buy it  
At  
So much  
A  
Line,  
"At so *much* a line!" says Echo, who is no fool.

And here's another lie:  
These boys  
And girls,  
As the case may be,  
And most of the time is,  
Tell you  
That this sort of stuff  
Isn't as easy as it looks.  
They lie.  
If I were writing a play about newspaper men,



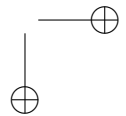
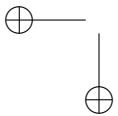


Instead of writing for a newspaper,  
I'd tell you what variety of liar they are.  
This sort of stuff is easier than it looks,  
And that's  
Awful easy.

Even the conspicuously commonplace stuff,  
With an occasional line of phony poetry,  
Like  
"The flowers smells kinder purty,  
Like a angel's buttonhole bouquet."

It's tiresome to write even this  
Kind  
Of  
Stuff.  
Shifting the typewriter every second.

Come, O my pen, return again  
To labor on each verbal item!  
Though none will see their charms but me,  
It is a lot of fun to write 'em.

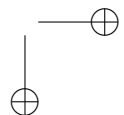
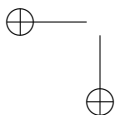




## SONNET

My soul is sick of sonnets that are not;  
For so-called sonnets I am full unfain;  
Against them now I hereby do complain:  
I like them not a tittle nor a jot.  
Free verse itself looks like a house and lot  
Compared with sonnets void of heart and brain.  
They afflict me with a sharp and shooting pain –  
They are, if I may say so, far from hot.

Cease, O ye hodiernal sonneteers!  
Say it with couplets, or go into prose;  
Else wear the rigid shackle that confines  
The sonnet in the dress of deeper years!  
My soul, as I have said, is sick of those  
Who think a sonnet's merely fourteen lines.

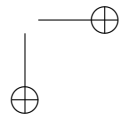
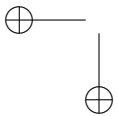


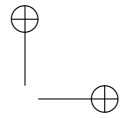




**“YOU HAVE JUST LISTENED TO . . .”**

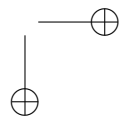
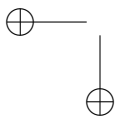
“Thank you, Mr. Blahblah.” “This is Station LMC.”  
“Here comes the pitch to Gehrig. The count is two and three.”  
“You get more mileage with . . .” “I come from that great commonwealth . . .”  
“Your skin gets dry from sun and wind.” “Oatena guards the health.”  
“. . . the voice of H. V. Kaltenborn . . .” “Electric Power and Light.”  
“Mario Braggiotti . . .” “Mr. William Allen White.”  
“My Little Gypsy Sweetheart.” “The count is three and two.”  
“. . . upon the seventh ballot.” “This is Station ABQ.”





## FREQUENTLY

I shot a poem into the air,  
It was reprinted everywhere  
From Bangor to the Rocky Range –  
And always credited to  
– Exchange.



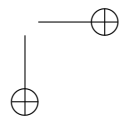
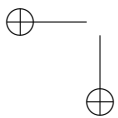


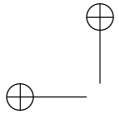
## PRODIGALITY

Look, you said, the lovely moon,  
Fair and new and bright!  
Of her bounty crave a boon;  
Make a wish tonight.

You I gazed at grown so dear;  
Gazed I long at you;  
Near to me as life is near,  
Fair and bright and new.

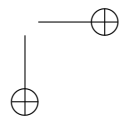
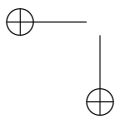
Boons for them that feel a dearth!  
Them I give no heed to.  
Mine the heaven and mine the earth –  
Let them wish that need to!





## SPEEDS

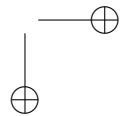
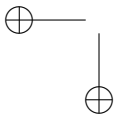
The smile is earlier than the sigh,  
For love is a laggard overmuch;  
The hand is slower than the eye,  
I saw thee or ever I dared to touch.  
How sudden swift the heart! and then  
How pitifully slow the pen!





## SONG OF A CANDIDATE

Oh, I am a regular candidate  
For this or that in the Empire State!  
My opponent never is near the truth  
Oh, vote him nay in the polling booth!  
My opponent oughtn't to show his face;  
His public record is a disgrace.  
He's timid and truculent, weak and cold;  
He wants to be President, I've been told.  
He's the toughest conservative of them all,  
He's a Red, he's a tool of Tammany Hall.  
Republican you or Democrat,  
How can you vote for a man like that?  
"But what about *you*?" cry the people plain.  
"Why, gentlemen, this is a campaign,  
And I don't know what I will do, or would;  
I know my opponent is not any good."



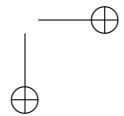
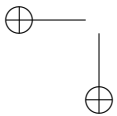


## HURRY BACK, SAYS AVID PUBLIC

WALTER LIPPMANN WILL RESUME HIS COLUMN, "TODAY AND TOMORROW," ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10 — HERALD TRIBUNE

*The dinner table talk is flat  
When Lippmann is away.  
It's only gossip, fluff, and chat  
When Lippmann is away.  
You don't hear anybody say:  
"Well, Walter Lippmann said today —"  
"He's right," "He's wrong," "His dope's O.K.,"  
When Lippmann is away.*

*Who knows about Inflation's brink  
When Lippmann is away?  
Who knows exactly what to think  
When Lippmann is away?  
"Is money safe at one per cent?"  
"What power should have the President?"  
You never hear an argument  
When Lippmann is away.*



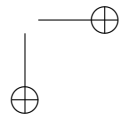
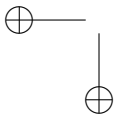


## MELODIA TUCKER OF ABUNDANCE STREET

*Any One Who Knows Whereabouts of James Tucker, who formerly lived in New Orleans, communicate with daughter, Melodia Tucker, 2517 Abundance St., New Orleans, La. – Herald Tribune*

“MELODIA TUCKER of Abundance Street” –  
Never a name I knew so sweet;  
Never a lady seemed so fair,  
Wrapped in the softest Lydian air.

