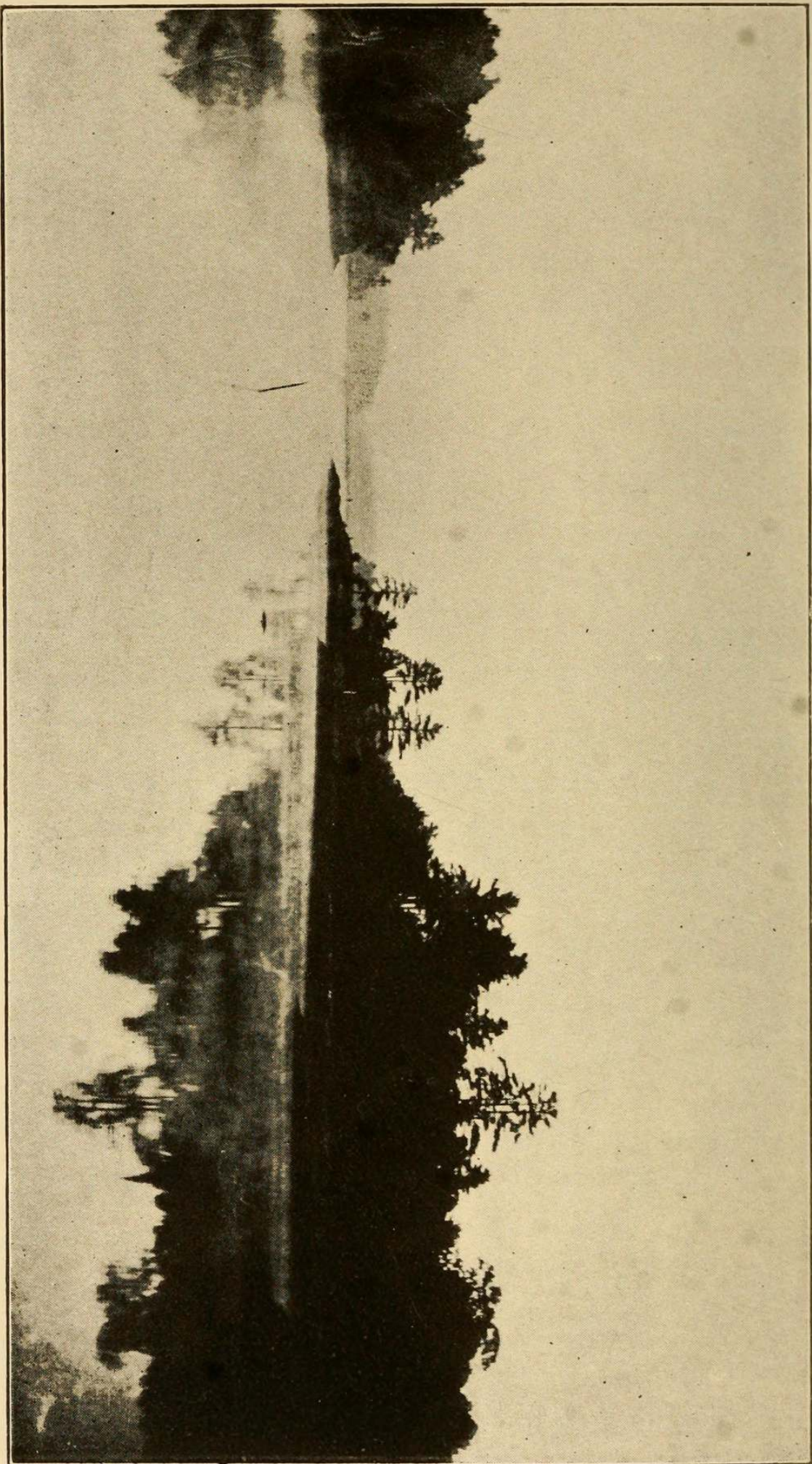




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A Coast by Inlets Broken

The Coast of Maine

and

Other Verses

by

HENRY A. SWANTON

With illustrations by

The Author.



I wrote a poem years ago
Its meaning is obscure
It isn't interesting, so
I guess it's literature.

Author Unknown.

These are not poems, they're simply verse
Some good, some poor, I trust none worse.
I trust they'll be of interest too,
Their meaning should be clear to you
And as they are so new, I'm sure,
They cannot well be literature.

H. A. S.

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1922

Copyrighted, 1922,
By Henry A. Swanton.

A copy of this little book may be secured
by mailing fifty cents to

Henry A. Swanton,
Westport, Maine.



AUG 26 1922

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Contents

VERSES OF THE MAINE COAST

The Coast of Maine
The Sheepscot Giants
The Mermaid's Gift
Our Winters
The First Sea Urchin
The Devil's Apron
Captain Kidd's Gold
The Tassel and the Cone
Westport
Waterlogged
The Starfish and Blueberry

FARMER JOHN'S PHILOSOPHY

His Cause for Thanksgiving
On the Cost of Living
He Gets "Het Up"
On Neighbors

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES

Old Glory (Song)
The Grand Army
Patriot's Day
"The Eagle of the Seas"
The Captain's Shave
The "Little Things" of Life
"Business"
The Message of the Rock
"The Day"
A Conundrum
The World's Greatest Need
The Practical Man

To the Reader

The coast of Maine is something besides the bleak rocks and flying spray usually pictured, for in addition to these there are plenty of "smiling fields and sunny skies."

A little more than ten years ago, in order to escape the slavery incident to office work in a city, I secured a small farm in this beautiful locality and the years spent here have convinced me that for any one who enjoys work with the hands out of doors it is practically impossible to find any place in which to live that is more delightful throughout the year than this Maine coast country.

Nature has apparently been good to it in other ways than mere beauty for it is without doubt a fine berry growing region. The indications of nature all point that way and what horticultural experience I have had has convinced me that it is only because there is lacking here the co-operative enterprise shown by people of the West that a far larger number of people do not now enjoy this delightful locality as permanent residents.

It is this comparatively unknown side of the Maine coast which I have attempted to bring out in a few of the following verses.

H. A. Swanton.

The Coast of Maine

Adorned with spruce and fir trees,
Defying wave and rain,
Eternal as the mountains
The iron coast of Maine
A coast by inlets broken,
With islands thickly strewn,
As if one time by giants
'Twas shattered, carved and hewn.

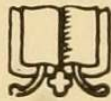
The rockweed brown and yellow,
Like tresses flowing free,
The Devil's aprons growing
Down deep beneath the sea,
Starfish and prickly urchins,
And wonders by the score,
Are found upon the ledges,
That line this rugged shore.

Those ledges like a sea wall
Hold Neptune well at bay
To give Dame Nature chances
On shore to sport and play,
And safe behind that sea wall
The rocky ribs between,
The little farm homes nestle
On uplands fair and green.

The country roads are winding
O'er hilltops where the view
Shows distant changing pictures
Of waters bright and blue,
And from those rocky hilltops,
When fall the shades of night,
Are seen the lighthouse warnings
As distant points of light.

Besides the spruce and fir trees
The pines adorn the land,
And hold the floral emblem
Of Maine on every hand.
In pasture, lane and woodland
All kinds of berries grow
And each side of the roadway
They form a thorny row.

