

I PRESCRIBE

Rx

By C. McGue, M.D., CM, FTMG

POEMS & PROSE - PHILOSOPHICAL & POLITICAL

Some Humorous - Some Sarcastic

Edited 1951

AN ELUCIDATION OF THE PRESCRIPTION

For The Body Politic -- Both Male and Female

R/

(Take Thou)

PHILOSOPHY IN PROSE
AND POEMS

both

Sane, Scientific, and Satisfying

as


prescribed by a physician after sixty ~~five~~ years of practice

R/

1. Of Cerebral Gray Cells an abundance, that you may have the ability to acquire knowledge sufficient to evaluate propaganda.
2. Glycogen to give you energy to apply knowledge as found necessary.
3. Muscle to set in motion measures to counteract the evil effects.
4. Hormones to harmonize the bodily functions for the benefit of all concerned.
5. Elixir of Life - qs -- (quantum sufficiens -- a sufficient quantity to make a palatable mixture).

M - (mise -- mix thou)

Sig - (Directions) - A plenty, as found necessary to combat intolerance, bigotry, racial and religious hatred, superstition, and dictatorship, be it labeled democratic or communistic.



C. McCue - Physician

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special.

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OUR HOME A BEACON

Desiring that this home may be a beacon
Along the path of life, and believing
That indulgence in alcohol and tobacco
Is injurious to the individual,
A menace to the community,
And an enemy to the nation; therefore
This household does not countenance
The use of alcohol for beverage purposes
Within its walls;
And does not wish to have it contaminated
And defiled by the smell of tobacco.

C. McCue, M.D., C. M., FTMC

PRAY GRANT ME THIS; 'TIS WHAT I WISH

For me, dear friends, shed not a tear,
I enter death, as I did life, without a fear;
Life is sweet, but death is bliss,
To die is natural and Hell a myth;
No parson o'er my body pray,
I can not hear what he may say;
Whence and whither he does not know,
Nor other person here, I trow;
The music may be soft and low,
To soothe the breast of friend or foe;
But I prefer the cheery kind,
Such as this; "The Girl I Left Behind";
With Flowers rare, deck not my room,
The common sort should be the bloom;
Picked by a kind and loving hand,
Sorrow to show (you'll understand);
The cheapest casket you can find,
Is the very one I have in mind;
Money for ostentation spent,
I pray the save for other intent.

March 16, 1936

URN

urn
" Can storied or animated bust,
Back to it's mansion call the fleeting breath?
voice
Can honors provoke the silent dust,
Or soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

Gray's Elegy

" It is our chief bane, that we live not according
to light of reason, but after the fashion of other's."

Seneca

Wherefore our lives should be examples, and our words
precepts.

Christopher McGue M.D.
March 16, 1936

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

Character like water will find it's level.
A spring can not rise above it's source.
If your enemies accuse you,
It is not necessary to explain;
Your friends will excuse you,
Proving to the public no blame.

.....

"Hay fever cures are consistent, anyway.
It isn't a fever and it isn't caused by hay,
And they don't cure it."

- 4 -

TO MY WIFE AND FAMILY: A WILL AND A WISH

A boulder just, is all I ask
To mark the place I rest last.
No money spent for granite gray
To place above this house of clay.
Or better still my body burn
And place the ashes in an urn.
From off my features take a mask
And have a bust from plaster cast;
Within this cast carve out a hole
To hold the ashes if not the soul.
Place high this form on mantel shelf
'Midst ornaments of plate and delf.
By my side place the old house clock
That I may hear it say 'tic toc'.
Familiar forms hang upon the wall,
My wife and children, one and all.
Down from this shelf I wish to look
On wife and child and hallowed nook.
The soul to thrill with thoughts of home
If far in space compelled to roam.
Some ask for heaven, but grant me this,
My soul could find no greater bliss
To be forever by thy side
Is heaven enough, what e'er betide.

.....

If after death I could speak,
This message o'er I would repeat.

Sunday, February 15, 1942

A MESSAGE TO MY FRIENDS WHO MOURN

My friends, why drop by my bier a parting tear?
Why view my corpse and heave a parting sigh?
Life at best is ever fraught with fear.
Death's a release; I pray thee, do not cry.

Why place about my bier exotic flowers?
Why o'er my corpse you have a parson pray?
In death no sense of smell is ours,
My ears can never hear what he may say.

Which is the greater blessing, Life or Death?
Which should we court, the coffin or the cradle?
Death may be the door to a life of never ending breath;
The coffin--just Charon's craft, that bears us o'er the Styx
To a land of ancient fable.

If Death is just a dreamless sleep,
If Life, a never ending quest,
After ceaseless duties then we reach
A couch whereon to lie, and have external rest.

SPEAK AND ACT WISELY

Speak and act wisely at all times;
Most children and many men (monkey like)
Ape the action of those about them.

Count the cost, conduct is contagious;
Children may copy, be it good or bad.

LIFE AND DEATH

Life: is to be longed for,
So long as labor is a pleasure,
Love a compensated desire,
And there be leisure
For rest, recuperation, recreation
And intellectual improvement.

Death: is not to be dreaded,
But a consummation to be devoutly wished.
When the body is diseased or decrepid,
Love is lost,
Labor a load,
And mind a muddle.

LET US PRAY

Inscrutable power that maintains the universe,
And limits the acts of men;
Give us a desire for knowledge, that we may seek
The laws that govern this planet, our own bodies
And our relation to all mankind.
To the end that we may observe and not transgress--
Avoiding accidents, disease, and an untimely death--
Assuring kindness and consideration for all our associates.
Give us a desire for work and work to do,
That we may earn our daily bread, and develop our bodies.
Forsend us the paths of luxury and idleness,
Permit us this day to perform our duties
With cheerfulness born of a desire to aid all mankind.
When day is done, grant us a dreamless and refreshing sleep.

-7-

HOME

I like to sit by the fireplace
When day of toil is o'er,
And listen to it's sizzling
And listen to it's roar.
The flames leap up the chimney's throat,
The shadows fall upon the wall;
I love to have my wife about,
My children one and all.

I love to hear my children laugh
And clasp their hands in glee;
They have no cares to mar their joys,
They're happy as can be.
Then winsome Jean and little Chris,
They climb upon my knee,
And Lewis plays his music o'er,
The oldest of the three.

My wife's, Joanna's loving smile,
A fragrance sweet as rose in bloom,
Sheds radiance warm as from the hearth
To spread good cheer about the room.
Her fingers ply some busy task,
In gentle tones she hums some tune,
Her genial face brings peace on Earth
From Life's dull care it takes the gloom.

A happy home, a blossom fair
Of all good things it is the gem;

The nation's pride, the nation's hope,
The swelling tide of vice to stem;
Most sacred unit of the land,
Of social forms the diadem,
Pure hearts entwined in love's embrace,
To thee we give our sincere A'men.

(Dedicated to my home, my wife, and my children--Jan. 2, 1903)

EIGHT
YEARS

Eight years; eight long loving years,
They have added to our gladness,
They have added to our tears;
Some days were sour with sadness,
Some days were sweet with love,
An hour with you brings gladness,
Like sunshine from above.
Heaven I have not missed,
Those loving lips I've kissed;
Eight years of heavenly joy,
Love divine, bliss without alloy.

June 3, 1900

BIRDS

Behold the birds in the bush greeting the break of day!
In harmony with nature and the infinite,
In union with the universe; untutored by priest,
Uninfluenced by reward of Heaven or threat of Hell,
Unlike man, their matins spring spontaneous
From their feathered throats.

MOTHER

Emblazoned in each Hall of Fame,
The first should ever be thy name;
For thou hast suffered, bled, and died
Like Jesus did on Calvary's side.

