

**SELECTIONS FROM
THE POEMS OF JOHN
GODFREY SAXE**

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Selections from the poems of John Godfrey Saxe by John Godfrey Saxe & Bruce Rogers

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JOHN GODFREY SAXE & BRUCE ROGERS

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FROM
THE POEMS
OF
JOHN GODFREY SAXE



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BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY

1905

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Selections from Saxe

EARLY RISING



OD bless the man who first invented
sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:

And bless him, also, that he did n't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it — as the lucky fellow might —
A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes; bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off, — Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"

Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;

EARLY
RISING

Maxims like these are very cheaply said ;

But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all !

The time for honest folks to be abed

Is in the morning, if I reason right ;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it 's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery ; or else — he drinks !

Thomson, who sung about the " Seasons," said

It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season ;
But then he said it — lying — in his bed,
At ten o'clock, A. M., — the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching was n't sanctioned by his prac-
tice.

'T is, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake, —

Awake to duty, and awake to truth, —
But when, alas ! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,

The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

EARLY
RISING

'T is beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.

I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! — it's not at all surpris-
ing;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

THE OLD CHAPEL-BELL

A BALLAD



WITHIN a churchyard's sacred ground,
Whose fading tablets tell
Where they who built the village
church

In solemn silence dwell,
Half hidden in the earth, there lies
An ancient Chapel-Bell.

Broken, decayed, and covered o'er
With mouldering leaves and rust;
Its very name and date concealed
Beneath a cankering crust;
Forgotten, — like its early friends,
Who sleep in neighboring dust.

Yet it was once a trusty Bell,
Of most sonorous lung,
And many a joyous wedding-peal
And many a knell had rung,