

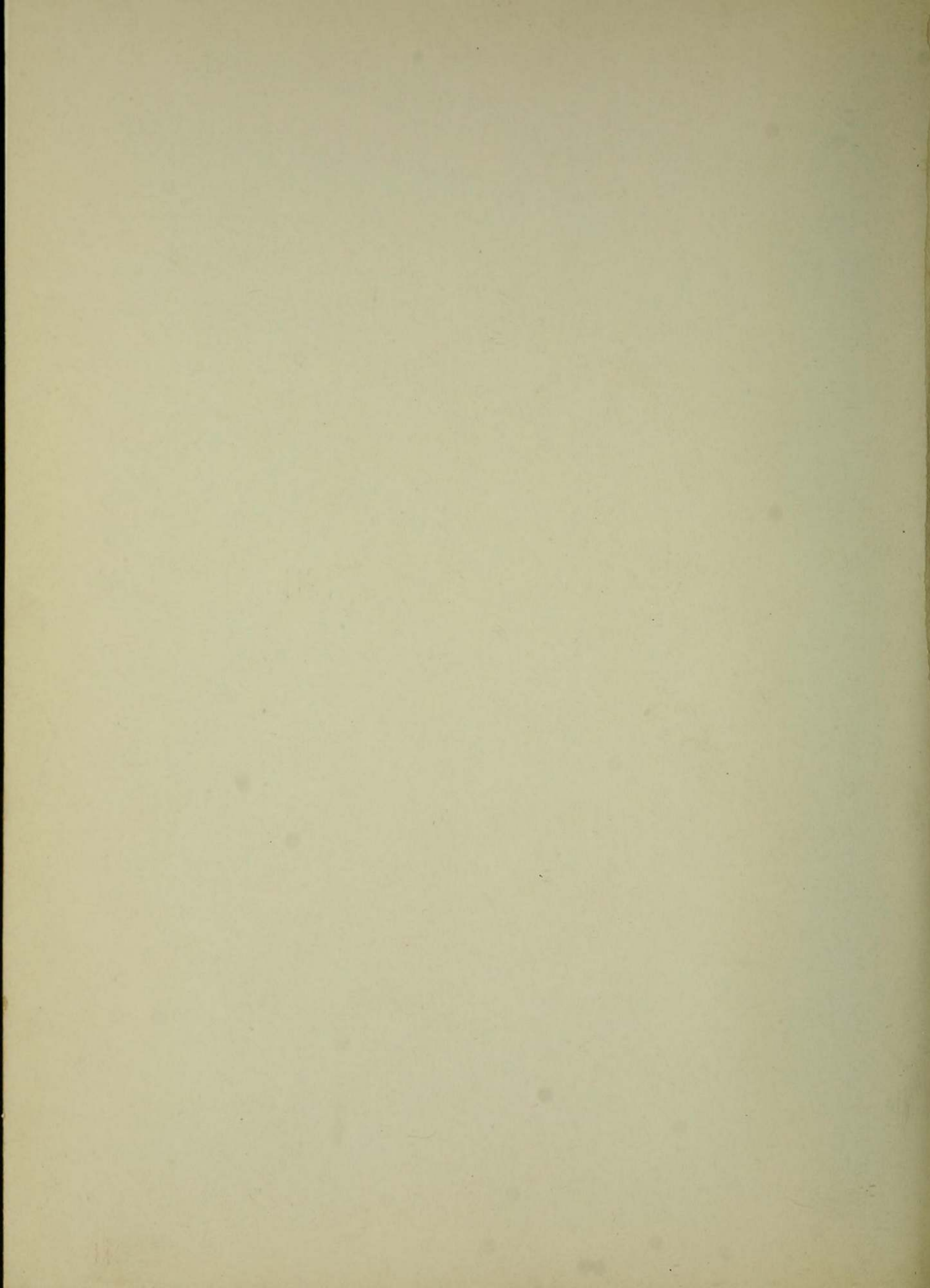


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# The Old Cider Mill







# The OLD CIDER MILL

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
A. H. READING

BY  
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J. E. BARNES Co.  
CHICAGO.





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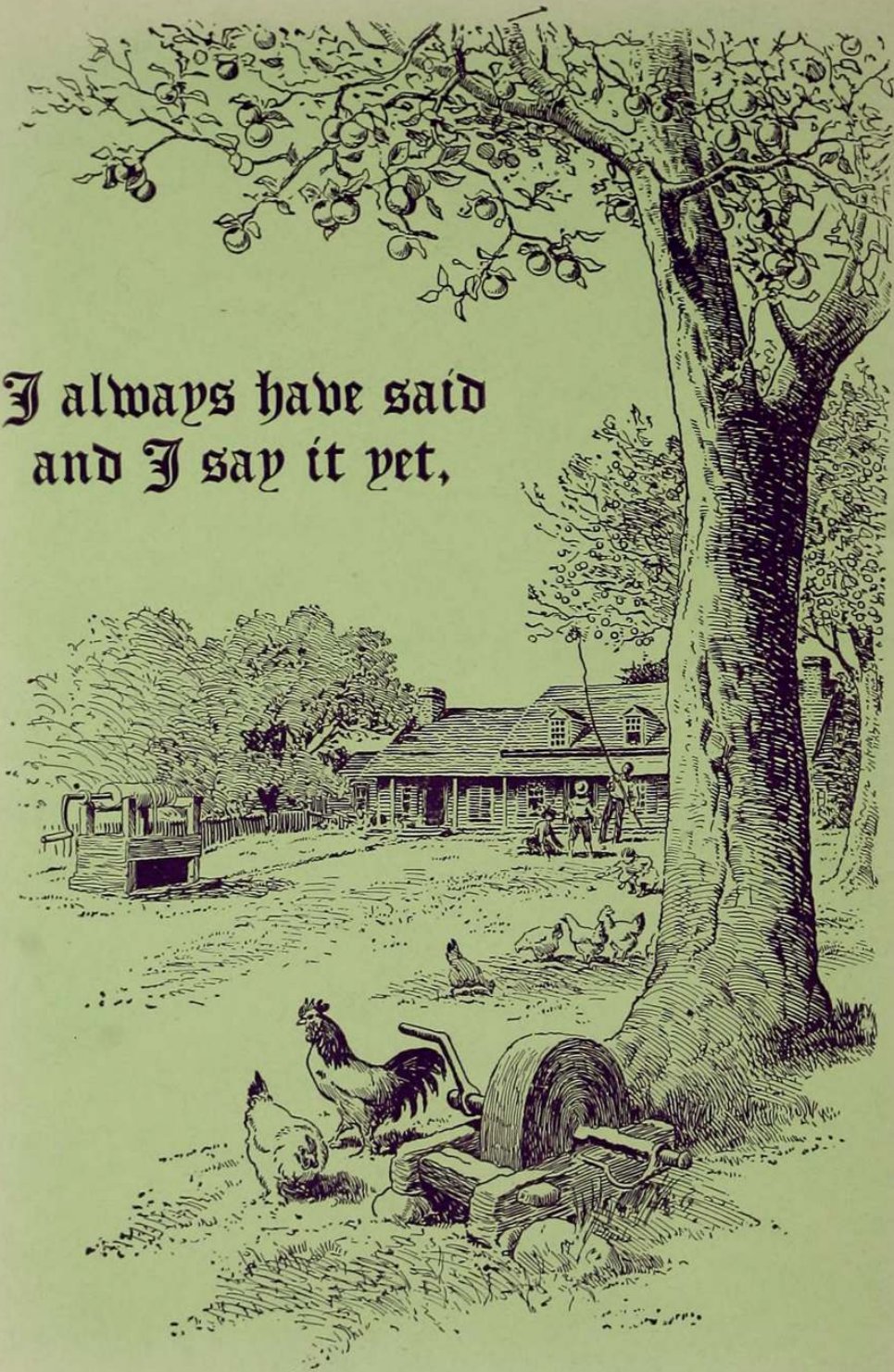


THE OLD CIDER MILL ROAD.

