

BACK TO TOWN

Now the train rushes on with a whirr
As it hurries me back to the town;
And I dream of my sweetie art to find
And a close-fitting tailor-made gown.

And I dream of the rattle and whirr
As we drive in a cab to the play;
And I gloat on the whispers and stir
When the "fellows" there see me with May.

When the curtain goes up with a whirr
We will settle ourselves for a chat
While the people behind us demur
And swear at the size of her hat.

MY BRIARWOOD.

My briarwood, my briarwood,
What memories 'round you cluster—
What fancies quaint you love to plait
With still unfading lustre—
And when you glisten in the rays,
Of softly glowing embers,
What happy scenes from other days
Your witchery remembers!

My briarwood, my briarwood,
How oft your sweet beguiling
Has wafted me across the sea,
To where red lips are smiling—
How oft through vexing wreaths that play
In curling clouds above you
I've heard again those red lips say,
With cadence soft, "I love you"

My briarwood, my briarwood,
Tost to my lonely yearning
Where'er I roam, where'er my home
To you I'm ever turning.
I watch your curling azure nests
So lazily ascending,
And see, oh, Mistress Briarwood,
Sweet dreams around you blending

Sharp Parent at head of stairs—Clara!
It's time for you to get to bed
Clara (in the parlor)—Why, pa, Mr. Greene
is here!

"Oh! I beg pardon—I thought it was Mr.
Brown, and I haven't any patience with Mr.
Brown. He always kisses you with such
loud smacks that it wakes me up. Stay as
long as you please, Mr. Greene. You are
always welcome."

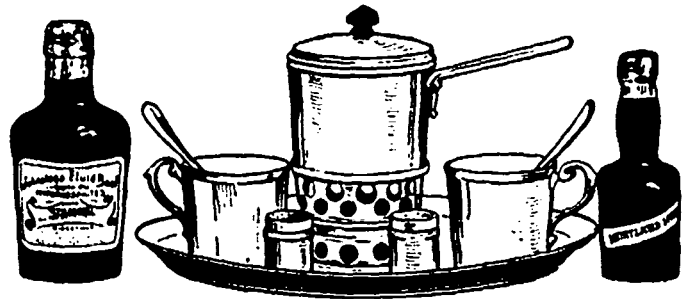
Mr. Greene—Um!—thank you, but I was
just getting ready to go, and I—I promised
my chum I'd be back early. Good night.

Parson Goodmad—Is there any thing you
would like to do before you die Brother
Jones? Brother Jones—Yes, parson; I
would like ter go an' sit in th' parlor fer one
night before I die. I've got ten daughters,
yer know, an' I hain't had a chance at that
parlor nights for over twenty years.

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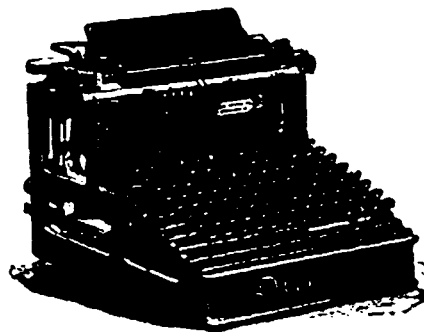
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