

Medley.

(11)

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;

For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things ^{are} aren't as they used to
be when ~~when~~ when we used to shout
and sing and dance and play the corn-
stalk fiddle down behind my father's
barn; No, all things change; the
baptized and H 2 Sed Freshman becomes
a high and mighty Senior, carefully
tending his mustache and thinking
of his girl, - a darling little thing,
adorn whose shoulders brown brown
and bare. Rolled the soft waves of
golden hair, Her arch lips looked
so red that I, Well - found her
head upon my shoulder, arms!

the captain said and with clatter
of hoofs and tramp of feet the
great procession moved up the street
to where the eager orator took the

stand In the cause of our great
and happy land;

He aired his own political views,
He told us all of the latest news, and
just as he had got to fifthly and
stopped half perplexed, Good Heavens!
all heard a sound. I eagerly peered
through the darkness, - for twilight
had made the room dim, - and
and plainly perceived it was kissing
and kissing not all done by him.

And I, did I pine and languish?
Did I weep my blue eyes sore?
Or break my heart do you fancy
For love that was mine no more?
No, I stand tonight in the meadow
But there's a Junior at my side.
Who swears he will be true to me.
What-ever may betide.

What if he is not handsome, a
loverless man can't be found.

Though you searched the town and
bent round. For he did his
duty ever, as well as he could do.
With faithfulness and pride always,

He minded missus' baby.

He loved the counsels of the saints
 And, sometimes, those of sinners,
 He'd with the elders sing and pray
 By the pine knot's flaring light,
 And shout, - Walk in darkies
 troo de gate; Hear de kullered angels
 holler, - Goway white folkes you're
 too late: We's the winner color,
 Wait; Till de trumpet blows to, -
 foller me, if you are men; leave
 the concern, run off with the horses
 and lay up for yourself treasures
 in heaven where neither moth nor
 rust doth corrode, nor thieves
~~strack~~ through and steal your
 8 cent an hour cash, - paid for
 fresh eggs, butter and chickens
 born in spring; Spring, there is
 no such season;

Smitten by breezes from the land of
 plague,

To me all vernal luxuries are fables.
 Oh! where's the spring a rheumatic
 leg, Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony - I wheeze and
cough; And quake with d^gue,
that great agitator; Nor dream
before July of celebrating our glorious
Independence day; - of victory's
coming in coming by and by
when each shall take his chamber
in the silent halls of death.

Medley.

Read before

M. L. S. April 3, 1886.

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N. L. S. April 3, 1886.

Louis C. Bregger