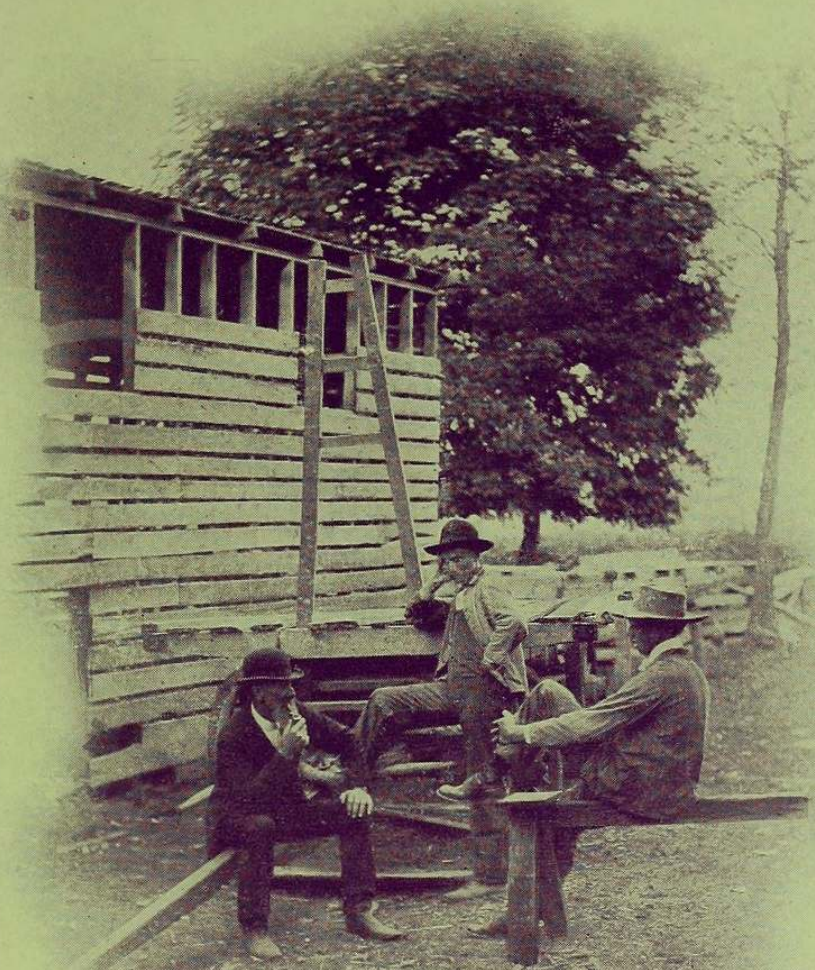
The Old Cider Mill



I always have said  
and I say it yet,

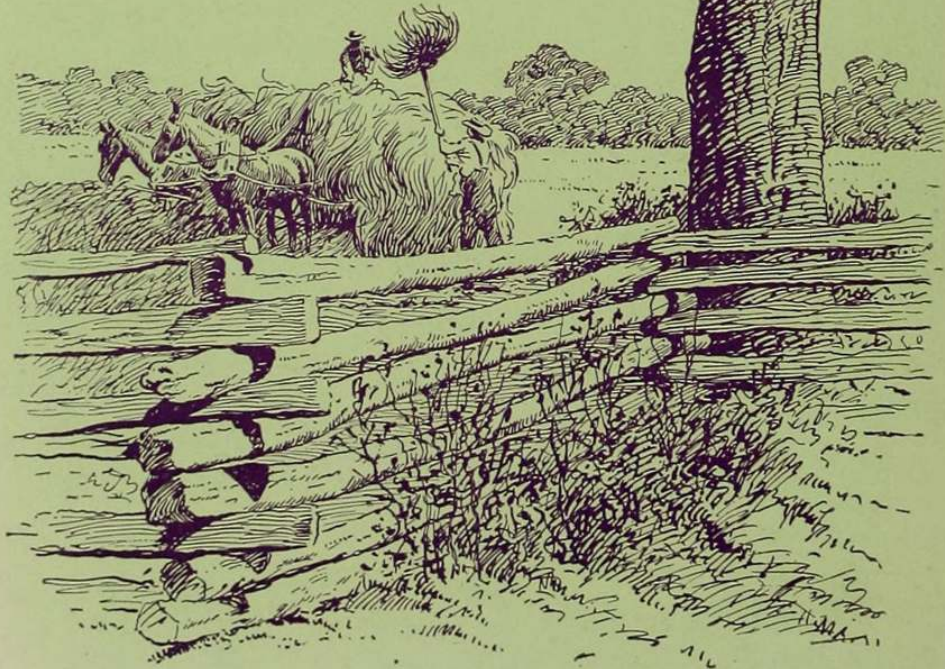









That if I could be  
young again  
for fifteen minutes,



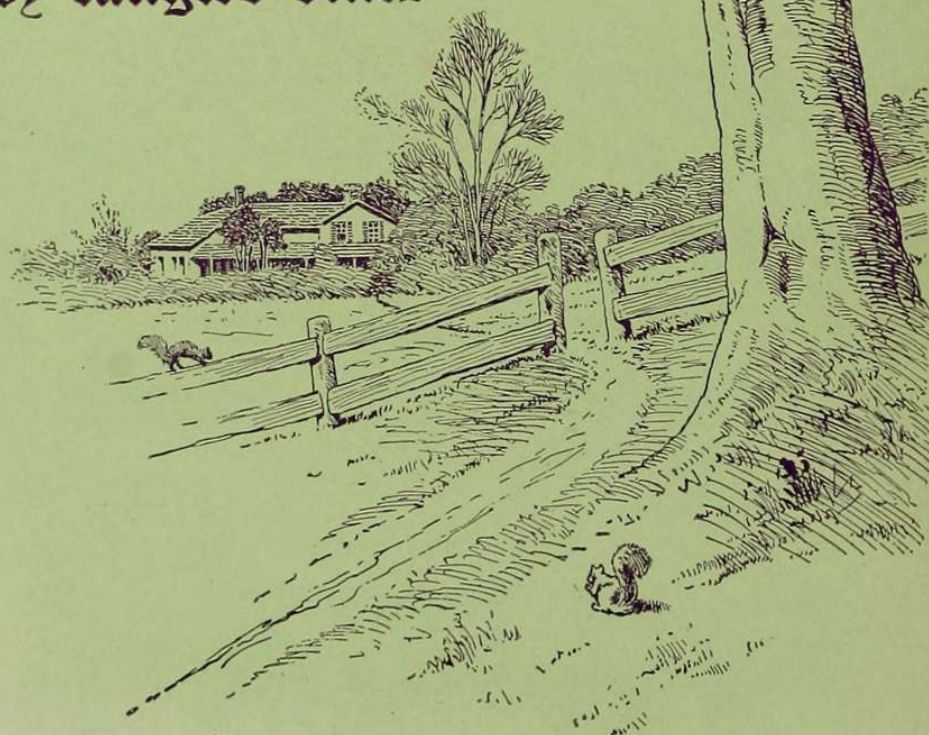








I'd make a bee line  
to the old mill hidden  
by tangled vines

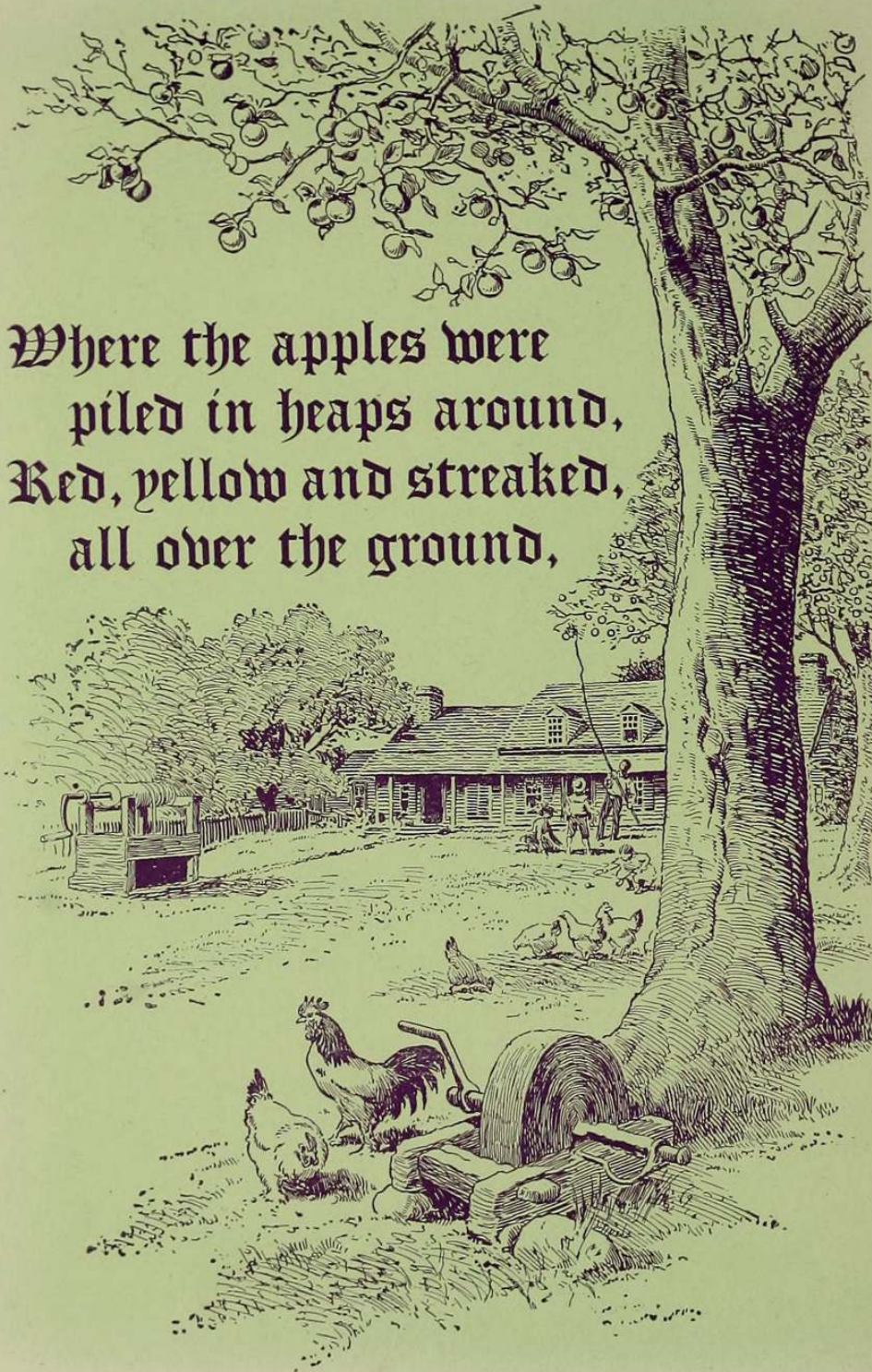




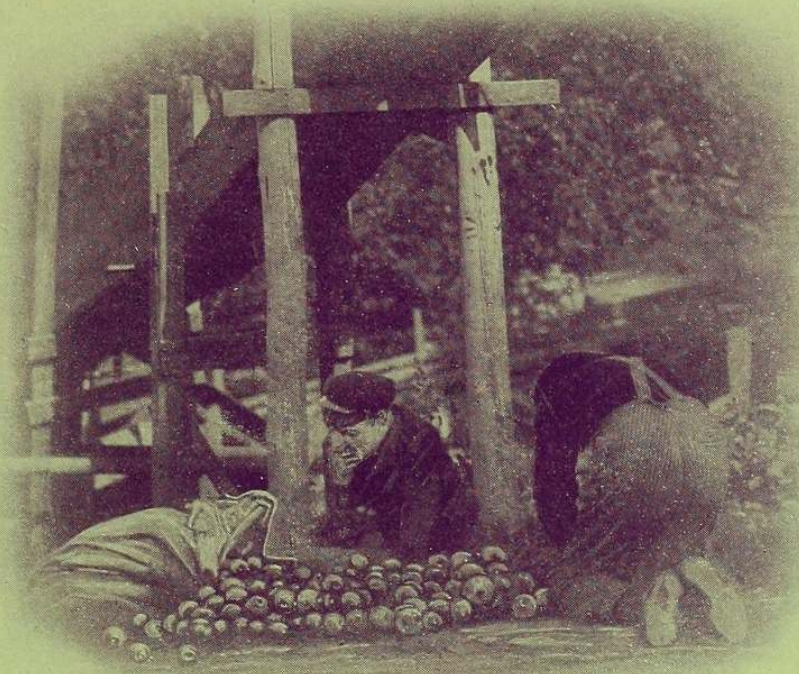




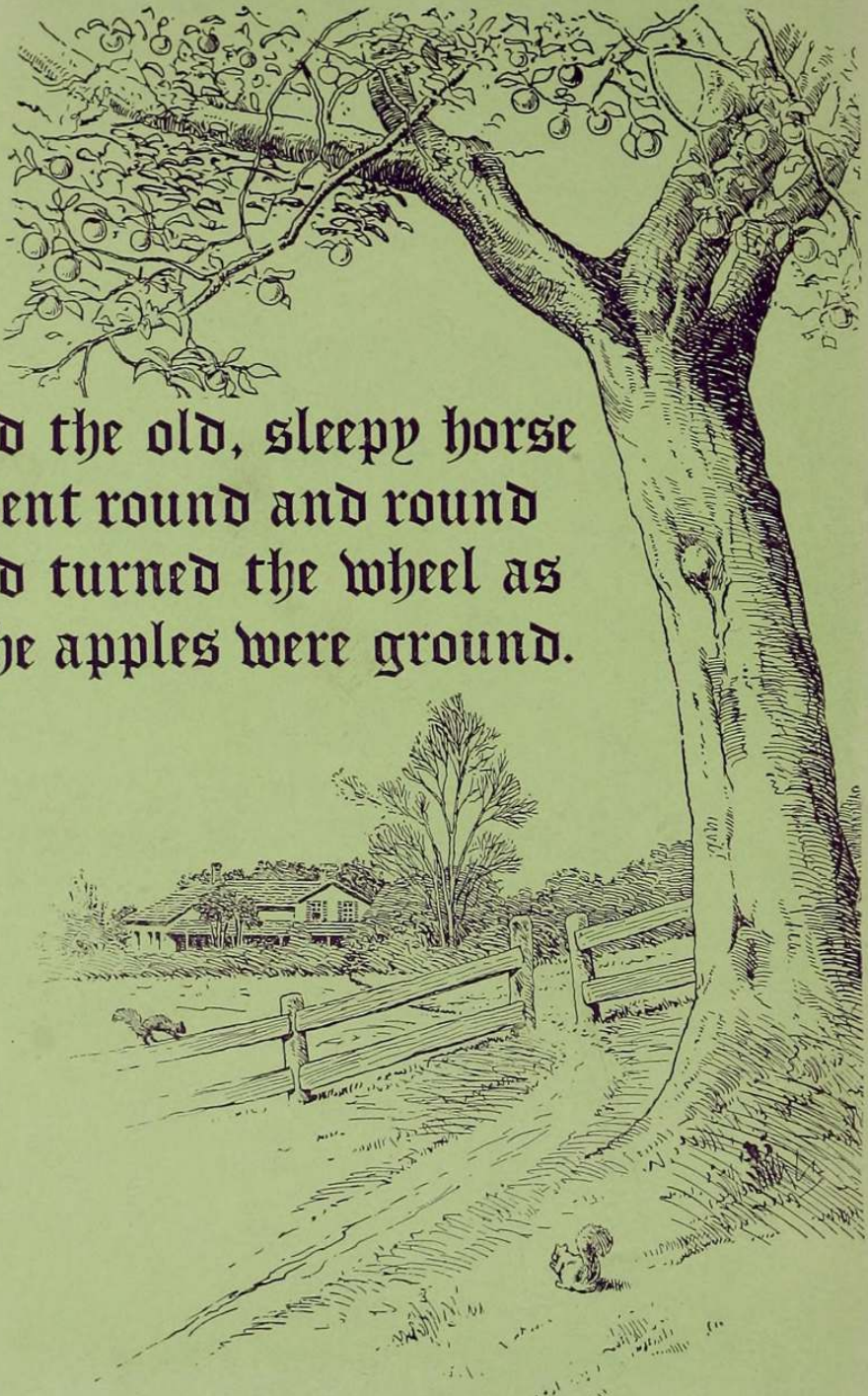
Where the apples were  
piled in heaps around,  
Red, yellow and streaked,  
all over the ground,



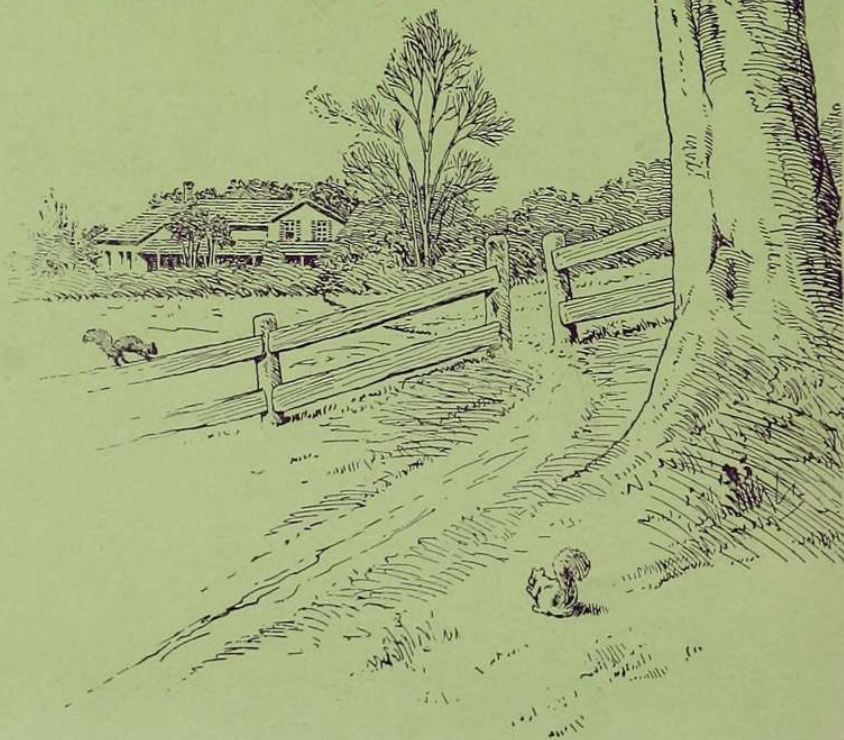








And the old, sleepy horse  
went round and round  
And turned the wheel as  
the apples were ground.

