

**RHYMES
WITHOUT REASON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649498802

Rhymes Without Reason by W. J. Evans

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Adelaide:

J. L. BONYTHON & CO.

"ADVERTISER" OFFICE, KING WILLIAM STREET

1896

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Apologia.

NO golden lute is mine to play,
Nor lyre with music swelling,
For lutes, alas, have had their day,
And lyres whose spell a world could sway
Now differ in their spelling.

*The Sacred Nine the Poet woos ;
I'll not deride his folly,
But one from out the many choose
And kisses blow Thalia, who's
Less sacred, but more jolly.*

*For life has little lack of sighs—
Who knows what follows after—
Old Time with keen-edged sickle flies,
And he who would be truly wise
Will speed the rogue with laughter.*

*And so tho' Reason stare dismayed,
And Wisdom stand reviling,
My song will amply be repaid
If thus with cap and bells arrayed
I set one heart a-smiling.*

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Ah Moore's Little "Amour."

(A CHINESE ROMANCE.)

IN the slums of the city Ah Moore's humble dwelling
From Hindley Street West can be seen at a glance,
With its landmarks—two ditches—wide, deep, and high-
smelling,

You'll allow scarcely likely to breed a romance.
On one hand there rises the wall of a stable,
A rubbish-box stands a few yards from the door,
And amid sounds resembling a second-hand Babel,
Dwelt this fragment of China I've mentioned before.

Which his birth it was noble, and lengthy his pigtail,
And washing his sweet avocation in life ;
Yet his heart it was heavy, and oft o'er his big pail
Oriental emotions within him were rife.
For sweet Bridget Maloney he felt a strange passion,
That twisted his heart in a true lover's knot,
While his comical features were screwed in the fashion
Of an innocent babe with a pin in its cot.

Now Miss Bridget Maloney—by birth an Italian—
 Descended, she swore, from an old kingly race
 (From her neck hung the proof, a bright copper medallion),
 Elevated her nose in Ah Moore's simple face.
 "Och, sure, is it mesilf, thin, ye bastely old haythen,
 Ye'd be after makin' yer own lawful bride?
 Phew! Begorra, ye'll find there's the divil to pay, then."
 "Lovely Blidget, sweet girlee," Ah Moore softly cried.

If love's language be golden, as poets oft tell us,
 Then Cupid and Company's dealings are strange,
 And Ah Moore for his gold, truth and honour compel us
 To say, had been fixed up with counterfeit change.
 For each week as he came with his washing behind him,
 Like a statue of grief wrought in dull yellow clay,
 He'd exclaim to his "Blidget"—for love could not blind
 him—
 "No likee?—all lightee—me callee nex' day."

Now, Miss Bridget, sweet creature, was young—well, say
 forty—
 And her fierce auburn hair gleamed like rust-stricken hay.
 While her birth being noble, her bearing was haughty
 (She weighed twenty stone at the least, by the way),
 And her master, a fat, ugly, gouty old sinner,
 With a face like a bloater disgusted with life,
 Soliloquised thus—"Bridget cooks a good dinner,
 May I ne'er sup again, but I'll make her my wife."

Ah Moore's Little "Amour."

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And the old boy had money : like a doctor's prescription,
The medicine was horrid, but the coating no sham,
And Bridget knew well from her lover's description
When she'd bolted the pill she could collar the jam.
And she knew where the heart of her master was lying,
And she called all the arts of her sex to her aid ;
She stirred not his fancy by ogling or sighing,
But she tickled his love with the dishes she made.

But at length the old boy growing daily less civil—
For it struck him this new rib might spoil the old joint—
Bridget said to herself, " There's that haythenish divil,
" Bedad, thin, he'll bring the ould man to the point."
When a woman's mind's fixed, sure, there's nothing can
hold her,
And the old " geezer " saw the next day with affright
Bridget's left hand embracing the Chinaman's shoulder—
She was carefully holding her nose with the right.

But the old boy said nothing ; as calm as a bottle
Of wire-capped soda whose cork isn't drawn,
He turned on his heel, although yearning to throttle
That jaundiced-hued Myles and his sweet Colleen Bawn.
And he heard with a grin that was fiendish and creepy
Ah Moore's parting words as he whispered " Goo'-bye,
Roomie top side of house, pletty soon old man sleepee,
Allee same fetchee laddab, him climb welly high."

Now Miss Bridget perceiving Moore's love had grown faster
 Than even her amorous nature could stand,
 Had directed his gaze to the room of her master,
 And thought that a movement strategic she'd planned;
 But methinks her young heart would have been in a flutter
 Had she seen later on in that room overhead
 A blunderbuss fixed up with wire to the shutter,
 And a "gallus-jawed dawg" lying under the bed.

The sun sank in glory, and night's mantle of sable
 Was gracefully draped o'er the earth's peaceful breast,
 When a form issued forth from the house near the stable,
 With a smile in whose bosom his features found rest.
 That the ladder he carried was heavy 'tis certain,
 But trudging on gaily his load becomes light.
 He at length views her house. Ah! a form at the curtain—
 There's a total eclipse of his head at the sight.

See, he climbs slowly up, through the shutter he's prying,
 Flash! bang!! And Ah Moore takes a header below,
 There's a yell up aloft—through the window comes flying
 A podgy old man with a bulldog in tow.
 Then a pigtail curls round like the locks of a fury
 From the midst of a heap which confusedly swells,
 And to say which was which would have puzzled a jury,
 In that mixture of curses, of dogbites and yells.