



Dramatic poetry book
A book to carry in your
pocket to help you sound
fancy for all occasions

Assorted dead poets

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A book to carry in your pocket to help
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Dedicated to all the many dead poets.

Introduction

This book contains a fabulous collection of ten poems from a variety of authors—perfect all levels of twaddle and piffle.

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Thanatopsis

by William Cullen Bryant

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, e're he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice, Yet a few days, and thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,

All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings, yet, the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep, the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what, if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Eurydice.

by Sophie (Almon) Hensley

Oh come, Eurydice!
The Stygian deeps are past
Well-nigh; the light dawns fast.
Oh come, Eurydice!

The gods have heard my song!
My love's despairing cry
Filled hell with melody, -
And the gods heard my song.

I knew no life but thee;
Persephone was moved;
She, too, hath lived, hath loved;
She saw I lived for thee.
I may not look on thee,
Such was the gods' decree; -
Till sun and earth we see

No kiss, no smile for thee!

The way is rough, is hard;
I cannot hear thy feet
Swift following; speak, my Sweet, -
Is the way rough and hard?

“Oh come, Eurydice!”
I turn: “our woe is o’er,
I will not lose thee more!”
I cry: “Eurydice!”

O father Hermes, help!
I see her fade away
Back from the dawning ray;
Dear Father Hermes, help!

One swift look, - all is lost!
Wild heaven-arousing cries
Pierce to the dull dead skies;
~~My~~ My heaven, my all is lost!

The unrelenting gods
Refuse me. “No,” say they,
“Thy chance is thrown away.”
Fierce unrelenting gods!

The sky is blue no more,
The spring-tide airs are bleak,
I find not her I seek,
The earth is fair no more!
I loathe all earth, all life!
These Thracian women gaze
And whispering, go their ways,
Seeing I loathe my life.

Only my song remains.
I may not cease to sing,
Though hot tears start and sting,
The song that still remains,

Even - “Come Eurydice!”

The sea rolls on in pain,
Echoing the note again:
“Lost, lost Eurydice!”

And still the sea moves on,
The woods give back the thrill
“Eurydice!” and still
The quiet sea moves on.

The years, Eurydice,
The long unquiet years
Heed not or sighs or tears,
Oh Heart, Eurydice!

Upon Seeing A Colored
Drawing of the Bird of Para-
dise in an Album

by William Wordsworth

Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
How could he think of the live creature gay
With a divinity of colours, drest
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on these pages smile at time;
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves

Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
Eastern Islanders have given
A holy name, the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God! whose blessed will
She seems performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-wearied search of Paradise

Region that crowns her beauty with the name
She bears for 'us' for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like aim
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enslaved by gross realities!

Explanation Of An Ancient
Woodcut, Representing Hans
Sachs' Poetical Mission
by Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe

Early within his workshop here,
On Sundays stands our master dear;
His dirty apron he puts away,
And wears a cleanly doublet to-day;
Lets wax'd thread, hammer, and pincers rest,
And lays his awl within his chest;
The seventh day he takes repose
From many pulls and many blows.

Soon as the spring-sun meets his view,
Repose begets him labour anew;
He feels that he holds within his brain
A little world, that broods there amain,

And that begins to act and to live,
Which he to others would gladly give.

He had a skilful eye and true,
And was full kind and loving too.
For contemplation, clear and pure,
For making all his own again, sure;
He had a tongue that charm'd when 'twas heard,
And graceful and light flow'd ev'ry word;
Which made the Muses in him rejoice,
The Master-singer of their choice.

And now a maiden enter'd there,
With swelling breast, and body fair;
With footing firm she took her place,
And moved with stately, noble grace;
She did not walk in wanton mood,
Nor look around with glances lewd.

She held a measure in her hand,

Her girdle was a golden band,
A wreath of corn was on her head,
Her eye the day's bright lustre shed;
Her name is honest Industry,
Else, Justice, Magnanimity.

She enter'd with a kindly greeting;
He felt no wonder at the meeting,
For, kind and fair as she might be,
He long had known her, fancied he.