James, if your eye be cast this way,  
Write to Melodia this very day.  
Telegraph, telephone, I entreat,  
To Melodia Tucker of Abundance Street.





## THE SIMPLETON; OR, NITROGEN'S NEGATION

### PREFACE

At a performance of Mr. G. B. Shaw's *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* it occurred to me that what the play needed, among other things, was music. My ability to compose music is unquestioned; but there is no doubt about my ability to transcribe notes. Therefore, as it seemed to me that Mr. Shaw's play might have been one of W. S. Gilbert's third-rate libretti, written about 1880, the following skeleton is submitted:

### PROLOGUE

DUET: *Emigration Officer and Clerk*

The emigration officers' song we  
Sing on desperation's brink;  
Heavy we with heat and ongwee,  
There is naught to do but drink.

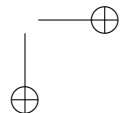
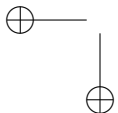
### SCENE 1

#### RECITATIVE

But stay! Who is this lovely lady here?

*The Young Woman*

I'm one who hates to see your office dusty.  
Oh, cease to drink! And keep your office tidy.







ARIA: *The Young Woman*

Drink is a demon you should shun,  
Meat is a poison dread.  
Water and air  
And fruit and sun –  
This is the fare  
For every one,  
With a crust of gluten bread;  
This and a bean and a carrot raw  
Made a powerful fellow of G. B. Shaw.

He's a vegetarian!  
For he might have been carnivorous,  
Or unpleasantly equivorous,  
Or perhaps a butcher man.  
But in spite of all ambitions  
For defective deglutitions,  
He's a vegetarian!  
He's a ve-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-etarian!

*Wilks (the Clerk)*

Dear! how this climate incommodes  
Myself who can't be Cecil Rhodes!

*(He shoots himself)*

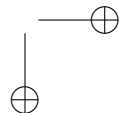
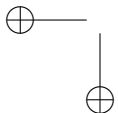
*Chorus of Officers*

Alas! so hot poor Wilks has got himself  
That he, in short, has gone and shot himself.

SCENE 2

*The Young Woman*

Let life come to you, I say;  
Frivol not with foolish fates  
Sunshine is the time for hay;  
All things come to those who wait.





SCENE 3

*The Priest, the Priestess, the Lady Tourist, Sir Charles, the Emigration Officer, and the Young Woman.*

Hard as falling off an ol' log  
Is the finish to the Prologue.  
Sextet are we, so clear the decks –  
Sextet with accent on the sex.  
A truce to the dull and the commonplace!  
Sing ho! sing hey! for a perfect race!  
A truce to speeches Demosthenic!  
Sing high! sing low! for the kids eugenic.

*The Three Men*

A trio we of neurasthenics,  
We love our wives, but O Eugenics!

CURTAIN

ACT I

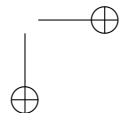
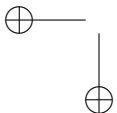
*(The lawn of a stately house on an island in the Pacific. It commands a view of a large but empty harbor. Two beautiful girls and two beautiful boys, in no-piece bathing suits, are discovered by the audience, and somewhat later, by the Clergyman.)*

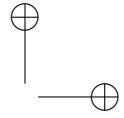
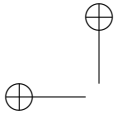
*The Clergyman*

Pardon my pointing, but who are these idols?

*Pra (the Priest)*

They are not idols, but the lovely children  
Born of the sextet mentioned in the Prologue,  
The perfect fruits of our Utopian unions.





*The Clergyman*

I see: Two union Jills, two Union Jacks.

*(He does a hornpipe)*

Then it's hard a-lee on the starboard tack!  
Hurrah! hurrah for the Union Jack!

*(Idols come to life and woo Clergyman)*

*First Girl (Maya)*

O matchless man, I beg to state  
I do not hold you cheaply;  
I see in you my lustrous mate –  
I love, I love you deeply!

*Second Girl (Vashti)*

O handsome hero, let me say  
I gaze upon you gladly.  
You are the sunrise, I the day –  
I love, I love you madly.

*The Clergyman*

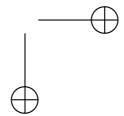
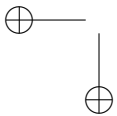
My heart with boundless rapture thrills,  
My heart for faintness famous,  
But I can't wed a pair of Jills,  
For I am monogamous.

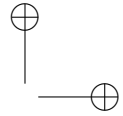
*Both Girls*

Oh, pray, good sir, approach and claim us!  
How silly to be monogamous!  
You know the rule of this commandry:  
Polygamy and polyandry.

*(He marries them both)*

CURTAIN





ACT II

*Same as Act I. Twenty years later. The harbor full of battleships.*

*Sir Charles* – Ah, the British fleet! There may be a battle. But no! They are fighting among one another: who shall have precedence in firing, flags, target practice, and at least an hour more of dialogue on this satiric point. Would you like to hear it?

*The Emigration Officer (Hyerling)* – No. (*Aside*) Why did I not think of that answer on the opening night? But soft! here comes Phosphor Hammningtap, the Clergyman, and his wives, and our four children.

*The Children*

We sicken of the sadness,  
Of peace and love on earth.  
We crave the merry gladness  
Of war's robustious mirth.