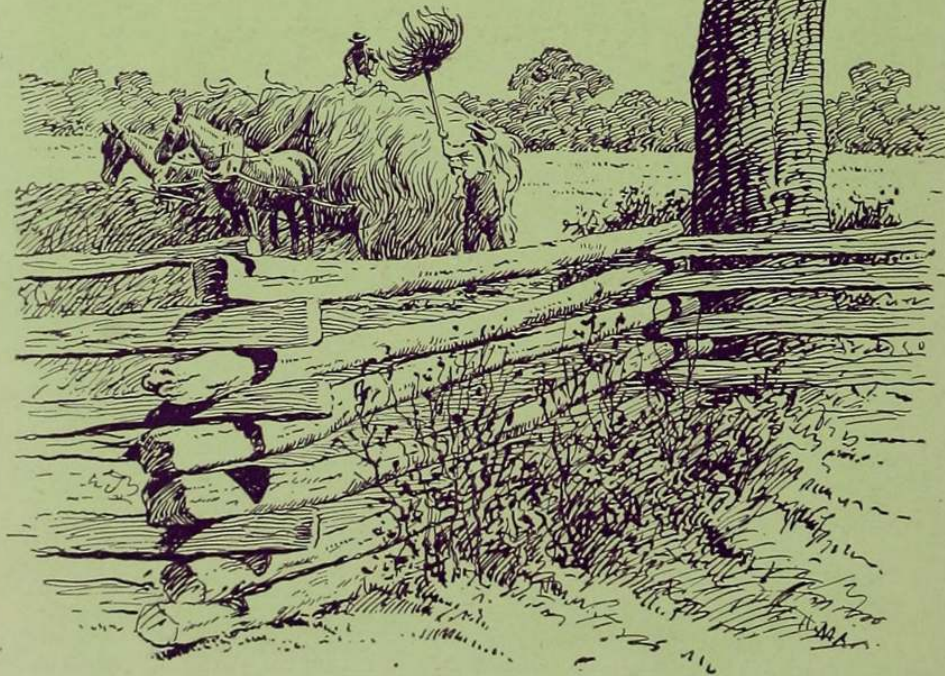








Straight for that old  
cider mill I'd start,

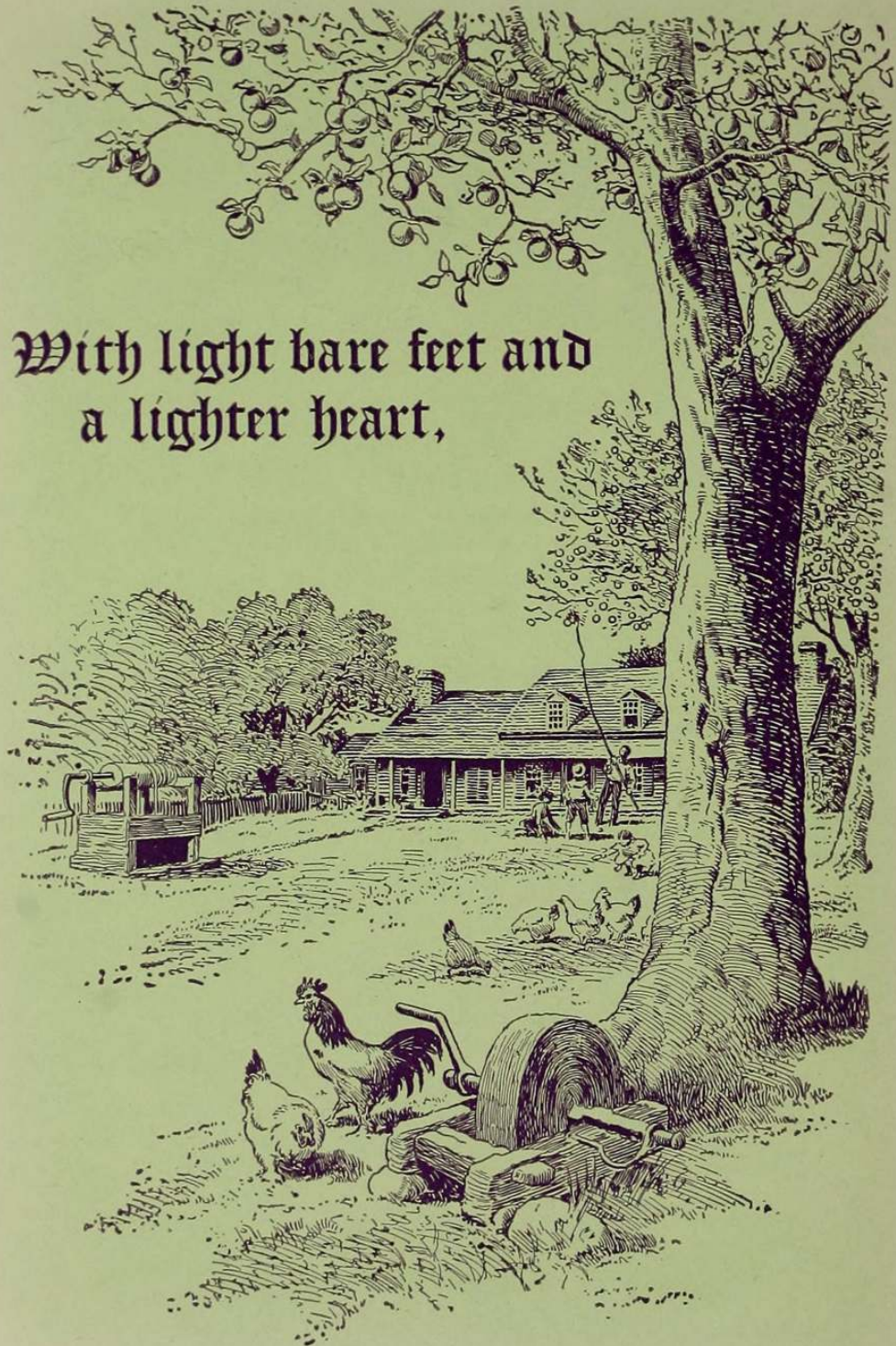








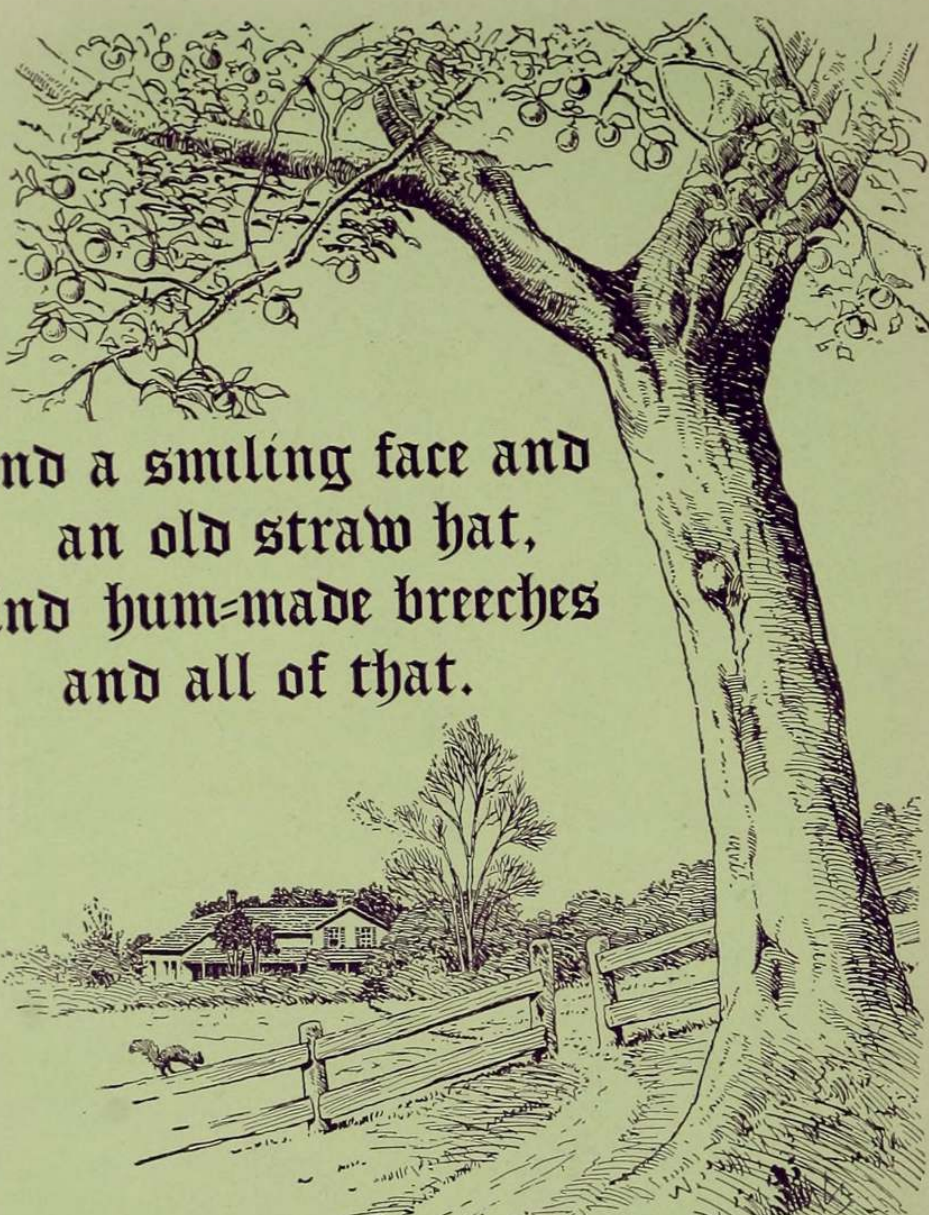
With light bare feet and  
a lighter heart,



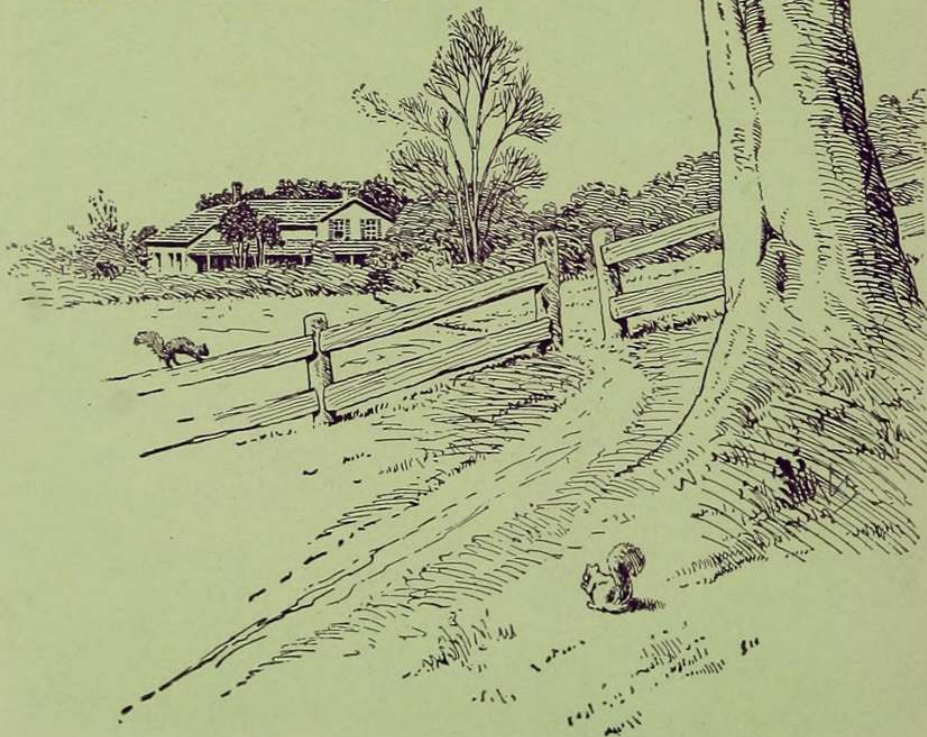




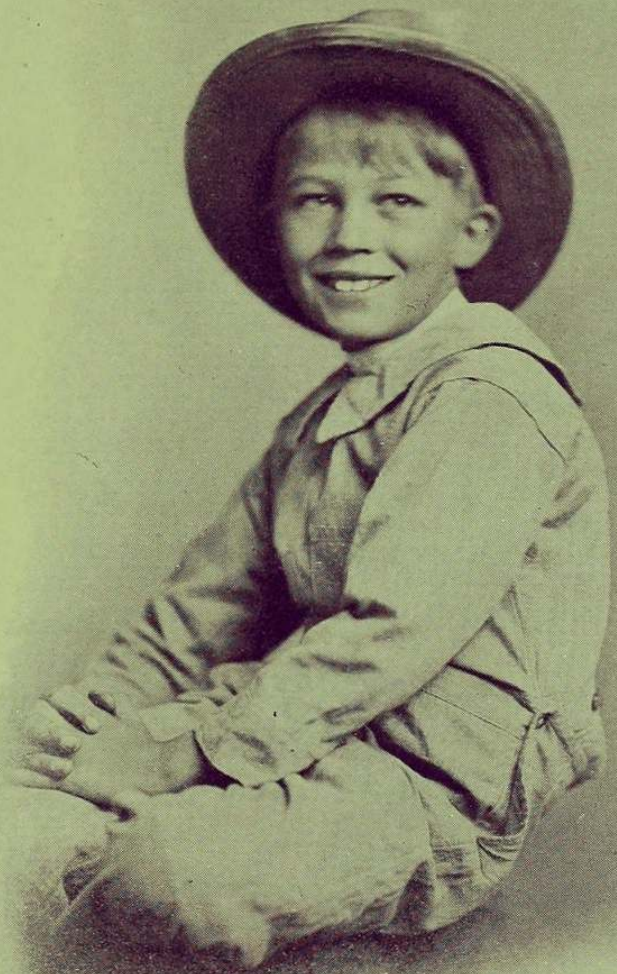




And a smiling face and  
an old straw hat,  
And hum-made breeches  
and all of that.