The softer shades of springtime,
The summer's darker green,
"The flaming flags of autumn,"
The winter's white and sheen,
All set in frames of azure—
The sky and waters clear
Make this a lovely country
Throughout the changing year.



The Sheepscot Giants

When Dorchester Giants in days of old,
As good Doctor Holmes has so graphically told,
Were throwing their pudding, so nice and brown,
All over the suburbs of Boston town,

Two giants were living not far away
From Dorchester town and its lovely bay.
'Twas not very far as a giant scoots—
But just a few steps of his seven-league boots.

The first was a hunter and game pursued,
Through thicket and brushwood his way he hewed,
His axhead was cut from the living rock—
You still see the scar there at Hockomock.

The other by fishing his living gained,
The whales of the ocean he speared and seined,
His fish-spear was made from the tallest spruce,
Trees then were of size to be of some use.

In peace and in quiet for many a day
They lived without quarrel or serious fray,
But one stormy day the two friends fell out,
No one ever found what 'twas all about.

But into each other they pitched with whacks,
And furious blows of both spear and ax.
The solid earth shook with the fearful sound;
The land into islands was crushed and ground.

It seemed that the field which they struggled o'er,
Our beautiful Maine with its rugged shore,
Must all be destroyed or that it would be
Quite trampled and trodden beneath the sea.

All thanks do we give that a kindly fate
Has spared that misfortune our dear old State.
It was but an accident stopped that row,
Or they to this day might be at it now.

The hunter at last aimed a fearful blow
That would have demolished a weaker foe,
When off from the handle the axhead flew,
It cut the great staff of the spear in two;

Then flying along to the sea it cut
A gash in the land—a tremendous rut.—
And into the sea, just away from shore,
It fell, and will lie there forevermore.

That axhead, most covered by ocean's wave,
Today bears a lighthouse to warn and save,
And miles from the scene of that furious fight
Shines out the bright rays of the Seguin light.

Today in that furrow the ocean flows;
Now in and now out with the tide it goes,
An arm of the sea that is granite walled,—
The Sheepscot River today 'tis called.



The Mermaid's Gift

A story I'll tell you, a sequel it be
To the Sheepscot Giants, that fight by the sea.
When the fight it was over and all was calm,
A peasant crept forth to look over his farm.

Destruction and ruin were all around,
The ocean was flowing where once 'twas ground.
His broad fertile fields were all set on edge,
Through every meadow there cropped a ledge.

Conditions the same as are said to be
In old Lincoln County beside the sea.
As slowly and sadly he wandered o'er
His ruined possessions, far, far from shore,

He found a mermaid who was stranded quite
And pitying her in her helpless plight,
He lifted her up and, with kind intent,
He carried her back to her element.

"I thank you for saving my life," said she,
"I soon would have perished so far from the sea.
You seem in great trouble, I'll gladly do
Anything that may be in my power for you."

"So tell me your trouble without reserve,
What help I can give you, you much deserve."
He slowly and sorrowfully shook his head.
"I fear you can't help me," at length he said.

"My farm it is ruined as you can see,
Those giants have spoiled it eternally.
These ledges and ridges all strewn about,
Can you, mistress mermaid, smooth them out?"

“Though I cannot accomplish the work you ask,
To iron your farm is too great a task,
Yet I can assist you for all of that,
There’s more than one method of killing a cat.”

“If I cannot flatten your crumpled fields,
I can make their small pieces increase their yields.”
From her beautiful tresses she pulled a hair,
And fastened its end to the ledge with care.

It rooted and grew and like wild-fire spread
Till every rock, like the mermaid’s head,
Was covered with masses of rich brown hair,
While the peasant could only stand and stare.

The mermaiden said to him, “There my friend,
You’ll find fertilizer without any end.
Just gather and spread that upon your soil,
And much greater yields will reward your toil.”

With a flip of her tail in the waters green
She vanished from sight and no more was seen.
Now this, my dear friends, is the story true
Of how our rockweed began and grew.

And science confirms the mermaid quite,
For when on the rockweed she turned her light
Those who in her mysteries dig and mix
Pronounce its analysis 4—1—6.*

*The “fertilizer analysis,” meaning in this case four-tenths of one per cent. nitrogen, one-tenth of one per cent. phosphoric acid, six-tenths of one per cent. potash.

Our Winters

Because our summer days are cool,
The summer people think
Our winters must be cold enough
To drive a man to drink.
They seem to think that we freeze up
Just after Labor Day,
And don't thaw out again until
The very last of May.

I only wish they might be here
This day on which I write,
They surely'd have to change their minds
It is so mild and bright.
The sun shines brightly overhead,
Far brighter than July,
The air is bracing, crisp and clear,
Blue are the sea and sky.

And some days, when I'm chopping 'mongst
The bushes, trees and leaves,
I have to take my sweater off,
And work in my shirt sleeves.
We have few days throughout the year
When 'tis not a pleasure to
Work out of doors underneath
Our skys so bright and blue.

Whene'er the north wind and the snow
Combine and bring a storm,
With wood we cut from our own land
They find us snug and warm.
And when the storm is over, and
The sun is out once more,
No views can equal those we see
Around our rocky shore.

The landscape changed to crystal is,
Or is the purest white,
Bedecked with countless precious gems
All flashing in the light.
And everywhere around you see
The sparkling waters lie,
Reflecting from their surface bright
The changes of the sky.

With cattle lowing in the barn,
And hens a cackling 'round,
Shed filled with wood and cellar full,
It suits me to the ground.
If in one place you find you must
Throughout the year remain,
There is no place that's half so good
As is the coast of Maine.



The First Sea Urchin

Long years ago when fairies lived
And walked and flew around,
On Doggett's Castle, Westport, Maine,
They had a large playground.
And there one bright and glorious day,
'Twas in the early fall,
Upon the Feast of Golden Rod
They met to play football.

The Brownies and the Gnomes were lined
Against each other strong,
All ready for the game, as they
Had been in training long.
The mascot of the Brownies was
The Dude all dressed with care.
The Gnomes for theirs had brought along
A fuzzy teddy bear.

Titania and her maidens all
Had graced the gay event;
And one and all from fairyland
Arrived on pleasure bent.
The grandstand, alder bushes tall,
The bleachers, blueberry vines,
Were packed with fairies, gnomes and elves
In many hundred lines.

And when the ball was put in play
The game was fierce and fast.
Tremendous cheers arose from out
That throng so large and vast.
The ball went east, the ball went west,
A touchdown now and then,
And in the scrimmages so fierce
There fell a dozen men.

And then the Dude he hiked for home,
He got hit by the ball.
The teddy bear who climbed a goal,
He had a fearful fall.
But still the game went madly on,
The score an even thing,
The backers of each warring side,
They made the welkin ring.

At last the ball was rightly placed.
Before the Brownies'd yield
Their Uncle Sam would try to kick
A goal from out the field.
He gave the ball a fearful kick,
And yet his aim was true,
For 'twixt the goal posts o'er the bar
Away the pigskin flew.

'Twas going so it did not stop
Before it reached the edge,
And plunged from off the playground plain
Right down the steepest ledge.
A hemlock tried to stop it, but
Stuck it so full of spills
It looked just like a porcupine,
All covered o'er with quills.

And down it shot into the sea,
And very strange to say,
It sank and fastened to a rock,
And 'tis there to this day.
Now this, my children, is the way
The first sea urchin came,
An incident which happened at
A fairy football game.

