

## THE HOOSIER BOOK

### II

And I've got up and lit the lamp, and elum  
On cleers and trunks and wash-stands and bureaus,  
And all such dangerous articles as those,  
And biffed at you with brooms, and never come  
In two feet of you,—maybe skeered you some,—  
But what does that amount to when it throws  
A feller out o' balance, and his nose  
Gits barked ag'inst the mantel, while you hum  
Fer joy around the room, and churn your head  
Ag'inst the ceilin', and draw back and butt  
The plasterin' loose, and drop—behind the bed,  
Where never human-bein' ever putt  
Harm's hand on you, er ever truthful said  
He'd choke yer dern infernal wizen shut!

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### *My First Womern*

I BURIED my first womern  
In the spring; and in the fall  
I was married to my second,  
And hain't settled yit at all!—  
Fer I'm allus thinkin'—thinkin'  
Of the first one's peaceful ways,  
A-bilin' soap and singin'  
Of the Lord's amazin' grace.