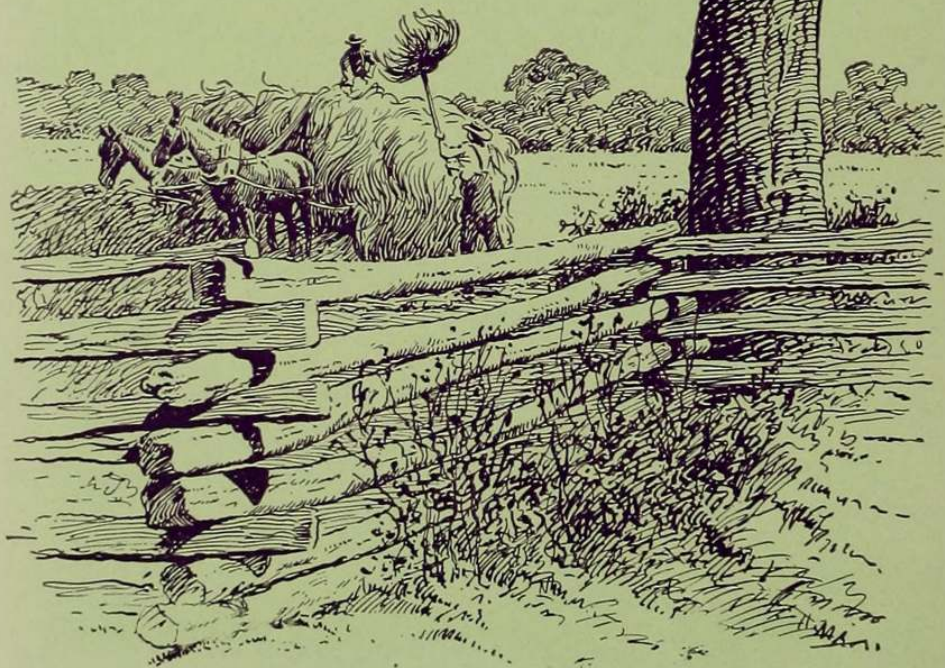








And when I got there  
I'd just take a peep



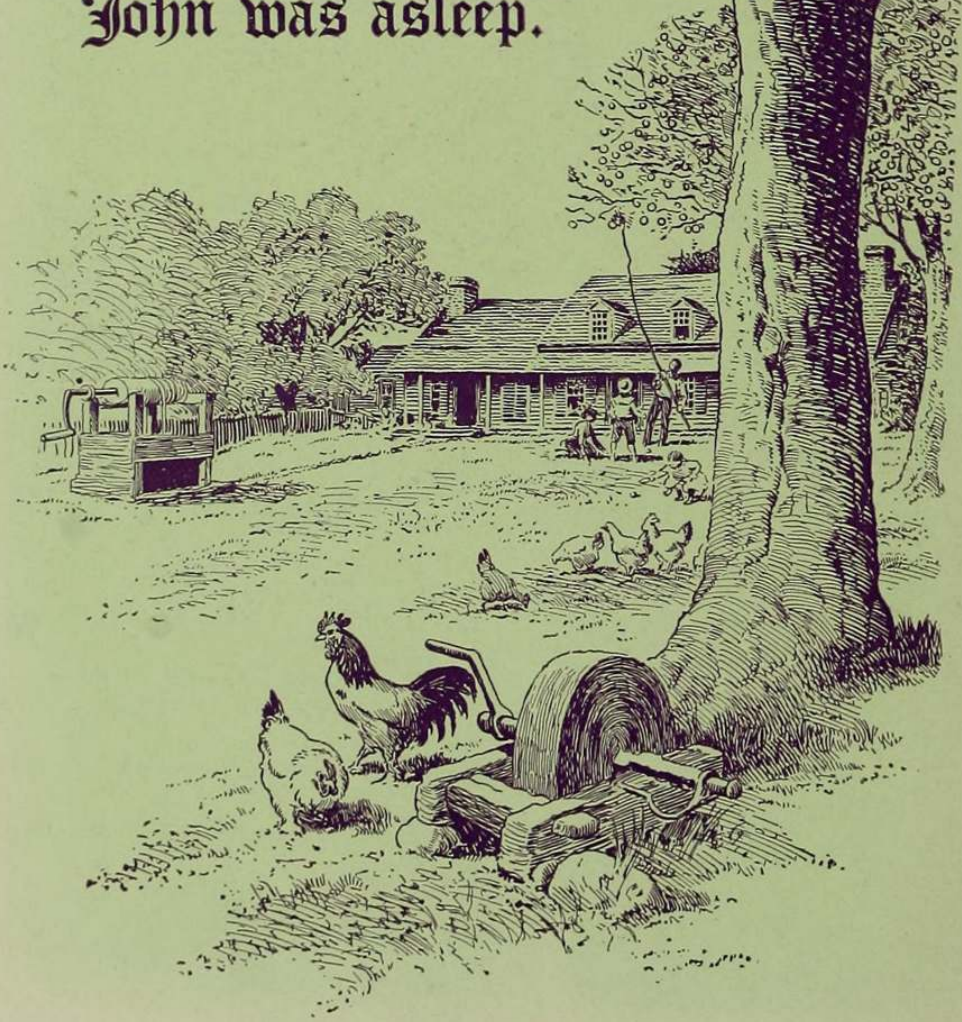




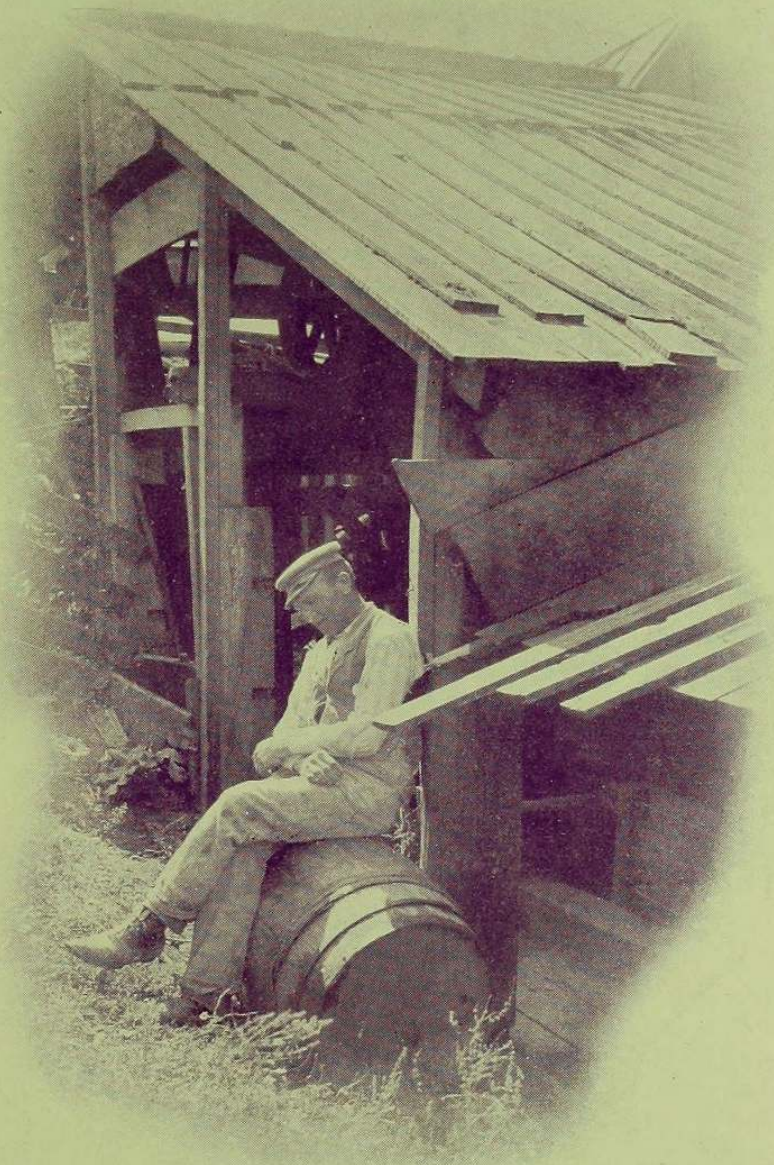




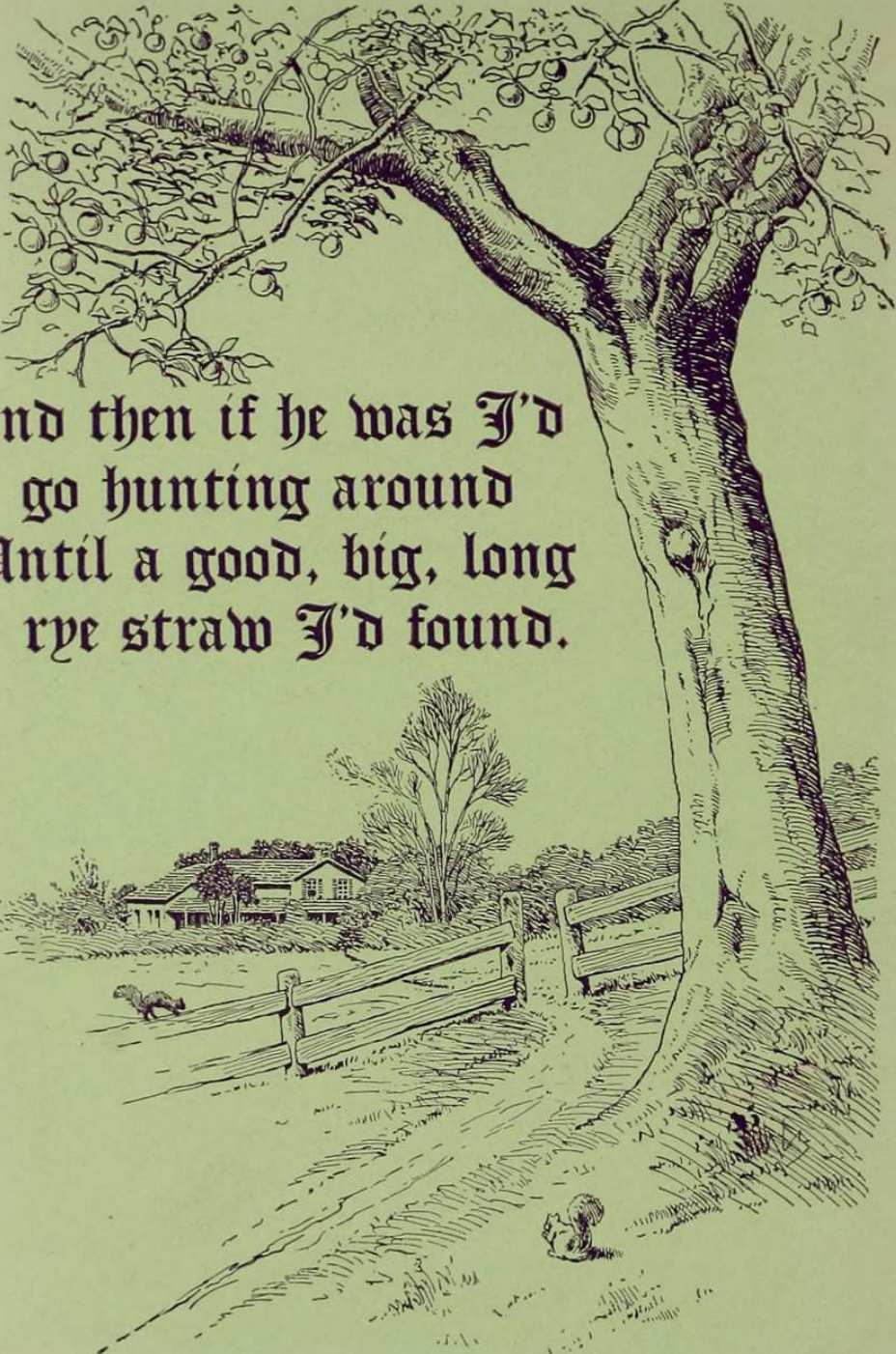
To see if old cider mill  
John was asleep.



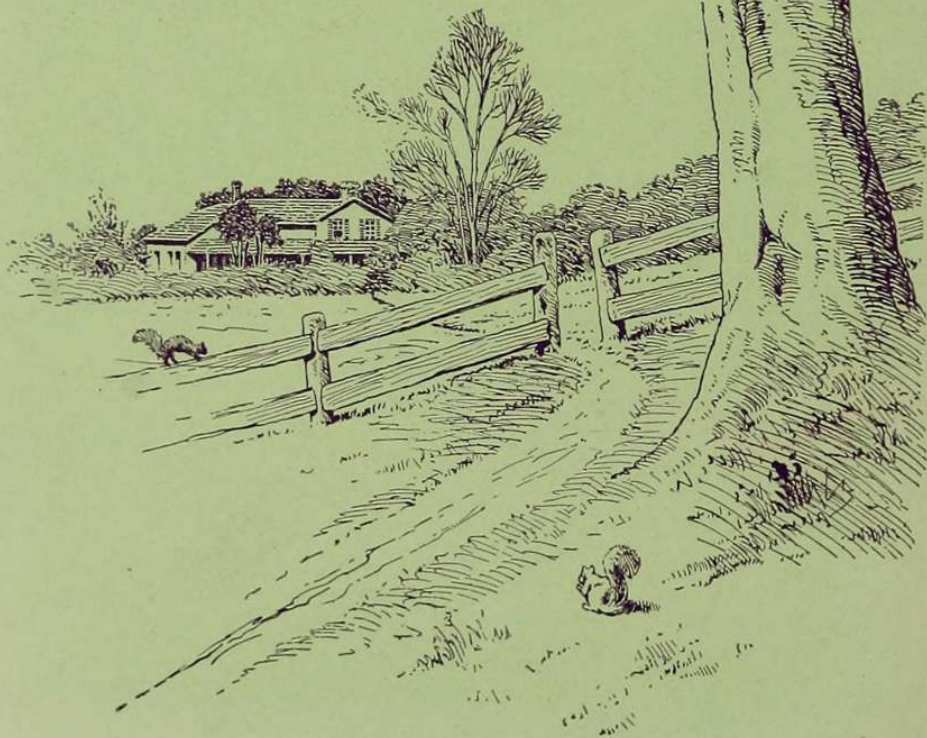








And then if he was I'd  
go hunting around  
Until a good, big, long  
rye straw I'd found.

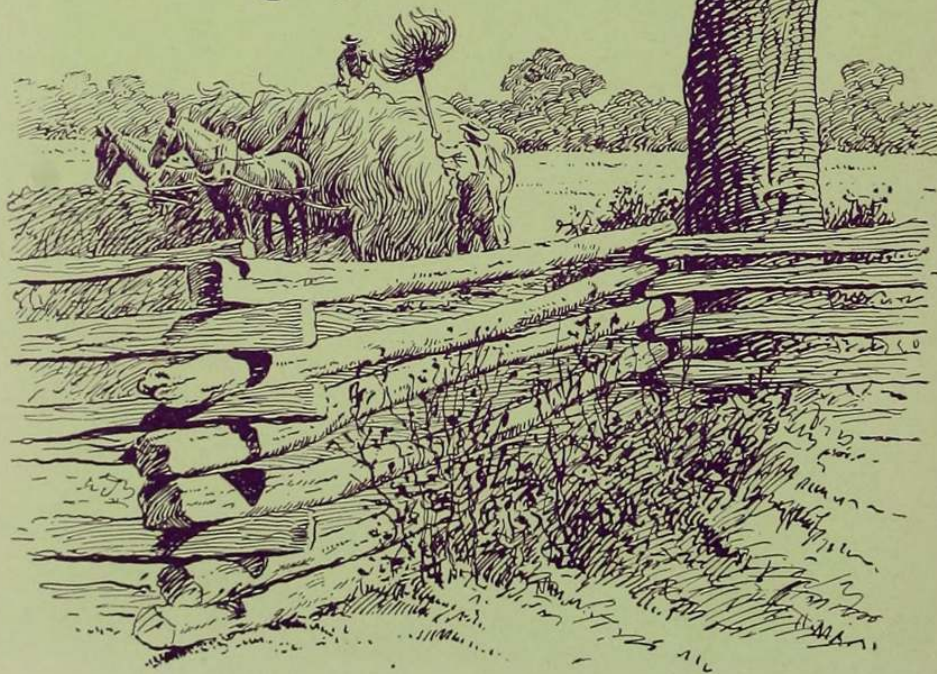








And I'd straddle a barrel  
and quick begin  
To fill with juice clean up  
to my chin.