That all might know this Life on Earth,
You are crucified to the Cross of Birth;
Thou hast borne in silence they crown of thorns,
E'er each of us to this life is born.

As you writhe in agony, a sudden cry
From the infant child and your pains are bye;
The maternal instinct, the miracle birth,
Fills thy heart with joy, thy being with mirth.

To thy billowed founts, the springs of Life,
For the living fluid with sustenance rife;
The infant child, blue veined and fair
Is held in arms with a tender care.

You give your nurse, you give your love,
You'd give your life, like the One above;
If such was asked before you'd part
With the little darling, so near your heart.

The above poem is dedicated to my mother who was

Born March 4, 1844

Died Dec. 18, 1918

MOTHER LOVE

Mother Love is the divine fire, she sustains the species.
It illuminates animate Nature from the Ameba to the genus Homo,
And our pathway from the cradle to the coffin.
In the warmth of its glow bask both brute and bird,
The former will fight to the last breath for its babes,
The latter will die rather than desert her nestlings.

What humanity owes to its mothers can never be imparted
In the cold symbols that Cadmus gave;
A mother's love is undefinable, nondissectable, indestructible;
Universal love is the force that will end war,
Give peace to all mankind, and unity to the U.S.A.

AN ODE TO MY AUTOMOBILE

Like riding, a fleecy floating cloud,
A meteor in flight,
A hare with furred heels,
As still as the night.

Like a feather afloat,
An eagle on high,
Time in its flight,
A balloon in the sky.

All roads seem smooth,
All curves straight;
Mountain peaks, plains,
Continents mere states.

Written in the High Sierras in 1933 while on a trip to the
Olympic Games in Los Angeles, California.

MY PRAYER AND MY PROFESSION

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MAIMONIDES)

May Honesty and Justice abide with me in all I do
from day to day.

That I may achieve success in this, my chosen sphere;
May I be inspired with a true Love for my profession
and those I serve;

May neither greed for gain, nor thirst for fame, nor
vain ambition.

Interfere with my activity, for those I know are enemies
of Truth, and Love of Humanity;

And might beguile one from furthering the welfare
of all mankind;

May I have strength of both body and mind, and of energy
a sufficiency

That I might ever unhindered ready be, to mitigate the woes,
To sustain and help the rich and poor, the good and bad,
enemy and friend.

MAY I EVER BEHOLD IN THE AFFLICTED AND SUFFERING ONLY THE
HUMAN BEING

SMILES

"There are smiles that make you happy,
There are smiles that make you blue,
There are smiles that steal away our sadness,
Like the sunshine steals away the dew;
There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
That eyes alone can see--

But the smiles that fill my heart with gladness,
Are the smiles that you gave to me."

.....

A piece of pie, a bed wheron to lie, and thee,
beats Omar's loaf of bread,
A jug of wine, the shade beneath a bough and thou,
for me.

.....

BEWARE OF THE PARASITIC P'S

Prophets, propagandists, sky pilots, pettifoggers,
Publicans and politicians;
Parasites all in a greater or lesser degree.

.....

Keep fit mentally and physically,
A soul domiciled in a diseased body
Is a disgrace to the possessor or his forefathers.

.....

Visitor: "A lonely spot to live is this. What do you
do for a doctor if you are ill?

Native: "We don't much bother about doctors in these
parts. We mostly die natural deaths."

.....

Professor: "What did you find out about the salivary
glands?

Student: "I couldn't find out a thing, Professor;
They are too darn secretive.

THE DOCTOR

Brave doctor, it is of thee,
 The one we love to see
 I sing;
 When cold our body chills,
 When pain our being fills,
 With pills to cure our aches and ills,
 'Tis thee we bring.

A friend we love and fear,
 That has for all a tear,
 Thou art my theme;
 When sick are our loved ones so dear,
 And near the grave and bier,
 These words fall on your ear,
 "Come quick with team".

When sick onto death one lies,
 All pain and terror flies,
 If thou art near;
 Though cold the night and drear,
 And a curse for pay you fear,
 Yet duty's call you hear,
 And quickly come to cheer.

LIMERICK

"The appendix is very queer,
 Nobody knows just why 'Tis here,
 All that it makes is stomach aches,
 And only surgeons hold it dear."

"WHENCE AND WHITHER"

My friends, shed not upon my shroud
a single tear.

I enter death as all do Life,
without a fear.

The infant's wail we hear at birth
Will soon give way to greater mirth
at feat prepared--

By Whom?

Press not upon my pallid lips
a parting kiss.

My senseless form has ceased to feel
its wanted bliss.

The sentient soul may still enjoy
Full greater bliss without alloy
Than here below--

Who knows?

We spread our sails to Life's sweet breeze
with orders sealed.

The voyage o'er we reach the shore
with naught revealed.

We know not whence the breezes blow,
We "dinna kin" the Styx's flow
where Charon sails--

Who does?

Standing beside the silent tomb,

Beyond? Pray tell!

And peering through the clouds that veil

the shore, -- To Hell
 Goes he, Alone by God decreed,
 Who filled this Life with loving deed
 Yet held no creed-- But Love.
 I trow 'tis well, for Gods and creeds
 were made by man,
 His Gods perform his deeds, his creeds
 reveal his plan.
 The Hebrew God demanded blood,
 The clergy teach a God of Love
 and Hell--
 Alas!
 Me thinks "That Hell's the vision of
 a soul on fire,
 And Heaven, the fulfillment of
 the hearts desire".
 Then let us make a Heaven here
 And cast aside this Hell of fear--
 Evermore!

DAYBREAK

The Martins twitter just at the break of dawn
 That live within the bird house 'rected upon our lawn;
 'Mong the morning melodies I discern
 The Robin's tuneful note;
 Then I hear the chatter of the Wren
 That wells it's feathered throat.

INTERROGATIONS AND EXCLAMATIONS

(A MIDNIGHT REVERIE)

If Heaven exists for the elect
 And Hell, the rest, then I suspect
 The Creator's hand to be unjust,
 That formed a man from senseless dust!

To have the power and still withhold
 The greater part from the heavenly fold
 Is a crime, far worse on the part of Thee,
 Than those of man condemned, Thy rath to flee!

Why mold a form prejudged to Hell,
 And send a Christ that form to save?
 'Twere better far, unborn to dwell!
 Avails it aught the Son He gave?

Free will? Alas! Free will, you say;
 He knows our choice e'er we began.
 Then who's to blame, think you I pray?
 If he creates the sinful man.

Who begs to be born? Who prays to exist?
 Who asks for a choice between Hades and bliss?
 Away with your Heaven! Away with your Hell!
 Give us all Life Eternal, or extinction compel.

Nov. 8, 1908

.....

"What happens to people who are so foolish as to allow
 themselves to become run down? They wind up in a
 hospital."

THE HOUNDS OF HELL (or) THE WRATH OF GOD

Rain, Rain, Life giving rain, for thee in times of drouth
the Christians pray;

But rain too much, then comes the flood
that takes his life away.

Fire, Fire, the all consuming fire, we need thee from Winter's blast
to keep the chill away;

But should the lightning's flash strike some farmer's barn
the fire consumes his new mown hay.

The wind, the wind, the wonderful wind, Life's every breath,
we wish for thee, when hot as Hell, to take the heat away;
Then the tornado comes and for a spell it tares and rends
like fiend from Hell, no human hand force can stay.

The spark, the electric spark, man's most humble servant,
from ~~thunder~~ ^{lightning} chained by Franklin; to man you came to do his work
Yes, every task that he may ask, but when unleashed
you strike him down again.

