

Boccaccio.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

ONE day upon a topmost shelf
I found a precious prize indeed,
Which father used to read himself,
But did not want us boys to read ;
A brown old book of certain age
(As type and binding seemed to show)
While on the spotted title-page
Appeared the name "Boccaccio."

I'd never heard that name before,
But in due season it became
To him who fondly brooded o'er
Those pages a beloved name !
Adown the centuries I walked
Mid pastoral scenes and royal show,
With seigneurs and their dames I talked—
The crony of Boccaccio !

Those courtly knights and sprightly maids,
Who really seemed disposed to shine
In gallantries and escapades,
Anon became great friends of mine ;
Yet was there sentiment with fun,
And oftentimes my tears would flow
At some quaint tale of valor done,
As told by my Boccaccio.