

**RYTHMIC FANCIES
AND FANTASTIC
RHYMES**

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Rythmic fancies and fantastic rhymes by Clarence Fonteneau Townsend

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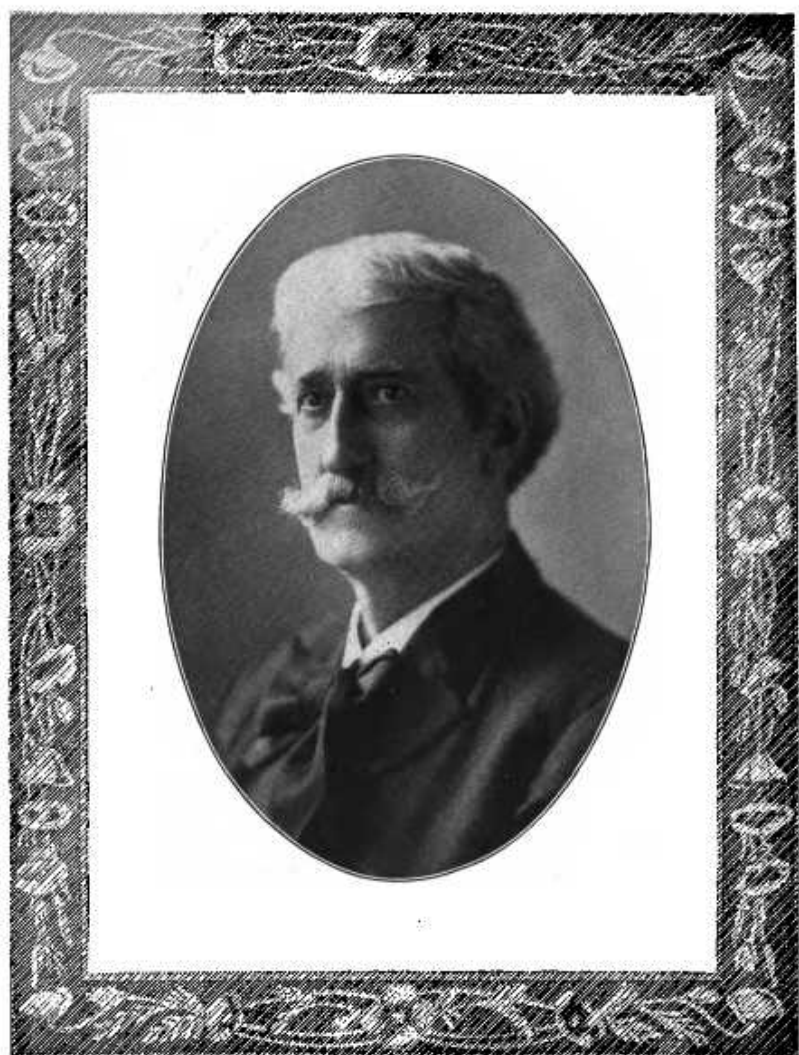
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CLARENCE FONTENEAU TOWNSEND

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BY

CLARENCE FONTENEAU TOWNSEND

SENTIMENTAL
SOLEMN
HUMOROUS
and
ILL HUMOROUS

1915

THE BLAIR-MURDOCK COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

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PROLOGUE

With themes like these, 't were hard to please
All readers of this generation,
Our "Native Sons" and "Sons of Guns,"
And "Sons of Foreign Immigration."

Full well I know, a picture show,
A ball game or prizefight would answer
Far better than "fantastic rhymes,"
Or "rhythmic fancies" wrought in stanza!

My only hope is that this "dope,"
Touched by the Muse's necromancy,—
May time beguile, or wake a smile
In some poor devil's kindred fancy!

ADRIFT

And so, I am adrift again,
On life's wild, chartless sea!
Behind me fade those gentle shores
Which once were dear to me.

And that fair haven, where my heart
Was moored so fast in love,
Has melted from my wistful gaze,
Like morning mists above!

One lingering look I cast behind—
One tear of grief I shed!—
Now let my bark head out to sea,
Let every sail be spread!

And let the gales of passion blow,
And bear me where they will!
I care not now which way I go,—
So I be moving still!

In wine and revel let me find
A Lethe for the past;
And let Oblivion's curtain hide
The scenes too bright to last!

Then on, my restless bark, still on!
Thy keel shall know no shore,—
Thy sail shall ne'er again be furled—
On—on, forever more!

TO MABEL

LINES WITH A GARLAND OF FLOWERS

My dear Miss Mabel,
I wish I were able
To put into verse all my heart doth conceive;
But I'm really so prosy,
That even this posy
Has cost me more labor than you would
believe!

But the language of flowers
Is softer than ours,
Yet carries its meaning as sure to the heart!
So the prosaic giver
Will let *these* deliver
The delicate messages he would impart.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM

"We'll be long enough dead!" "We'll be long enough
dead,"

Is the truest of things that ever was said!
Seize Time by the forelock, ere he passes you by,
"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you die."

We'll be long enough dead, and long enough rotten,
And once in the grave, we'll soon be forgotten!
This book, like ourselves, will perish at last,
And even our love be a thing of the past.