

**WILD RHYMES AND
OTHER VAGARIES**

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Wild Rhymes and Other Vagaries by J. C. Westervale

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J. C. WESTERVALE

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OTHER VAGARIES**

WILD RHYMES

AND

OTHER VAGARIES.

BY

J. C. WESTERVALE.

"Oh, think what a world we should have of it here
If haters of freedom, affection, and glee
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me!"
—MOORE.

LONDON:

E. W. ALLEN, 11, AVE MARIA LANE.

1876.

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DIE ZEIT.

(By Hoffmann v. Fallersleben.)

“ Es ist die Zeit ein groszer Flusz,
Wir sitzen an dem Strande,
Und was uns Freude bringen musz
Liegt drüben auf dem Lande.

“ Hindurch, hindurch ! was stehst Du still ?
Der Flusz wird nie verrinnen :
Wer durch die Fluth nicht schwimmen will
Der wird kein Land gewinnen.”

FREE TRANSLATION.

TIME is like a flowing river :
Here we sit upon the strand,
Hesitating ; while we shiver,
Joy is yonder on the land.

Some may think they're very clever,
 Waiting till it cease to run.
 Ah! the stream shall flow for ever,
 And the lazy noodle's "done."

Souse ahead, my jolly plucky
 Chaps, and hesitate no more ;
 Those who help themselves are lucky—
 They shall reach the happy shore.

THE MODERN POET'S HOBBLE.

Oh, lack-a-day! am I a poet,
 Who make a dash, but cannot "go it"?
 A beauteous line, and then I spoil it,
 For want of one which will not foil it.

Oh, lack-a-week! I've not the words,
 Although they come in flocks and herds.
 I sigh for one, up pops another!
 Who ever heard of such a bother?

Oh, gracious heavens! oh, graceless earth!
 This is indeed a fearful dearth!—
 A dearth of words, a very famine:
 There's nothing left but "rot" and "gammon."

For other folks have soared so high
 That, though you say, "It's all my eye,"
 They've prigged the language, sir, in verity—
 Left nought but whistling for posterity.

And though, as I have said before,
 The words are countless, o'er and o'er,
 Yet, if you write or say a verse,
 You but rescribble or rehearse.

Some poets, dead and long forgotten,
 Whose bones by this are brown and rotten,
 Have published all that you can write,
 Though you pen-ink it day and night.

And though, perhaps, without a name,
 Still, in the end, it's all the same:
 You're called a plagiaristic thief,
 And come to literary grief.

* * * * *

Farewell then to the threadbare phrase
 That wrapt the poet's thoughts of yore;
 Farewell to all the beaten ways
 That led Parnassus-ward before.

Farewell the lyre Apollo strummed;
 Farewell the gurgling reeds of Pan;
 Farewell the books by "Grundy" thumbed,
 When she was taught the way to scan.

Farewell decorum, art, and rule,
 Farewell to every fettering chain ;
 Let Freedom e'en be dubbed a fool,
 But give her her wild wings again.

And is the language prigged and gone ?
 And wag our tongues in speechless air ?
 Still, monkey-like, we'll chatter on,
 And grin defiance at Despair.

Spectators fail perhaps to twig
 A meaning from the row we keep,
 "Non curamus"—we'll run our rig !
 And let them gape, or laugh, or weep.

PARODY.

Patrick at a fair, with two black eyes, and his hat *knocked*
 down over his face.

ERIN, the *smear* and the *tile* on thine eyes
 Darken thy phiz like a cloud in the skies,
 Sadd'ning the joys of earth,
 Gladd'ning the foes of mirth,
 Spirits of little worth
 Sink as they rise.

Erin, thy darkness shall never decrease ;
 Erin, thy browbeating never shall cease,
 Till tricks and taper-light,
 Bolt like the imps of night,
 Wisdom with radiance bright
 Bringing thee peace.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY ;

OR, THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

ONE evening when the sun was doon,
 Without a trace of stars or moon,
 A lassie tripping in her shoon
 Came o'er the Carse o' Gowrie.

"Awcel, ye're travelling late, my lass,
 But surely I'll not let ye pass,
 Though noiselessly ye tread the grass,
 The nimblest lass in Gowrie."

I whispered softly, "Kitty dear,
 I little thought ye were so near ;
 It is myself, so never fear
 The noblest LAIRD in Gowrie."

I seized her hand to make her stay ;
 She struggled hard to get away.
 "Oh, lassie, lassie ! do na say
 Ye spurn the *Laird* o' Gowrie."