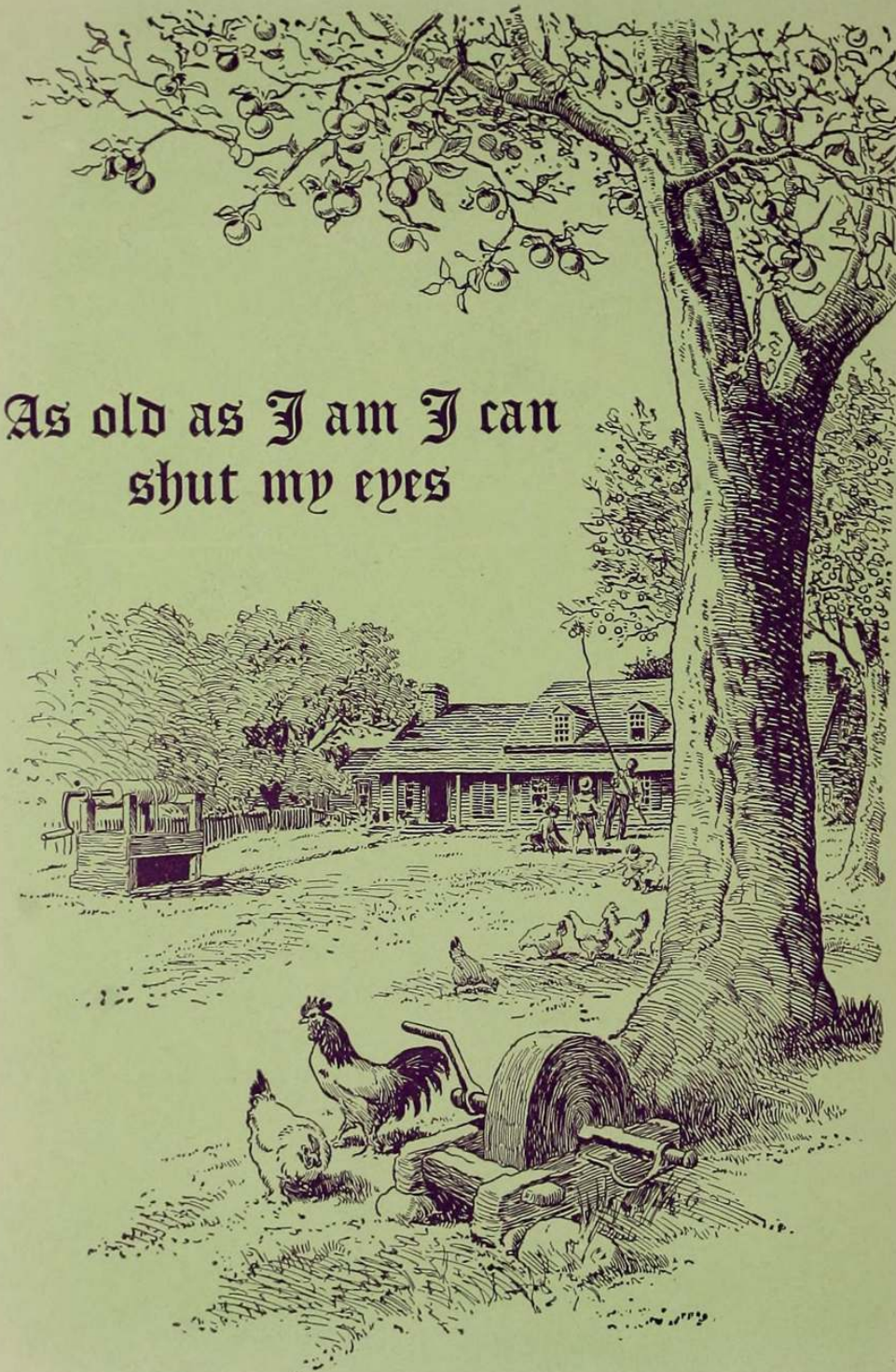




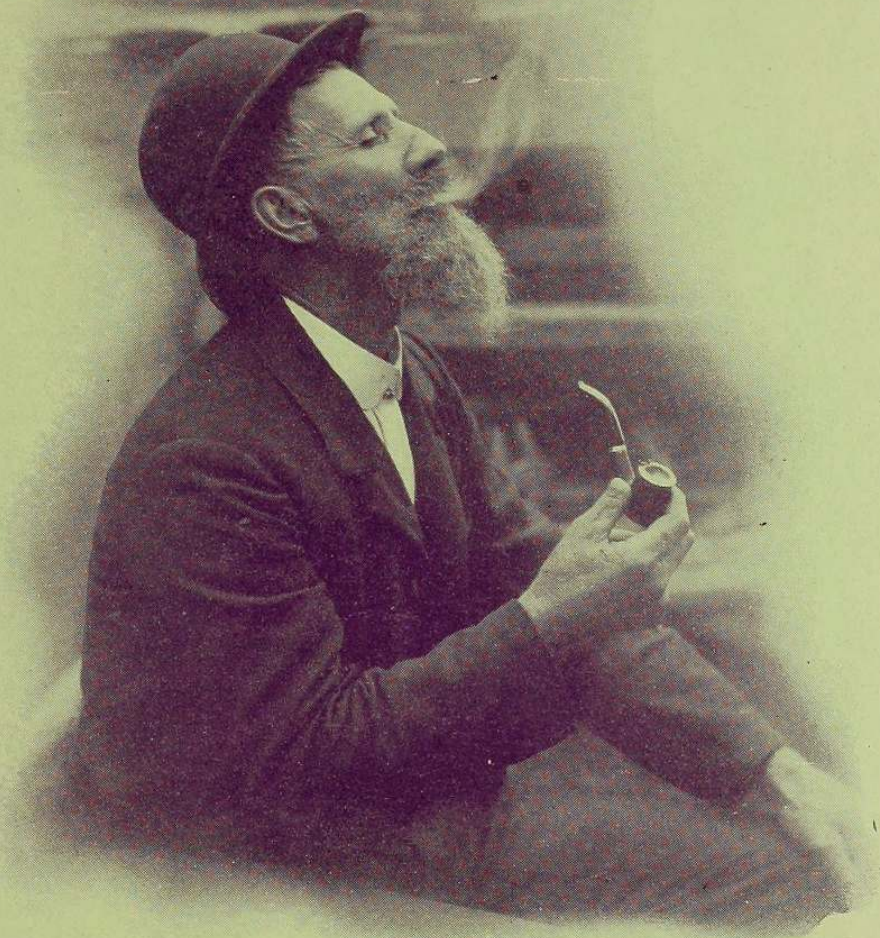




As old as I am I can  
shut my eyes



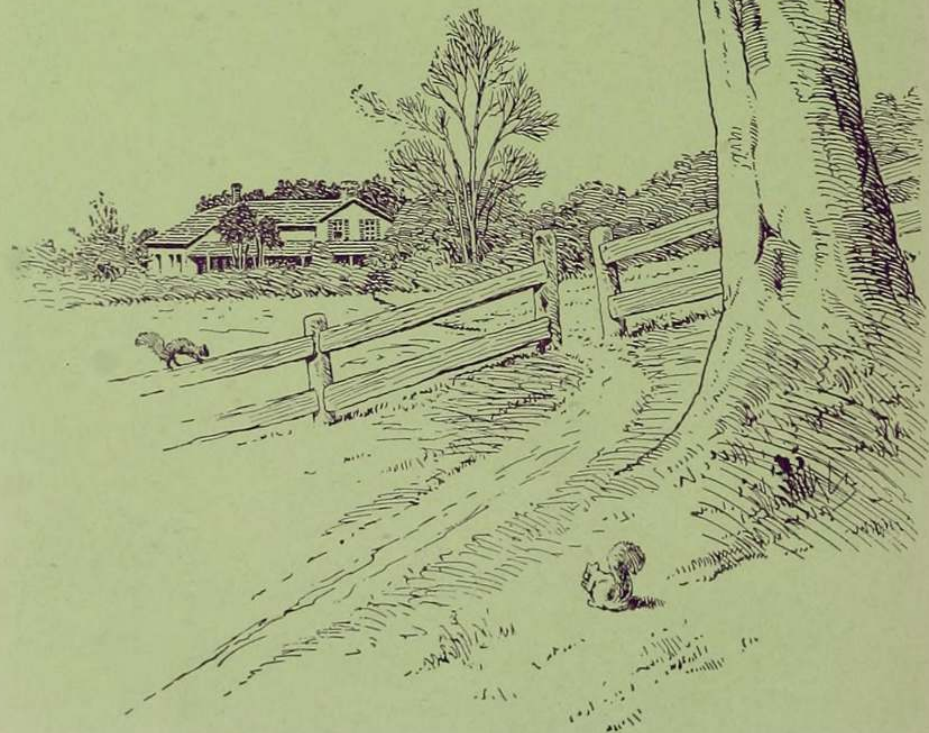








And see the yellow jackets  
and flies





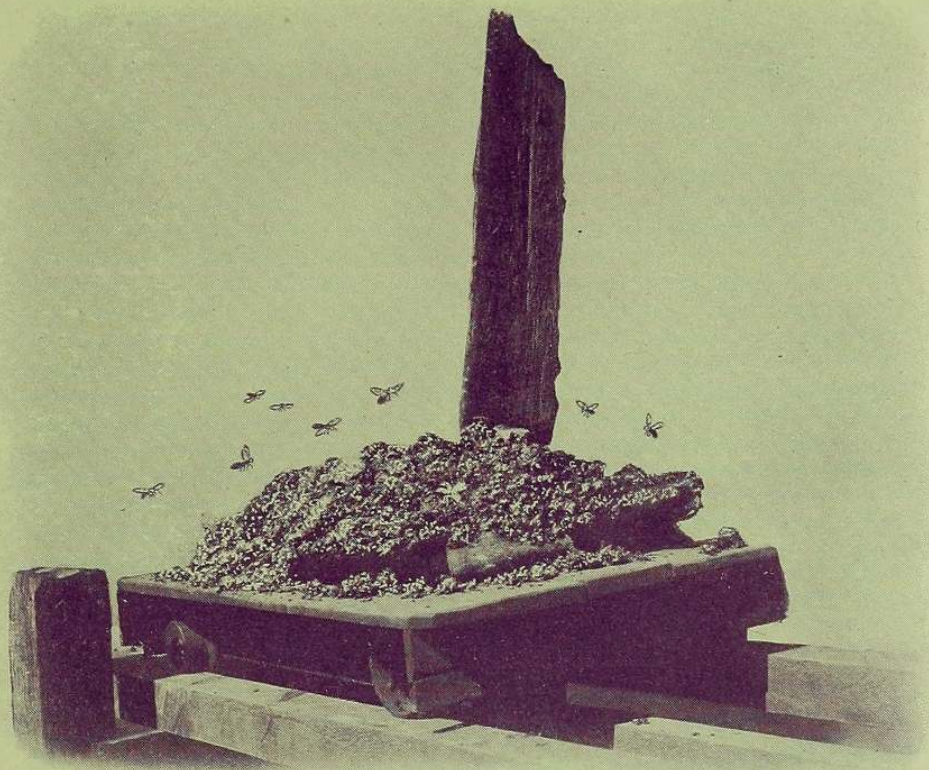




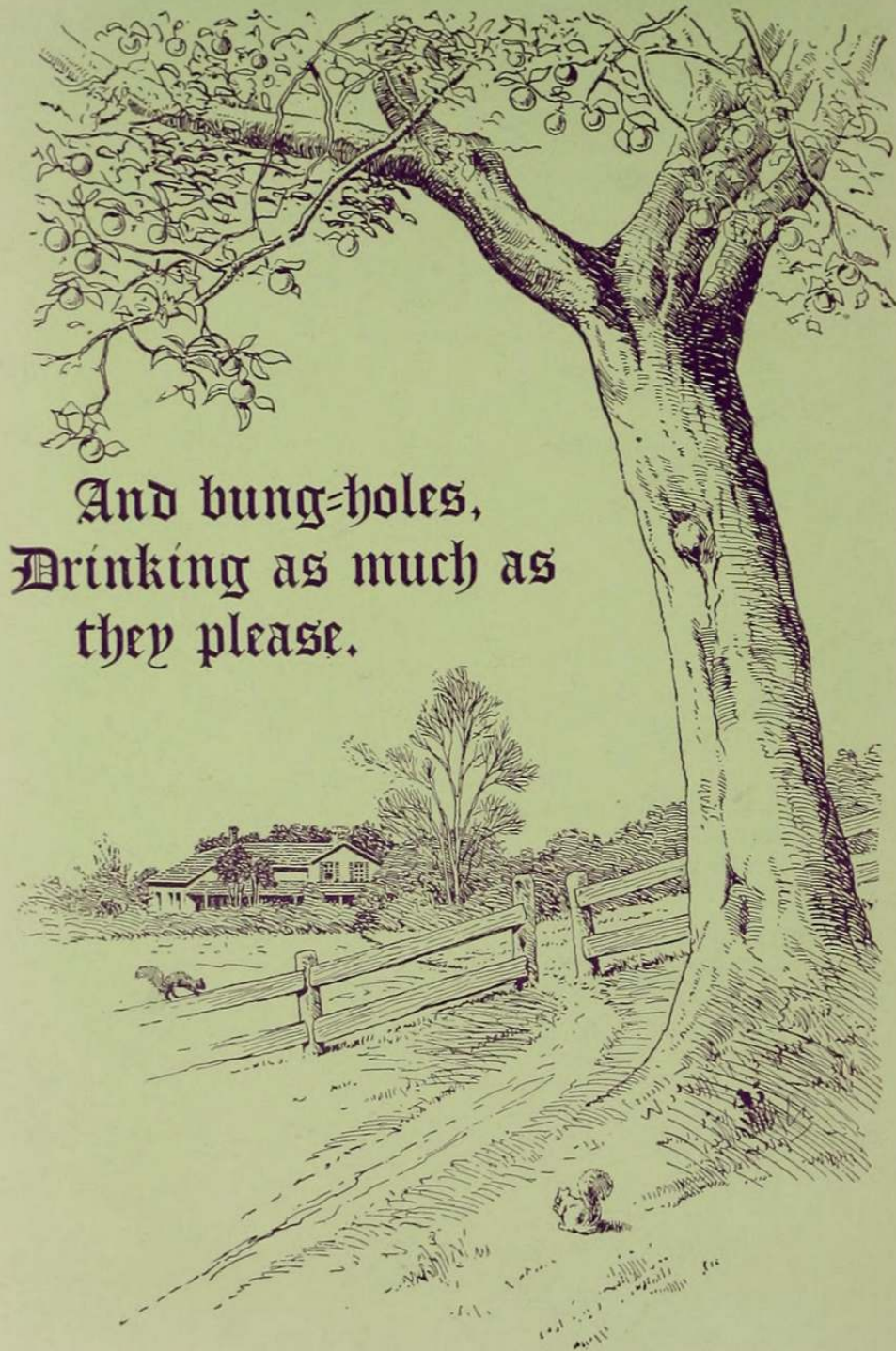
A-swarming around the  
juicy cheese











And bung-holes,  
Drinking as much as  
they please.

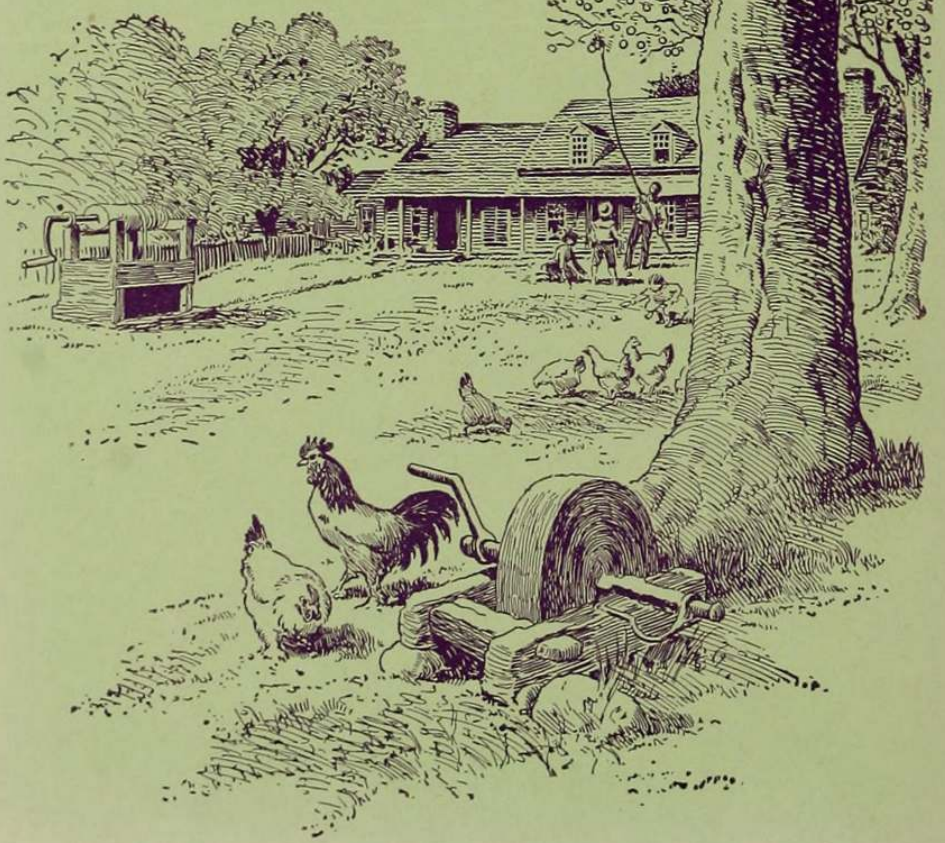




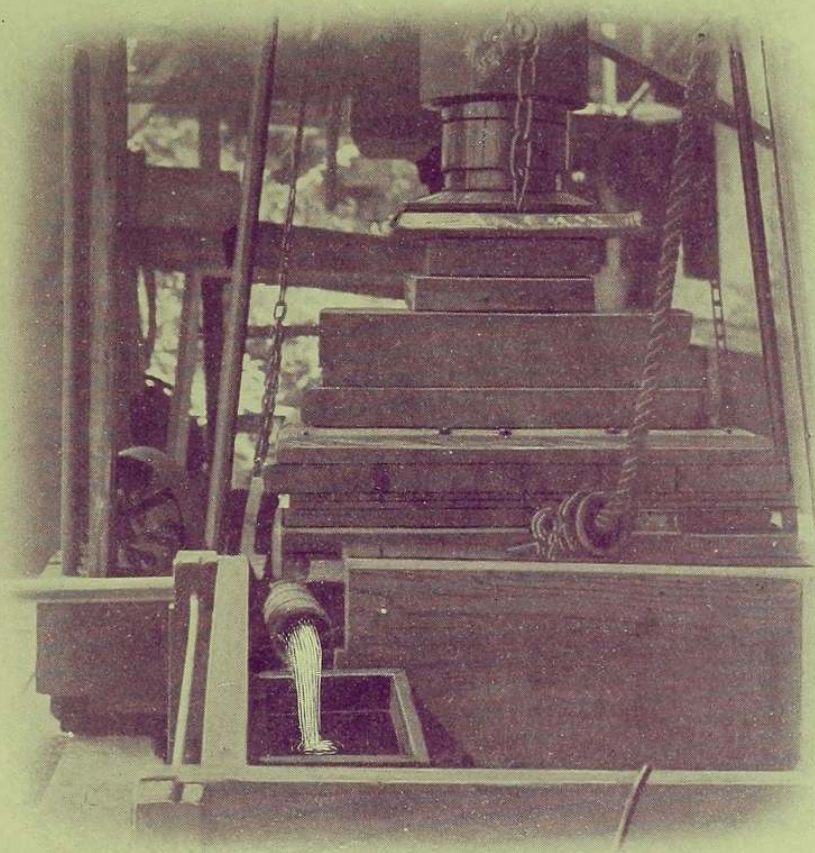




I can see the rich, sweet  
cider flow  
From under the press,  
to the tub below,