"I have selected thee," she said,
"From all who earth's wild mazes tread,
That thou shouldst have clear-sighted sense,
And nought that's wrong shouldst e'er commence.
When others run in strange confusion,
Thy gaze shall see through each illusion
When others dolefully complain,
Thy cause with jesting thou shalt gain,

Honour and right shalt value duly,
In everything act simply, truly,
Virtue and godliness proclaim,
And call all evil by its name,
Nought soften down, attempt no quibble,
Nought polish up, nought vainly scribble.
The world shall stand before thee, then,
As seen by Albert Durer's ken,
In manliness and changeless life,
In inward strength, with firmness rife.
Fair Nature's Genius by the hand
Shall lead thee on through every land,
Teach thee each different life to scan,
Show thee the wondrous ways of man,
His shifts, confusions, thrustings, and drubbings,
Pushings, tearings, pressings, and rubbings;
The varying madness of the crew,
The anthill's ravings bring to view;
But thou shalt see all this express'd,
As though 'twere in a magic chest.

Write these things down for folks on earth,
In hopes they may to wit give birth.”
Then she a window open'd wide,
And show'd a motley crowd outside,
All kinds of beings 'neath the sky,
As in his writings one may spy.

Our master dear was, after this,
On Nature thinking, full of bliss,
When tow'rd him, from the other side
He saw an aged woman glide;
The name she bears, Historia,
Mythologia, Fabula;
With footstep tottering and unstable
She dragg'd a large and wooden carved-table,
Where, with wide sleeves and human mien,
The Lord was catechizing seen;
Adam, Eve, Eden, the Serpent's seduction,
Gomorrah and Sodom's awful destruction,
The twelve illustrious women, too,

That mirror of honour brought to view;
All kinds of bloodthirstiness, murder, and sin,
The twelve wicked tyrants also were in,
And all kinds of goodly doctrine and law;
Saint Peter with his scourge you saw,
With the world's ways dissatisfied,
And by our Lord with power supplied.
Her train and dress, behind and before,
And e'en the seams, were painted o'er
With tales of worldly virtue and crime.
Our master view'd all this for a time;
The sight right gladly he survey'd,
So useful for him in his trade,
Whence he was able to procure
Example good and precept sure,
Recounting all with truthful care,
As though he had been present there.
His spirit seem'd from earth to fly,
He ne'er had turned away his eye,
Did he not just behind him hear

A rattle of bells approaching near.
And now a fool doth catch his eye,
With goat and ape's leap drawing nigh
A merry interlude preparing
With fooleries and jests unsparing.
Behind him, in a line drawn out,
He dragg'd all fools, the lean and stout,
The great and little, the empty and full,
All too witty, and all too dull,
A lash he flourish'd overhead,
As though a dance of apes he led,
Abusing them with bitterness,
As though his wrath would ne'er grow less.

While on this sight our master gazed,
His head was growing well-nigh crazed:
What words for all could he e'er find,
Could such a medley be combined?
Could he continue with delight
For evermore to sing and write?

When lo, from out a cloud's dark bed
In at the upper window sped
The Muse, in all her majesty,
As fair as our loved maids we see.
With clearness she around him threw
Her truth, that ever stronger grew.

"I, to ordain thee come," she spake:
"So prosper, and my blessing take!
The holy fire that slumb'ring lies
Within thee, in bright flames shall rise;
Yet that thine ever-restless life
May still with kindly strength be rife,
I, for thine inward spirit's calm,
Have granted nourishment and balm,
That rapture may thy soul imbue,
Like some fair blossom bathed in dew."
Behind his house then secretly
Outside the doorway pointed she,
Where, in a shady garden-nook,

A beauteous maid with downcast look
Was sitting where a stream was flowing,
With elder bushes near it growing,
She sat beneath an apple tree,
And nought around her seem'd to see.
Her lap was full of roses fair,
Which in a wreath she twined with care.
And, with them, leaves and blossoms blended:
For whom was that sweet wreath intended?
Thus sat she, modest and retired,
Her bosom throbb'd, with hope inspired;
Such deep forebodings fill'd her mind,
No room for wishing could she find,
And with the thoughts that o'er it flew,
Perchance a sigh was mingled too.