Health, health, God given health we say, worth more than wealth
to mortals here on Earth;
But who gave us germs, parasites, worms
of which there is no dearth?

Who sends the earthquakes that wrench the ground,
tumbles God's church, or bid city down?
The flood that flows o'er cabin or church,
and men by millions, elects to drown?

Who sent the "Black Death" and the "Bubonic Plague"
 which o'er London and Paris like fire did rage?
 The fast fatal "Flu" (that world-wide pest)
 and of our son's and daughter's picked out the best?

When a thing seems good, some say "it's from God",
 when a thing is bad, they say "it's of the D-Evil";
 But the good may be bad and the bad may be good,
 Can Go(o)d or the D-Evil, the mystery unravel?

"From the hand of God to his image man
 all good things were given;"
 But the very same thing, like hound of Hell,
 to strike him down has striven.

TO JULIA

After reading all your woes,
 And how the mob tramped on your toes,
 And why you lost your religion, pocket book, and lunch,
 To myself I took a timely hunch;
 So from town and stores I stayed away,
 Then sat down and typed all I dared to say,
 ****-*****
 For thee and thine "A Merry Christmas" I divine;
 For you, may the fates have now in store
 Not only this, but many more.

WORDS DON'T COUNT

Patient: "How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?"
 Doctor: "By check, postal order, or cash."

MORNING MEDITATIONS

Once gain, let us salute the rising of our daily sun,
The sustainer of all Life, A symbol of eternity, uniformity and
munificence.

Let us do with diligence, our duty toward all mankind
Thro'out this day, Con-Fut-Ze like, "Not doing onto others,
that we would not have them do onto us".

Christ like "doing that, which we would have them do."

Let us pursue persistently this day our daily task,
And thereby earn and enjoy eating our daily bread,
Thus adding to strength of body and mind.

Once again let us strive to be sincere

In all we may say or do this day,

Smiling, if need be, in the midst of our tears,

Sympathizing with the sick and sorrowing;

Ever ready and willing to lend a helping hand to those distressed,

Giving of our bounty to such as need it,

Contributing comfort, cheer, and consolation,

Spreading the sunshine of the soul unstintingly

Like unto the source of light.

Once again let us resolve not to put into our mouths anything

That may muddle our minds, disorder our digestion,

Burden our bodies, or steal away our senses.

Let us remember the greatest sins are sloth and superstition,

Coupled with ignorance, intolerance, and intemperance;

Let us study Nature's Laws and the science of our being,

Living in conformity thereto, that our days may be lengthened;

Let us be tolerant of others and temperate in all things, and

If we can't agree let us not be disagreeable;

All of which, will induce a restful and dreamless sleep.

1/23/05

IMMORTALITY OR RE-INCARNATIONNIRVANA OR ANNIHILATION - 1938

Does Death end all, or do we live again?

That is the question for all wise men;

Some say 'Yes'; Some say 'No',

Which is right, I wish to know.

Does this earthly form make potter's clay?

To be moulded o'er for another day;

Does the body return to earthly dust?

Or does it live again--an animated bust?

Old King Tut, it sure appears

In a tomb has laid some thousand years;

Will his clay and soul again be cast

To walk again, as in years long past?

The mystery of life, and the mystery of death

We've tried to solve with the greatest zest;

Let us have the facts, if such there be,

The riddle read--perchance to see?

Has wishful thinking led us astray?

Do we live no more? Oh! Tell us pray.

Shall Nirvana be our future state?

Or does annihilation there await?

Science gives no future hope

Of Life again, some where remote;

Omar was right, I do surmise--

"The flower that once has blown forever dies."

Organized life is a thing of condition,

Escape from which, there can be no remission;

Like a candle all aflame in the dark,
 Alond comes the wind, away goes Life's spark.
 A little too hot, or a little too cold,
 No sign of Life can ever unfold;
 A little too wet, or a little too dry,
 Most things that live, it compiles to die.

TEXAS MAGNUM

The great state of Texas, where the oil wells flow,
 By night, burning gushers set the heavens aglow;
 The people are content, at least, so I'm told,
 And many grow rich by mining "Black Gold".
 The land of the Magnolia, the Palm, and the Pine,
 Where the Sun shines warmly, and the Winters are fine;
 The soil's rich and black, but the people are white,
 And love's sweet dreams make romantic the night.

It has cities dynamic, like Houston an' San Anton--,
 With sky scrapers in abundance, of brick, steel, and stone;
 Also missions and mansions, cottages and camps,
 Landscaped with gardens, their beauty to enhance.
 The men grow quite tall, and the maidens are sweet,
 You dream of romance as they pass on the street;
 The Sun shines brightly, and there is no snow,
 A mighty fine place for a tourist to go.

.....

"Someone has said that music is a medicine. Some of it
 will give you the blues."

SLEEP

Oh blessed sleep! Oh sweet repose!
 A boon of Nature's giving;
 For tired men, for jaded beast,
 Alike for all that's living.

Oh tired Nature's sweet restorer,
 You guard the windows of the soul;
 Thy praise was sung by bards of yore,
 You please full well both young and old.
 To the care worn mother, the lonely widow,
 Thou dost a blessing bring;
 You give new hope, you give new cheer,
 Thou art a heavenly thing.

If our thought's give pain, if from work we're lame,
 We court your healing power;
 The lameness o'er, the thoughts no more,
 Refreshed we greet the waking hour.
 When we've left the turmoil of this Earth,
 And it's clods have covered us o'er;
 If we meet not wife, if we meet no child,
 Pray give us sleep, we would ask no more.

.....

Little girl: "Daddy, did Moses have indigestion?"
 Daddy: "Why, I don't know. Why?"
 Little Girl: "Well, my teacher said the Lord gave
 him two tablets."

SLANDER

The serpents' sharp and veomous fangs
 Had better pierce the quick,
 Than slanders' sly reviling tongue
 Should give thy flesh a lick;
 The one you know when you receive,
 And healing balms apply,
 Vampire like, the other sucks
 And gives no warning cry.

The birds peck at the finest fruit,
 The wasps light on the sweetest flowers,
 Good deeds will sure the lie refute,
 And thus undo the slanders' powers;
 The truth in time may right such wrongs,
 And upright course pursue,
 The lie will light where it belongs,
 And the more be thought of you.

The truth proceeds like sluggish snail,
 So very slow but sure,
 While falsehoods mock the posting wind,
 A pace it can't endure;
 So do not try to chase a lie,
 By following in its trail,
 But let it ride the pace that kills,
 The truth, will sure prevail.

.....

If the idea is to cheer the patient, why not cut out
 the flowers and apply the savings to the doctor's bill?

THE SABBATH DAY

Remember the Sabbath Day, and do some useful work;
Do not an idler be, do not your duty shirt;
The God of Nature is no king, He does not ask your praise;
To serve Him best is to obey His laws and thus prolong your days.

One-seventh of time He does not ask in idle praise of Him,
But study His laws, obey His laws, and thus abolish sin;
The mosaic creation is a myth, on the seventh day He did not rest;
To this very day the struggles goes on, and what survives is best.

Instead of a church, a school should be a cover for your head;
When the laws of Nature, not those of church, by young and
old are read;
Then each will love his neighbor best and wars will cease to thrive;
How best to live the Golden Rule, the aim for which we strive.

The Crucifix no more would be an object to adore,
The burning of Negroes in the South would ne're be heard of more;
We have no wrack, we have no screw, we have no scavenger's daughter,
We broke the chains, we freed the slaves, now save him from
this slaughter.

