

THE LAND OF LITTLE CARE

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The Land of Little Care by Samuel Ellsworth Kiser

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SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER

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LITTLE CARE**

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By
SAMUEL
ELLSWORTH
KISER

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THE LAND OF LITTLE CARE

*Come, little comrade, let us fare across the hills
beyond the city,
And loiter in the open where no voice may call to
us for pity;
We'll wade in brooks and wander by the slanting
fields and forest edges,
And listen to the winds that sigh and sing through
aromatic sedges.*

*We'll linger in the hawtree's shade, and carve
the letters of our names
On mossy fences that were made by hands which
toil no longer claims;
The golden willow's branch shall be a whistle you
may blithely blow
And every pool shall be a sea where stately vessels
come and go.*

*I'll lead you where the valleys lie deep in the morn-
ing's gleaming dew;
The crabtree's fragrant blossoms I will pluck
from thorny boughs for you.*

*And where the cool spring bubbles up to add its
beauty to the scene
I'll teach you how to shape a cup of broad leaves
that are fringed and green.*

*The friendly colt shall come to lay its velvet muzzle
in your hand,
And we will watch the lambs at play, and hear no
master's harsh command;
No clanging gongs shall terrorize and there will
be no shrieks of pain,
No maiming wheels nor warning cries, no angry
bickering for gain.*

*Come, little comrade, let me guide you out beyond
the roar and rattle,
And show you that the world is wide, that life is
not an endless battle,
And through the joy that you shall know and
through the glee of your expression,
The boyhood I had long ago shall come again to
my possession.*

THE LAND OF LITTLE CARE

IN A PULLMAN CAR

THERE is one who will always remember me,
Wherever the fates may call her,
No matter how splendid her fortune may be,
Or how heavy the ills that befall her!
I gazed on her first as we thundering sped —
I and the beautiful stranger —
With faith in the man at the throttle ahead
And never a thought of danger.

We shared the same section: I wished that
we two
Might journey forever together,
With never a care when the heavens were blue,
And blithe in the stormiest weather!
Her lashes were long, her expression was
sweet —
She must have been twenty, or nearly —
Though I know not her name, though we never
may meet,
I know she remembers me clearly.