

FOREWORD

*When the mists lie low and the sun slants up,
And the east is an aureate lip;
When the road lies free to the morning cnp,
And the air has a frosty nip;
When the steed champs foam with its nostrils wide,
For the master's mettle rife,
And a gay song fits to the strong, long stride—
There are still some things in life!*

*When the pool lies still, or the current slides
Like oil 'round the far-flung line;
When the tarpon deep in the blackness glides
And nibbles the live-bait mine;
When the reel says "crrrrk" and the wrist feels jar,
And the first leap marks the strife,
As the play begins and the foam flies—
Ah!
There are still some things in life!*