

**FROG HOLLOW  
POST BAG**

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Frog Hollow Post Bag by Henry D. Muir

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**HENRY D. MUIR**

**FROG HOLLOW  
POST BAG**





W. D. MUIR  
Frogg (2)

# FROG HOLLOW POST BAG

AS SORTED AND ARRANGED BY  
THE HERMIT

HENRY D. MUIR

BACCHUS— From whom?  
CHARON— From swans, the frogs,  
the wondrous ones!— *Aristophanes*

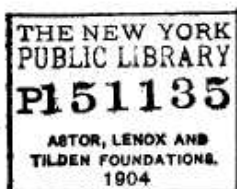


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## FROG HOLLOW POST BAG

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### INTRODUCTION

IN latest March the frogs begin to sing,  
Or croak — if so you term that chorusing —  
In fields bucolic; but to my fine ear  
No lark may lift a throat of happier cheer  
Than did Sir Leaper Bullfrog of the Marsh,  
When, to the general, his song rang harsh  
And set the scornful critic crows a-laughing.  
The music's in the hearer. Sneers and chaffing  
I take to be but light perverted rills  
That have gone wildering from the sacred hills  
Into the envious tangle of a wood —  
Oh, they'd be mighty rivers, if they could!  
Enough, say I, of crows and buzzard tribe,  
Enough of satire and the carper's gibe;  
Our thought shall take the gentle ways and green,  
Of light, of truth, of trust, of hearts serene —  
The honest frog-croak and the honest frog  
Shall be our theme. On, then, Pegasus! Jog!

For, on a day, as through the fields I went,  
With such a heart as only may be sent  
Briefly abroad in the releasing spring  
To find the new-lit heart in everything,  
Sir Leaper hailed me, grandly, from his bog;  
And I bent ear to list the knightly frog.

"I do perceive," that bold amphibian said,  
"You have no club wherewith to dent my head,  
Nor gun, nor net; and so I deem, dear sir,  
You are a scholar and philosopher  
Of the old school, and own too much respect,  
Even to frogs, to kill or vivisect."

"Nay, frog," said I, "I am myself alone;  
Schools old or new, I do belong to none;  
A poet, I, a dreamer, a recluse,  
A cynic, a misogynist, a goose —  
Whate'er you will! Yet a few maxims sun  
My life, and this, 'Live and let live,' is one."

"I care not what you are," Sir Leaper croaked,  
"So long as these" (and his plump legs he  
stroked)

"Be not your quest. — And yet, indeed, I care,"  
He said, after a pause, with serious air,  
"For you may help me span the luckless years."

Forthwith he poured, tumultuous, to my ears,  
A tale so strange I could not credit it  
By fondest stretch of my elastic wit,  
But which he swore, by Jupiter, was truth.  
For, it would seem, in his batrachian youth,  
Ere this his last humble reincarnation,  
He had been frog of proud, exalted station —  
Had even acted in Greek comedies,  
Head chorister, for Aristophanes.  
And many a story told he, of those days,  
And many a chorus sang, to win my praise  
And drive home proof of sound veracity.  
'Twas somewhat in these strains he sang to  
me: —

"Brekekekex, coax, coax!  
Brekekekex, coax, coax!"