The Devil's Apron

{KELP}

'Twas ages ago when creation was young,
And Eve and her husband had dined
On the fruit of the tree the Creator forbade,
And Eden had vanished behind;
And the children of Adam were scattered abroad
To the uttermost parts of the earth.
That Satan was pleased with the work he had done,
And he shouted aloud in his mirth:
'Hooray! For the Devil and all of his tools.
For greed and all selfish ambition,
These tools are so fine that they work like a charm,
And now I can people perdition."
So over the wide world he started to roam,
In the finest of spirits and fettle,
With his tools on his crooked old back and disguised
As an innocent worker in metal.
Whenever he came and wherever he went
There was nothing but trouble and sorrow
There was plenty for all of the children of men,
And never a soul had to borrow.
One day he had kindled his fire of hate
In a forge by the shore of the ocean,
And was pounding away with his hammer of greed
With the greatest Satanic devotion,
When all of a sudden a spark of pure love
Flew into his eye with a sizzle,
And forced him to make of the mischief he wrought
An extremely contemptible fizzle.
He threw down his tools and the language he used
Was shocking as shocking could be,
And in his great rage his old apron of leather
He cast away into the sea.
And there you will find it is growing today,
The Devil's old apron of leather,
And often you'll see it cast up on the shore
At the end of a spell of bad weather.

Captain Kidd's Gold

You have all heard the story of Captain Kidd,
Of the seas that he sailed and the deeds he did,
Of the ships that he scuttled and sailors killed,
And the chests that he buried with treasure filled.
Yes, remarkable tales of that pirate bold
For much more than a century have been told;
But I'll tell you a story of Captain Kidd,
Though it's rather a yarn about treasure hid,
A great secret revealing that buried gold
That has never till now to a soul been told.
I'll tell it to you as it came to me
As I sat on the ground 'neath a tall spruce tree,
On that wonderful wooded and rock-bound coast
Of our beautiful Maine, 'tis her greatest boast.

As I lazily looked o'er the boundless sea,
Strange thoughts of the Cabots there came to me,
And of Gorges and Gosnold and John Smith, too,
And the men who had sailed on those waters blue
In the centuries past, when those ledges gray
Had appeared to those men as they look today.
As I thought of those voyagers, far out at sea
There appeared a small speck and it came towards
me.

But as nearer it came, to a sail it grew,
And at last to a brig with a motley crew.
A small brig of a model of days long past
From her low racy hull to her slender mast.
The strange guns on her deck and the flag she flew
Proclaimed she was manned by a pirate crew.
As she let down her anchor, a boat put out
From her side and the rowers were grim and
stout.

Now could I be dreaming or did I see
A whole boat load of pirates approaching me?
But I pushed myself back in the covert screen,
Overcome with surprise as I viewed that scene.
Not desiring that they should find me there,
At the place they had chosen to make their lair.

They pulled in to the beach, and their boat pulled
out,
And they lifted out from it three oak chests stout.
Two of these chests they buried well up from
shore,
From the other a great heap of gold did pour,
And they started dividing among their crowd
All that treasure illgotten, disputing loud.
The dispute to a quarrel at length arose,
Till at last on each other they fell with blows;
And in every direction the gold it flew,
As hotter and hotter the battle grew.
How it might have resulted I ne'er found out,
A report from the vessel cut short the bout,
A large frigate they saw and it proved a sight
To fill all their souls with a fearful fright.
So they threw themselves into their boat like mad,
To escape a tight halter some work they had.
And they sailed with all speed for the open sea,
Being hotly pursued by their enemy.

As I went to the place of the buried gold,
I could hardly believe what my eyes had told;
But a far stranger sight I was yet to see,
'Twas as strange as East Indian jugglery.
In the midst of the fresh earth some green shoots
grew,
There was one from each chest, they had buried
two,
And more wonderful yet, to my great surprise,
They grew up and they blossomed before my eyes.
Yes, they blossomed and fruited and just you
think,
On the first bush the fruit was as black as ink,
Just exactly the shade of the flag they flew,
On the other the fruit was a blood red hue.
'Twas a blackberry and raspberry, you know them
well;
But there's more of the story I've yet to tell.
When I started to hunt for the scattered gold,
A most wonderful sight did my eyes behold,
For the gold in the grass right before my eyes
Slowly sank out of sight and I saw arise
A diminutive plant with a starry flower,
And if you will believe me within the hour
Some blood colored berries that plantlet bore,

And they increased until 'twas a good round score.
This of course was the strawberry the best of all
Of the berries that ripen from spring to fall.

Long ago 'twas the custom to always nail,
For instruction, a moral to every tale,
Now this custom I'm going to revive once more;
When you're digging for treasure along our shore,
Just be sure that Poor Richard's advice you keep,
And don't dig any more than but just plow deep.
Here I've told you how berries once came from
gold,

Now reverse this proceeding of which I've told,
For to gold all these berries will quickly turn,
And a far greater fortune for you they'll earn
Than the greatest of fortunes that e'er was hid
On the shores of our state by old Captain Kidd.

P. S.—You may wonder how 'twas I knew
That 'twas Kidd who commanded that pirate crew.
That's as easy, my friend, as an auto skidding,
For in all but the moral I've just been kidding.



The Tassel and the Cone

Where'er the pine tree lifts its shaft,
O'er mountain, vale or plain,
It holds aloft the emblem of
The good old State of Maine.
Surrounded by eternal green,
By harps of every tone
And incense of the woods they grow,
The tassel and the cone.

From river bank to mountain top,
Aroostook to the sea,
You find them waving everywhere
In fairest greenery.
No tender hothouse growth are they,
They're hardy as a stone.
They hold the seeds of future wealth
The tassel and the cone.

The cone bends downward to the earth,
And scatters seeds abroad.
The tassel stands erect and points
Its fingers up to God.
By patient work and vision strong
True progress comes alone,
A fitting emblem for our State,
The tassel and the cone.

Westport

A great big island like a spoon,
With rocky shores and ledges,
With smiling fields and sunny skies,
And blue waves 'round its edges.

Long years ago the fish was king,
The sacred cod of fable,
And Westport skippers caught their fares
On Georges and on Sable.

Those days are gone, the schooners, too,
The captains few remember,
This rugged business of the past
Is like a dying ember.

But Mother Nature speaking loud,
In accents strong and strident,
Commands the use of plow and hoe
Instead of Neptune's trident.

The juicy berries growing wild,
She shows with hand unerring
To be the crop to cultivate,
And bids us all be stirring.

Upon the throne of old King Cod,
Where once he reigned serene,
Now sits—or sets—our barnyard friend,
And Biddy reigns as queen.

But whether fins or feathers reign,
Or berries are our po'tion,
There is no place to farm and live
Like Westport by the ocean.

Waterlogged

Now listen friends. I'll tell to you
A story of steamboating,
Of the two ways a steamboat line
Is said to be afloat.

Some years ago a New York crowd
Of frenzied financierers,
Bought up our steamboat lines and sold
Their stock to woolly shearers.

They wanted every boat in sight,
For shearing or to barber,
And tried to get possession of
Our little Winter Harbor.

"No! I'll not sell," the captain said,
"You go to Baalzepher!"*
"All right," says they, "we'll fix it so
You'll need your warmest reefer."

