

**UP IN MAINE:
STORIES OF YANKEE
LIFE TOLD IN VERSE**

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Up in Maine: Stories of Yankee Life Told in Verse by Holman F. Day

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HOLMAN F. DAY

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LIFE TOLD IN VERSE**

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Stories of Yankee Life Told in
Verse by
HOLMAN F. DAY

With an Introduction by
C. E. LITTLEFIELD



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1902

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TO MY FRIEND
AND FELLOW IN THE CRAFT OF LETTERS
WINFIELD M. THOMPSON
TO WHOM I AM INDEBTED
FOR MORE THAN ONE OF THE STORIES
TOLD HEREIN
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

I don't know how to weave a roundelay,
I couldn't voice a sighing song of love ;
No mellow lyre that on which I play ;
I plunk a strident lute without a glove.

The rhythm that is running through my stuff
Is not the whisp of maiden's trailing gown ;
The metre, maybe, gallops rather rough,
Like river-drivers storming down to town.

—It's more than likely something from the
wood,
Where chocking axes scare the deer and
moose ;
A homely rhyme, and easy understood
—An echo from the weird domain of Spruce.

Or else it's just some Yankee notion, dressed
In rough-and-ready "Uncle Dudley" phrase ;
Some honest thought we common folks suggest,
—Some tricky mem'ry-flash from boyhood's
days.

I cannot polish off this stilted rhyme
With all these homely notions in my brain.
A sonnet, sir, would stick me every time ;
Let's have a chat 'bout common things in
Maine.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

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