*The Clergyman*

How glad I am no kids are mine!

*His Wives*

Shut up! You comic valentine!

*The Clergyman*

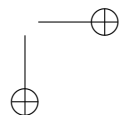
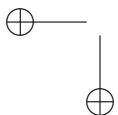
Who comes? Who comes in white? Or is it gray?

*The Angel*

'Tis I, the Angel. It is Judgment Day!

*All*

Let us commend, in sad but tuny verse,  
The utter end of all the universe!





*The Angel*

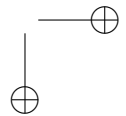
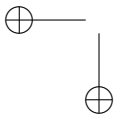
No, but the beginning.

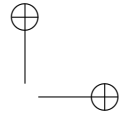
*All*

Hooray! Hoorroo! Hurraw!

Not of the world, but of this play by Shaw.

CURTAIN





## TO-NIGHT

*Love me to-night! Fold your dear arms around me –  
Hurt me – I do but glory in your might!  
Tho' your fierce strength absorb, engulf, and drown me,  
Love me to-night!*

*The world's wild stress sounds less than our own heart-beat;  
Its puny nothingness sinks out of sight.  
Just you and I and Love alone are left, sweet –  
Love me to-night!*

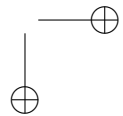
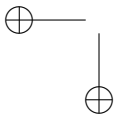
*Love me to-night! I care not for to-morrow –  
Look in my eyes, aglow with Love's own light:  
Full soon enough will come daylight, and sorrow –  
Love me to-night!*

– BEATRICE M. BARRY, *in the Banquet Table*.

We can't tonight! We're overworked and busy;  
We've got a lot of paragraphs to write;  
Although your invitation drives us dizzy,  
We can't tonight!

But, Trixie, we admit we're greatly smit with  
The heart you picture – incandescent, white.  
We must confess that you have made a hit with  
Us here tonight.

O Beatrice! O tempora! O Heaven!  
List to our lyre the while the strings we smite;  
Where shall you be at – well, say half-past seven  
Tomorrow night?





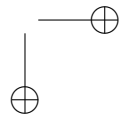
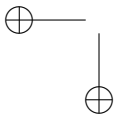
## STRANGE INTERLUDE STUFF

### THE LOSER

I bow, of course, to the people's will  
*(And I swallow a big and a bitter pill);*  
And my worthy foe I congratulate  
*(And he'll probably sink the Ship of State).*

### THE WINNER

The greatest honor a man can win  
*(And what will they want who got me in?)*  
I shall work for the people, as I've always done  
*(And what would I do if I hadn't won?)*





## BALLADE OF INCAPACITY

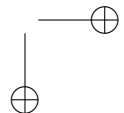
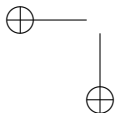
I am decisive, courageous, brave,  
I have a sharp, a brotherless spear;  
Man that is frequently known as cave;  
Alien to terror and foe to fear.  
Bold as a confident buccaneer,  
Red is the meat upon which I bite.  
But this is the shoal whereupon I steer:  
I can't get a cab on a rainy night.

Doughty and gallant, I cast the glaive,  
Aye at the crooked and insincere.  
Ruthlessly taking the things I crave,  
Whoso opposes me, him I flee.  
Women have told me I'm too severe,  
Penthesilean and impolite;  
But – I am ever so little queer –  
I can't get a cab on a rainy night.

Boldly I sally upon the pave,  
Begging, imploring each gondolier,  
Promising him I will be his slave,  
Will he but take me from out the mere.  
Hither he giggles or fails to hear;  
Pitiless he of my lady's plight,  
As I confess to her scornful ear,  
"I *can't* get a cab on a rainy night."

### L'ENVOI

Queen, all the flower of my full career,  
All of my love and my wit and might –  
These I can give you, but oh, my dear,  
I can't get a cab on a rainy night.



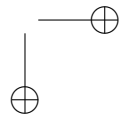
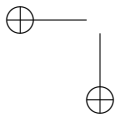


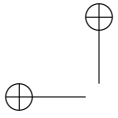


### WASHINGTON, THE SHROPSHIRE LAD

“Fairest of all the cherry-tree  
    Blossomed upon the farm;  
So tell the taxing truth to me;  
    What lad hath done it harm?”

“Father, I cannot tell a lie,  
    Though well I wis I’ll catch it.  
I chopped the cherry-tree, and I  
    Did it with my small hatchet.”





## A ROMAN FLIRT

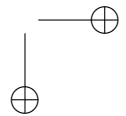
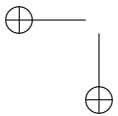
HORACE: BOOK I, ODE 5

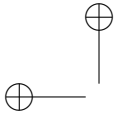
*“Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa?”*

What slender lad, recking with scent,  
Now gives thee roseate embraces?  
For whom dost thou, in blandishment,  
Bind thy gold locks in simple graces?

Alas, how frequently he'll rue  
Thy heart so hard, thy soul so dowdy!  
His heaven that seems forever blue  
Tomorrow will be blackly cloudy.

Forlorn are they who see thee shine;  
Blinded who gaze at thee unloathing.  
I've hung upon the temple's line  
To dry, my sadly dripping clothing.





## THE SLUMP IN SYBARIS

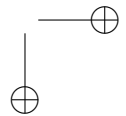
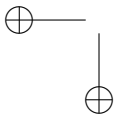
HORACE: BOOK I, ODE 8

*“Lydia, dic, per omnes –”*

O Lydia, tell me why it is, by all the gods above,  
You seek to ruin Sybaris with your incandescent love?  
He used to like the scorching sun, and brave the wind and rain,  
But now he views the open road with undisguised disdain.