They put a boat upon his route,
And tried to run him badly,
But in their calculations they
Got left extremely sadly.

The Winter Harbor scooped the cream
Of all the transportation.
Their boat could hardly get for them
The least consideration.

They dropped a thousand bucks or so
In one short boating season,
And in disgust, gave up the fight,
They surely had good reason.

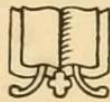
*Ancient Hebrew word meaning New York.

A few years later when the war
Hit hard upon the nation,
Expenses soared and crowded them
Because of stock inflation.

Up went their rates so high that folks
Used other means of travel,
This put their line upon the blink
Beyond the smallest cavil.

And then the Winter Harbor scooped
Their mail and all expressing,
So they tied up their boats and thus
A licking are confessing.

Now if you want a steamboat line
To run just as it oughter,
It's best to float it on the brine,
Not on financial water.



The Star Fish and Blueberry

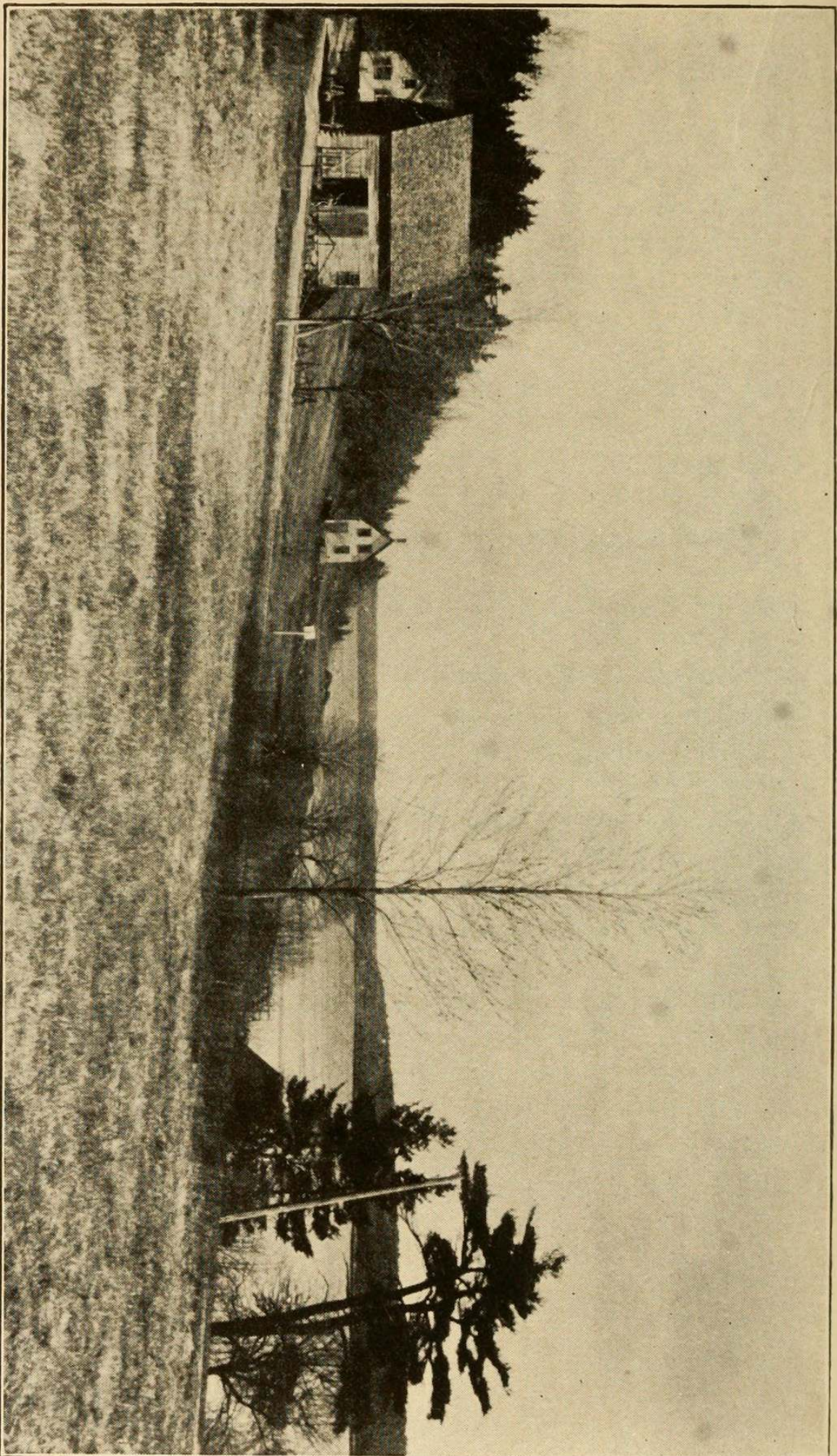
In Paradise Lost we are told of the war
That was waged in the heavens above
By the demons of darkness, of evil and hate
On the angels of goodness and love.

But here now is a part of the story o'erlooked
By the famous blind poet of old,
And although many years have elapsed since he
wrote,
It has not till the present been told.

The great conflict was waged with such fury and
might,
And such forces of evil employed,
That the very foundations of heaven did shake
Till it seemed they'd be surely destroyed.

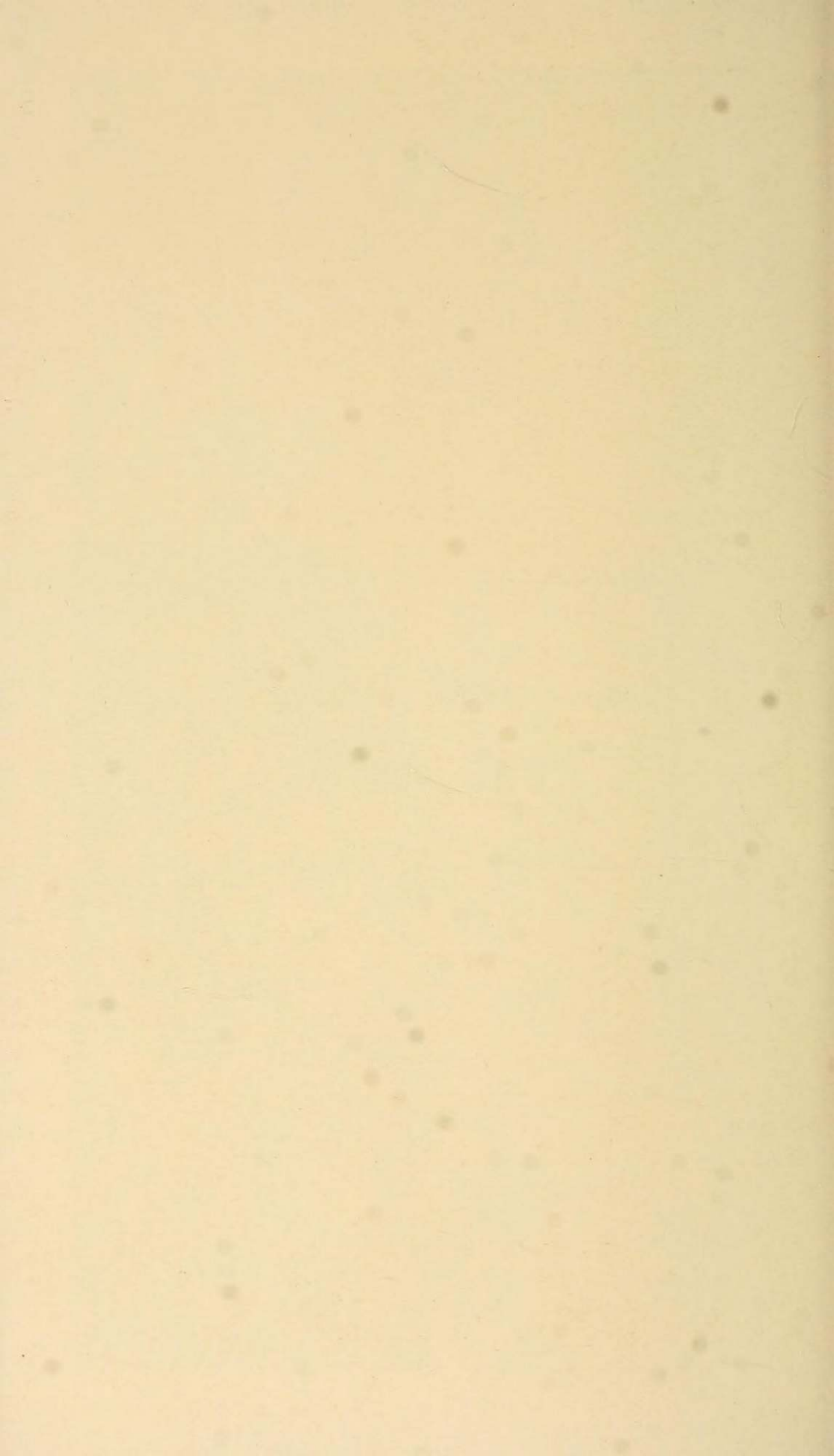
At the height of the struggle the quake was so
great
That the stars from the firmament fell,
And the bright azure sky being ground to small
bits
Fell in showers o'er hillside and dell.

