

Why Don't It Snow

Why don't it snow? Why don't it snow?
Where can the snow be staying?
Winter commenced eight weeks ago
And yet we have no sleighing.

I made George promise in the fall,
This day he gave his dinner
When Cleopatra first turned out
I surely should go in her.

I have let me see my hat and plume
As yet are worth displaying.
But ah they soon will be gone
Unless we have some sleighing.

And then my splendid Paris cloak
That felt my bust so finely
Reclined on that little upper bench
Ah! shant I look divinely.

It was my fur for yesterday
I heard Miss Washer saying
It was and tipped now you know
We only sit for sleighing.

My hair will hold its hanging curls
In winter to perfection
And then the cold and frosty air
Will give me a complexion.

But O dear me why don't it snow?
I'm sick of this delaying
There's nothing now but naked ground
How can we go a sleighing?

When A Bo. A Soldier

Brothers who will raise the sword,
And in anger smite a brother,
Who will at another sword,
Raise the wail of wife or mother,
Who will stain with blood the earth,
Who will blanch the cheek of beauty,
Who will violate the earth,
If the leader calls it duty.

What's our surcharge but toil,
Sold our strength and spirit blighting,
Set the livings of the soil,
Light if they are fond of fighting,
That's a dark and bloody game,
Ever clouding freedom's mirror,
Thinning livings wealth and fame,
Bringing tribes naught but sorrow.

What have we for ages long,
But the slaves of frenzied passions,
Combating with brother men,
Trampling on the hearts of nations,
Striding on with spear and brand,
In the wake of conquest's banner,
Clashing battle's rushing band,
Worshipping its idol banner.