For justice fight, long live the right, the Negro needs some mercy,
His ebony skin should be no sin, his curly head ne're curse ye;
Just tarry awhile, and give him a trial, treat him as the white men,
And when you're thro', just give him his due, our country's
not a fright then.

My creed is this: oppression resist, long live the works of charity,
Stand up for the truth, let your words be proof that you're a
lover of liberty;

Make a happy home, love flesh and bone, your passions curb with
austerity,

The phantoms of the skys, I never can prize, such things I reject
with severity.

Let your acts be bent on things content, let no contention arise,
Such thoughts express, as will bring you success, in this you'll
surely be wise;

Whatever you do, stand up for the true, such friends you always
should prize,

Then when you are dead, kind things will be said; "He's fit for a
home in the skys."

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

T-hose who are sending this greeting to you
H-ave hidden their name from immediate view,
E-nclosed however, is a conspicuous clue.

M-uch laughter, joy, and ringing good cheer
C-onstitute the wishes we're sending you here,
C-ontinuing throughout the glad New Year,
U-nlimited peace and calm content -- will convey to you
our Yule sentiment,

E-very letter read downward, beginning each line
S-pells who are sending this christmas-tide rhyme.

1939

IF I WERE KING

Throughout my realm, if I were king,
I would evict every corrupt and evil thing;
In every home by radio and telephone, with all my might,
I would explain what was wrong and what was right.

That Nature alone is the only Creator,
And above or beside there be none greater;
That Her laws are eternal and firmly fixed,
So adhere to her Laws and don't be tricked.

By priests that pray and burn incense,
And live a life of ease at other's expense,
Who would give you a check on Heaven for cash in the hand,
Under a threat, if you don't you'll be forever damned.

And a harp in Heaven they'll try to sell,
Or send you to Hades for ever to dwell;
Believe not him who divines God's will
And invokes a curse for Him to fulfill.

He is a fake who would make you pay,
Or burn you in Hell on judgement day;
He's an ignorant ass or a racketeer,
So heed him not and have no fear, he is no seer.

The politician who trades or sells his vote
Would be knouted, of this make note;
And if repeated, let it be known,
It then is treason against the throne.

From my realm I would strike out
Ritous living, which leads to gout;
Tobacco and alcohol, they would go,
As among the evils, the worst I know.

Human parasites that never toil
Would then be taught to till the soil;
Before they eat, they should raise
The sustenance that their systems crave.

Prating priests and those that pray
Would never preach where I held sway;
Superstition would be surpressed
And science taught--that alone can bless.

There would be no rich,
There would be no poor;
All would have plenty,
And none want more -- If I Were King!

MORaine LAKE - CANADIAN ROCKIES

Mountains magnificent, mirrored in waters of an emerald hue,
Towering drab peaks, snow capped, in clouds full of dew,
Glaciers in the gorges, brooks falling down,
Leaping from crags to canyons with a deep roaring sound.

.....

A patient unable to raise his voice above a whisper due to an
attack of laryngitis, knocked on the door of the doctor's home
at a late hour. The doctor's wife opened the door. The man asked
her: "Is the doctor in?", and she whispered back, "No, but come
in."

A MORNING REVERIE

While yet it's dark, the cock proclaims
That Sol will soon take up the reins,
And that the stars, be they so bright,
Will soon be dimmed by the brightest light.

Yet even the moon will vacate it's throne,
For reflected light has but a silver tone;
And to the golden hue of the orb of day,
The jewels of night will all give way.

For all true worth like that of Sun,
Will obscure the fame of the borrowing one;
A Shakespeare's light, Ne're dimmed by time,
Will sure outshine the lights of lime.

Be sure your thought's are more than pelf,
And before you preach, reform thyself;
Lest those who hear say, look to home,
Your house is glass, so throw no stone.

The optimist bird now carolls it's lay,
So jubilant it is of the approach of day;
And the pessimist man, still in his berth,
At the approaching dawn is wont to curse.

A cheerful mood and a discerning mind
Will find "Dame Nature" both cruel and kind;
The race to improve, she sets the law,
The unfit shall fill the fittest maw.

We all have sinned and still we may,
For thus we learn a better way;

If none e'er slipped, could others climb?

These are the niches the race may find.

Man is mortal, his race divine,

Destined to live to the end of time;

For self alone you should not live,

But assistance to your neighbor give.

We like sheep are led astray,

But priests and preachers who prate and pray;

They lure us into a fictitious fold,

Then rob us of our wits and gold.

A check on heaven, for cash in the hand,

A spurious pass to a promised land,

Is what they give

For our donations on which they live.

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN

I am the man who signed your birth certificate and the one who will sign your death certificate. I stand by you in your hour of greatest happiness and your hour of greatest sorrow. I listen to your confessions not breathed to another soul, and keep them inviolate. My life work is consecrated to serving and administering to your physical needs.

MOTHER NATURE

Nature gives alike to those that kneel and pray
And those who never have a word of praise to say;
In other words, to believe I am inclined,
That prayer or praise can never change Her mind.

Nature never seeks revenge,
But to good and bad alike, Her blessings sends;
We are never punished for our sins,
But for Nature's laws we have infringed.

If prayer or praise could change Her laws,
Her code would soon be full of flaws;
And we could never tell from day to day,
What to expect from those that praise and pray.

To praise or pray is mere diversion,
Of Nature's laws there's no conversion;
So save your breath and forego the preacher,
Since Nature alone is your best teacher.

Wishful thinking befogs one's mind,
Search out the facts and you will find,
If Nature's laws you will obey,
You can never ever go astray.

Dedicated to my mother, March 2, 1942

.....

"They say your daughter has made up her mind to marry a struggling young doctor."

"Well, if she's made up her mind, he might as well stop struggling."

ODE TO A WHITE ROSE

Once upon a time, a year or two ago
I planted a rose bush just to let you know
A wish expressed by you was ever a law to me;
The rose it grew and bloomed, as pretty as could be.

The bloom was so very white--white as the drifting snow,
It made me surpassing happy, because you loved it so;
Whenever you looked upon it your face expressed delight,
From sorrow, care and labor, I knew you had respite.

Your smile, it made me happy, as happy as a king,
The joy I felt within me made me want to sing;
And everyone who saw this rose expressed a kindly feeling,
The fragrance of its pallid bloom to a wounded soul was
healing.

A thing so very pretty, like drifting snow so pure,
The warmth of love or sun can never long endure;
The rose began to wither, it shrivelled up and died,
And all who chanced to see it, from deepest sorrow cried.

But why prolong one's sorrow?
Love will grow another rose
To fill the void and scent the air
Of every wind that blows.

.....

"Doc! I'se jest been bit by a dawg!!"

"Well, well! Was he a rabid dog?"

"Na sah, Doc, he was jest a plain ol' bird dawg."

SUNSET AT SARASOTA

The poet's inspiration,
The painter's delight,
To any common mortal
A wonderful sight;
The sky--iridescent, golden,
Amethyst--jade, pastel blue,
Reflected in waters
Of a deep emerald hue.

The bay truly beautiful
As day gives way to night,
The wavelets all a glitter
In the sun's setting light;
Would stir the soul of Satan
With feelings sublime,
May you see what I saw
And know the thrill that's mine.

The lights along the causway,
(A quite artistic span
That unites fair Sarasota
With the Isle of Saint Armand)
Twinkle in the twilight
Like starlets in a sky of gold,
And mirror in the bay
Their beauty to behold.

No tourist should fail to view it,
Where the sky is at it's best;
Come here to Sarasota,
You'll be a welcome guest;

From the park before the Mira Mar,
When the Sun begins to set,
You will behold a vision
You never can forget.

