

**PRAIRIE BREEZES,
PP. 1-102**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649427079

Prairie Breezes, pp. 1-102 by James W. Foley

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JAMES W. FOLEY

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Prairie Breezes

By
James W. Holey



Houston: Richard G. Badger

The Gorcham Press
1905

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The greater part of the verses contained in this volume originally appeared in the BISMARCK TRIBUNE, the NEW YORK TIMES, and the CENTURY MAGAZINE, to whose editors and proprietors the author presents his compliments and thanks for permission to use the same.

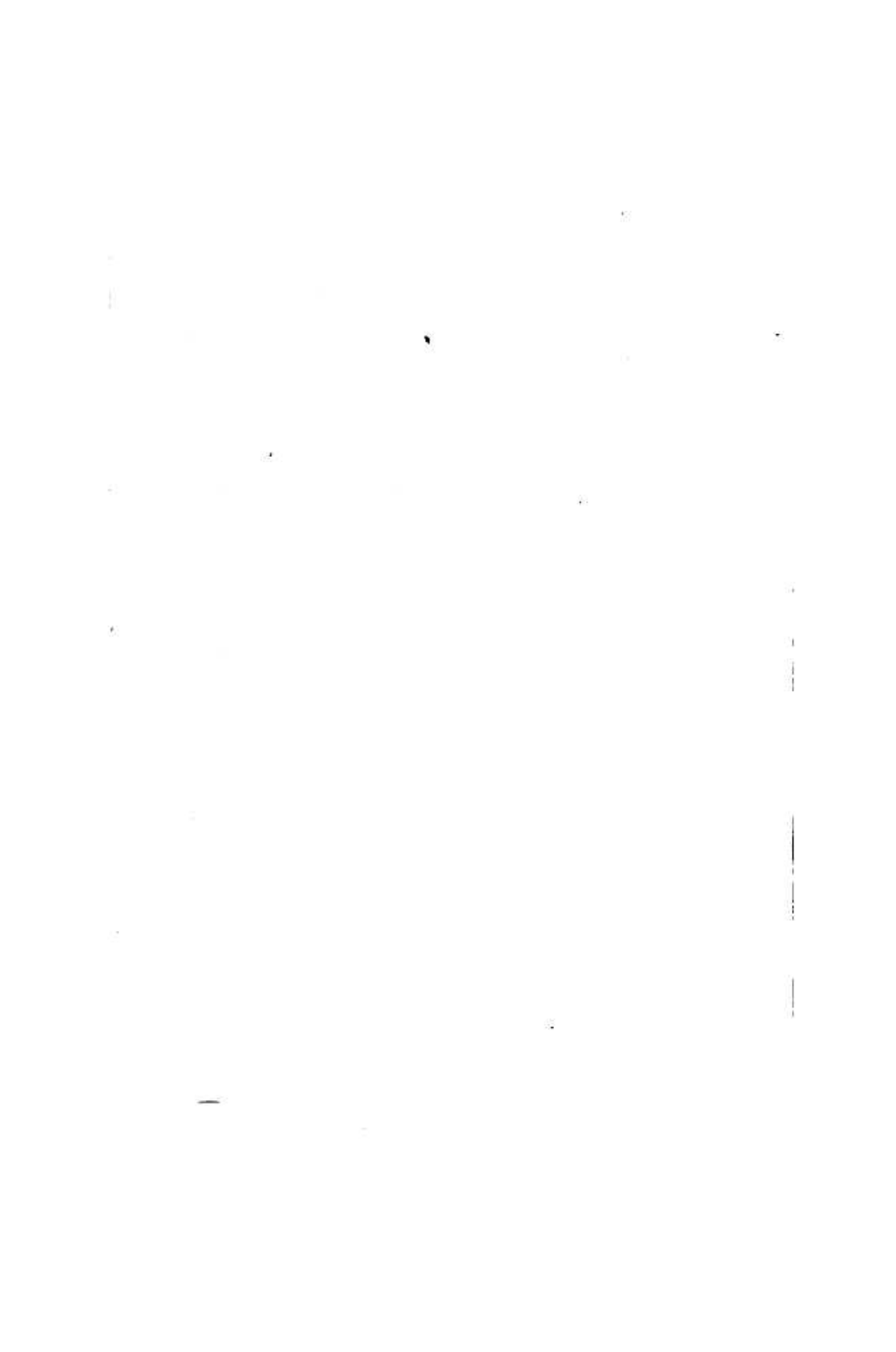
THE GORHAM PRESS
BOSTON, U. S. A.

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A Toast to Merriment

Make merry! Though the day be gray
Forget the clouds and let's be gay!
How short the days we linger here:
A birth, a breath, and then — the bier!
Make merry, you and I, for when
We part we may not meet again!

What tonic is there in a frown?
You may go up and I go down,
Or I go up and you — who knows
The way that either of us goes?
Make merry! Here's a laugh, for when
We part we may not meet again.

Make merry! What of frets and fears?
There is no happiness in tears.
You tremble at the cloud and lo!
'Tis gone — and so 'tis with our woe,
Full half of it but fancied ills.
Make merry! 'Tis the gloom that kills.

Make merry! There is sunshine yet.
The gloom that promised, let's forget.
The quip and jest are on the wing,
Why sorrow when we ought to sing?
Refill the cup of joy, for then
We part and may not meet again.

A smile, a jest, a joke — alas!
We come, we wonder, and we pass.
The shadows fall; so long we rest
In graves, where is no quip or jest.
Good day! Good cheer! Good-bye! For then
We part and may not meet again!