

# **BETWEEN WHILES**

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Between Whiles by Edward Hallett Macy

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**EDWARD HALLETT MACY**

**BETWEEN  
WHILES**



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By  
EDWARD HALLETT MACY

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.  
A. E. COFFIN, PRINTER, 69 PURCHASE ST.  
1896



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## Prefatory Note.

In presenting "Between Whiles" to the public, its author desires to give a word of explanation:—the poems herein contained are not wholly the result of recent endeavor, but represent nearly all of the writer's work along poetical lines from a very early period up to the present time. Many have been published—but do not necessarily now appear in the order of their publication—and, to these, are added others that now, for the first time, are seen in print. It is the wish of the author that among the diversity of material here gathered, there may be help and interest for every reader. E. H. M.

New Bedford, Oct. 20, 1896.

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### OVER THE CLOVER.

Rover runs over the clover —  
Over and over,  
Clover and Rover,  
Over and over the clover —  
Over the sweet scented clover.

Rafter, with laughter, comes after —  
After and after,  
Rafter with laughter,  
Over and over the clover —  
Over the sweet scented clover.

So, till the long day is over,  
Rover and girl  
Turn, run and whirl  
Over and over the clover —  
Over the sweet scented clover.

### McDAPHAL'S RIDE.

McDaphal he rode to the city one morn—  
Rode in his cart filled with milk cans and corn—  
To the Moter street market his produce to sell—  
Produce whose merits all the people could tell—  
And he smiled to himself and he laughed in his glee,  
“Where's the corn that can beat mine in size?—te hee!”

The people called to him as their houses he passed—  
 The poor and the rich, for the prices he asked  
 Were suited alike to every man and his station—  
 To the cotter as well as his richer relation.

Thus McDaphal he rides to the city each morn—  
 Rides in his milk cart filled with milk cans and corn;  
 On his milk being milk you can always rely—  
 He depends not on pumps for a fuller supply;  
 And, although in his town no inspector is found,  
 His milk beats all milk in the country around.

### HAPPINESS.

O, to be perfectly happy,  
 With ne'er a thought of care,  
 Contented whatever may be—  
 No matter where we are!

But O, how vain this wish of mine—  
 Real happiness is rare:  
 Although this moment has no pain,  
 The next one brings despair.

Still, do good to those about us  
 And then we'll surely see  
 That, in making others happy,  
 The happier we will be.

### PASSED AND SMILED.

She passed, and all a flutter  
 My heart began to be:  
 Passed, but no word did utter—  
 She only smiled on me;  
 But I entered on my duties  
 As pleased as any child—  
 The world took on new beauties  
 For she had passed and smiled.

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