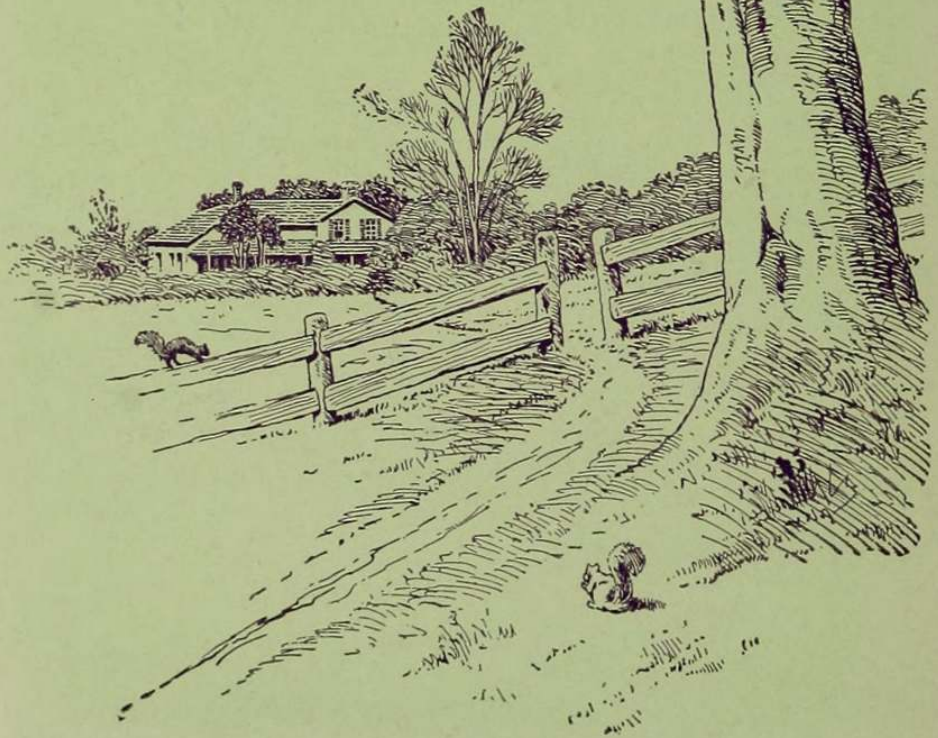








And steaming up into  
my old nose,

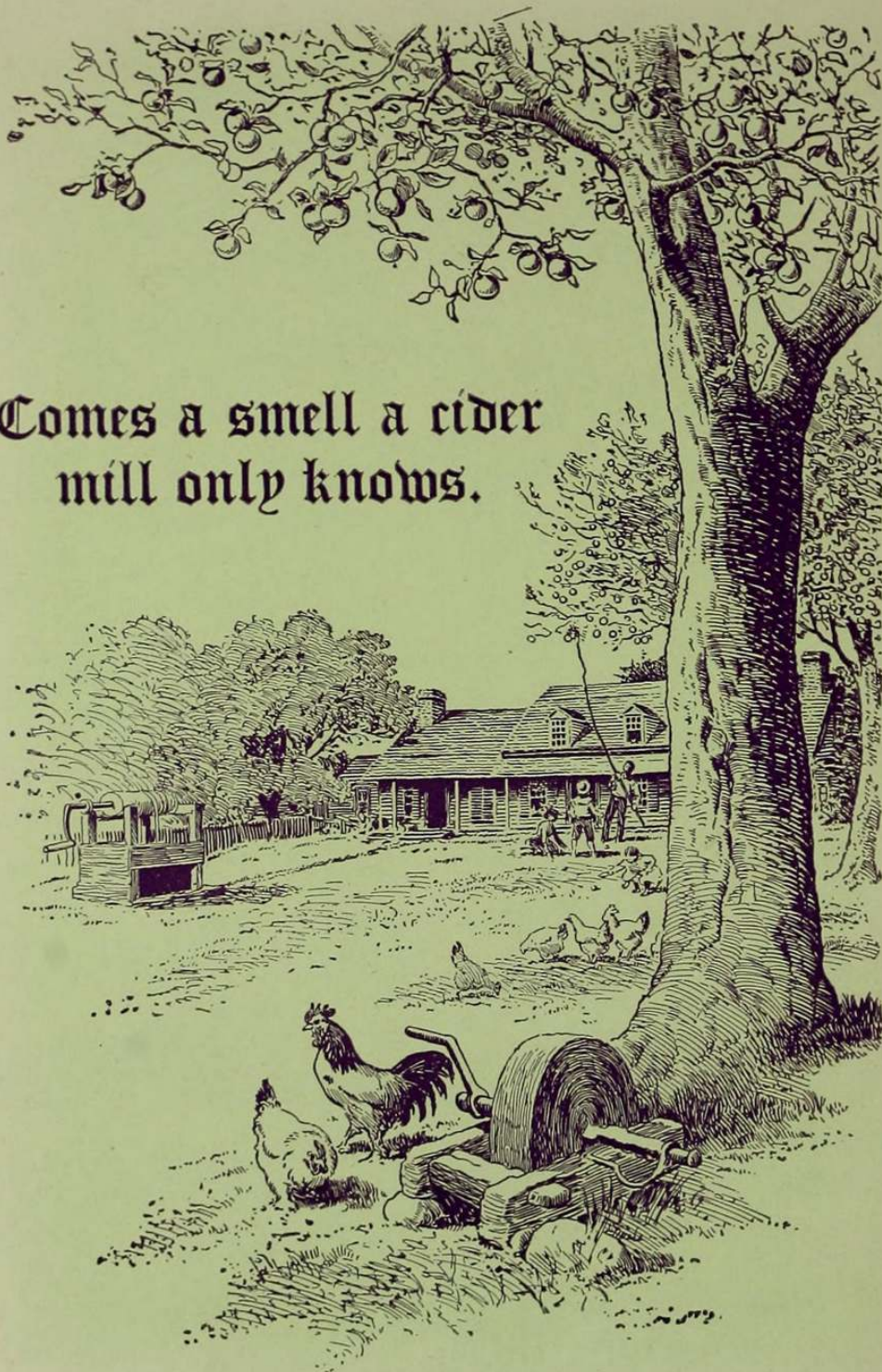




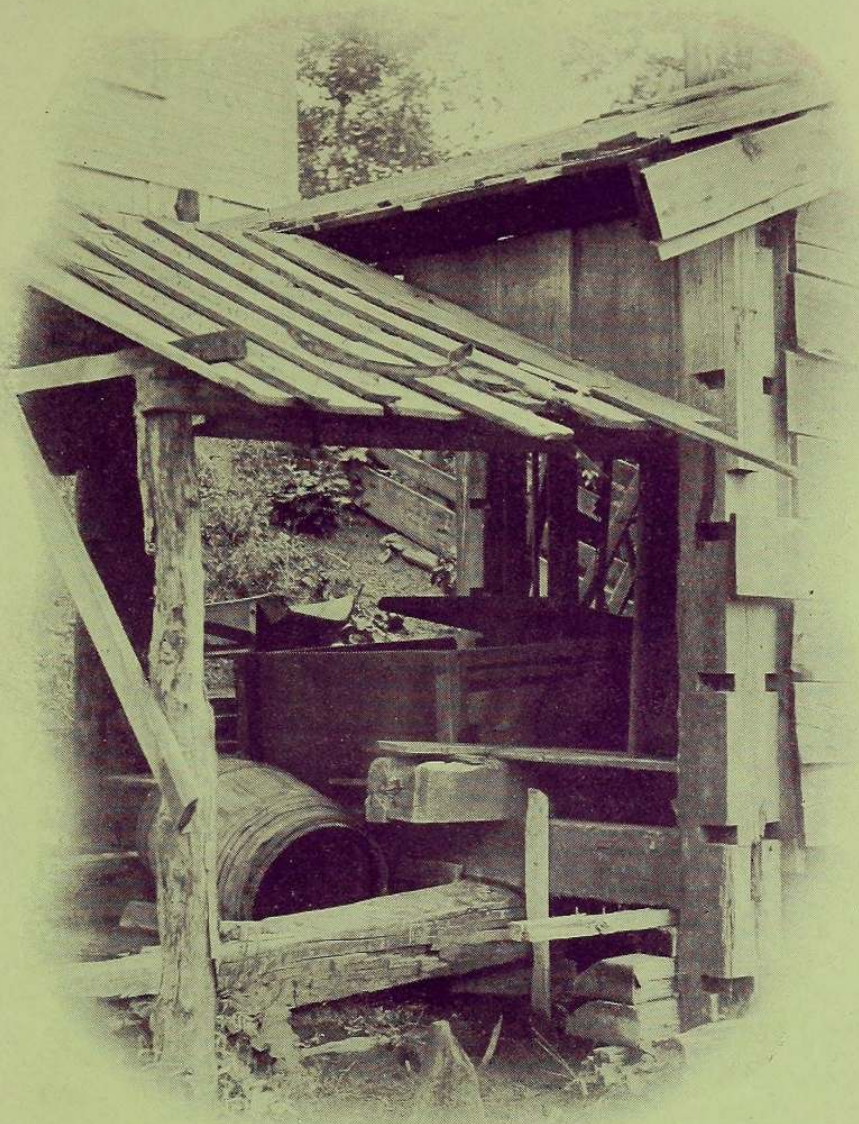




Comes a smell a cider  
mill only knows.

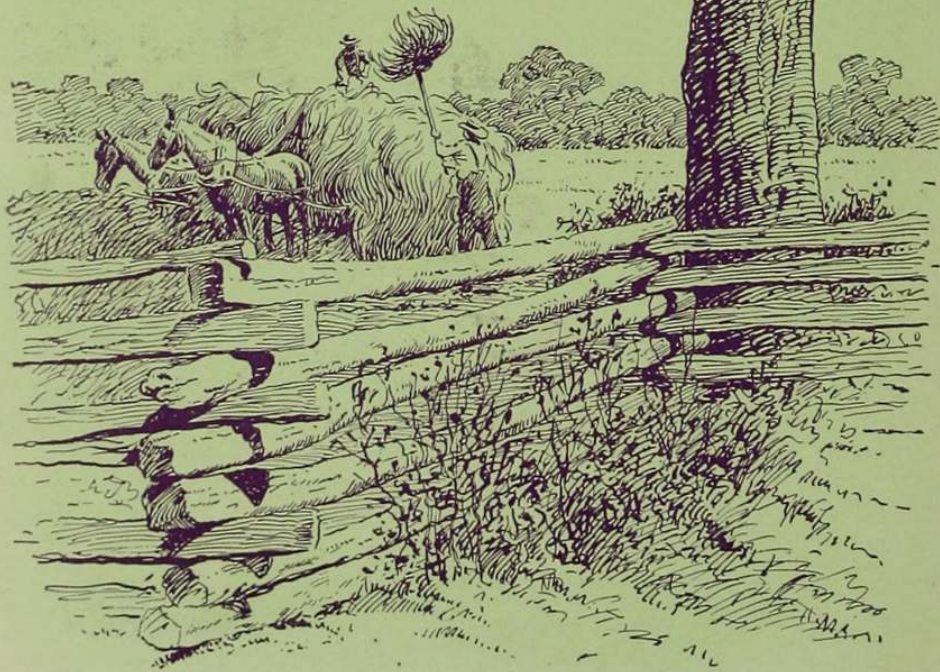




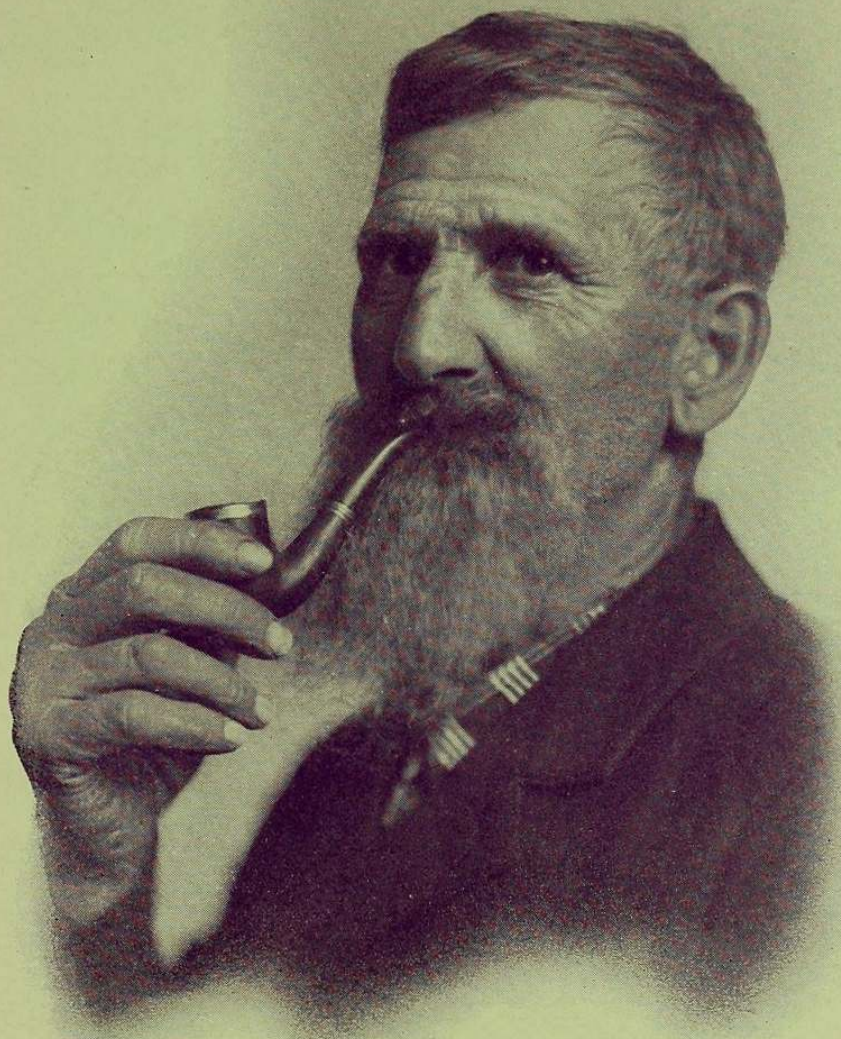




You can tell all about  
your fine old crow,  
Champagne, sherry,  
and so and so,

