

Parody On the Psalm of Life

Tell us not, in words of warning,
Politics is but an empty dream;
That its ends are gained by fawning,
And its means are but a scheme.

Politics is what the needy
Enter when they yearn for hush;
Politics is what the greedy
Go for when they want more cash.

That emulment of office
Is the querdon that they seek;
No one thinks, except a novice,
That its lowly fare and meek.

Votes are dear when "soap" is plenty,
Seldom does the price decrease;
Some get ten and some get twenty
Dollars for their votes apiece.

In the battle of the ballots,
When you go to cast your vote,
Do not haggle over small lots—
Sell it for the biggest note.

Trust no promises whatever,
Let the price be paid in gold;
Scrap it in or else forever
You will find the day is cold.

Laurels of politicians teach us
We can make our little pile,
And, unless they over reach us,
We may finally "strike it".

"He," that maybe some poor fellow,
Sailing on a margined sea,
When his stock is sore and yellow,
Slipped, and overboard went he.

Let us then our stake be driving,
With a mind for cunning tricks,
Still casting, still conniving,
To learn the art of politics.

Casabianca.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child like form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

"He called aloud, "say father, say,"
If yet my task be done?
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
If I may yet be gone!
And but the booming shots replied
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound,
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,—

"With shroud and mast and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart."

Parody on Casabianca