He used to sit a prancing steed, he used to dive and swim;  
No more the Tiber laves him, and no more the horse for him.  
He used to pack a vicious hook, he used to love a fight;  
His arms no more are black with blows, of scars his arms are white.

Time was when none so far as he the javelin could hurl;  
Now he that held the record once is silly for a girl!  
Concealed he lies, as once of old the brave Achilles did;  
By all the gods above you, what’s the matter with him, Lyd?





## “FAIR AND COLDER”

HORACE: BOOK I, ODE 9

*“Vide ut alta stet nive candidum –”*

I

How snowy white Soracte stands!  
How still the streams with cold!  
Pile the logs higher upon the fire!  
Decant that four-year old!

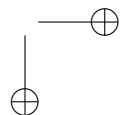
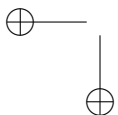
Leave to the gods the other things!  
The ash and cypress trees  
Shall fall asleep when on the deep  
Blows not the battling breeze.

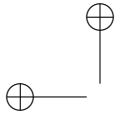
Ask not about the morrow morn;  
Take what the gods may give,  
Nor scorn the dance and sweet romance –  
Life is not long to live.

Come seek the Campus and the squares,  
As fall the shades of night,  
Where many a maid, all unafraid,  
Laughs absolute delight.

II

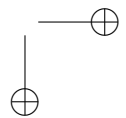
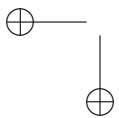
Soracte’s snowy crest behold!  
The forecast is “Continued Cold.”  
Come, turn the oil-burner up a notch,  
And let us crack a quart of Scotch.





Fear not tomorrow's tragic tricks!  
What boots who wins in '36?  
Neglect not now the youthful chance  
For wine and women, song and dance.

And that reminds me: let us fare  
To see the doings round the Square,  
Where, if we play our cards aright,  
We may find ladies out tonight.





## HYMN TO MERCURY

HORACE: BOOK I, ODE 10

*“Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis –”*

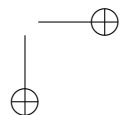
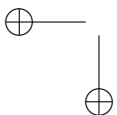
Eloquent grandson, Mercury, of Atlas,  
Thou whom the human race hast given speech to,  
Set up for wrestlers the grace-giving arena –  
Thee will I sing of.

Messenger thou of Jove and all the gods art;  
Father art thou of curvilinear lyres;  
Clever art thou to hide in sportive stealing  
Whatso thou choosest.

Once in thy youth Apollo tried to fright thee  
If thou wouldst not restore the stolen cattle;  
Finding himself, however, reft of quiver,  
Giggled Apollo.

Also through thee it was that Priam, richly  
Laden with gifts, when Ilium forsaking,  
Ran through the Atridæ, and the Thessalian watchfires,  
And the foe’s outposts.

Thou it is bringst the pious to the mansions,  
Thou with thy golden wand the shades assemblest,  
Favorite art thou of gods above earth’s surface,  
Also below it.





## SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

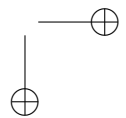
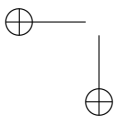
HORACE: BOOK I, ODE 25

*“Parcius iunctas quatient fenestras –”*

Insistent lads no longer shake  
Thy shutters, keeping thee awake,  
And no one ever now knocks at  
The once willing door into thy flat.

Less frequently the lover cries  
“Sleep not, my Lydia! Come, arise!”  
The time will come when, old, forlorn,  
Thou’lt weep about thy lover’s scorn.

On moonless nights the flames will rage  
About thy heart; and, bent with age,  
Thou’lt fret that lads delight in myrtle  
And ivy more than in thy kirtle.





## THE CLEAR CONSCIENCE

HORACE: BOOK I, ODE 22

*“Integer vitae, scelerisque purus –”*

He who is upright in his way of living,  
Stainless of guilt, needs never the protection  
Darts of Morocco, or bows or poisoned arrows,  
Fuscus, can give him;

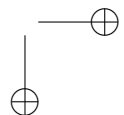
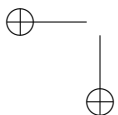
Whether his path be through the sultry Syrtes,  
Or through the sunless Caucasus he travel,  
Or through the countries watered by the famous  
River Hydaspes.

Once in the Sabine Woods when I was strolling  
Far past my farm, unarmed and free of worry,  
Singing of Lalage, the wolf that heard me  
Came up; and left me.

Monstrous was he, not such as martial Daunia  
There in her spacious oaken forest nurses,  
Not such as arid, lion-hearted Juba  
Greatly produces.

Place me upon the sun-divested prairie  
Where not a tree lives in the breath of summer;  
Or where is nothing ever but the forecast:  
Cloudy with showers.

Yes, you may place me on the old Equator  
Where it is far too hot for habitation,  
Yet will I love my Lalage forever,  
Smiling so sweetly.







## “PERSICOS ODI”

HORACE: BOOK I, ODE 38

*“Persicos odi, puer, apparatus –”*

I

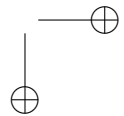
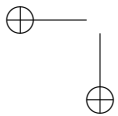
The pomp of the Persian I hold in aversion;  
I hate his theatrical tricks;  
His garlicky wreathings and lindeney tree-things –  
Nix.

Boy, me for the myrtle while under this fertile  
Old grapevine I mellowly sink  
As you and bibacious old Quintus Horatius  
Drink.

II

Lad, for overfancy clothing  
I have but a healthy loathing  
Nor can I see any reason  
In the rose that’s out of season.

I am one who deems it silly  
To attempt to paint the lily;  
Myrtle underneath the vine,  
And some elderberry wine!





