Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things aren't as they used to be when boys when we used to shout
and sing and dance and play the corn
stalks fiddle down behind my father's barn; no, all things change, the
baptized and # 2 ed. Freshman become a high and mighty senior, carefully
fending his mustache and thinking of his girl, - a darling little thing
adown whose shoulders brown, brown
and bare. Rolled the soft waves of
golden hair. Her arch lips looked so red that I, well, found her
head upon my shoulder, arms
the captain said and with cluster
of hoofs and tramp of feet the
great procession moved up the street
to where the eager orator took the
Stand In the cause of our great and happy land;
He aired his own political view.
He told us all of the latest news, and just as he had got to fifty five and stopped half perplexed, Good Heavens, all heard a sound. I eagerly peered through the darkness,... for twilight had made the room dim. And plainly perceived it was kissing and kissing not all done by him. And I, did I pine and languish? Did I weep my blue eyes sore? Or break my heart do you fancy For love that was mine no more? No, I stand tonight in the meadow But there's a junior at my side. Who swears he will be true to me. What ever may betide.
What if he is not handsome, a lovelier man can't be found. Though you searched the town and every round, for he did his duty over, as well as he could do With faithfulness and pride always,
He minded Missus’ baby.
He loved the counsels of the saints
And, sometimes, those of sinners.
He’d with the elders sing and pray
By the pine knot’s flaring light,
And shout, — Walk mid darkies
too de gate; Hear de kullahed angels
holler, — Gorry white folk you’re
too late! We’s the summen color,
Wait; Till de trumpet blows to,
oller me, if you are men; leave
the concern; Run off with the horses
and lay up for yourself treasures
in heaven where neither moth nor
rust doth corrode, nor thieves
steal through and steal your
scent an hour cash — paid for
fresh eggs, butter and chickens
born in spring; Spring, there is
no such season!
Smitten by breeze from the land of
plague,
To me all vernal luxuriae fable.
Oh! Where’s the spring pneumonia rheumatic
leg? Stiff as a table’s?
I limp in agony, I wheeze and cough, and quake with ague.
That great agitator, I do dream
Before July of celebrating our glorious
Independence day, of victory's coming
in coming by and by
When each shall take his chamber
in the silent halls of death.
Medley

Read before
M. D. S. April 3, 1886.
Medley

U. S. S. April 3, 1816.

Louis A. Bregger