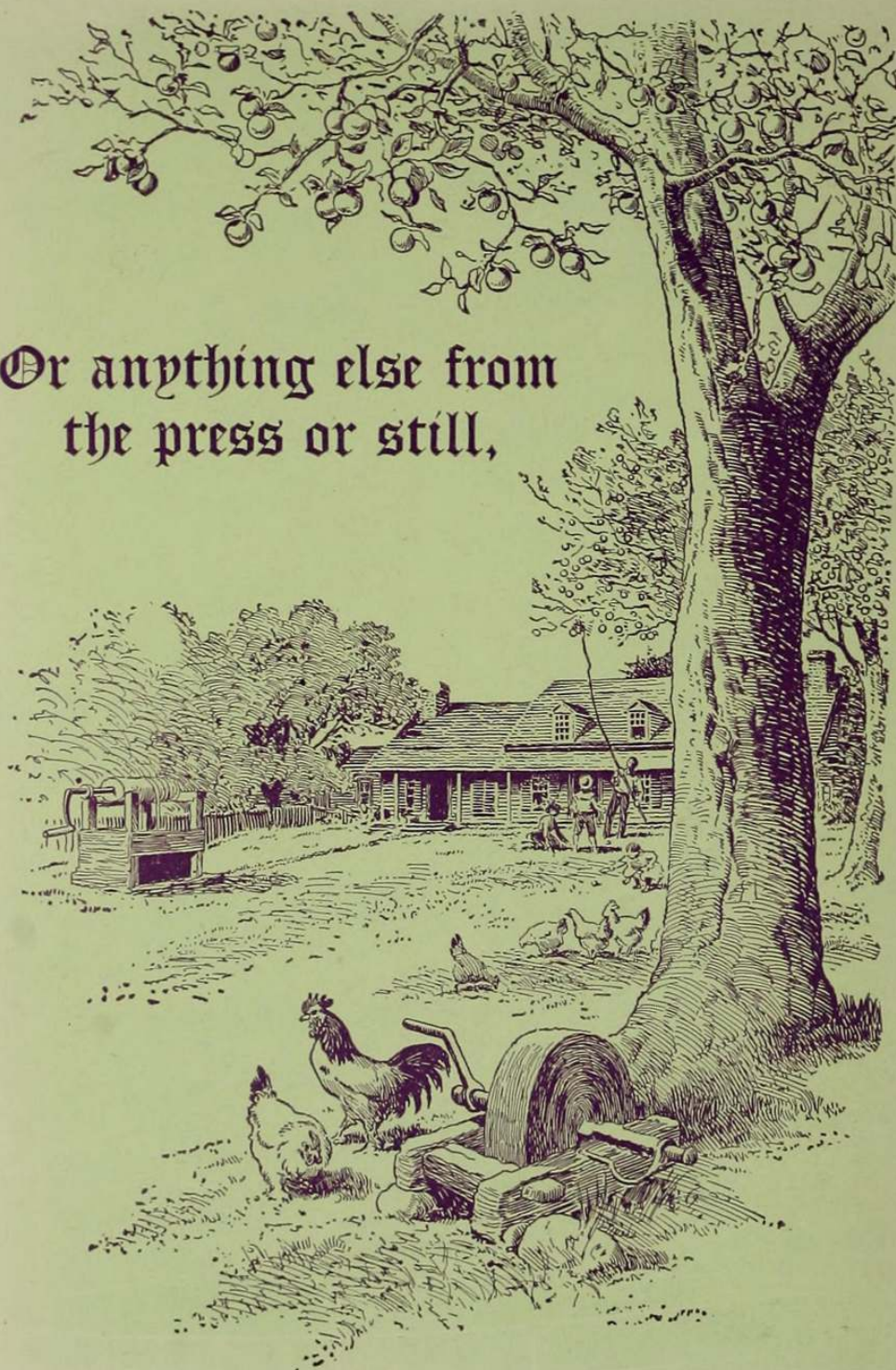




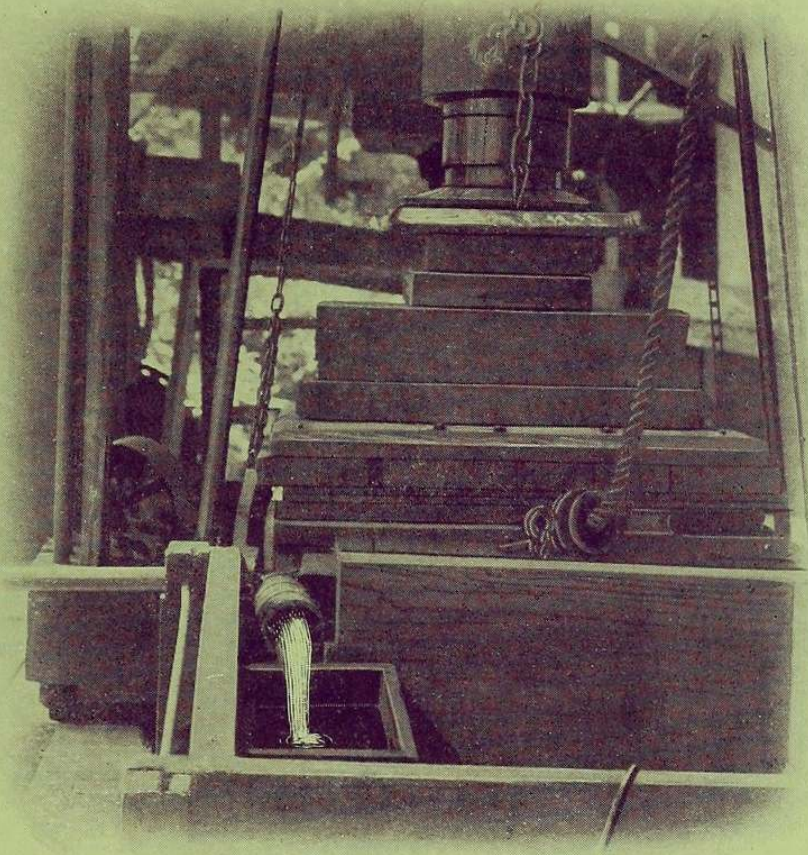




Or anything else from  
the press or still,









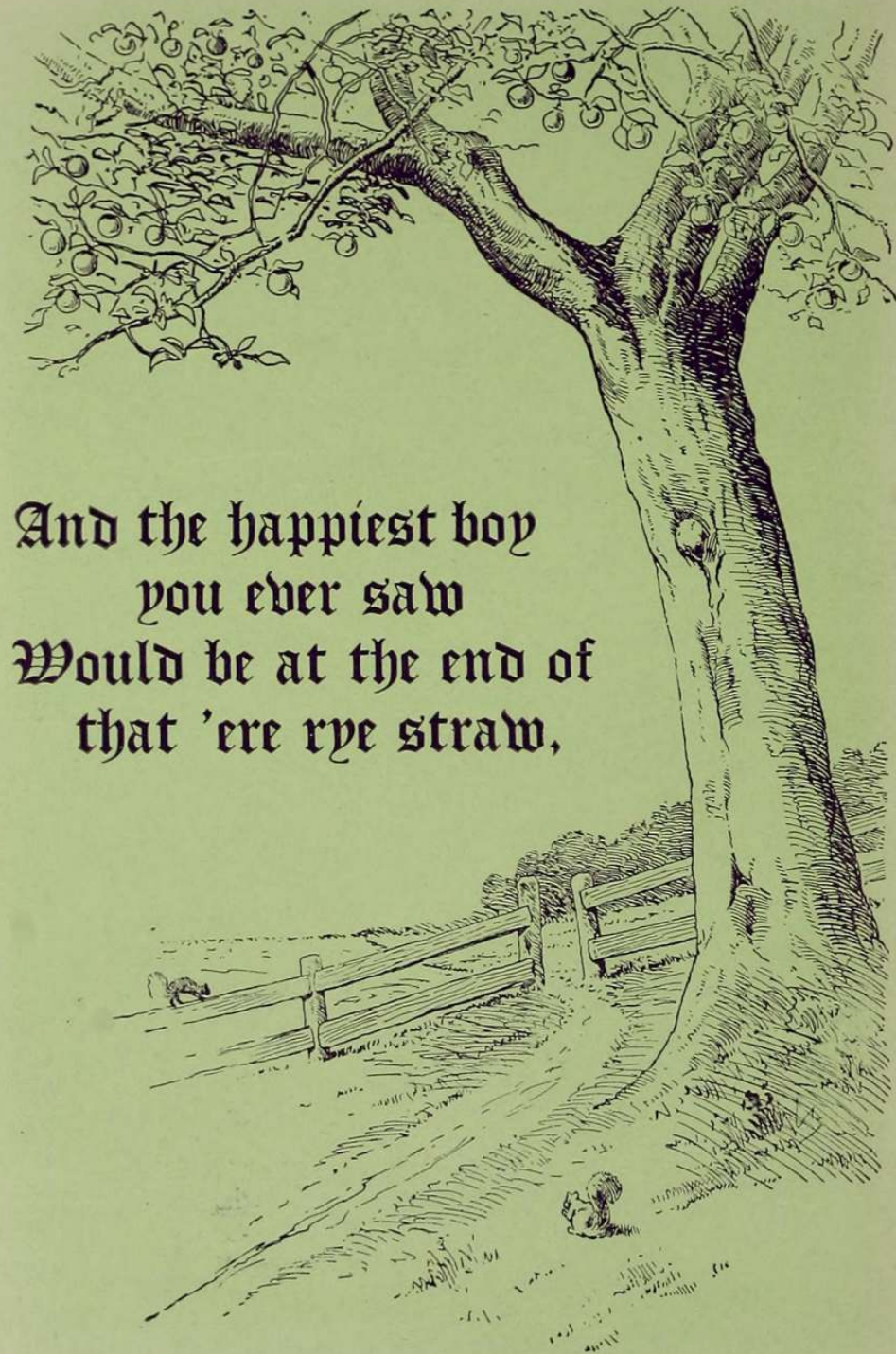
But just give me the juice  
of that 'ere old mill  
And a small boy's suction  
power  
For a quarter of an hour,





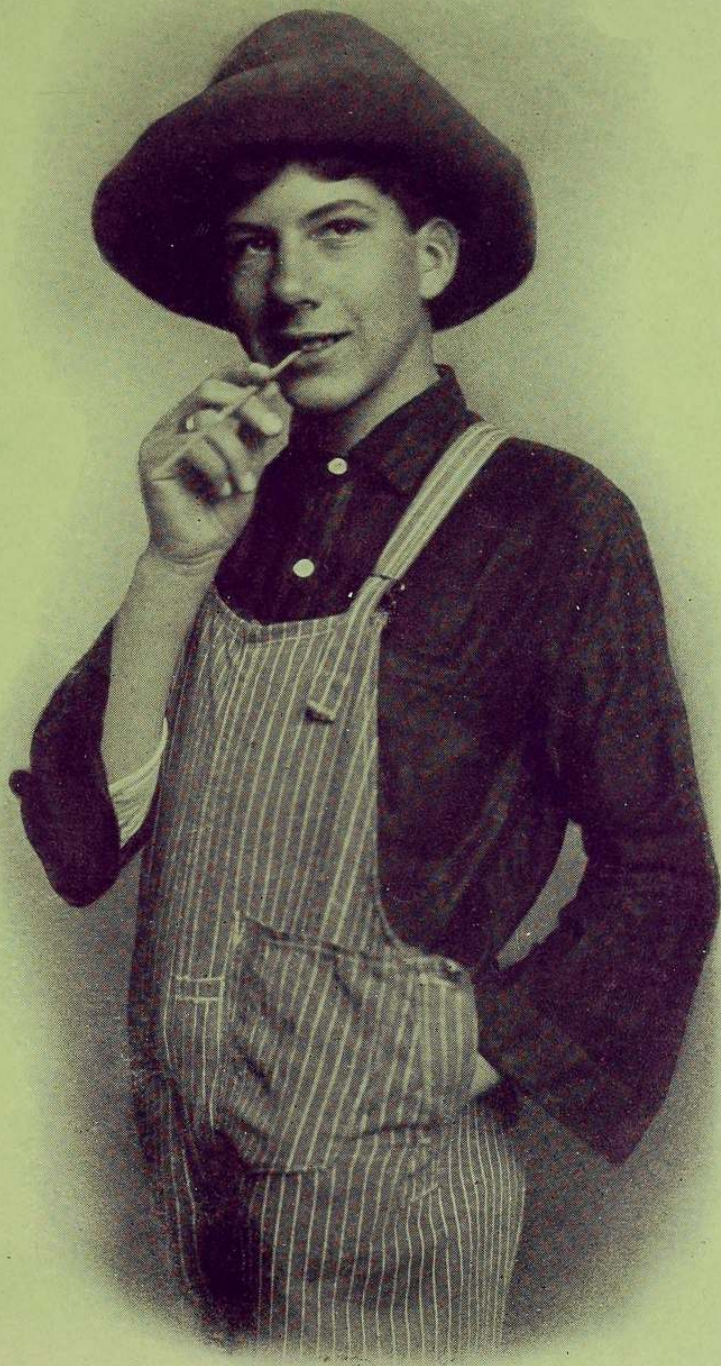




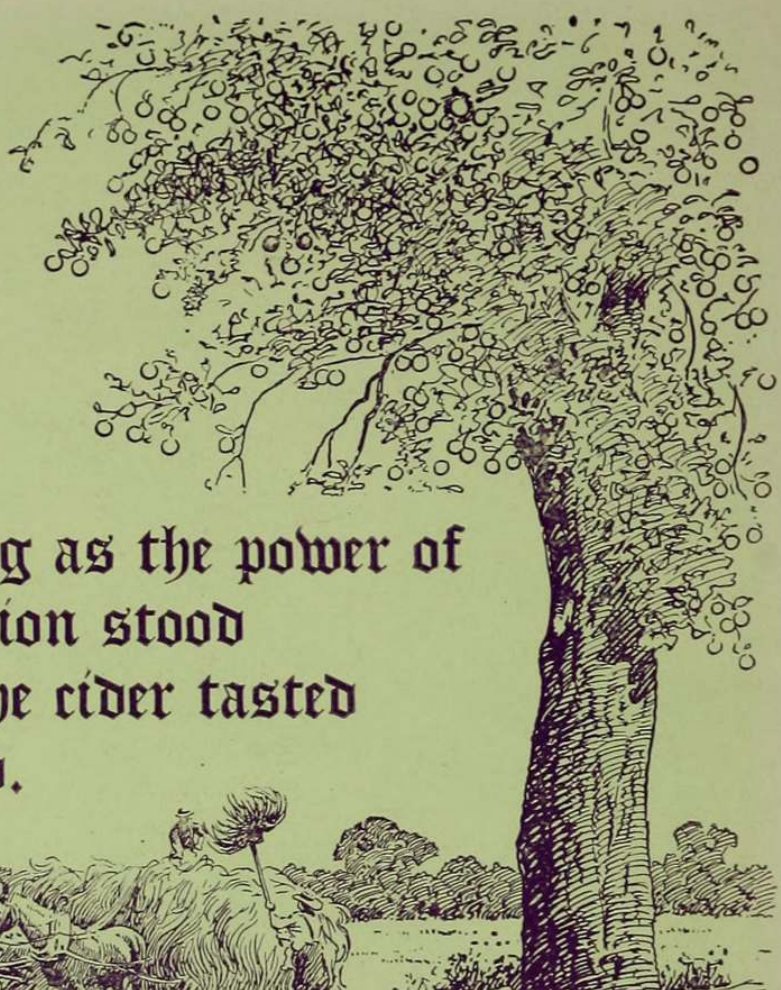


And the happiest boy  
you eber saw  
Would be at the end of  
that 'ere rye straw,









As long as the power of  
suction stood  
And the cider tasted  
good.