**FEBRUARY 14, 22 B.C.**

HORACE: BOOK III, ODE 9

*“Donec eram gratus tibi –”*

*Horace*

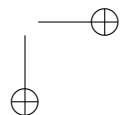
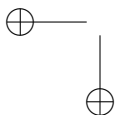
In the happier years gone by me,  
    In a well-remembered day,  
Yours the custom was to eye me  
    In a not unflattering way.  
When than I none was than-whicher,  
    When none other dared to fling  
Arms about you, I was richer  
    Than the noted Persian king.

*Lydia*

Those the days when sweet the savor  
    Of mine overbrimming cup,  
When no Chloë found your favor,  
    When I was not runner-up.  
As I scan my memorabilia,  
    I observe with girlish glee  
That the famous Roman Ilia  
    Hadn't anything on me.

*Horace*

Now the roomy heart Horatian,  
    Beating loudly in this breast,  
By the sweetly singing Thracian  
    Chloë's utterly possessed.  
If I thought that lovely lass 'd  
    Like to see me dead, I'd take  
Half a pint of prussic acid  
    Gladly for her shining sake.





*Lydia*

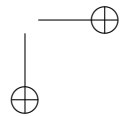
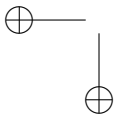
What a fascinating game is  
Love! My current cause for joy –  
Thurian Calais his name is –  
He is Ornytus's boy.  
If I thought he'd like to view me  
Moribund; that he would laugh  
At my corse, I'd pour into me  
All the poison I could quaff.

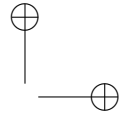
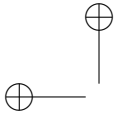
*Horace*

If no longer I should find her  
As I used to find her – fair;  
If I casually consigned her  
To the celebrated air;  
This affair – if I should quit it;  
If I gazed again on you;  
Do you think that we could hit it  
Off the way we used to do?

*Lydia*

Yes. Though Calais is brighter  
Than a coruscating star;  
Madder than the sea, and lighter  
Than a piece of cork you are,  
Horace, you're the only guy for  
Me. The others I resign.  
You're the one I'd live for, die for –  
And I'll be your Valentine.





## COCKTAIL PARTY

HORACE: BOOK III, ODE 19

*“Quantem distet ab Inacho –”*

Of Inachus you know the date,  
Of Codrus, dying for the state,  
The Trojan wars, the Æacan line,  
But what’s the cost of Chian wine?

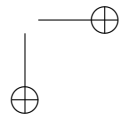
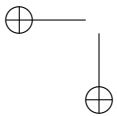
You say not who’ll turn on the steam,  
Beneath whose roof am I to dream,  
At what o’clock I shall enfold  
Myself in blankets from the cold.

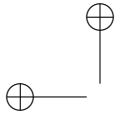
A health, my lad, and bring it soon!  
Murena, midnight, and the moon!  
And we shall mix the mellow wine  
With cyathi three, or maybe nine.

The bard who loves all Muses, he  
Shall ask for cyathi three times three;  
But more than three the Graces nude  
Forbid, lest any one be stewed.

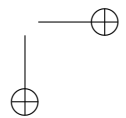
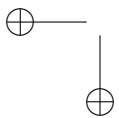
A blithesome bard, I crave carouse  
And merry music, liquor’s spouse.  
Why hangs the pipe beside the lute?  
Why mute the Berecynthian flute?

I scorn a skimpy hand! Oh, fling  
The roses wide! Let’s laugh and sing!  
And let old Lycus hear our whirl,  
As well as his too youthful girl.





O Telephus, those locks of thine  
Like to the star of evening shine!  
To thee the radiant Rhode turns.  
For Glycera my bosom burns.





## HIS MONUMENT

HORACE: BOOK III, ODE 30

AD MELPOMENEN

*“Exegi monumentum aere perennius –”*

I

The monument that I have built is durable as brass,  
And loftier than the Pyramids which mock the years that pass.  
Nor blizzard can destroy it, nor furious rain corrode –  
Remember, I’m the bard that built the first Horatian ode.

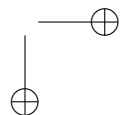
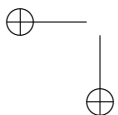
I shall not altogether die; a part of me’s immortal.  
A part of me shall never pass the mortuary portal;  
And when I die, my fame shall stand the nitric test of time –  
The fame of me of lowly birth, who built the lofty rhyme!

Ay, fame shall be my portion when no trace there is of me,  
For I first made Æolian songs the songs of Italy.  
Accept, I pray, Melpomene, my modest meed of praise,  
And crown my thinning, graying locks with wreaths of Delphic bays!

II

Look you, the monument I have erected  
High as the Pyramids, royal, sublime,  
During as brass – it shall not be affected  
E’en by the elements coupled with Time.

Part of me, most of me never shall perish;  
I shall be free from Oblivion’s curse;  
Mine is a name that the future will cherish –  
I shall be known by my excellent verse.



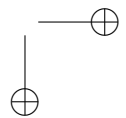
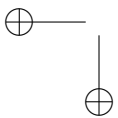


I shall be famous all over this nation  
Centuries after my self shall have died;  
People will point to my versification –  
I, who was born on the Lower East Side!  
Come, then, Melpomene, why not admit me?  
I want a wreath that is Delphic and green,  
Seven, I think, is the size that will fit me –  
Slip me some laurel to wear on my bean.

III

(From the *Evening Mail*, Dec. 51, 1915.)

