

**HEART AND HOME
BALLADS: A BOOK OF
NEW ENGLAND VERSE**

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Heart and Home Ballads: A Book of New England Verse by Joe Cone

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JOE CONE

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HOME BALLADS

A BOOK OF NEW ENGLAND VERSE

BY

JOE CONE

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW ENGLAND

New England first, New England last, New England all the time; New England bound in stately prose, New England clad in rhyme; New England quaint, New England rare, New England proud and free, New England for the rich and poor, New England o'er for me *** New England honored far and wide, New England staunch and true; New England fought for God and right, as she will always do. New England, freedom, liberty, historical and grand, New England, cradle of the just, the well-spring of our land *** New England first, New England last, New England all the time, New England clad in graceful prose, New England sung in rhyme; New England quaint, New England rare, New England fair to see, New England once, New England twice, New England three times three!

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TO THE FEW

The author has no apologies to offer as they wouldn't be understood, any more than will the poems he now collects for the first time.

Mr. Cone

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BY JOE CONE.

To my father and mother, New Englanders staunch
and true, who have done so much for me and for
whom I can do so little, I lovingly dedicate this, my
first book.

[Many of the poems in this volume are used through the courtesy of *The National Magazine*, *The Boston Courier*, *Puck*, *Truth*, *The New York Herald*, *The Sunday World*, *The Detroit Free Press*, and *The Dramatic News*. The poems, "Two Boys," "Mary Ann," "Sinking The Merrimac," "The Battleship Oregon," "Pick'relin' On Lizzard Crick," and "Popperty's Girl," were written for this volume and have never before appeared in print.]

*You take the crowded city streets,
With life and shops galore ;
I'll take the little woodland paths
Down by the river shore,
You take the public gardens where
All is arranged by plan :
I'll take the scenes laid out by God,
And undisturbed by man.*

*You take the fountain on the lawn,
And listen to its tale :
I'll listen to the little brook
That murmurs through the vale.
You live the artificial life,
And I will live the real :
And joy will come to me in mine
That yours can ne'er reveal.*