Now today at low tide you will see on the rocks
All the stars that fell into the sea.
While ashore in the shape of a berry you'll find
The blue sky scattered over the lea.



The Softer Shades of Springtime

Farmer John's
Philosophy



Farmer John's Cause for Thanksgiving

Farmer John took off his coat,—
His Sunday meeting best,—
And put it carefully away,
Together with his vest;

And then he pulled his rocking-chair
Up closer to the stove,
And to his better half he said:
“Now, Mother, this, by Jove!

“Is what you might call living with
Some comfort, good and strong,
Instead of wearing out your life
As do that city throng.

“The Smiths, our summer boarder friends,
Were kind as they could be,
And took me almost everywhere
The city sights to see.

“To see it once it wan't so bad,
But, move down there to stay?
I would not do it—no not for
A million plunks a day.

“The station at the city is
As big's our pasture quite
More people there were tearing 'round
With all their main and might

“Than you will find in our whole town,
And I was some put out
Till Mr. Smith came through the throng
And piloted me out.

“He took me in a taxi-cab
'Round through the streets, and say!
My hair it fairly stood on end,
I thought 'twas my last day.

“At last we stopped before a house
As big as our whole lot.
I looked at it and said to Smith:
“This is some house you’ve got.”

“He started up some winding stairs
I followed though rheumatic;
I surely thought that he must live
Away up in the attic.

“And sure enough they only had
A few rooms,—suite they called it,—
Right underneath the very roof,
And brick and mortar walled it.

“They did not have a square foot of
The earth our Maker gave us.
From such a house I’ll always pray,
Oh, may the good Lord save us!

“Of God’s good sunlight every day
By them a pile is wasted;
They don’t get up till eight o’clock,
Their breakfast hardly tasted

“When Smith he dashes for his car,
And to his office care
He rides packed like a sardine in
The vilest kind of air.

“He sits all day in a close room
Upon an office stool,
A doing what he’s told to do
Just like a living tool.

“When’er the boss comes to his seat
He doesn’t know but what
He’ll learn that he is fired, just
Like any other mutt.

“He lunches at some restaurant,
So sanitary that
There is no flavor in the food
’Tis absolutely flat.

“And then at night to reach his home
He joins a football rush,
And in a car jammed to the doors
He has his way to crush.

“His supper,—dinner as 'tis called,—
Like breakfast then is bolted,
And back to town, with family
He once again is jolted.

“There in a darkened room they sit
And watch a picture wiggle,
Or watch some vaudeville artist
Attempt to make them giggle.

“And then they have a midnight lunch,
'Twould spoil the best digestion.
And how so many doctors live
Is now no more a question.

“Then once again the trolley car,
Again the sardine squeezing.
Again the much used impure air
Sets everybody wheezing.

“With such a round of life as that,
Now is it any wonder
That they must have a summer's rest,
Or they would sure go under?

“Then thank the Lord for country life
The finest thing he's giving.
The queerest part of city life
Is that they call it living.”

Farmer John on the Cost of Living

Folks growl about the cost to live,
Said Farmer John one day,
The most of folks, they like to dance,
But hate like time to pay.

They dislike working with their hands,
Too many act like snobs.
The only work they care to do
Are the white collar jobs.

Now a white collar job, my friend,
May be important quite
But frequently it only is
On work a parasite.

For nothing in this world of ours,
Throughout its many lands,
Has ever been produced by man
Except by work with hands.

Folks growl about the cost of milk,
But yet without a jar
They'll peel off several hundred bucks
Just for a motor car.

They kick like sixty when they pay
The present price for spuds,
But see the money that they waste
On gorgeous hats and duds.

Folks want to live in cities where
The theatres are galore.
And yet they wonder why it is
That living prices soar.

Now city life it may be fine,
But here you'll find the rub,
No city has there been devised
Where they can raise their grub.

Our country folks are just as bad.
Their children, more's the pity,
Are taught that to be anything
They must go to the city.

And get a job on salary
That's clean, genteel and proper
Where they'll not have to wear old clothes
As do their Ma and Popper.

They say there's nothing here to do
For any girl but teach,
They mean, and keep her hands as white
As does a city peach.

'Tis thought more honorable to sit
In office chair supreme,
To let the other fellow milk
And then to skim the cream.

For hands 'tis thought are only made
To take the money in,
To get them soiled in other ways
Is reckoned quite a sin.

But God He made our hands that we
Might help and service bring,
And "making money only, is
Not making anything."



Farmer John Gets "Het Up."

"Why! what's the matter Farmer John?"

The postman said, "By gum
You look as if you'd bite a nail,
You are so grim and glum."

"Well, Jerry, something just occurred
To rile me up a mite,
Although I know that to get mad
Is hardly kind or right.

"I s'pose the feeling I should have
Is rather one of pity,
For those who have as little sense
As some folks from the city.

"Poor folks, I s'pose the Lord gives them
What brains they really need.
They can't need much when 'tis us folks
Produce their clothes and feed.

"You know how things have been this year,
That what we have to buy,
Our fertilizer, tools and such
Are everlasting high.

"But when we come to sell our stuff
The money isn't there,
Some how the value's disappeared,
And vanished in thin air.

"Well, yesterday, my brother Charles,
He motored up to pay
The visit he had promised long
He'd make some future day.

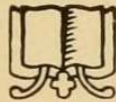
"His wife, of course, she came along
And you should hear her talk,
You'd think that heaven was no place
Beside her dear New York.

