RILEY SONGS OF FRIENDSHIP

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Riley songs of friendship by James Whitcomb Riley

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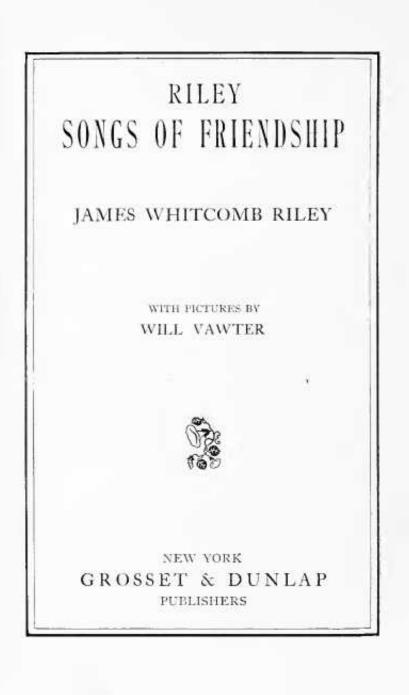


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To

Young E. Allison-Bookman

THE BOOKMAN he's a humming-bird-His feasts are honey-fine,-(With hi! hilloo! And clover-dew And roses lush and rare!) His roses are the phrase and word Of olden tomes divine : (With hi! and ho! And pinks ablow And posies everywhere!) The Bookman he's a humming-bird,-He steals from song to song-He scents the ripest-blooming rhyme, And takes his heart along And sacks all sweets of bursting verse And ballads, throng on throng. (With ho! and hey! And brook and brae, And brinks of shade and shine!) A humming-bird the Bookman is-Though cumbrous, gray and grim,-(With hi! hilloo! And honey-dew And odors musty-rare!) He bends him o'er that page of his As o'er the rose's rim. (With hi! and ho! And pinks aglow And roses everywhere!) Ay, he's the featest humming-bird, On airiest of wings He poises pendent o'er the poem That blossoms as it sings-God friend him as he dips his beak In such delicious things! (With ho! and hey! And world away And only dreams for him!)

