

By  
Chas. Dawson Shonk  
W.S.



## —Ye Modele Brokere and ye Mysterious Merchants.—

### A QUEERE SONGE AND A TREWE.

O wearye be the summer night,  
Neverre of sleep a wink;  
From doused lamp till morning's light,  
Nothings but think and think.

For I am but a seedye wight  
Living by hooks and crooks,  
Struggling in the world's fight,  
A watchere in its nooks.

Watching of the world's show  
Open night and days,  
No matter how the world doth goe,  
And wondering who's to paye.

For days by days the self-same cry  
Echoeth through the land—  
All to sell but none to buy,  
And businesse at a stand.

Yet swaggereth still the merchant bold,  
The broker swaggereth he;  
At highest price themselves they hold  
When things at lowest be.

And downe and downe tho' prices goe,  
Pork and flower and pence,  
Or sunneth butter ever so lowe,  
Still they are quite ye cheese.

Waiting to canne the market's turn,  
Businesse never so flatter,  
No care have they that land be firm  
So they canne cut it fatter.

O rede me, rede me yon riddell!  
For I would emulate  
The power to cut a henrye swell,  
It may not yet be late.

For sure they hunted them at eve  
May cast a shadow as long,  
As tallest pine when the noon sun-shine  
Falls vertical and strong.

A broker stood upon the quays,  
Where boats for distant ocean,  
Bigge idle-rockinge argosies,  
Took nothings—by their motion.

His paletot of blamelesse make,  
His hatte of velvete glibbe,  
And trousers gay of Tweed bespake  
Ye sufferings of Gibbe.

While jewelled studdes his front bestarred  
Full gaye with many a bead,  
And moche there lingered on his garb  
Ye fragrance of ye weed.

O broker, broker! rede me well  
The merchant's mystere!  
Whether they buy or whether they sell  
'Tis neverre but one to me.

The blossoms on the hedge that blow,  
The wild-flowers me that greet,  
Their uses and their haunts I know,  
But not the flowers of whele.

Not more in ashes am I skilled,  
For put nor pearl I care,  
Though puts of pure moche I've swilled  
In England's tavernes faire.

Yet as the ship of life I view—  
O craye be that hunt!  
I marvel how her merchant crew  
Still keep about, about.

How they will do the jolly thing,  
Disportinge free and merrie,  
With brande, smash and cooling sling,  
And cobblers good of Sherrye.

With billiard-cue and rackete ball  
And sport in lady's bowers,  
Laughing with all both great and small,  
While downe and downe goes flowers.

And ever on the stretch am I,  
Thinkingo by night and daye,  
If they must sell and none will buy  
Then who the dickens can paye!  
And aye that broker winked his eye,  
But neverre a word did saye.

O broker, broker! look not soe!  
But word of grace impart,  
Ye secrete of ye craft to know  
Still burneth attie my heart.

For I am but a seedye wight,  
Scarcely knowing where to dine,  
And as for drinke—He took a sight  
And vanished straight from mine.

Forth then from net the merchant meanes  
With heavy steppe I goe,  
Nothings about them knew I then  
And nothings now I know.

But as I went my lonely way  
Muche moral I did cull,  
That things of dust should be so gay  
When ashes are so dull.

And wearye was the summer night,  
Neverre of sleep a wink,  
From moon-rise till morning's light  
Nothings but think and think!

G.D.S.