R eader, the monument that I've  
E rected ever shall survive  
A s long as brass; and it shall stay  
D espite the stormiest, wildest day.  
T hough winds assail, yet shall it stand  
H igh as the pyramids, and grand.  
E ternally my name will be  
T riumphant in posterity.  
R ecurrent will my praises sound;  
I shall be terribly renowned.  
B orn though I was of folk obscure,  
U nknown, I spilled Some Lit'rature.  
N ow, O Melpomene, my queen  
E ntwine the laurel on my bean!





## THE FARMER LEADS A HAPPY LIFE

HORACE: EPODE II

*“Beatus ille, qui procul  
Ut prisca gens mortalium –”*

“Happy is he who lives his life  
Far from the town’s ignoble strife;  
He drives the plural of an ox,  
And never thinks of bonds and stocks.

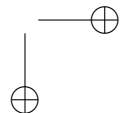
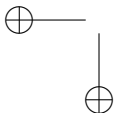
“To him the bugler’s reveille,  
The storms that toss an angry sea,  
Political doors that do not swing,  
The Forum – they don’t mean a thing.

“He loves his lofty poplar trees;  
His honey comes from native bees;  
Deep purple is his heavy vine;  
And pedigreed are his lowing kine.

“The barren branches off he snips;  
He also grafts the fruitful slips;  
And – though alliteration’s cheap –  
He shears the shy but shaggy sheep.

“When autumn shows her plenteous shape  
He gathers in the bursting grape,  
And picks, with not unfructuous glee,  
The pear from many a grafted tree.

“To pay Priapus he will smoke  
And lie beneath a shady oak,  
Or, on his lawn by breezes fanned,  
Sylvanus, guardian of his land.







“His high-banked river rolls along;  
His birdies sing incessant song;  
His fountains drip a plashing stream,  
Lulling to sleep, perchance to dream.

“When winter’s frost and snow and rain  
Preclude the thought of fruit and grain,  
He utilizes chilly snaps  
To hunt, and set his nets and traps.

“Tantivy! when the frost is hoar  
He chases the ferocious boar;  
Or snares, in the denuded brush,  
The frightened hare or hungry thrush.

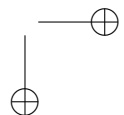
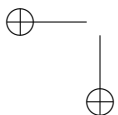
“Who wouldn’t be oblivious of  
The alleged delights of so-called Love?  
And if a modest wife there be  
To keep his house... and two or three...

“A Sabine wife, in love with land,  
Or some Apulian, strong and tanned,  
Whose hearths with aged logs are fired  
When Pop comes home, distraught and tired?

“Who waters the cows and gives them hay,  
And milks them wholly twice a day,  
Who taps a cask of home-made wine  
And cooks a costless meal that’s fine;

“No Lucrine oysters do I wish,  
No turbot, scar, or fancy fish  
(If winter, with his thundering host,  
Should so divert them to our coast);

“No Ionian cock nor guinea-hen  
For me, but something else again  
Are olives taken from my trees;  
No table offers more than these;





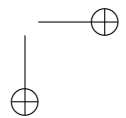
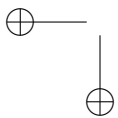
“And sorrel, loved of mead and hill,  
And mallows, good for hale and ill,  
And lamb slain at the Terminal Feast,  
Or kid unkilld by lupine beast.

“Boy, what a supper! What a sight  
To see the sheep come home at night,  
The weary oxen homeward fare,  
Dragging along the inverted share!

“And native slaves. . .” So Alfius said,  
To Agriculture newly wed.

\* \* \* \* \*

But he made his creditors quickly pay  
The cash he re-lent at the earliest day.





## HORACE AND THE BORE

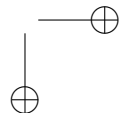
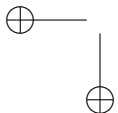
HORACE: LIBER I, SATIRA 9

*“Ibam forte via Sacra, sicut meus est mos –”*

I'm ankling, as I do, one day  
Along the good old Sacred Way,  
Thinking of business or some dame –  
A guy comes up; I know his name  
And nothing else. He grabs my hand  
With nerve to beat the well-known band,  
And says to me: “Hello, old kick!  
And how is every little trick?”  
“I'm well,” I say. “There's nothing new;  
I can't complain; the same to you.”

He sticks, and so I say: “Good-by!  
Don't take any wooden denarii.”  
“Surely you know me,” says the bore,  
“I've got a lot of learned lore.”  
“Well, that's just dandy,” I reply,  
“That makes your average pretty high.”  
Faster I walk upon the pave  
And see my valet, the lucky slave,  
I wish I had his temper quick  
So I could brain these bores who stick.

This cluck keeps talking Jove knows what  
But do I answer? I do not.  
So he says: “Listen, I'm aware  
You're anxious to give me the air.  
No use. I'll stick around all day.  
I'll foot your dogsteps. Whither away?”



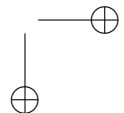
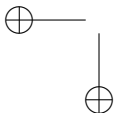


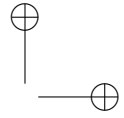
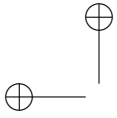
Say I: "Don't let me spoil your plan;  
I'm going far to see a man  
Whose name is F. O'Brien Schreiber;  
He's sick, and lives across the Tiber."  
"Oh, that's all right," goes on his talk,  
"I've lots of time, and I love to walk. . ."  
So there I am, like some young jack  
With a load too heavy for his back.

He starts again: "Believe me or not,  
Viscus and Varus aren't so hot,  
For where's the lad can make more rhyme  
Than I in the same amount of time?  
Who dances better? And I sing  
About as well as anything."  
I sneak a word in: "Listen brother:  
Got any family? Got a mother,  
An aunt, or anyone who'd give  
One damn whether you die or live?"

