

**THE WRITINGS IN
PROSE AND
VERSE, VOL. III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649289882

The writings in prose and verse, Vol. III by Eugene Field

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EUGENE FIELD

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THE WORKS OF
EUGENE FIELD

Vol. III

THE WRITINGS IN
PROSE AND VERSE
OF EUGENE FIELD

SECOND BOOK
OF VERSE 

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S
SONS, NEW YORK, 1905

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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 hullaballoo
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

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make the world love Lincoln, make all who knew Field love him.

But his death is too recent for me to have attained a mood in which to make a cool and balanced analysis of him. It will always be so. I miss him more since the lapse of these few months than I did at the first shock of the news that he was gone. We bury little losses; but the great ones become a sort of dwelling-place for the memory, and our continual resort. There is nothing morbid or barren there. When I think of my friend, all the hours that we spent and the words that we spoke together re-create him in my mind and heart, till I hear his very voice and see his face again. While he still lived among us, these memories were less vivid, because I hoped to see him soon once more, and slighted the past in anticipation of the future. But now that the past is all I have, I value it as does the shipwrecked sailor the fragments of his vessel, from which he must build a raft to bear him to the untravelled seas.

He was the most cheerful and wholesome of companions; because, though he must