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: CREVISED AND MODERNIZED





Ansient Poetry

Revised and Medernized by

J. EDWARD BOYD, B. B. B.

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

ALBO

HIS VIEWS ON POETRY

ANCIENT AND MODERN

- FIFTH EDITION

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BERKELEY, CAL. 1905





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

PS 3503 889 A7 PREFACE 19051

In answer to a lot of feeble-minded friends I have been compelled to issue MAIN 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.

Simply slumgacious-Adalina Patti

Shiver my topsails, but it's better than lob-SCOUSE-ADMIRAL DEWRY

Good as ten years in San Quentin-JIMMY HOPE

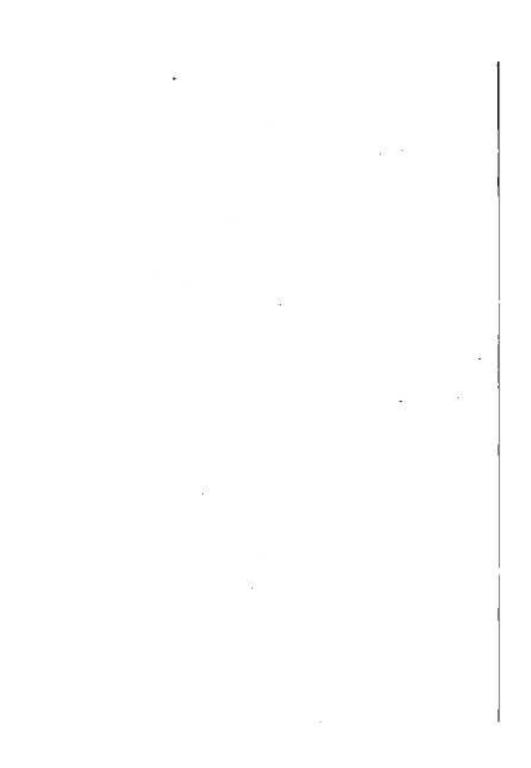
What a nerve Boyd has got-HENRY SCHELLHAUS

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.

766970



BERKELEY'S BOY POET

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 pleasaut 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 Uucle Joe, And his loud-talking driver who had such big teet;

The old Golden Sheaf where we bought coffee and sinkers.

And the old poky horse-car on Addison street.

How oft at the noon bour 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 pleasent 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.

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."