

OFT ON THE SLIPPERY PAVE.

[AFTER THOMAS MOORE—MORE THAN A MILLION MILES.]

Oft on the slippery pave
This winter-time has found me;
No ashes strewn to save,
And glary spots around me.
The jokes, the jeers
That reach my ears,
Which ragged urchins mutter,
As standing there
I tack and veer
And then slide in the gutter.
Thus on the slippery pave
This winter-time has found me;
No ashes strewn to save
And glary spots around me.

When I remember well
The times that I have stumbled
'Mid giggle, laugh and yell.
As o'er the walk I tumbled,
I feel as though
I'd like to go
With shot-gun, club or billy
And beat, or shoot
The mean galoot
Who chopped his front so illy.
Thus on the slippery pave
This winter-time has found me;
No ashes strewn to save
And glary spots around me

February 7th, 1891.

W.