

**THE JUMBLE BOOK
OF RHYMES RECITED
BY THE JUMBLER**

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The Jumble Book of Rhymes Recited by the Jumbler by Frank R. Heine

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By FRANK R. HEINE.

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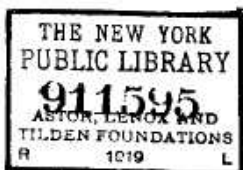
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By Frank E. Heine.





"Many people read a song
Who will not read a sermon."

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Foreword

PEGASUS is a queer old nag, and many of his would-be riders find him most unruly. We mount him and are off for a wee nip of Hippocrene. We want him to lazy along like a plough horse, while we pluck daisies, but he insists on demonstrating that, like a Hambletonian, he has all of the High School gaits. And when we pass the Queen's carriage, expecting him to step stately and look like a million dollars, the old plug stumbles and limps, and is classed by all as a casual. So please, please blame the horse—and not the rider.

Dedication

To the boys who have found the old War Horse a dangerous animal, have come to cropper in the Big Muss, and are now assigned to bunk fatigue, we offer these rhymes. Though, they are crippled; and limp, and halt, and stumble at times—yet we trust they may, for all that, break through when General Monotony is entertaining a company of Blue Devils, and for a few moments, at least, put to rout serious and somber thoughts.

To the casuals now enjoying hospital hospitality at Kenilworth (Biltmore) and Oteen (Azalea), this jumble of rhymes is dedicated.

Pick it up, Buddy, it's a dud.

—F. R. H.

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Greetings

*A New Year Greeting in which the Jumbler hopes to meet
you soon.*

My wish most dear for your New Year
I'm quite sincere in giving;
When next we meet, on Easy Street
I hope that you'll be living.

P. S.—*And I hope I meet you soon.*

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Introspection

The old nag, PEGASUS, invites the Jumbler to an introspective mood as he lopes along. It is Thanksgiving, 1917.

Am I thankful?
Let-me-see—
World, Flesh, Devil
Good to me;
Friends still loyal,
Coin in banks—
Stop this minute!
I'll give thanks.

What of troubles
Lately past?
Well, at least they
Didn't last.
Not a single
Scar remains,
Nor remembrance
Of the pains.

So, I'm thinking
That from me
There is due great
Gobs of glee.
Though a slacker,
From this day
I'll be grateful—
Let us Pray!