"Not one; all, all are laid away."  
(The lucky stiffs! Oh, happy they!  
But I'm alive. That is my lot.  
Why don't you put me on the spot?  
Into my coffin by a bore cast,  
My epitaph the Sabellian forecast:  
"Here lies a boy whom guns can't kill,  
Whom no disease has e'er made ill.  
But oh, this boy will perish young,  
Done to his death by a babbling tongue.  
Be warned, my son, when talkers harry you,  
Run off as fast as your feet will carry you.")

Well, when we come to the Vestal Shrine –  
It being then 10:39 –  
He says he has to go to court  
Or lose his case. "O.K., old sport,"  
I say. But he says: "Listen, please,  
Wait here, I beg you on my knees."



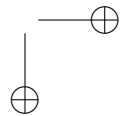
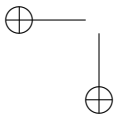


“I know no law,” I say, “good-by.  
You know I’ve got to see this guy.”

He says: “I don’t know what to do:  
Give up my law case, Quint, or you?”  
“Oh, give me up!” I say. “Oh, no,”  
Says he. So on and on we go.  
And then he says: “Say, just between us,  
What is your contract with Mæcenas?”  
“He picks his friends; wise in his dome;  
No better, finer man in Rome.”  
“Why not give me a recommend?  
You’d be supreme with me as friend.”

“It’s different over there,” I said,  
“From how you’ve got it in your head.  
There’s not a house whose life is cleaner,  
No home where everything’s serener.  
Let one be wealthier than I or wiser,  
Nobody cares – nor he nor I, sir.”  
“Almost too good,” says he, “for truth.”  
“Well, so it is,” I tell the youth.  
“Aha!” says he, “in me you rouse  
A wish to know your patron’s house.”  
“Just try it,” I say, “he’s quite a guy.  
He’s hard to know, but just you try.”  
“I’ll bribe the slaves, and if the door  
Slams in my face, I’ll ask for more;  
And if I can’t get in, I’ll meet  
Mæcenas somewhere on the street.  
I’ll meet that man if but to bow to.  
You can meet kings if you know how to.”

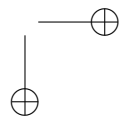
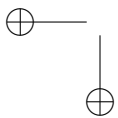
As chatters on this boring Babbitt,  
We meet, as Ol’ Gal Luck would have it,  
Fustus Aristius. “Hello, old goat!”  
“Hello, yourself!” I pull his coat,  
I wink, I sigh. See him pretend  
To get me wrong! A hell of a friend!

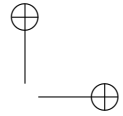




I say, trying to get him to connive at  
My lie, "You want to talk in private?"  
"Sure, any time," I hear him say,  
"But this is a Jewish holiday."  
"What of it?" I ask. "Well, I refuse,"  
He says; "why scandalize the Jews?  
Some day we'll try again," says he.  
Why should this day be dark for me?  
For off the rugged rascal ran  
And left me with that terrible man.

But ha! The plaintiff meets this fellow  
And sees him and begins to bellow:  
"Where are you going, you crook? Come here,  
You dog, you swine, you racketeer!"  
Off goes the bore to court. How loud  
The yelling of the gathering crowd!  
And did I join that mob, or follow?  
No. I genuflected to Apollo.





## THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF 27 B.C.

HORACE: BOOK III, ODE 6

AD ROMANOS

*“Delicta maiorum immeritas lues –”*

For sins ancestral, O thou guiltless Roman, thou shalt suffer

Till thou restore the temples that are crumbling,  
and the shrines;

The statues that are smoky go and polish with a buffer!  
Go scour the sooty sculpture till it shines!

It is by service to the gods alone that thou prevailest;  
With them beginneth everything; to them entrust  
the end!

Observe what woes to Italy, once the heartiest and the  
halest,

The gods have sent – continue still to send.

Monaeses and the Pacoran have beaten us in battle –

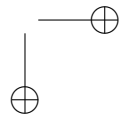
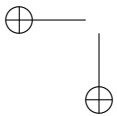
To them the spoil of Rome upon their necklaces is  
sweet –

And worried now with politics and civil tittle-tattle,  
We fear the foreign soldiery and fleet.

Our times are overtroublous; there are scandals and  
divorces;

We tremble for the children and we fret about the  
Home;

The River of Disaster, overflowing from these sources,  
Is threatening the government of Rome.

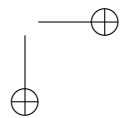
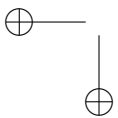




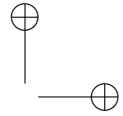
The Roman flapper joys in doing wild, Hellenic dances,  
She kalsomines her features and she rouges up her  
lips;  
The married woman yearns for unconnubial romances –  
She's naughty to her tender finger-tips.

Not such the sires of Roman youth, who rising in their  
glory,  
Put Hannibal, Antiochus, and Pyrrhus off the map.  
Gone are the peasant warriors and their brave, bucolic  
story!  
Return again, O simple Sabine yap!

O Time, is naught secure from thy malign disintegration?  
Our parents' days our grandsires and our granddams  
used to curse.  
Compare us with our parents – ponder our degeneration!  
And gosh, our kids are getting even worse!







## PROPERTIUS'S HAPPY MOMENT

PROPERTIUS: ELEGY VII (2)

*"Hic erat; hic iurata manet: rumpantur iniquim —"*

She didn't go! She didn't go! She never went! She's  
here!

Deaf to the ceaseless clamor of his wooing was her ear.  
With envy burst, mine enemies! With jealousy be green!  
No more my Cynthia seeks the strange or craves the  
alien scene.

She loves me, and because of me is Rome her favorite  
town.

"For you," she cries, "and you alone, I'd turn a kingdom  
down."

