

RILEY SONGS OF FRIENDSHIP

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Riley songs of friendship by James Whitcomb Riley

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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OF FRIENDSHIP**

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RILEY
SONGS OF FRIENDSHIP

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WITH PICTURES BY
WILL VAWTER



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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!)

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