



“LONESOME.”

Seems no matter where you go  
 Somebody is lonesome,  
 In the crowds that ebb and flow  
 Somebody is lonesome;  
 In some eye there lurks a tear,  
 In some heart a stifled cheer,  
 Somewhere on this hemisphere  
 Somebody is lonesome.

Even in the social sets,  
 Somebody is lonesome,  
 E'en among the pampered pets  
 Somebody is lonesome;  
 Those in padded limousine  
 Or within a hovel mean,  
 E'en in palaces, I ween,  
 Somebody is lonesome.

In among the idle class  
 Somebody is lonesome,  
 With the workers too, alas,  
 Somebody is lonesome;  
 Makes no difference, rich or poor,  
 Laughing wit or palling bore,  
 Right among the smiling corps  
 Somebody is lonesome.

Seems to me that as we know  
 Somebody is lonesome,  
 Know, no matter where we go  
 Somebody is lonesome;  
 We should try by laugh and smile  
 From their sorrow to beguile,  
 For we know that all the while  
 Somebody is lonesome.

Seems too bad to realize  
 Somebody is lonesome,  
 Knowledge that I do not prize,  
 Somebody is lonesome;  
 Seems to spoil my pleasure so  
 As along my way I go,  
 When I think—and when I know  
 Somebody is lonesome.

Wish that it was but untrue  
 Somebody is lonesome,  
 I feel sad to know—don't you?  
 Somebody is lonesome;  
 Gee, how happy I could be  
 If my eyes could never see,  
 And my heart cease telling me  
 Somebody is lonesome.

THE TOASTS

*By Jack Cadden.*

E'er yet the timorous dawn had crossed  
 Another day of slaughter,  
 They met to drink one parting toast,  
 Each to the land he fought for;  
 “Wha fears the path wi' dangers set,  
 And wha wad choose anither?  
 We'll drink a cup to 'Scotland Yet'  
 And bless the Land o' Heather.”