

GIPSEY.

Along the shingly shallows of the shore,  
 And in the windy hollows of the hills,  
 Where thou in summer gladness did'st disport,  
 Fleet as the wind, and blither than the trills,  
 Of pairing birds in Flora's May-day court,  
 Spirit of fire and joy thou comest no more.

Standing straight on his feet,  
 With his muscles of tempered steel,  
 Slender and supple, and strong and fleet,—  
 From his sensitive nose to the tip  
 Of his tail, he was loyal and leal.  
 Steadfast and staunch as a log,  
 That was my brave dog Gip—  
 That was Gipsej, my dog.

Brown were his eyes and clear,  
 And his ears were silky-brown too;  
 He knew not the name nor the feeling of fear,  
 For his dog-soul was honor all through.  
 Not he to desert the ship.  
 In tempest, fair weather, or fog,  
 Steady and trusty, and loving and true,  
 That was my gallant dog, Gip—  
 That was Gipsej, my dog.

In the green woods, galloping free,  
 In the waters to gambol and dive,  
 A being all spirit, and fire, and glee,  
 The gladdest creature alive;  
 The hill sides and forests to roam,  
 And find out their secretest hold,  
 To search for the ground squirrel's curious home,  
 Where the chipmonks chatter and

scold,  
 And the wood sparrows chitter and chip,  
 And the partridge whirrs from the moss grown log,  
 I and my merry dog Gip—  
 I and Gipsej, my dog.

Ah, faithful and constant friend,  
 Whose fate may never be known,  
 Could'st thou deem at the last, at the end,

Thou wert left to perish alone:  
 Are friendship and faith so cheap,  
 On the lips of human breath,  
 That thine should be love to scorn or keep,

But never to change till death;  
 Alas for the welcome bright,  
 The leaping and bounding feet,  
 The glad, mad tempest of wild delight,

Our home coming steps to greet,  
 And the eloquent eye and lip,  
 Like a speechless monologue,  
 That showed the love of my good dog Gip,  
 The heart of my Gipsej dog.

Slowly the long days passed,  
 And the nights were laggard and slow,

As with eyes full of wistful pain,  
 And the patience that dumb things show,

He waited and watched in vain, in vain,

Till the true heart broke at last.

Ah, woe for the lingering feet,  
 That came too late to save,  
 And woe for the waters so dark and fleet,

That made poor Gipsej's grave.  
 The river flows on and on,  
 With its dull and muffled roar,  
 But the brave, glad life, that is over and gone,

Is quenched, and returns no more.