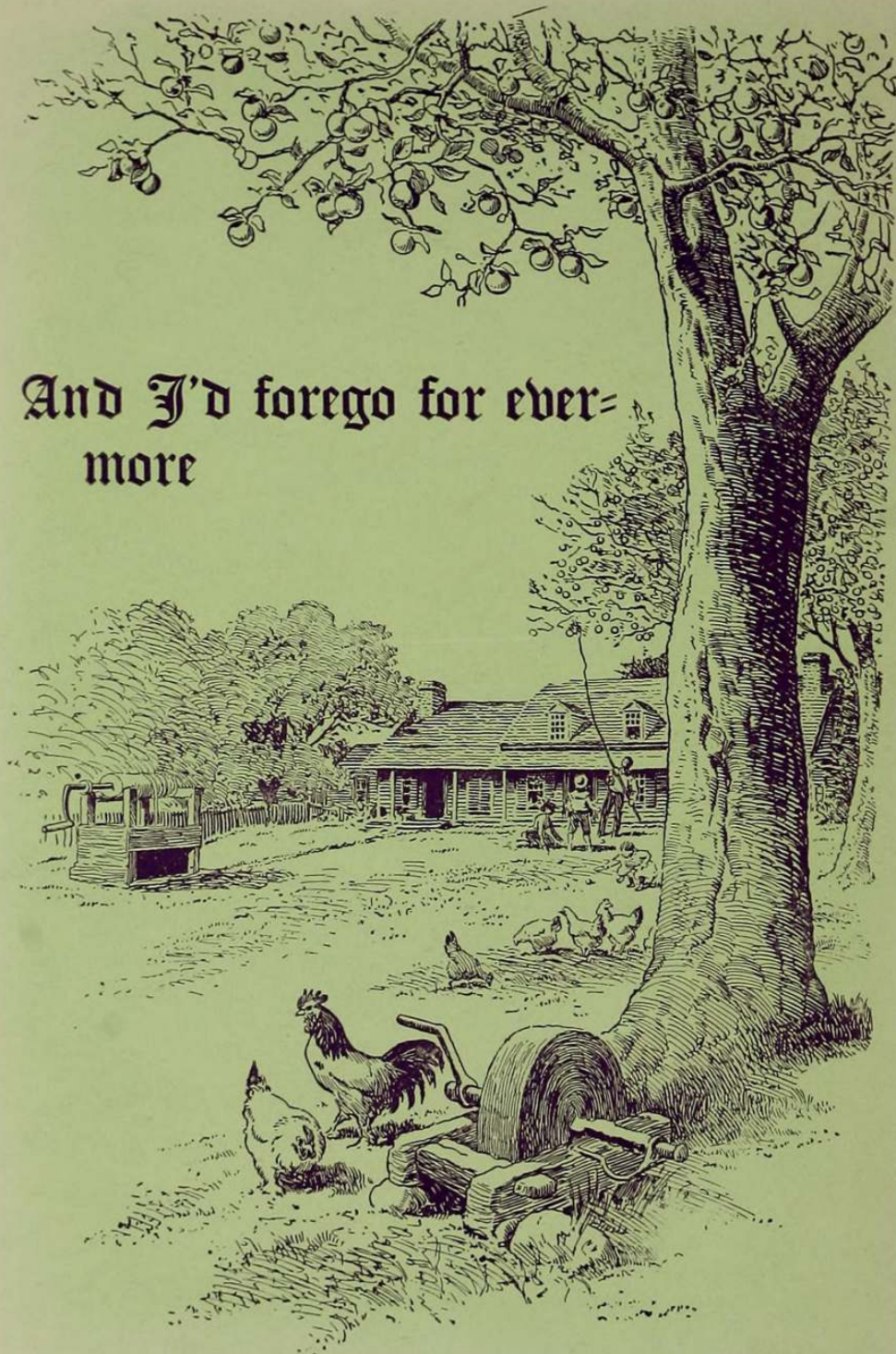








And I'd forego for ever-  
more



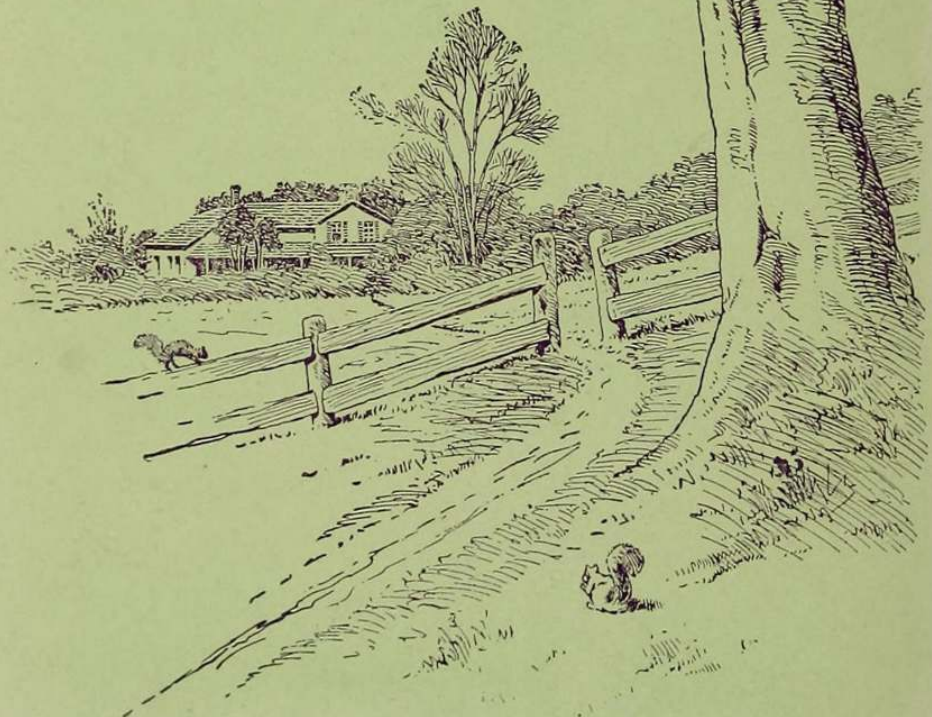




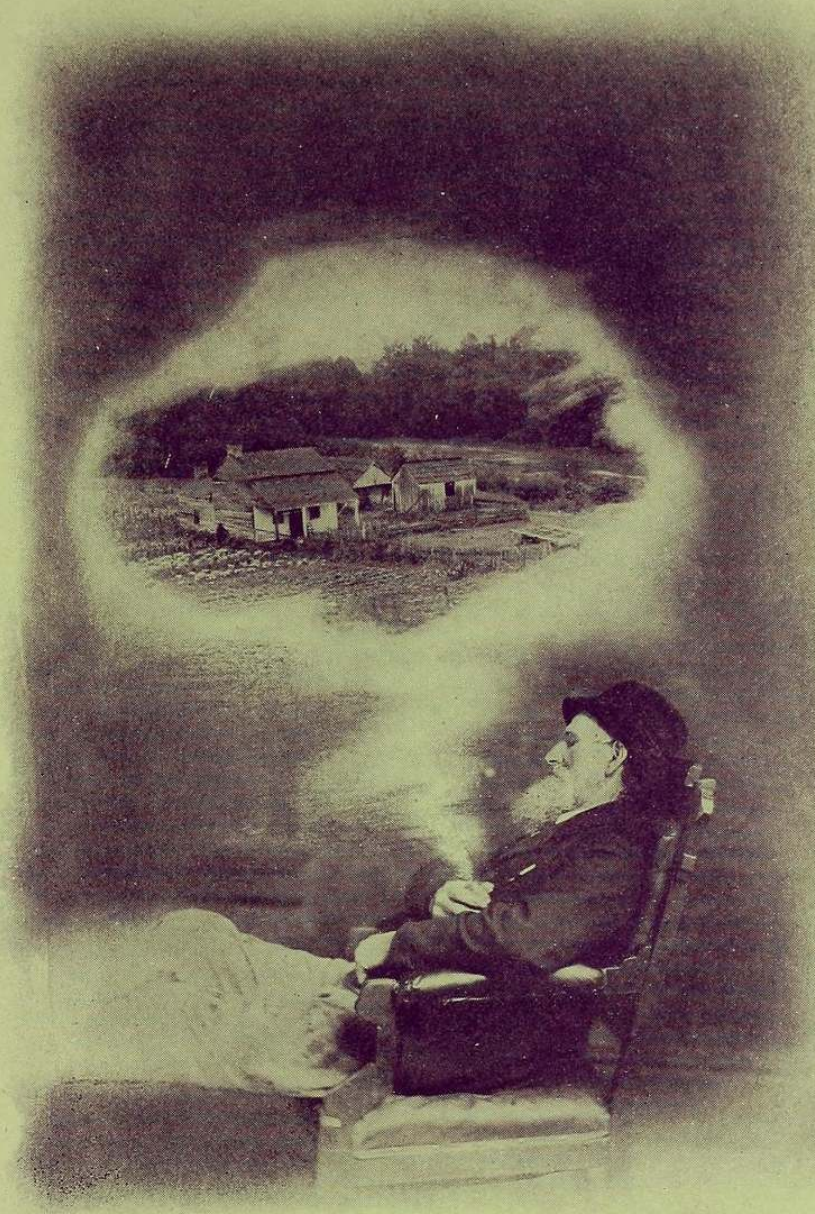




All liquor known on this  
earthly shore.









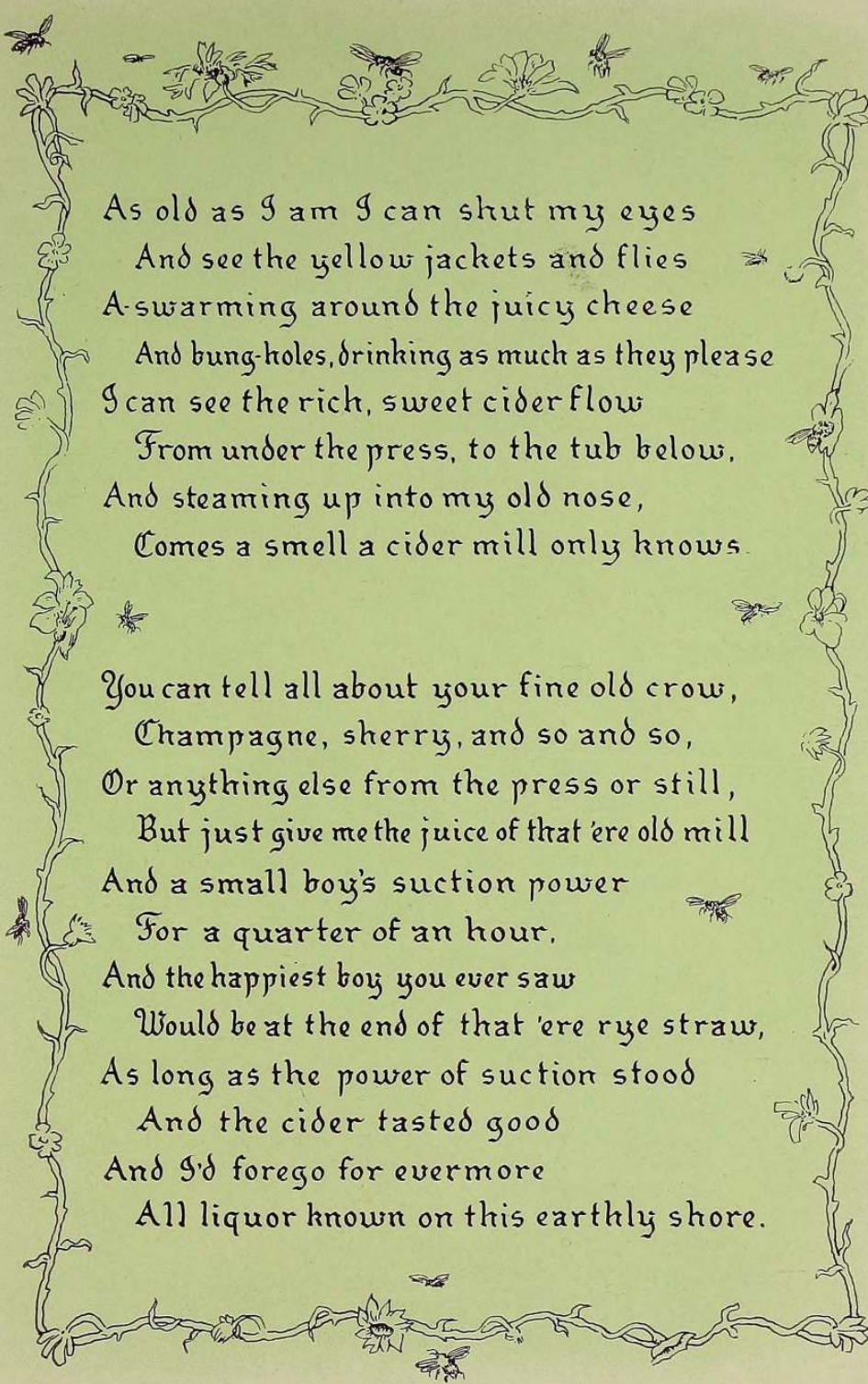


## The Old Cider Mill.

I always have said and I say it yet,  
That if I could be young again for fifteen minutes  
I'd make a bee line to the old mill hidden by tangled vines  
Where the apples were piled in heaps around,  
Red, yellow and streaked, all over the ground,  
And the old, sleepy horse went round and round  
And turned the wheel as the apples were ground.

Straight for that old mill I'd start,  
With light bare feet and a lighter heart,  
And a smiling face and an old straw hat,  
And hum-made breeches and all of that.  
And when I got there I'd just take a peep  
To see if old cider mill John was asleep.  
And then if he was I'd go hunting around  
Until a good, big, long rye straw I'd found.  
And I'd straddle a barrel and quick begin  
To fill with juice clean up to my chin.





As old as I am I can shut my eyes  
And see the yellow jackets and flies  
A-swariming around the juicy cheese  
And bung-holes, drinking as much as they please  
I can see the rich, sweet cider flow  
From under the press, to the tub below,  
And steaming up into my old nose,  
Comes a smell a cider mill only knows.

You can tell all about your fine old crow,  
Champagne, sherry, and so and so,  
Or anything else from the press or still,  
But just give me the juice of that 'ere old mill  
And a small boy's suction power  
For a quarter of an hour,  
And the happiest boy you ever saw  
Would be at the end of that 'ere rye straw,  
As long as the power of suction stood  
And the cider tasted good  
And I'd forego for evermore  
All liquor known on this earthly shore.



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