“Today at dinner ’twas she made
The break that riled me quite,
For Mother’d laid herself right out
And things were out of sight.

“A chicken dinner ’twas we had,
It surely was a dream,
Which ended with a goodly bowl
Of strawberries and cream.

“When we had finished sister passed
To us this compliment:
‘What a fine meal and only think
It never cost a cent.’”

“‘It never cost a cent!’ By gum!
That’s just how much they know.
If they’d try farming for a spell
Perhaps they’d find it so.”



Farmer John on Neighbors

Farmer John pushed up his specs,
And laid his paper by,
And Mother watched expectantly
The twinkle in his eye.

“Ef folks would only learn,” he said,
“That it is better to
Just keep up with, not get ahead
Of neighbors, I tell you

“That it would quickly change things ’round,
And banish all our fears,
And smooth our troubles out complete
In this old vale of tears.

“For instance now, there’s neighbor Jones,
I have to look right smart
To keep abreast of what he’ll do
To act a neighbor’s part.

“He helped me when I killed the pig
And yet would take no pay.
So when ’twas cured I sent a ham
To him the other day.

“Now he dropped in this afternoon,
And ’tis my firm belief
He has retaliated with
Nigh half a side of beef.

“The move of course is up to me,
For it would never do
To let a neighbor keep ahead
In such a race with you.

“Upon the other hand there’s—well
I just won’t give his name.
You know as well as I do who
I’m meaning just the same,

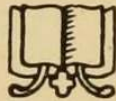
“He always makes it his great boast
He’s sharp as any blade,
And no one ever gets ahead
Of him in any trade.

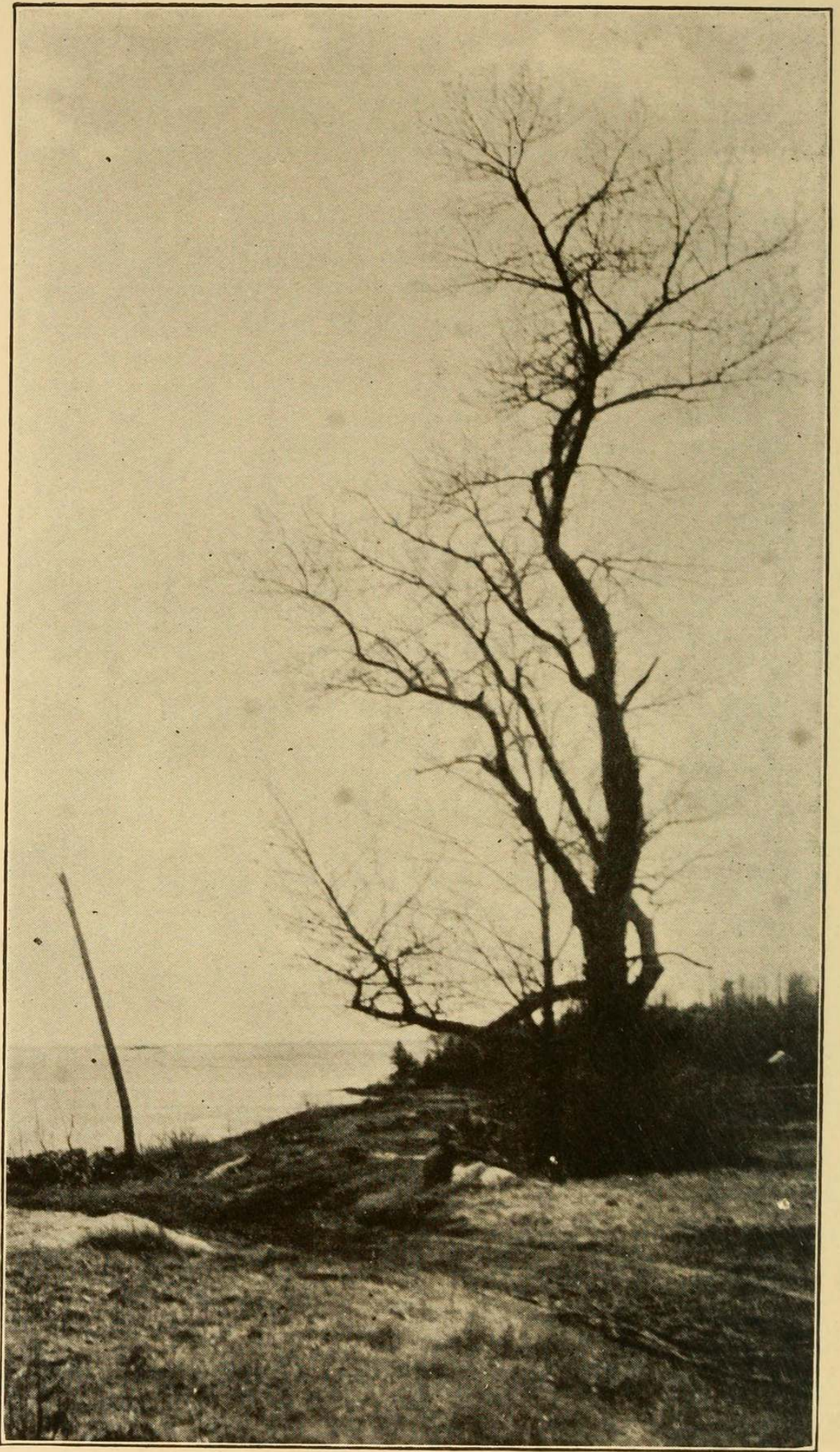
“You have to keep an eye on him,
For if your back was turned
He’d take the buckle off your vest
And think ’twas fairly earned.

“I’m sure there’d be for all of us
Enough and some to spare,
If some few did not grab and get
A sight more than their share.

“To keep up with, not get ahead,
Is pleasanter by far.
You’ll find it makes life run with less
Of friction and of jar.

“Our folks have surely got to learn,
As they have in the West,
To get your living with, not from,
Your neighbor is the best.”





The Country Roads are Winding

Miscellaneous
Verses

Old Glory

Air "Marching Through Georgia."

Cheer the banner of our land, the banner of the
free,
Symbol of the land we love, of home and liberty.
Cheer the flag of freedom, yes, and give it three
times three,
Cheer, then three cheers for Old Glory.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Our starry banner true.
Hurrah Hurrah! The red and white and blue.
To the flag of freedom we will yield allegiance due.
Cheer, then three cheers for Old Glory.

Cheer the banner that we love, our flag so fair
and brave,
Which our noble Washington this favored nation
gave,
And our martyred Lincoln poured his life's blood
out to save,
Cheer, then three cheers for Old Glory.

Chorus:

When the goddess Liberty assumed the battle
field,
Then she chose the stars and stripes to be her
flag and shield,
And the goddess Victory makes all opponents
yield.
Cheer, then three cheers for Old Glory.

Chorus:

Thus a host of conquerors we'll never need to
fear,
If within our native land corrupters disappear,
Gaining at Old Glory's cost is gaining very dear.
Cheer, then three cheers for Old Glory.

Chorus:

For the cause of righteousness and freedom in
the world,
And till all the tyrants of mankind are downward
hurled,
May the emblem of our land be everywhere un-
furled.
Cheer, then three cheers for Old Glory.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Our starry banner true.
Hurrah! Hurrah! The red and white and blue.
To the God of righteousness it yields allegiance
due.
Cheer, then three cheers for Old Glory.



