

**DOWN THE  
RIVER PP.1-169**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649564750

Down the River pp.1-169 by Roscoe W. Brink

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# DOWN THE RIVER

BY  
ROSCOE W. BRINK



NEW YORK  
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1922

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Social.  
1-30-1923

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*First printing, July 1922*

Printed in the U. S. A.

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### JUST SO YOU'LL KNOW

Perhaps you don't think these things,  
I'm writing about,  
Really  
Happened  
To me;  
But I tell you they did, every last one of them. . . .  
I had dreams  
Of what was going to be  
When I left the country,  
A girl,  
For the City,  
Down the River;  
I was glad to get away,  
Away to the noise of voices;  
Away to the clatter of crowds  
Making you feel it was an old round dance  
You was in;  
Away to the singing, whispering, murmuring  
Of many lights;  
Away to where so many neighbors were  
You never, never could be lonely;  
Away to where people would see me

JUST SO YOU'LL KNOW

And know me and call me;  
Away to where—  
Oh, the wonderful city that men and women  
Were building:  
Themselves strong, themselves big,  
Themselves not bending like my father  
To the mercy of wind and rain  
And sun and cold,  
Like a lonely man on an empty hilltop—  
No—no—not like that so lonely—  
But close, close to people,  
Laughing and singing and talking and dancing,  
And doing,  
Like they was all off on a picnic  
Together;  
Doing things  
They wanted to do. . . .  
Well, it was some picnic I found  
Down to the City,  
Down the River:  
And here it is. . . .





*SPRING*

100

100

100



## GOING

"We got to be going, Belle."  
From far off to me  
His voice seems to come:  
It's Len's and we've just been married.  
Out of the mixture of voices in the room,  
Sounding like they had no people behind them,  
Len's words pick at me again:  
"Boat leaves at six o'clock, Belle;  
It don't wait for nobody."  
I say good-by to the minister and his wife,  
Pah and Mah with the old horse  
Are waiting for us outside;  
Pah, he's looking at his horse's ears,  
And Mah, she ain't saying nothing either—  
Only smoothing down her silken mit,  
Up; and down; up; and down  
The back of her hand.  
"Well, here we are again," says Len.  
"Holl-up!" says Pah to his horse,  
Sharp and gratingly,  
So it makes me jerk and look at him  
Like I had just come out of a dream.