

BOSTON PORK AND BEANS

The heathen in his blindness knows not New England's law,
That all her people must obey or else must they withdraw,
Though not upon the statute book this law is strict enforced,
And by those to the manner born is lovingly endorsed.
On Sunday morn, so says this law, let wordly labor cease,
And as a fit beginning for this day of calm and peace,
Let those of every station, no matter what their means
Indulge themselves most heartily in Boston pork and beans.

The heathen in his blindness knows not New England's pride,
The thing by which she would be known to nations far and
wide,
Which she sets above her culture, above her wealth or mines,
And glories in exceeding as the one thing that refines,
But of culture mines and riches let other people sing,
Refinement, you poor heathen is a very different thing,
This she alone possesses (I've been behind the scenes,
And this thing that's so refining is her Boston pork and beans.

The heathen in his blindness worships idols made of stone,
He loves the missionary as he cracks his marrow bone,
But of culture he learns nothing, for a missionary boiled,
Is not the most refining thing but a missionary spoiled,
He never will be civilized or brought into the fold
Until the Boston drummer, with cleverness untold,
And by manners that insinuate, and sundry other means
Introduces her refinement in her Boston pork and beans.

AUTUMN

Autumn, with pigments rare,
From out of Nature's bounteous store to choose,
With magic brush to dare,
Tints wood and field in gorgeous sunset hues.