Then view the Gulf of Lido
And stroll along the strand,
Dip into it's waters
And dig into the sand;
See the nation's beauties
Who come here to bathe,
And sport upon the snow-white beach,
Or float upon the wave.

Back home you'd go rejoicing
For having seen this land,
And tell your friends about it
With adjectives so grand;
They'd never spend a Winter North
Mid ice and drifting snow,
But haste to Sarasota
Where Summer's zephyrs blow.

(Published in Sarasota Herald, March 4, 1930)

An Irishman was telling his friend of a narrow escape he had in the war. The Irishman said, "The bullet went in me chest and came out me back." "But", said the friend, "it would go through your heart and kill you." The Irishman replied, "Me heart was in me mouth at the time!"

FLORIDA

In Florida, the land of the orange and pine,
The bougainvillia and bignonia vine,
And alligators too,
That live in the slough,
Many things are quite superfine.

Such as the singing tower of Bok
And spectrum colored birds that talk;
The nightengale too
That 'round us flew,
As about the tower we walked.

In this garden of Bok, to man and the bird,
Singing symphonie, something simply superb,
Thrilled us thro' and thro'
As music should do,
More melodius I never have heard.

This sanctuary is certainly sublime,
May it's carillon continue to chime;
Let it's singing be heard
By man and the bird,
So long as the stars tell the time.

The sunshine is certainly fine,
Here, Winter is Spring all the time;
The birds and the bees
Make music in the trees,
And the flowers are simply divine.

This placid place for thee and thine;
There can be no healthier clime,
Here the breezes they blow
Without any snow,
And the weather does never confine.

.....

Life is to be longed for, so long as labor is a pleasure;
Love a devouring passion; and leisure is sufficient for rest,
recuperation, recreation, and intellectual improvement.
Death is not to be dreaded, but a consummation to be devoutly
wished, when body is diseased or decrepit, love is lost, labor
is lead, and the mind a muddle.

.....

"If you hear a kind word spoken
Of some worthy soul you know,
It may fill his heart with sunshine
If you only tell him so.

If a deed however humble
Helps you on your way to go,
Seek the one whose hand has helped,
Seek him out and tell him so."

.....

You can have but one body, take good care of it;
Cannabis, cocaine, codeine and caffen cripple it,
Likewise booze and tobacco. Don't neglect fresh air
and exercise.

TAMPA

There's Tampa, the port by the bay,
No where, none safer, they say;
There, the tourists, they thrive
Like bees in a hive;
Come here and you surely will stay.

The Pirate Gasparilla comes here,
Quite regular now, once a year
In many masted boats,
With sails all afloat,
While the whistles they blow and the people they cheer.

Come join the carnival spree,
The most beautiful girls you will see;
The airships they fly
O'er head in the sky
In Tampa, the town by the sea.

Flee from the North, it's snow and it's ice,
Come here to Tampa where all things entice;
Hear Gasparilla's gun,
And Join in the fun,
For life here sure has some spice.

"It is better to ^{work} war out than to rust out".

Love, labor and laughter is the triad that transmutes
failure into success and happiness.

Most people take the path of least resistance; those who
succeed swim against the stream. If your service is worth
while it will sell itself.

VICTORIA B.C.

Victoria is an artist's paradise,
A poet's dream, where lover's tryst;
The capital city of B.C.,
The most picturesque I ever did see--
Beautiful beyond compare,
Balmy and oderiferous is the air,
Birds and blossoms every where;
Two baskets of flowers on each lamp post
Displaying the bloom I love most.
Love to you and Russell too,
Your next door neighbor -- C.McCue
(To Carrie & Russell Neal, 7-15-47)

LET IT BE RESOLVED

Let us have vision to idealize the true, the good and the beautiful. Let us have ambition to realize our ideals. Let us determine to do onto others what we would have them do onto us, and that all our acts be tempered with justice and mercy. Let us face the facts without fear. Let us think for ourselves and avoid all silly superstitions no matter where found or how ancient. Let us avoid indolence, intemperance, and intolerance, that our lives may be an example and worth of emulation by those we contact. (3-12-39)

.....

Be a shining beacon! Most men are mere moths; beholding your brilliance they become allured.

ODE TO AN ARTIST

The art of the artist is a gift divine;
To copy, create, transmit, design,
Without any aid whatever, not even a stencil,
And with palette and brush, with paint or a pencil,
To capture a smile or some sorrow of a soul,
And place it on canvas for all to behold;
Or maybe some scene from nature--a tempestuous sea,
Some mode in the morning in the mist you may see,
With a cloud in the sky gilded by dawn,
With rare beauty blessed like the grace of a fawn;
A wood in the winter aglitter with frost,
Bejewelled by Nature that counts not the cost;
A portrait of a doctor a'making his calls,
As he steps in the door, a sick baby bawls,
Just the sight of his face and all its pains flee,
And before he goes out it's smiling with glee.

A LITTLE COLD

Mary had a little cold, but wouldn't stay at home,
And every where that Mary went, the cold was sure to roam;
It wandered into mary's eyes, and filled them full of tears,
It jumped from there to Bobby's nose, and thence to Jimmy's ears;
It painted Annie's throat bright red, and swelled poor Jennie's head,
Dora had a fever, and a cough put Jack to bed.
The moral of this little tale is very quickly said;
She could have saved a lot of pain with just three days in bed.

.....

Flattery is soft soap and soft soap is 90% lye!

JIMSEY

Consolation "As you like it"
Within they hand a souvenir you hold,
To thee more prized than precious gold;
'Tis but a wisp of light brown hair
From the head of one so wonderous fair.

A little angel from above,
Dowered with a mother's love,
And that which two hearts entwine,
In undying love, that seems divine.

"Fruition of the Tree of Life
Transported to this world of strife;
Just a bud of purest white,
Grown in the garden of loves delight.

Purest blossom from "Life's Tree"
Brought by the stork for Harold and Thee;
Plucked by an angel from on high,
To adorn God's palace in the sky.

Symbolic of a rose with petals white,
That blooms but once, then dies of blight,
Casting a fragrance sweet upon the breeze,
Attracting us as well as bees.

He came, he loved, he smiled, then went
To join the stars above in the firmament;
And though he suffered all the while,
He ever had a pleasant smile.

"The thing that goes the farthest

- 40 -

Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile."

Why weep? Some day, some where, his face
Beyond the gates of gold, you surely will behold,
And to your bosom his chubby form embrace.
Forget! His going ever gave you grief untold.

Maybe that love may yet create,
Another babe to fill his crib, his toys enjoy,
And thus his loss to compensate;
Let us hope and pray 'Twill be a boy.

Christmas -- 1939

.....

A lawyer got into an argument with a physician over the
relative merits of their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the
doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession
doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted the attorney, "you doctors certainly have
the best of us there."

.....

To create; to propagate; to evolve is Life's manifest function.
Love; Labor and Laughter is the formula.

- 42 -

MODERN POLITICS

The politician is a rouge, he lives by graft,
He frames the laws that are in vogue, and passed by craft;
To make an office for his friend,
His time and talent he doth lend.

He picks a man to fill the place, one tried and true,
And he is sure to win the race when all is through;
The campaign fund, he's pledged to swell,
And tricks of trade to never tell.

To make the price, he must not fail, no matter how,
It's just as good if made in kale, they all allow;
So long he keeps the grafter's text,
"Steal all you can and put me next."

Our lawyer friends are in the game, they will not work,
If at the bar they win no fame, 'round booths they lurk;
To bribe some poor deluded fool,
And make of him a willing tool.

If how to vote you are in doubt, wait but a spell,
Some party man will help you out; he'll surely tell
That if you will "vote straight, stand pat",
You'll get some office good and fat.

