

**THE DELAWARE
BRIDE: AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649302192

The Delaware Bride: And Other Poems by Richard Griffin

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

RICHARD GRIFFIN

**THE DELAWARE
BRIDE: AND
OTHER POEMS**

THE
DELAWARE BRIDE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
RICHARD GRIFFIN

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

EXCELSIOR PUBLISHING HOUSE
NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

848254A

AFTER LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R. 1938 L

COPYRIGHT, 1913

BY

RICHARD GRIFFIN

WROY WERN
OLIVER
VIARELLI

THE DELAWARE BRIDE

THE whipping-post, the whipping-post,
I love you: you're a dear!
The whipping-post folks often roast.
How whimsical, how queer!
 Men's taste is such,
 They change so much.
Shut up, don't howl, don't cry.
Saw wood, you'll soon know why.
Don't get upset; now gently, gently.
Give me your ear—both ears intently.

The day of the whipping broke clear and bright,
The sun looked down on a wond'rous sight.
Look! what is that crowd so patiently waiting?
What means all this chatter, what are they debating?
Why, haven't you heard, it's advertised wide—
They are waiting to cheer the Delaware Bride.

The Delaware Bride is a post made of deal,
Dumb witness of many a sinner's sharp squeal.
All hail to the lash, give us gore, let it pour!
All hail to the time-honored Delaware law!

Pretty little Mabel was a teacher in the school;
Pretty little Mabel thought she's break the golden rule.
First she wasted stationery, then she broke the chalk.
To potent Superintendents was addicted to back talk.
One foxy Superintendent, a man of great resources,
Did not at all believe in the mild and middle courses.
 He brought her a stripe,
 Of the Delaware type.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 3
Nov 11 1890
Nov 11 1890
Nov 11 1890

He made his complaint in the proper direction;
The Judge and the jury decided correction.
On poor little Mabel the sentence now crashes—
Her soft naked back must receive forty lashes.

Her punishment will be applied
Outside the jail, 'twill hurt her pride.

Of course it will;

A bitter pill.

Her legal whipping is advertised well;
Her press agents work both by book and bell;
The preparations near the jail
Are handled on tremendous scale.

This tall massive platform of pine, long and wide,
Is reached by a flight of ten steps on one side.
On top of this platform, so stately and high,
The whipping-post gracefully pierces the sky;
The whipping-post, famous in prose and in song;
The post of stern justice, inspiring, strong;
The post of correction, the joy and the pride
Of county and State, fair Delaware's Bride.

Up high on a staff waves the flag of the free,
Below stands the crowd, the whipping to see,
All laughing, joking, poking fun.
By jove! it almost yanks the bun!
It seems just like a county fair,
This motley crowd, all free from care,
Waiting to see one little girl whipped—
Waiting to look at her shape when stripped.

Ah! lo! a trumpet blow, a sudden blast.
Ho ho! The whipping will begin at last;
The prison gates open, the show commences.
What! have the people lost their senses?

Don't shove, don't move, don't rush!
Hats off! don't speak! Hush, hush!

The Sheriff and prisoner both appear;
One bare-foot prisoner, Mabel dear.
A slip of a girl with eyes of blue,
Of violet hue—so honest, true;
As clear and bright as the stars above,
A sweet little girlie girl, made to love.

She has to walk bare-foot, the law says she must;
Both stockings and shoes are a cause of distrust.
It's easy to give the Sheriff a kick
Through spite; it is really a very old trick.
And so to make everything safe and discreet,
Our Mabel now walks on two pretty bare feet.
Two cute little lily white, tender bare feet.
Poor dearie, poor darling, so innocent, sweet.

The sheriff and she
As chic as can be,
They walk up the stairs like a sister and brother,
Confidingly holding the hand of each other.
It is a touching sight to see
This couple free from enmity;
The Sheriff, dignified and calm,
And Mabel, dear, all youth and charm,
Dressed in white flannel so trim and so neat
From the top of her head to her pretty bare feet.

Oh, Mabel, child,
Don't stare so wild.
What can it be?
Oh yes, I see.
She looks at the Sheriff with trembling lip,
She sees that he carries a large rawhide whip.

Oh, cruel sight!
 Oh, dreadful plight!
 Oh, Mabel, you're in a sad fix;
 Too late now to register kicks.

The platform is covered with oil-cloth complete;
 It tickles the soles of her pretty bare feet.

Oh, what chills!
 Oh, what thrills!

The Sheriff is concise and clear,
 And thus addresses Mabel dear:

Hear! Hear!

After this eloquent pow wow,
 Where is Demosthenes' fame now?
 This is speech he made,
 Oh, will it ever fade?

" Before the rod of justice swings,
 Remove your necklace, chain and rings;
 Before we fetch this racket off
 You'll have to take your jacket off—
 And then—you know—the other things—
 That thing of crêpe de chine that clings.
 The law is plain—no more—no less.
 Here is the warrant—please undress.
 Your time has come—we cannot wait;
 Prepare yourself—don't hesitate—
 Just take a tip—don't get the pip."
 Thus spoke the guardian of the whip.
 This is the speech he made;
 Oh, will it ever fade?

Mabel removes her chain and rings,
 And then her jacket off she flings,
 Her shirtwaist next she casts aside.
 She shuts her eyes, but cannot hide

Her shame: she trembles like a reed,
Unable further to proceed.

Oh my!
How shy!

The Sheriff, rolling up his sleeve,
Grasped firm the rawhide whip
And said, "My duty makes me grieve.
Be kind enough to strip
Down to the skin.
Come, come! begin.

Lift up your head, don't hide your face;
Take off that thing all trimmed with lace."

Burning with shame,
With eyes of flame,
With trembling hands the gentle maid
Her lingerie unlaced.
And pretty little Mabel stood
Stripped naked to the waist.
Pink and white fairy!
Fragile and airy.

The mob around the scaffold press,
Eager to see the girl undress.
All eyes are centered on her form,
So pretty, bare, and white.
Upon her shoulder, soft and warm,
Is one mosquito bite;
One cute little dot;
One pretty pink spot.

The crowd is excited, bewildered, delighted,
All dizzy, like fire and brimstone ignited;
The women all nervous, the children affrighted,
While most of the men have their cameras sighted