THE EVERLASTING MERCY: AND, THE WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649050710

The Everlasting Mercy: And, The Widow in the Bye Street by John Masefield

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

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Trieste

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY NEW YORK - BOSTON - CHICAGO DALLAS - SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILIAN & CO., LINITED LONDON - BOWRAY - CALCUTTA MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD. TORONTO

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AND

THE WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET

BY

JOHN MASEFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE TRAGEDY OF NAN," "THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT," EYC.

NEW REVISED EDITION

New Pork THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 1914

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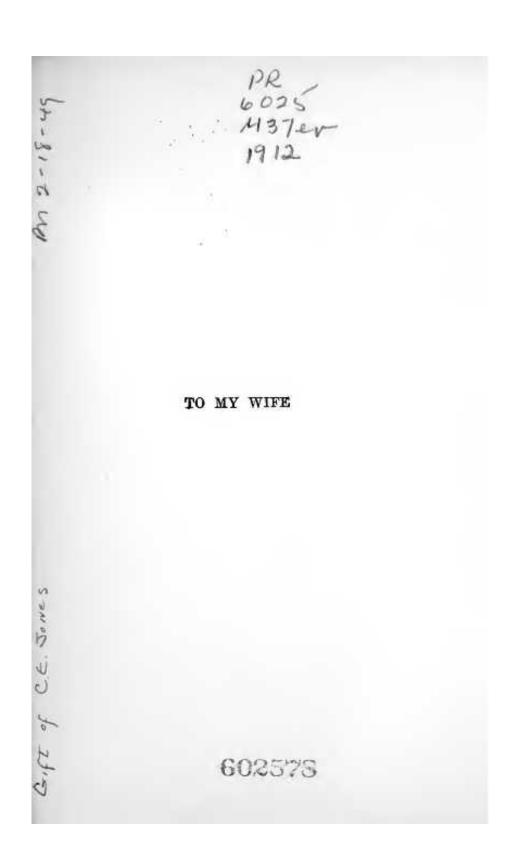
By JOHN MASEFIELD.

COPYBIOHT, 1912,

By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published March, 1912. Reprinted August, 1913 ; January, 1913 ; April, August, 1913 ; January, August, 1914.

> Normoot Bress J. S. Cushing Co. - Berwick & Smith Co. Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.



Thy place is biggyd above the sterrys cleer, Noon erthely paleys wrouhte in so statly wyse, Com on my freend, my brothir moost enteer, For the I offryd my blood in sacrifise. JOHN LYDGATE.

THE EVERLASTING MERCY

From '41 to '51

I was my folk's contrary son; I bit my father's hand right through And broke my mother's heart in two. I sometimes go without my dinner Now that I know the times I've gi'n her.

From '51 to '61

10

I cut my teeth and took to fun. I learned what not to be afraid of And what stuff women's lips are made of; I learned with what a rosy feeling Good ale makes floors seem like the ceiling, And how the moon gives shiny light To lads as roll home singing by't.

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