You'll ~~tare~~ fare all right if in the ring, don't fear or doubt,
You can't get salt or anything, if on the out;
To serve the party you must lie,
Or else you will not taste the pie.

No bill could be passed, as political cream,
Like taking the census to oil the "machine";
No seeds would be needed as a small contribution
To jolly the farmer into some prostitution.
They say, "We are organized"; for whom? Pray tell!
For their own selfish selves, their pockets to swell;
I say the American citizen can pick out his man
Without any assistance from a pilfering clan.

Now come to the polls men, on November the eight,
Deal death to the machine in both county and state;
Set yourselves free, no longer play slave,
To the political pirate, parasite, knave.
Don't vote for a man who'll do none of the work,
But his office give o'er to a deputized clerk;
While he and his pals are concocting some scheme
To carry the elections and take all the cream.

Cast your vote for Ferris, and primary reform,
For the political grafter, he'll make it so warm;
He'll throw up the sponge, disgorge all his pelf,
Think more of his neighbor and far less of himself.

October, 1912

.....

"the thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with the frazzled nerves, "is to stop thinking about yourself--to bury yourself in your work." "Gosh", returned the patient, "and me a cement mixer."

MAIDS BEWARE

The plighted troth, the lover's kiss,
A cup of gall, instead of bliss
Shall prove to her, that lets her 'love'
Embrace her, as a husband does.

The warm embrace may seem immense,
Beware! Beware! Deceit, pretense;
A broken tryst, a shattered vow,
If he but take advantage now.

He'll play with you, as with a toy,
And short, though sweet, will be the joy;
When cast aside, when left forlorn,
Your wretched lot, you then will mourn.

What nights in grief, what tears you shed,
Will care not he, that shared your bed;
When pains of labor wrack your frame,
Some other girl may have his name.

And oh!, the shame to face the world;
The words of scorn that's at you hurled
Will cause you many a time to cry
"To end it all, I wish to Die."

Pray, take not to "the bridge of sighs",
Some recourse in the future lies;
If paths of virtue you pursue,
Some good true man will honor you.

*Pandera did a maid entice,
And of it came the birth of Christ;
A great reformer of his time,
That many think or deem divine.

"Holy Mary" is blessed by all,
Also others who thus have sinned, we may recall;
Cheer up! There is some joy in Life,
You will win love and become a happy wife.

(This poem was written after attending an illegitimate birth. The mother claimed that she had never indulged in sexual intercourse.)

*There is a statement in one of the Apocryphal gospels, which is confirmed in the Sepher Toldoth Jeschua to the effect, that "Josephus Pandera, a Roman officer of a Calabrian legion, stationed in Judea, seduced Miriam of Bethlehem, and was the father of Jesus.

THE GOODELLS SOCIAL CLUB

We gather at the village hall,
The old, the young, the large, the small;
All welcome guests, at the social club,
To win our laurels, in many a rub.

We love to have a game of pede,
The Winter's evening for to speed;
To cheer the heart, to drive the blues,
No better game a one could choose.

The girls provide a dainty lunch,
For all the boys a jolly bunch;
The boys go down for just one dime,
And yet they have a gay old time.

A prize we have for the lady that's first,
Another for the one that plays the worst;
Two prizes we have, the men to console,
Least they drown their sorrow in the flowing bowl.

We meet in the hall each Wednesday night,
Come have a time that's "out of sight";
Don't think of Death, and the funeral bier,
But have a good time while living here.

.....

What's the matter with business? Too many bums and
not enough buyers. (Roosevelt's first administration)
What's the matter with the U.S.? Too many capitalists
and Communists, and not enough cash in the pockets of
the common people.

What's the matter with the United States of America?
Too many senators and too few statesmen.

What's the matter with democracy? Too many ~~D~~ies, dives,
and demagouges.

.....

Doctor: "Your husband is decidedly better, Madam,
but very irritable. He must not be thwarted.

The wife: "He expressed a desire to wring my neck."

Doctor: "Well--er--humor him!"

THE ALUMNUS RETURNS
(College Days in Toronto)
1885-1890

He was a guileless college youth,
That mirrored modesty and truth,
And oftentimes at his dusky room,
His sister called to chase the gloom.
One day while she was there,
Arranging things with kindly care,
As often she had done before,
There came a knock upon the door;
The student, sensitive to fear,
And college chums laughing jeer,
Had only time to make deposit,
Of his dear sister in the closet.
Then haste the door to open wide,
His guest unbidden stepped inside;
He was a cheery faced old man,
And with apologies began--for calling--
And then let him know,
That more than fifty years ago,
When he was in his youthful bloom,
He'd occupied that very same room,
And thought he'd take the chance, he said,
To see the changes time had wed.
"The same old window, the same old view!
ha! Ha! the same old pictures too."
And then he tapped them with his cane,
And laughed his merry laugh again.

"The same old sofa, the same old chair.
Dear me! They must be the worse for wear."
Then next to the closet door he came,
With hooks and hangers "just the same!"
What? A woman's dress peeped through,
Quick as he could he closed it too;
To the blushing youth he whispered this refrain,
"The same old game, young man! The same old game!"
"What! Would you my reputation slur?"
The youth gasped, "That's my sister, Sir,"
Pausing to heave a lengthy sigh,
Yet with a merry twinkle in his eye,
To the flustered youth, he made reply,
"The same old lie!" Young man, "the same old lie!"

A TOAST AND A SONG OF THE GAY NINETIES
or
THE GOOD OLD HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS

The Toast:

Give to me cold water sir; fill the glass up to the brim,
For water is a pleasant thing when ever a man doth want to swim;
Oft times it hath quenched my thirst and cooled my aching brow,
But it hasn't, no it hasn't, for a long time now.

The Chorus: (1)

So fill up your glasses and drink 'round with me,
And what ever the damage I'll pay,
For be easy and free, while you're drinking with me,
For I'm the man you don't meet every day.

Verse (2)

Thar's a neat little still at the foot of the hill,
And the smoke it twirls up to the sky;

But if you once get a smell, you can easily tell
That thar's whiskey boys close by.

The Chorus: (3)

Now McCarty held the reins, and Haffey held McCarty,
And whiskey filled their brains & mad them very hearty
"Hold her up," McCarty cried, "hold her up, McCue!"

And I thought We'd shake to pieces as along the road we flew.

The Chorus: (2)

My Sunday coat was torn, my hat was left behind me,
And I raged and swore, for I thought the dust would blind me,
But McCue, he took the reins, while Haffey held McCarty,
And Whiskey filled our brains, which made a jolly party.

(Kansas City, July 4, 1890)

HOW OLD WAS ANN

My wife's name is Mary Ann

She was born in Michigan

She would rush the "growler" or the "can"

And she ran away with another man.

I'm glad that she's away

I can do what 'er I may

And not be pecked the live long day

Hip! Hip. Hip! And Hip! Hurrah!

Mary Ann was lean and lank

Long of limb, a gander shank

Fierce black eyes and a roman nose

And when she walked, in turned her toes.

Her hair was black, long, and straight

Set 'round a bare and shiny pate

Her tongue ran like a 'lectric fan

You all know how a woman's can.

We were wed by Justice Wonch
But without the fair round pounch
Of which we read in Shakespeare's play
Possessed the justice of his day.

God forgive me if I lie
She would eat a pumpkin pie
Large as the Moon that's in the sky
And then for more she'd always cry.

Ann's teeth were gone
All but her tusks
That made her look
Like Stan's bust.

Her hands were large
Likewise her feet
The ugliest woman
You'd want to meet

Her nose was sharp and her skin was thin
With whiskers on her lip and chin
Oh! Was she black, or dirty brown
And my, the stench! When she was 'round.

