

**ANCIENT POETRY:  
CREVISED  
AND MODERNIZED**

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Ancient Poetry: Crevised and Modernized by J. Edward Boyd

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**J. EDWARD BOYD**

**ANCIENT POETRY:  
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# Ancient Poetry

Revised and Modernized by

J. EDWARD BOYD, B. B. B.

Professor of Trunkology, Graduate of Sing  
Sing, and Lecturer on How to Rope a  
Trunk and Honswogle  
the Owner

ALSO

HIS VIEWS ON POETRY

ANCIENT AND MODERN

FIFTH EDITION

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BERKELEY, CAL.

1905



To send  
ADDRESS

*Entered at the Post-office as first-class  
matter. Well, I should say so.*

PS 3503  
089 A7  
19056

PREFACE

In answer to a lot of feeble-minded friends I have been compelled to issue another edition of this magnificent work. It has been not only a labor of love—but also a job to pay the printer. With no extended remarks I might add a few complimentary words I have received from distinguished personages.

MAIN

Simply slungacious—ADALINA PATTI

Shiver my topsails, but it's better than tobacco—ADMIRAL DEWEY

Good as ten years in San Quentin—

JIMMY HOPK

What a nerve Boyd has got—

HENRY SCHELLHAUS

The choicest work in my panjamas—

AGUANALDO

Enough to make a man "look on the wine when it is red"—GOVERNOR PENNOVER

And thousands of others—when I have time to invent them.

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## BERKELEY'S BOY POET

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Berkeley has many attractions, but none of which she is more proud of than our "Boy Poet"—a sweet-faced youth of 60 summers—who may be found at Berkeley Station at all times of day, where his youthful beauty often attracts the attention of strangers and visitors. The following lines show his youthful genius:

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my  
childhood,

Of pleasant old Berkeley that I used to know,  
The gas tank, the planing mill, the old China  
wash-house,

The sweet-smelling mud-holes where wild  
weeds did grow.

The old corner grocery store kept by Uncle Joe,  
And his loud-talking driver who had such  
big feet;

The old Golden Sheaf where we bought coffee  
and sinkers,

And the old poky horse-car on Addison street.

How oft at the noon hour when the whistles  
loud did blow

Did I hasten home to eat a cold feed,

As gaily I sauntered down this well-beloved  
road,

How pleasant to smell the fragrant tar-weed.

But those bright days have gone, never more  
to come again —

Never more shall the sidewalk be trod by my  
feet,

Never more shall I see the bright scenes of my  
childhood

Or the poky old horse-car on Addison street.

How oft in my childhood I've "nipped" on the  
horse-car

To hear Mr. Morehead—How he did rip,  
curse and swear,

And when he got done with his shouting and  
spouting,

He'd say, "You can't ride unless you have a  
nickel for fare."

But no more those bright days when the world  
looked so rosy,

This earth seemed a heaven and all things  
looked sweet,

But they've faded away, those bright scenes of  
my childhood,

With the poky old cars on Addison street.

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### Trunkology in Berkeley

Was ever any Expressman sent

To a house in town, and when he went

Did the landlady ever fail to bawl—  
'Don't you put no scratches on that wall'?

Whenever you go to a home for a trunk  
They certainly imagine that you are drunk,  
For they never fail to loudly bawl—  
'Don't put no scratches on that wall.'

I've found it so, and I'm proud to say  
I've handled baggage for many a day;  
But no sooner I've entered into the hall  
Than they loudly scream, 'Don't scratch the  
wall.'

You may do your best and strive to please  
Till your body is weak from head to knees,  
And still some female loud will call—  
'Be careful how you mark the wall.'

It would drive a man unto strong drink  
(When he is so tired he cannot think)  
To hear again the same old call—  
'My goodness, how you've marked the wall.'

When through at last, at home to rest,  
And striving to do your level best,  
And tired out, into bed you crawl  
To dream all night of that scratched wall.

This thing is getting worse than bad—  
It's enough to drive Expressmen mad,  
Even the *Sheenies* have the gall  
To yell, "Dont from dot baper took der vall."