

The not least least the smallest fly
Began to live as you and I
And like us too the same clay
Clings to the wasting form of clay

But each with these as we are told
Whilst men claim an immortal soul

As flies the shuttle it shall sever
The yarn whose note forlorn an end.
Thus as our lives we soon may trace
The thread into its starting place

Thus too I trace the long long past
Through hopeful dreams which could not last
But year to year in grief I join
And watch the future fleet along

fff fff fff

Mem'rance freshens far away
Where merry hearts are glad at play
Little girls as mimic ladies
Make dolls, dolls' tea, and talk of babies
Pillows, shawls and fancy cakes
Pretty names and pretty faces

And whilst the classes batten time
The lads are busy, but they find
Wider scenes, for we have stables
The silver brook, A soldier band
With wooden guns and music too
March out and claim a grand review

And other scenes, and other joys
With other girls and other boys
Who scatter over the fields that they
Who mem-ry from the far away
Takes to remind me of one more
The merchant of the playhouse store

An oak tree spreads within the glade
Which made a cosy little shade
And there beside a shelving stone
The playhouse store, which was my own

Seamed, beneath its crowning ware
And trinkets I have gathered there
With a merchant's pride I bought and sold
With many a mocking pile of gold

And there unto my warehouse came
One of earth's angels, still I claim
In weary hours again to trace
A semblance of that happy face

With childish grace she came before
The vendor at the playhouse store
To buy some lace and she stayed
And told me they were nice indeed

There I proposed that she would be
My partner there and if we
Should choose to join to fate in one
I make better than to be alone

Thus we unconscious counted over
A life scene from the playhouse store



When delusions mocking must
Could scarce my fancy more assist
My mind barked exorcised lay
Upon a calm unruffled day

When still the vapor thinner grew
Brooks and reefs broke on my view

Whirler of losses, he kind before
Dangers barred me from the shore
No choice was left, but boldly spread
My sail and chance the rocky reef

Or stand and wait the coming shock
In the current on the rock
For better fall amidst the strife
Then bend or bow or ask for life

For that bows to tyrants will
Through years through life is bowing still
The first is but a faint prelude
To what comes after it doth elude