Her ears drooped down like hunting hound
And she could hear a whispered sound
Her nails were like the eagle's claws
Or those upon the tiger's paws.

So this is all my painful ditty
Come all ye wise and all ye witty
Now guess this riddle if you can
How old was she, My toothless Ann?

LIFE BEGINS AT SIXTY-FIVE

Cheer up, Grand Pa, Don't you Cry,
You'll ~~war~~^{WAGY} diamonds bye and bye;
Uncle Sam has money mills,
Made to grind out brand new bills;
He will help you in your cause,
With his old age pension laws;
No more worry over bills,
Butcher's duns, or doctor's pills,
No more panic over rent,
Leave that all to the government;
Dine on squab and caviar,
Sport a streamlined motor car;
When the blizzards blizz a bit,
Off to Palm Beach gaily flit;
Lead a life on pleasure bent,
But you must spend every cent;
Whoop-ee! Grand Pa, stay alive,
Life begins at sixty-five.

(Dedicated to the Townsend Clubs)

Doctor: "Miss Jones, you're badly in need of a little sun
and air."

Miss Jones: "But hadn't I better get married first?"

.....

"You are a little goose," remarked a young M.D. to his fiancee.
"Of course I am," was the laughing response. "Haven't I got
a quack!"

THE FLOWERS OF LIFE

The nectar hid within it's cup,
These virtues should comprise,
Honor, Love, and Honest Toil
Sweets none should e'er despise.

A withering of the flowers should teach
A truth to you and me,
That buds and blossoms both may fall,
From Life's most wonderous tree.
Improve each fleeting hour,
Some kindred leave behind,
Though we must die, our race may live,
Unto the end of time.

Do not live for self alone,
Your brother's keeper be,
Full free let flow the oil of love,
O'er Life's tempestuous sea.

TOBACCO -- THE DEVIL'S DOPE

Tobacco is a noxious weed,
And a thing of evil 'tis agreed
It picks your pocket, it burns your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose;
It weakens your heart, and your arteries sclerose,
Then your health will depart, and the D-evil foreclose.
You, who use it, as everyone knows,
Stink like Hades right down to your toes;
Physicians dub you, another dope fiend,
Liable to die by your toes of gangrene;

If you don't have a stroke, or of heart failure die,
You may go up in smoke, in bed as you lie.
Non-users shun you as something unclean,
Not fit for their company, it's plain to be seen;
Bad decorum denotes you, for you're seen everywhere,
Puff, puffing away polluting the air;
In public you're a nuisance, in private just a dope,
Go get in the "dog house", or the out house,
If you can't quit the dope, and must have a smoke.

MAY FLOWERS

The bright and balmy days are here,
The sweetest of the year,
With fragrant winds and emerald woods,
And meadows green and cheer'..

Now in the sunshine of the glade,
The violets leaves are spread;
While here and there a lily white,
Lifts up it's stately head.

The warblers to our woods have flown,
Far from the South away,
And sing us songs of love and joy,
Thro' all the month of May.

From out the Earth by quickening rays,
The race of flowers rise,
No fairer sights, no sweeter smells,
Exist beneath the skys.

Behold the flowers, the dear sweet flowers,
That gayly deck the dell,

They scent the air, they charm the bees,
Their love to them they tell.

 Their petals dyed in rainbow tints,
 A nectar gives the bee,
 With fragrance sweet, they grace the grave,
 Of one once dear to me.

The flowers, one and all, shall fade,
Their rainbow tints depart,
Their perfume rare, their nectar rich,
No more shall thrill the heart.

 Some panacea for our ills,
 Some seed to us they've given,
 To live their life, to leave their race,
 They all have nobly striven.

Wherefore let us pause to ask
With all our might beseeching,
From nature and her floral life,
A guide for daily teaching.

 Our Life should be from care as free
 As flowers in the wood,
 Our countenance bright, and conscience clear,
 By striving for the good.

Our thoughts should be a perfume rare,
A flower of the brain,
With petals dyed in rainbow hues,
With dyes of purest stain.

MARCH

All hail! The month of March is here,
The most fickle one of all the year;
As a lamb it comes with a warming Sun,
But like lion roars e'er its days are done.

It's days grow longer, the Sun mounts higher,
The snow dissolves, and in mud we mire;
Give us plenty of dust for a proverb old
Say, "A peck of March dust is worth a pound of gold."
Make haste! May the howling winds fill full thy sail,
And speed thee on with many a gale;
For in they wake Spring sails along,
Bedecked with flowers and birds of song.

The sugar maple, the rustic taps,
And sets his pails to catch the sap;
Then in caldron large, he boils it down,
Into sugar that's sweet, dark, and brown.

APRIL

Winter is dead and Spring is born,
In melody breaks the April morn;
With symphonies sweet from feathered throats,
Whispering their love in conjugal notes.

The breath of love is in the breeze,
The opening buds adorn the trees,
The Sun bestows his quickening rays,
The Earth responds with wondrous praise.
Quick'd by warm rays and fresh'ng showers,
The plants display their amorous flowers;

Alluring the bee, kind Nature's priest,
To tie the knot of nuptial peace.

Singing some song to lighten his toil,
The rustic tills the mellow soil;
And consigns to Earth the various seeds,
To raise the stores for our Winters' needs.

MAY

Behold the balmy month of May!
With zephyrs mild the live long day;
A smiling child with dimpled face,
Where sterner passions have left no trace.

What noble gifts has she conferred?
List the amorous song of the mating bird;
Sniff the incense sweet from budding trees,
Behold the gayly colored corolla's leaves.
Sol's radiant rays, that break the morn,
Pour down on Earth, their plenteous horn;
For one and all with generous hand,
The flowers sweet that scent the land.

Spreads o'er the ground beneath our feet,
A carpet green for angels meet;
Bejeweled with dew lest it might fade,
Before the night returns it's shade.
The balmy breezes brush the brow,
Incensed with perfume from the bough;
Of blossoming apple, peach, and pear,
A fragrance sweet beyond compare.

The winged warblers of the wood,
With gaping nestlings share their food,
And perched on branch athwart the sky,
Carrols it's evening lullabye.

The lampkins frisk and play about,
In love with Life without a doubt;
Watching their gambols o'er the lea,
I wish mankind from care as free.

Such are her gifts to all mankind,
If they can hear and smell, and are not blind;
Stop while you may, and ponder well,
The wonders of sense, such as sight and smell.

May 22, 1906

JUNE

Oh! Mother Nature grant us this boon,
A sweet elysium like the month of June,
For the floral incense, that scents the air
Is meet for Cherub or angel fair.

Should Nature drop a tear or weep,
Up springs a corolla at our feet,
And thus the sward with flowers is strewn,
Throughout the days of blissful June.

The ambrosia which the immortals eat
Must be the petals strewn at our feet;
The nectar which the Gods distill,
The bloom in June, I'm sure doth fill.

If to the shorn lamb is tempred the breeze,
Then for Elysian fields were meant the trees,

That bounteous Nature burst in bloom,
And thus Utopia is the month of June.

SEPTEMBER

The silvered crescent hangs on high
Amid the blue of the Eastern sky,
Giving to the Earth at night,
Without stint, it's borrowed light.

The stars in all their beauty bright,
Vie with the monarch or the night,
Amid the air so pure and clear,
They rival all but beauty's tear.

The air is calm, such incense giving,
Who dares deny the joy of living?
And grumbling at their lowly birth,
Claim this is a Life of little worth.

The misty light, by moonbeam shed,
Will soon give way to brighter red,
Proclaiming to the half 'wak'ning Earth,
The life giving principle of the universe.