The Grand Army

Their ranks with us are thinning fast,
Their camp above it grows,
And for the old Grand Army Boys
The final bugle blows.

Their work on earth 'twas nobly done—
For in her hour of need
They answered to their country's call
To crush secession's creed.

Above all things that men hold dear
Their country well they placed,
And in a four years' bloody war
Her foes in battle faced.

This nation freed by Washington
They bravely helped to save;
To Lincoln's hand they gave the might
To free the negro slave.

And if we would our country serve
This day, with like renown.
We must take up the labors that
Their hands are laying down.

And though our conflict may not be
With powder and with steel,
A mighty serpent we must crush
Beneath an iron heel.

Of all the deadly foes that on
A nation's vitals feed
The deadliest by far is a
Corrupting, sordid greed.

And when this generation gives
Its place unto a new,
May it have served as faithfully
As that which wore the blue.

And though the old Grand Army be
Forever passed and gone,
Its spirit it will live for aye,—
'Tis ever marching on.

Patriot's Day

This day we celebrate the deeds
Our fathers did of old,
When on the green at Lexington
They flung their challenge bold
At England, greatest of the powers,—
The Mistress of the seas—
And with their life's blood bought for us
Our cherished liberties.
“Don't fire boys unless attacked,
Don't give the first offense,
But if a war is what they want
Then let it here commence.”
Thus spake the gallant Parker then
Upon that fateful morn,
And in the war which there began
The land we love was born.
Their duty, though it cost their lives,
Full well they did it then,
And in the hall of deathless fame
Is carved “The Minute Men.”



The Eagle of the Seas

(1905)

What! Stripped of spars and canvas?
No more to sail the seas?
The bravest ship that ever flung
Old Glory to the breeze.
Another bear her honored name,
While she dismantled lies?
Oh God forbid that she should make
So great a sacrifice.
Have we today forgot her deeds
That to our triumph led?
Is usefulness the only test?
Is sentiment all dead?
Shame to our country in her hour
Of peace and wealth and ease
To so neglect this gallant ship,
Once monarch of the seas.
Though all her timbers be renewed
In spirit still is there
The ship that fought in "eighteen-twelve,"
And sank the "Guierriere."
As England guards her "Victory"
"Old Ironsides" should be
Forever kept as when she fought
For freedom on the sea.
Give her once more her snow white sails,
Replace those stately spars,
Could fitter monument be raised
To the glory of our tars?

The Captain's Shave

Now we are mobilizing things,
Men and munitions, too,
This story of the days long past,
It should appeal to you.
'Twas in the town of Hollis in
The good old Granite State
These circumstances happened, which
To you I'll now relate.

Good Farmer Worcester pushed his chair
Back from the dinner table,
And to his better half he said,
"Now Hepsy, I'll be able
To take a shave before those boys
Have finished off their dinner.
Their legs are hollow clear way down
As sure as I'm a sinner."

He got his shaving tackle out
His face he lathered fully,
And put an edge onto his blade
Today he'd called it bully.
From one side of his face he scraped
With care the creamy coating.
While Samuel the youngest watched
His every movement noting.

He gave his keen blade a few strokes
Upon a strip of hide, Sir,
Then to the looking glass he turned
To shave the other side, Sir.
But hark! What mean those hoof beats fast,
Those shouts and great hallooing
Some one is in a fearful rush
There's sure some mischief brewing.

John Boyington was charging up
The road like sixty-seven,
As if pursued by the Old Boy
Whose home is not in heaven.
He stopped his horse right at the door,
And called once and again, Sir,
"The regulars are coming out
And killing all our men," Sir.

Then, Farmer Worcester made a dash,
As fast as he was able,
And in the twinkling of an eye
His horse was out the stable,
All saddled and he on it jumped,
Nor stopped to finish shaving
For who would stop for trifles, when
His country needed saving.

With lather on one-half his face,
The other clean and bright, Sir,
He rode to rouse the neighbors all
To lead them to the fight, Sir.
And other messengers went off
To 'rouse the country people
And frantically the sexton pulled
The bell rope in the steeple.

Such work they did that afternoon
Is seldom ever seen, Sir,
And ninety-two good sturdy men,
Assembled on the green, Sir.
Each with a musket tried and true,
A horn and pound of powder,
And twenty bullets in a pouch
To help them argue louder.

And off they marched to Cambridge town,
With not a single cipher,
With Captain Worcester at their head,
His oldest boy as fifer.
The tune to which they all kept step,
Those men so brave and handy,
Was our first patriotic air,
Old Yankee Doodle Dandy.

You've heard oft times about the men
Who'd start upon the minute
In answer to their country's call
For all that e'er was in it,
But here was one who at the call
Responded on the second.
Such spirit as was manifest
Must surely well be reckoned.

Another Worcester son there was,
A chip of the old block, Sir.
A slacker it was hard to find
In that old Yankee stock, Sir.
This youngster when but sixteen was
Too short to join the army,
So he put pebbles in his boots
And he passed fair and balmy.

These were the kind of men who won
Our cherished freedom for us,
For them thank God when e'er you see
Old Glory waving o'er us.
I've told you of the Captain's Shave,
Here just as things befell it,
But if 'twas ever finished, why
The history does not tell it.



The above verses relate actual occurrences. The hero was Captain Noah Worcester of Hollis, N. H., who served through the early days of the Revolution. His oldest son, also named Noah, was a fifer in the army, and his second son, Jesse, was so afraid that he was too short to be accepted for enlistment that he put pebbles in his boots to increase his height.

The "Little Things" of Life

The "little things" of life were all
That seemed to come her way,
The "petty cares" of household work
Were hers from day to day.

The meals to get, the beds to make,
The clothing to repair,
The training of some little minds,
These were her constant care.

The years went by, one of those minds
Became a giant great,
This country freed, this nation formed,
And he chief magistrate.

His tribute to her patient toil,—
Could greater be another?
"All that I ever have become
I owe unto my mother."



“Business”

Come! Bow to the god that's worshiped
By civilization's throng!
Come! Shout in his praise and glory,
And pledge him with wine and song!

Come! Bring to him sacrifices,
And here on his altar high
Give him of your choicest treasures,
The souls he decrees must die.

Although he demand your loved ones,
Your children, perhaps your wife,
Although as a slave you serve him,
Some day to lay down your life,

Bow ye to this mighty image!
For though it is made of clay,
Bright golden appears this monster,
This god of the present day.

This vision is told in Daniel,
A stone never hewn by hand
Apparently smote an image
And ground it to chaff and sand.

'Tis thus that the love of service,—
Although at some distant day,—
Will smite and destroy our Moloch,
Thus ending his fearful sway.

And just as the stone in vision
Grew till it filled the land,
Just so must the love of service
Grow in each heart and hand.

The Message of the Rock

“I, the rock of Plymouth, speak”
Ye people list to me,
You children of that Pilgrim band,
The first to cross the sea.

But three short centuries ago
In search of freedom's shrine
Your fathers left their sheltered homes
And braved the stormy brine.

Here in a wilderness they sought
Freedom to worship God.
As through a gateway to their hopes
Their feet my surface trod.

Through peril, pain, privation, death,
They won the prize they sought
To you a legacy they left,
That boon so dearly bought.

