



VERSE OLD AND NEW

Ezra's Ear-rings.

(A Moorish Ballad.)

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings; they've dropped into the well, And what to say to Mueca, I can not, can not tell."

'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Alboharez' daughter, "The well is deep, far down the side, beneath the cold blue water— To me did Mueca give them, when he spake his sad farewell, And what to say when he comes back, alas! I can not tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set, That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget, That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale, But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale— When he comes back and hears that I have dropped them in the well, O, what will Mueca think of me, I can not, can not tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been Not of pearl and silver, but of gold and glittering shen, Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear.

Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere— That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well— Thus will he think,—and what to say, alas! I can not tell.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way; He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say; He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed, From the cars where he had placed them, my rings of pearl unloosed; He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well, My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same; He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame— But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken, And thought no more of Mueca, and cared not for his token, My ear-rings! my ear-rings! O, luckless, luckless well! For what to say to Mueca, alas! I can not tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Mueca, and I hope he will believe— That I have thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve; That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone, The ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone; And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell, And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well." —John Gibson Lockhart.

Wreck of the Hesperus Family.

It was old Farmer Hesperus And his daughter, Molly May, And they stood together hand in hand in the middle of Broadway.

"O Father, I hear a raucous shout— O Father, what can it be?" "It's only a tall policeman, child, Who waves his hand at thee."

"O Father, I hear the sound of wheels And hoofs that loudly ring." "It's one of them there hansom cabs— trashyish the durn'd old thing!"

"O Father, I see a cloud of dust Sit over me, head to foot." "It's one of them dum fool White Wings Ass-waggin' of the street."

"O Father, I smell an odd perfume— O Father, what can it mean?" "Don't fly into by strokes, child— It's only gas here."

"Nay, Father, I hear the cry 'Look out!' And fear is on my nerve." "Oec-whiz! here comes an auto car— A puffin' round the curve!"

"O Father, I feel a dreadful bump— What means that sickly thud?" But the Father answered never a word, For his mouth was full of mud. —Wallace Irwin in "Life."

The Farmer's Boy.

"You ask about that boy of mine, And what his inclination is? Why stranger, can't you read the sign That's writ across that youngster's phiz? He's such a master hand to shirk That sometimes I almost admire him! An' lazi!—if you gave him work He'd help you make a chance to fire him.

His mother says he's quick to learn— That when he's foolin' out o' doors He's makin' poetry to burn— But watch him fool at doin' chores! His inclination is to be A something, that they call a poet; Such foolishness don't come from me— I ain't that kind, not if I know it.

You see that critter on the wall There in the frame? Well, that's a cow:

His mother says he's got a call To be a artist; but somehow 'Tisn't such a gift for him to draw,— There's nothin' in it to surprise us. But what that boy is useful for Is what I'd like you to advise us.

When I was young it wasn't so: Boys had a different trainin' then— They knew they had to see their row And work their way like little men. There wan't no fine contraptions known In them old days for saving labour; And he who'd finished for his own Would go and help a friend or neighbour.

You think I'm hard upon him? Why His mother thinks he'll turn out grand!

He's just the apple of her eye. But stranger, when I take a hand— Hu-sh! Here she comes. Is that you Ma!

I just was talkin' 'bout our Neddy, So smart, I'm proud to use the Pa. Of of such a son—eh?—dinner ready!" —By Mrs Rayne in "Rural Magazine."

The April Woods.

Flashes of gold through the wood, Like the glint of a summer's sun; Russet, and red like blood The bramble o'er dale and dune; The gold of the autumn leaf, And the winds are sighing, And the air is filled with grief,

For the year is dying, Tangle of briar and fern, Call of the lute, sweet, Bubble of eddy and churn, There where the waters meet; The dank and mould of death Have scented the air, And Autumn's withering breath Seems everywhere.

Falling of gentle rain Out of a leaven sky; Over the spreading plain A seaward heron's cry; And the wind is sweeping, And the rain is falling fast, While the trees are weeping In the chilling blast. The sky is dreary,

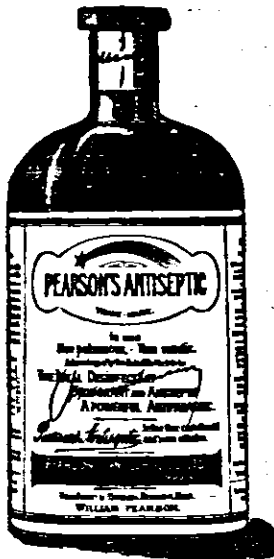
North, southward, and east and west And my heart is weary Of waiting for its rest: The rest of a morning That never shall lose its light, Some radiant dawning To crown earth's night.

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