

**THE WRITINGS IN PROSE  
AND VERSE OF  
EUGENE FIELD.  
SECOND BOOK OF VERSE**

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The writings in prose and verse of Eugene Field. Second book of verse by Eugene Field

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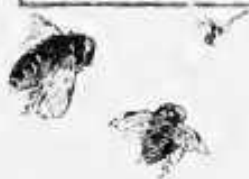


THE WORKS OF  
EUGENE FIELD

Vol. III





TELLING THE BEES



THE WRITINGS IN  
PROSE AND VERSE  
OF EUGENE FIELD

SECOND BOOK  
OF VERSE 

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S  
SONS  NEW YORK  1903

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JULIA SUTHERLAND FIELD.



A LITTLE bit of a woman came  
Athwart my path one day ;  
So tiny was she that she seemed to be  
A pixy strayed from the misty sea,  
Or a wandering greenwood fay.

"Oho, you little elf!" I cried,  
"And what are you doing here?  
So tiny as you will never do  
For the brutal rush and hullabaloo  
Of this practical world, I fear."

"Voice have I, good sir," said she. —  
"T is soft as an Angel's sigh,  
But to fancy a word of yours were heard  
In all the din of this world's absurd!"  
Smiling, I made reply.

"Hands have I, good sir," she quoth. —  
"Marry, and that have you!  
But amid the strife and the tumult rife  
In all the struggle and battle for life,  
What can those wee hands do?"

"Eyes have I, good sir," she said. —  
"Sooth, you have," quoth I,  
"And tears shall flow therefrom, I trow,  
And they betimes shall dim with woe,  
As the hard, hard years go by!"

That little bit of a woman cast  
Her two eyes full on me,  
And they smote me sore to my inmost core,  
And they hold me slaved forevermore, —  
Yet would I not be free!

That little bit of a woman's hands  
Reached up into my breast,  
And rent apart my scoffing heart, —  
And they buffet it still with such sweet art  
As cannot be expressed.

That little bit of a woman's voice  
Hath grown most wondrous dear;  
Above the blare of all elsewhere  
(An inspiration that mocks at care)  
It riseth full and clear.

Dear one, I bless the subtle power  
That makes me wholly thine;  
And I'm proud to say that I bless the day  
When a little woman wrought her way  
Into this life of mine!

## INTRODUCTION

EUGENE FIELD

A HOMESPUN, homely, humorous, tender man is dear to human nature; and when such a man is brightened by genius he becomes inestimable. We find in him both heaven and earth — our aspirations and ourselves; and simply by living with us he makes us happier and better men. Of the American breed of such benefactors, Abraham Lincoln is the largest and completest type. His destiny was the mightiest that can fall to a man, and his achievement matched it; but we love him even more than we admire and wonder at him, because the humblest of us find in him so much that belongs to us. We have part in his aims, in his difficulties, and in his victories, by dint of the spontaneous sympathy he awakens in us. And the same qualities in kind that