With ominous sounds, the air is riven,
Like chariots midst air, by demons driven,
A hearld of the far distant rain,
To the lowing herd, a feast proclaim.

Like battles strife on Siberia's plain,
The land of exile, the land of chain;
A signal of the struggle plan,
And the lack of brotherhood in man.

The early cock gives his clarion blast,
A farmer's sign, Awake! Get up and thresh,
And gather from the golden sheaf,
The vital spark displayed by leaf.

The gregarious sparrow's morning talk I hear,
A lot of women--some Dutchmen drinking beer--
The life Mother Nature evolves for them,
They enjoy full well as the sons of men.

Now Sol, the giver of Life and light,
Relieves the vespers of the night,
Lifts from Earth, it's sleeping shroud,
Bringing to view the pillard cloud.

The wind springs up, the breath of Life,
To herb and vertebrate alike,
Tiving to youth, the country maid,
The crimson cheeks with dimples laid.

And step so light, and heart so true,
For purity a rival of the morning dew,
The crystal dew so pure and bright,
It equals all the stars of night.

The clouds dispelled, the rain has passed,
The unquenched Earth a drop does ask,
From drooping flower to remove the dust,
And give Dame Nature an added lust.

The burnished cup of the aster neat,
At the meadow brook the foot doth meet;
Or one who kneeling at the brink,
Lies down of thirst, to take a drink.

The gilded spire of the golden rod
With it's offering of gold to Nature's god;
The queen of flowers by the wayside near,
From among the weeds it's head doth rear.

The milkweed brings it's pod of down
To wreath for Nature a gaudy crown,
And the American ivy in carmine dyed,
The stump fence climbs by the highway side.

With perfumed sweets from clover red,
The honey bee stores it's Winter's bed;
While the fattening herd, with gust' does top,
The succulent grass in it's second crop.

The buckwheat in dress, some white, more brown,
To the reaper's sickle, will soon lie down;
Like Indian tepe to be tied up fast,
Then carefully garnered for the Winter's repast.

The tassled corn with well filled ear,
In coat of green does yet appear,
And the millet tipped with puss's tail,
Is the favored haunt of the beavied quail.

The thimble berry the maid doth loot,
To fill her pail with the luscious fruit;
And from the elder by the rail fence nigh,
Gather the berries for a Winter's pie.

With bending branch, the tree does bear,
The ripening fruit that scents the air,
While to the weight of it's gilded shield,
The Sun flower's mighty stocks does yield.

From the purple grape that loads the vine,
The juice is pressed to make some wine;
While the ripened pumpkin, a golden ball,
Into a pie is made, which is the joy of all.

The constant hum of the cider mill,
As it grinds the apples, the barrel to fill,
Proclaims to all both far and near,
This month the best of all the year.

OCTOBER

The moon rides o'er the dappled sky
Like bark on lake when wave is high;
A silver bowl inclined to right,
O'er flowing it's frim with waves of light,
On which an Indian could hang his horn,
A sure presage of many a storm;
And down from Heaven the stars do peep,
Like diamonds pure from out the deep.

The clouds condense to form a veil,
The moonbeams light is growing pale,
The stars retreat from out of sight,
And all convene to prolong the night;
The moon has sunk beneath the wave,
And weeping Heaven with tears doth lave,
The pallid leaves of dying corn,
And all things else, that frost has shorn
Of life so sweet, of life so dear,
For all things now are brown and sear.

No haughty sound from wind is heard,
No falling leaf, by it is stirred,
A fitting calm about the bier
Of dying Nature, ah! who could cheer?
Less solemn sights would serve to wrest
The sterner passions from one's breast,
And from out the eye that's wont to leer,
Should flow full free compassions tear.

The sun comes up, but e'er it's face,
The Eastern sky is seen to grace,
Through rifts in clouds, a ruddy glow,
But for a moment itself doth show;
It's slanting ray must heat doth lack,
To quickly drive the frost king back;
A cozy fire in hearth we need,
The chills from up our back to speed.

The aqueous sphere, it comes straight down,
No veered by blast with hideous sound,
So straight it comes, there is no rain,
On clap of house nor window pain;
As the day goes on, it 'bates a spell,
The Sun would feign the clouds dispel,
Now 'pears some scattered isles of blue
Thro' which the Sun, the Earth can view.

And better still, it is more warm
Than when it peeped the early morn;
While light to shade o'er stubble field,
In rapid chase is seen to yield;

A sullen gloom from out the West,
With gusts of wind to the East doth press;
A jagged flash runs up and down,
And with sudden glare lights up the town.
Quick follows the sound of rolling thunder
As something near is rent asunder;
An hour early, the night draws on
As there is no glow of setting sun;
The driving blasts of chilling rain,
From out the clouds, the whole night came;
But the Autumn's storm it's force had spent,
Before the Sun lit up the firmament;
This morn there comes of light a flood
From bright broad orb of deep red blood,
And as it mounts the Eastern sky,
The orb assumes a softer dye.

And small ^{er} still it's disk does grow,
And warmer yet with heat doth glow,
But even now when at it's height,
It lacks the warmth to 'lay the blight
Of the chill North wind that hovers 'round
'Mid fallen leaves with rustling sound;
THE WOOD WEARS NOW A NECTIC FLUSH
So does the ivy and brier hush,

And the sallow leaf with rustling sound
Seeks resting place upon the ground.
The corn now stands in shocks as round
As tents spread o'er a camping ground,
And too and fro across the field,
The ploughman guides his share of steel;

The mushroom white lake snowy mound,
In pastures green each morn is found,
As good a feast as when it grew
To please the taste of the wandering Jew.

The fallen nut from out the grass
Is sought by barefoot boy and country lass,
While 'round the tree is seen to whirl,
With nut in mouth, the gay red squirrel;
The caterpillar weaves for itself a cocoon,
The aeronaut spider spins for its flight a baloon,
The moulting fowl drops it's dull dusky feather,
And in plumage more warm, defies the cold weather.

NOVEMBER

Now twig and branch of leaf is bare,
And all hoar ^{of} frost in the morning air,
As through the woods, with gun I stray,
In search of deer, the hunters prey.

The ice it spans the meadow brook,
That winding seeks a wooded nook
Where antlered buck and gray skinned fawn
Sought a hiding place at break of dawn.
The woods now echo the rumbling sound
Of the loaded wagons o'er the frozen ground,
For to the market on November's morn
The farmer carts his hay and corn.

Now comes the "Indian Summer" day,
With zephyrs mild as the month of May.
Such days are few, too soon they're past;
More chill will blow the Winter's blast.

The little light snow of a November night,
Before high twelve, melts out of sight,
Suggesting to me this Life so dear,
May soon give way to the funeral bier.

Good-bye November! With thy changing mood,
Some days so warm, some days so rude,
Some days of sunshine, some days of blast,
Still we lament when thou art past.

DECEMBER

December's month completes the year
According to our calendar,
But judging from it's name alone,
It was the tenth in that time of Rome.

This month, Jack Frost, serenely reigns
Throughout our valleys, hills, and plains,
And o'er the Earth a carpet spreads,
Of fleecy white where ever he treads.

Now over the water we may stride,
As Jesus did on Galilee's tide;
Oh! Great the joys, that now await,
The boys and girls that love to skate.

December's moon was on the wane
When Santa at the Yuletide came
And filled each childish heart with glee,
With presents on a Christmas tree.

The sleigh bells ring, ting-a-ling, ling!
The sleigh bells sing, Jack Frost is king!
Ting-a-ling, ling, Jack Frost is king!
Ting-a-ling, ling, Jack Frost is king!