“But why should sorrow cloud thy brow?
That, dearest love, which fills thee now
Is fraught with joy and ecstasy.
Prepared in one alone for thee,

That he within thine eye may find
Solace when fortune proves unkind,
And be newborn through many a kiss,
That he receives with inward bliss;
When'er he clasps thee to his breast.
May he from all his toils find rest
When he in thy dear arms shall sink,
May he new life and vigour drink:
Fresh joys of youth shalt thou obtain,
In merry jest rejoice again.
With raillery and roguish spite,
Thou now shalt tease him, now delight.
Thus Love will nevermore grow old,
Thus will the minstrel ne'er be cold!"

While he thus lives, in secret bless'd,
Above him in the clouds doth rest
An oak-wreath, verdant and sublime,
Placed on his brow in after-time;
While they are banish'd to the slough,

Who their great master disavow.

Father Of Universal Man by Joseph Horatio Chant

Father of Universal Man,
Where'er in this wide world he roam,
Not known to thee by kith or clan,
Nor height, nor breadth of mental dome,
Nor babbling tongue, nor sounding creed,
But by his woe and common need.

The pushing Anglo-Saxon race,
The Celts with wealth of heart and mind,
The Esquimaux of leaden face,
The Arabs whom no chain can bind,
With hardy Boers and all the rest,
Are with one common Father blest.

And all are brothers, though at times
Our flashing swords obscure the sun.
We ring aloud our Christmas chimes,

But louder sounds the booming gun,
And brother is by brother slain,
And kindred ties are rent in twain.

Yet Thou art true whate'er betide;
Thy heart o'er human woe doth melt;
For men of every race Christ died,
And, as a zone, Thy love would belt
All human kind from pole to pole
Into one grand, harmonious whole.

Men war with men in every clime,
Commutations rock this earthly ball;
Our souls are covered o'er with grime--
Sad fruits of our Adamic fall,
But grace shall triumph in the end,
And good the evil far transcend.

Thy throne remains forever firm,
And here, amidst the strife of men,

We find with joy a heavenly germ
Which shall re-stock this world again
With fruitful plants of righteousness,
If Thou, O God, but deign to bless.

Help us that we may not deny
Our brotherhood in hour of strife;
When swords shall from their scabbards fly,
And great the sacrifice of life,
May we in pity o'er them bend,
And help to wounded foe extend.

If we are working out Thy plan,
Give our brave soldiers arms of steel,
And may each prove himself a man--
To God and to his nation leal,
And never falter in the fight,
But die, if need be, for the right.

May right prevail in this dread war,

Though we be humbled in the dust;
To fail our end is better far
Then gain it, if it be unjust,
But if our aims with Thine agree--
We trust--and leave results with Thee.

The world moves on; let none essay
To block it in its onward course,
Lest they like chaff be swept away
As by a supernatural force;
For laggards progress does not wait--
Keep pace with time or bide your fate.

May our brave foes rise in defeat
To higher form of liberty;
And Freedom's flag, as seemeth meet,
Wave over all from sea to sea;
Pushed on as by the hand of fate
To nationhood, both firm and great.

Book Of Nonsense Limerick

4.

by Edward Lear

There was an Old Man on a hill,
Who seldom, if ever, stood still;
He ran up and down,
In his Grandmother's gown,
Which adorned that Old Man on a hill.

The Statesman's Secret - From
Readings Over The Teacups -
Five Stories And A Sequel
by Oliver Wendell Holmes

Who of all statesmen is his country's pride,
Her councils' prompter and her leaders' guide?
He speaks; the nation holds its breath to hear;
He nods, and shakes the sunset hemisphere.
Born where the primal fount of Nature springs
By the rude cradles of her throneless kings,
In his proud eye her royal signet flames,
By his own lips her Monarch she proclaims.
Why name his countless triumphs, whom to meet
Is to be famous, envied in defeat?
The keen debaters, trained to brawls and strife,
Who fire one shot, and finish with the knife,
Tried him but once, and, cowering in their shame,
Ground their hacked blades to strike at meaner

game.