In this broad land 'neath freedom's flag,
Where wealth and comforts team,
The God they sought has prospered you
Beyond their wildest dream.

Take heed that in your hour of wealth,
Prosperity and might,
That you forget not Him who is
The God of Truth and Right.

Go! Take your Bible from its shelf,
And brush the dust away,
And read how Israel was served
In that far distant day.

Because they worshiped other gods,
To Baal bowed the knee,
Their nation was destroyed and led
Into captivity.

Is God today in all your hearts?
Do you his laws observe?
Is it your Saviour Jesus Christ,
Or Mammon, that you serve?

"The Day"

Some day will the warring nations cease
To strive for unrighteous gain.
Some day they will understand that peace
Is better than others' pain.
The people of all the earth will then
Respect each the other's place.
They'll see all the rights of other men
With light from the Saviour's face.

Some day will all swords to plowshares be made,
All spears into pruning hooks.
Some day will the warlike spirit fade,
And vanish all angry looks.
For promised it was in days of old
That evil and war should cease
The prophets of God have long foretold
The days of unending peace.

Yes, come will that day we've looked for long,
When peace will to earth descend,
When love and goodwill will banish wrong,
And joy it will never end.
The dawn of that day we may expect,
'Tis promised by Him above,
'Twill come when the hearts of all reflect
The warmth of the Saviour's love.

A Conundrum

What is it that everyone wants that they
May have for their own all the live long day?
What is it that everyone seeks,—yet mind,
Though they may seek long, they will never find?
What is it you find when you little think,
It may be right close and you on its brink?
What is it that verily strange to say
You may not possess yet can give away?
What is it that very much stranger yet
The more that you give, why the more you'll get?
What is it—now honestly can't you guess
This curious thing—Why it's happiness.



The World's Greatest Need

How soon the power of Jesus' love
Would free the world from sin,
If into every human heart
That love could enter in.

Could enter in and find a home
From which to spread abroad.
'Twould bring to earth from heaven above
The kingdom of the Lord.

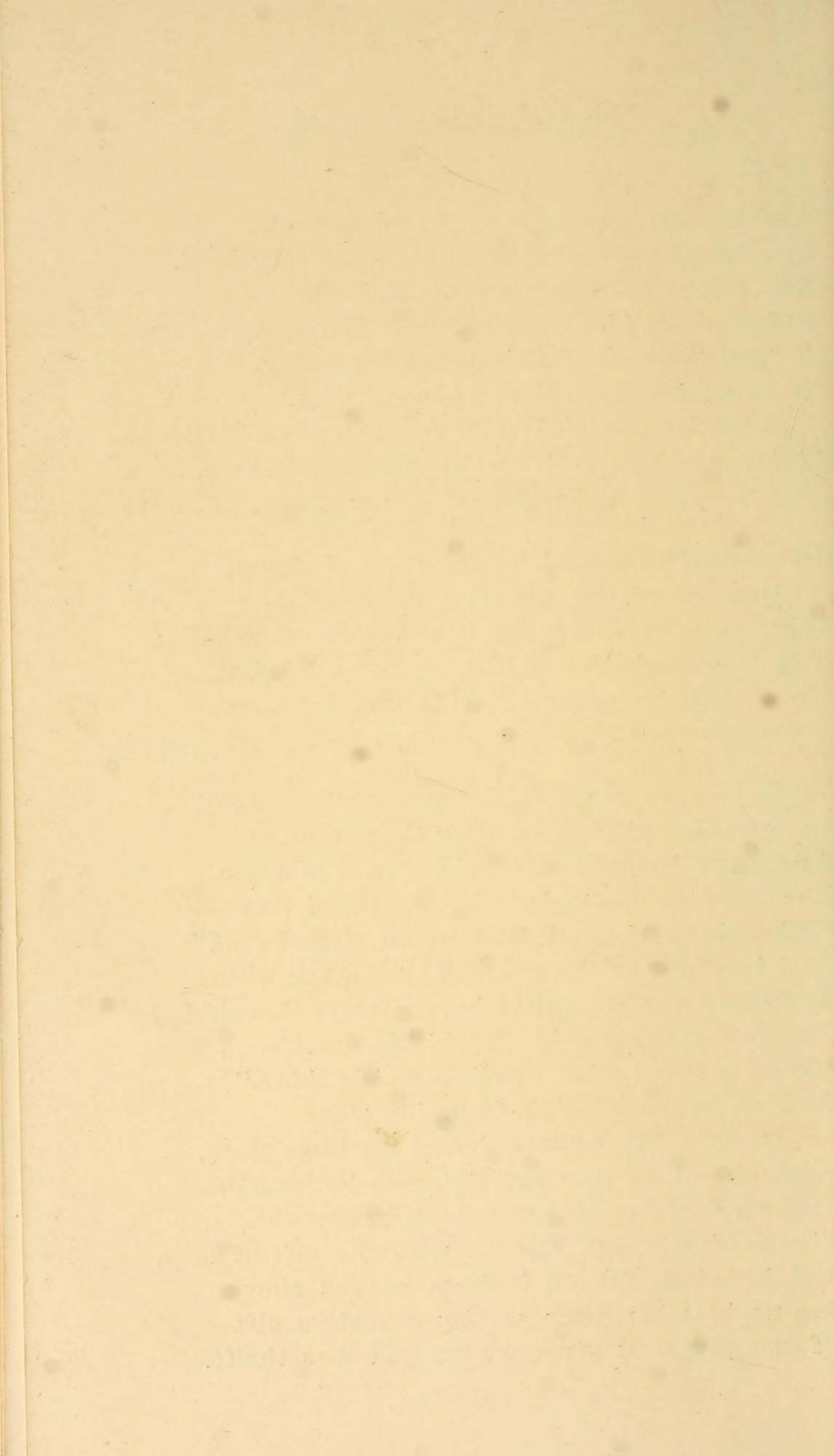
"Man's inhumanity to man,"
No more on earth could live,
If but a fraction of his love
We would to others give.

Oh, lead us, Lord, that we may strive
To give to those around
A little of the love You give
Your creatures without bound.



The Practical Man

'Twas long, long ago, so I understand,
Two brothers there dwelt in an eastern land.
The elder, a farmer who by his toil
Obtained all his living from off the soil.
A "practical man" he'd be called today,
So careful and prudent in every way,
And though great abundance quite filled his store,
He always was striving for more and more.
The younger a herdsman whose thoughts were
 deep,
His living he gained by the care of sheep,
A dreamer of dreams, just an idealist,
Who gave little thought how he should subsist;
But scattered around him each day by day,
To people he passed on his onward way,
Good cheer and great courage and clothes and
 food,
What help he could render for need or mood.
To worship Jehovah one day they came,
And each brought a sacrifice in his name.
The elder said—having that practical turn,—
"Why should I good food on an altar burn?"
And brought as his offering, grain too old,
And fruit wholly spoiled by the rot and mould.
The younger one said with his face ashine,
"Great Father, whatever I have 'tis thine."
And so as an offering from his stock,
He brought the best lambs of his little flock.
Each placed on an altar the gifts he brought,
And each of his Maker a blessing sought.
The Lord was well pleased with the gift of love,
And blessings fell on it from heaven above,
But no blessing came to the worthless gift
Of the practical giver whose god was thrift.





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