She chooses rather mine embrace, in a narrow bed and  
coarse,  
Than Hippodamia's wealth, or that which Elis won by  
horse.

Great though his gifts and greater still the promises he  
made,

To him the wandering thoughts of her from me have  
never strayed;

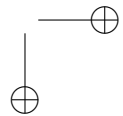
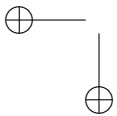
And not by gold nor India's pearls was I a suitor strong,  
But by the magic of my lute, the suppliance of my song.

What mighty maids the Muses are! How helpful is  
Apollo

To lovers! Trusting in their aid, my Cynthia sweet I  
follow.

I set my jubilant feet tonight on the loftiest stars that  
shine;

Let this day's glory crown my head when it is white. . .  
She's *mine!*





## A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF PROPERTIUS

PROPERTIUS: BOOK I, ELEGY 22

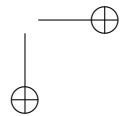
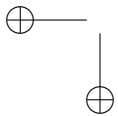
*“Qualis et unde genus, qui sint mihi, Tulle, Penates –”*

Tullus, you ask in friendship’s name  
What is my rank, and whence I spring,  
And whaur’s as Scotchmen say – my hame,  
And everything.

Know you Perugia, and the woe  
Of Italy’s civil war at Rome –  
The nation’s graveyard? Then you know  
My Tuscan home.

O Tuscan dust, my dolorous hymns  
I raise to thee, to thee my moans;  
For thou hast borne my comrade’s limbs’  
Unburied bones!

Know, Tullus, then, not far from there –  
A land of Plenty’s brimming horn,  
And that’s in Umbria, rich and fair,  
Where I was born.





## THE SELF-PITYING BARD

PROPERTIUS: BOOK I, ELEGY 19

*“Non ego nunc tristes vereor, mea Cynthia, Manes –”*

No longer now am I afraid  
Of Death and the sad world of shade,  
My Cynthia; nor do I aspire  
To aught but the final funeral fire.

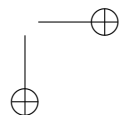
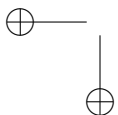
Not mine the fear of being dead;  
To be unloved by thee's my dread.  
So hard hath Love assailed mine eye  
That not my dust could loveless lie.

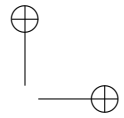
For from the very world below  
Was Phylacus's son allowed to go  
Who for his wife – his sweet – so yearned  
That to her arms his shade returned.

So in the tomb when I am laid,  
Shall I be known as Cynthia's shade,  
For Love that grows as it adores  
Passes beyond the Stygian shores.

When I lie in that underland,  
Come greet me, fair and queenly band –  
Ye girls of gold without alloy  
Whom the Argive nobles took from Troy.

Yet of that rare and regal line  
No beauty thrills me more than thine,  
For comest thou not through countless years,  
Still would I wet thy bones with tears.

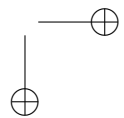
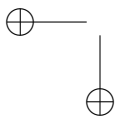




Oh, feel but thus while thine is breath  
And I an ember charred in death,  
Then would there be upon my pall  
For me no bitterness at all.

Of Death this is my chief concern:  
That thou my resting-place might spurn;  
That Love may dry thy tears that flow,  
Whether thou wishest him to or no.

The lealest maid falls soon or late  
If lovers be importunate.  
So let us love while yet we may –  
Not long enough is love for aye!



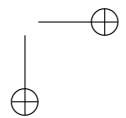
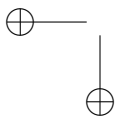


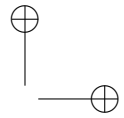
## AN EPIGRAM TO CYNTHIA

PROPERTIUS: BOOK II, ELEGY 11

*“Scribant de te alii vel sis ignota licebit —”*

Others may sing and sing thy name,  
Or thou mayst be unknown to fame.  
What of it? Let thy praise resound  
From him who sows in barren ground.  
Trust me, the last black funeral hour  
Shall carry off thy gifts and power  
And on that selfsame couch, thy bier,  
All trace of thee shall disappear.  
And seeing thine ashes none shall pass  
And say, “Here lies a learned lass.”

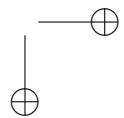
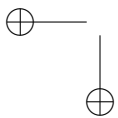


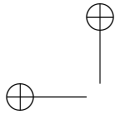


## BROADMINDEDNESS

How narrow his vision, how cribbed and confined!  
How prejudiced all of his views!  
How hard is the shell of his bigoted mind!  
How difficult he to excuse!

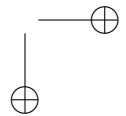
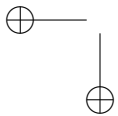
His face should be slapped and his head should be  
banged;  
A person like that ought to die!  
I want to be fair, but a man should be hanged  
Who's any less liberal than I.

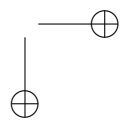
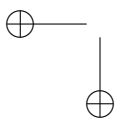
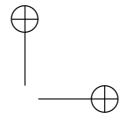
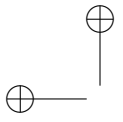




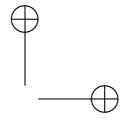
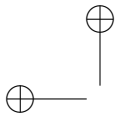
## COSMIC THOUGHTS

The human race is full of folks  
Who do not care for drink or jokes;  
Who do not like a lot of things;  
Who never bet on less than kings;  
Who like the books and plays I hate;  
Who make me pay too high a rate  
For food and rent and heat and light;  
Who make me stay up late at night.  
The human race, it may be said,  
Makes some of us wish we were dead;  
And yet I often wonder: Can it  
Be better on some other planet?









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