The lordly chief, his party's central stay,
Whose lightest word a hundred votes obey,
Found a new listener seated at his side,
Looked in his eye, and felt himself defied,
Flung his rash gauntlet on the startled floor,
Met the all-conquering, fought, - and ruled no
more.

See where he moves, what eager crowds attend!
What shouts of thronging multitudes ascend!
If this is life, - to mark with every hour
The purple deepening in his robes of power,
To see the painted fruits of honor fall
Thick at his feet, and choose among them all,
To hear the sounds that shape his spreading name
Peal through the myriad organ-stops of fame,
Stamp the lone isle that spots the seaman's chart,
And crown the pillared glory of the mart,
To count as peers the few supremely wise
Who mark their planet in the angels' eyes, -

If this is life -
What savage man is he
Who strides alone beside the sounding sea?
Alone he wanders by the murmuring shore,
His thoughts as restless as the waves that roar;
Looks on the sullen sky as stormy-browed
As on the waves yon tempest-brooding cloud,
Heaves from his aching breast a wailing sigh,
Sad as the gust that sweeps the clouded sky.
Ask him his griefs; what midnight demons plough
The lines of torture on his lofty brow;
Unlock those marble lips, and bid them speak
The mystery freezing in his bloodless cheek.
His secret? Hid beneath a flimsy word;
One foolish whisper that ambition heard;
And thus it spake: "Behold yon gilded chair,
The world's one vacant throne, - thy plate is there!"

Ah, fatal dream! What warning spectres meet
In ghastly circle round its shadowy seat!

Yet still the Tempter murmurs in his ear
The maddening taunt he cannot choose but hear
“Meanest of slaves, by gods and men accurst,
He who is second when he might be first
Climb with bold front the ladder’s topmost round,
Or chain thy creeping footsteps to the ground!”
Illustrious Dupe! Have those majestic eyes
Lost their proud fire for such a vulgar prize?
Art thou the last of all mankind to know
That party-fights are won by aiming low?
Thou, stamped by Nature with her royal sign,
That party-hirelings hate a look like thine?
Shake from thy sense the wild delusive dream
Without the purple, art thou not supreme?
And soothed by love unbought, thy heart shall own
A nation’s homage nobler than its throne!

.....

Loud rang the plaudits; with them rose the thought,
“Would he had learned the lesson he has taught!”
Used to the tributes of the noisy crowd,

The stately speaker calmly smiled and bowed;
The fire within a flushing cheek betrayed,
And eyes that burned beneath their penthouse
shade.

“The clock strikes ten, the hours are flying fast, -
Now, Number Five, we’ve kept you till the last!”

What music charms like those caressing tones
Whose magic influence every listener owns, -
Where all the woman finds herself expressed,
And Heaven’s divinest effluence breathes confessed?
Such was the breath that wooed our ravished ears,
Sweet as the voice a dreaming vestal hears;
Soft as the murmur of a brooding dove,
It told the mystery of a mother’s love.

The Musical Ass by Tomas de Iriarte y Oropesa

The fable which I now present,
Occurred to me by accident:
And whether bad or excellent,
Is merely so by accident.

A stupid ass this morning went
Into a field by accident:
And cropped his food, and was content,
Until he spied by accident
A flute, which some oblivious gent
Had left behind by accident;
When, sniffing it with eager scent,
He breathed on it by accident,
And made the hollow instrument
Emit a sound by accident.
“Hurrah, hurrah!” exclaimed the brute,
“How cleverly I play the flute!”

A fool, in spite of nature's bent,
May shine for once, by accident.

To Mr. John Rouse, Librarian
of the University of Oxford,
An Ode[1] on a Lost Volume
of my Poems Which He De-
sired Me to Replace that He
Might Add Them to My Other
Works Deposited in the Li-
brary.

by William Cowper

Strophe I

My two-fold Book! single in show
 But double in Contents,
Neat, but not curiously adorn'd
 Which in his early youth,
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth

Although an earnest wooer of the Muse--
Say, while in cool Ausonian[2] shades
Or British wilds he roam'd,
Striking by turns his native lyre,
By turns the Daunian lute
And stepp'd almost in air,--

Antistrophe

Say, little book, what furtive hand
Thee from thy fellow books convey'd,
What time, at the repeated suit
Of my most learned Friend,
I sent thee forth an honour'd traveller
From our great city to the source of Thames,
Caerulean sire!
Where rise the fountains and the raptures ring,
Of the Aonian choir,[3]
Durable as yonder spheres,
And through the endless lapse of years

Secure to be admired?

Strophe II

Now what God or Demigod
For Britain's ancient Genius mov'd
 (If our afflicted land
Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
 Of her degen'rate sons)
Shall terminate our impious feuds,
And discipline, with hallow'd voice, recall?
 Recall the Muses too
 Driv'n from their antient seats
In Albion, and well-nigh from Albion's shore,
 And with keen Phoebean shafts
 Piercing th'unseemly birds,
 Whose talons menace us
Shall drive the harpy race from Helicon afar?

Antistrophe

But thou, my book, though thou hast stray'd,
 Whether by treach'ry lost
Or indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,
 From all thy kindred books,
To some dark cell or cave forlorn,
 Where thou endur'st, perhaps,
The chafing of some hard untutor'd hand,
 Be comforted--
For lo! again the splendid hope appears
 That thou may'st yet escape
The gulphs of Lethe, and on oary wings
Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove,

Strophe III

Since Rouse desires thee, and complains
 That, though by promise his,
Thou yet appear'st not in thy place
Among the literary noble stores
 Giv'n to his care,

But, absent, leav'st his numbers incomplete.
He, therefore, guardian vigilant
 Of that unperishing wealth,
Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
Where he intends a richer treasure far
Than Ion kept--(Ion, Erectheus' son[4]
Illustrious, of the fair Creusa born)--
In the resplendent temple of his God,
Tripods of gold and Delphic gifts divine.

Antistrophe

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
 The Muses' fav'rite haunt;
Resume thy station in Apollo's dome,
 Dearer to him
Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill.
 Exulting go,
Since now a splendid lot is also thine,
And thou art sought by my propitious friend;

For There thou shalt be read
With authors of exalted note,
The ancient glorious Lights of Greece and Rome.

Epode

Ye, then my works, no longer vain
And worthless deem'd by me!
Whate'er this steril genius has produc'd
Expect, at last, the rage of Envy spent,
An unmolested happy home,
Gift of kind Hermes and my watchful friend,
Where never flippant tongue profane
Shall entrance find,
And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude
Shall babble far remote.
Perhaps some future distant age
Less tinged with prejudice and better taught
Shall furnish minds of pow'r
To judge more equally.

Then, malice silenced in the tomb,
Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

Cheese Curd For Bait.

by James McIntyre

The following adventure was participated in by Mr. J. Podmore and Mr. W. D. Grant at Matheson's Cold Spring Cheese Factory in Zorra, 1888.

Cheese buyers in hours of leisure
Combine business with pleasure,
And when they wish to go abroad
They take their gun and fishing rod.

This tale is true we pledge our word,
They baited hook with a piece of curd,
And let the rod hang from the boat,
While curd and hook on pond did float.

And then they start for sport and fun,
To try their luck with the shot gun,
And quick they raised from their cover,
Then brought low eight brace of plover.

Now to the pond they do return,
But loss of rod they have to mourn,
They see it rushing through the water,
And wonder what can be the matter.

But the courage of young Grant,
It did not for a moment daunt,
Though rod it now is far beyond,
He plunged into deep, cold spring pond.

And seized his rod and then drew out
A beauteous seven pound trout,
Which had grown from the seed
From spawn of California breed.

And Californian in its greed,
On the sweet curd wished to feed;
But, alas, for it's sad fate,
It swallowed hook along with bait.

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