

It tumbles down—disordered rhyme—
(To call them poems might be a crime);
And yet I ask, may it not be
That somewhere hidden in that tree
Are some few truths, wholesome and sound?
Oh! could I bring them to the ground,
Though root and trunk and branches break,
I'd give that tree a mighty shake.

And so I sit and write and write,
Through all the day and half the night;
My fancy carries me away—
I see strange lands as plain as day;
Put pen or pencil in my reach,
I visit Europe or Palm Beach.
I see it all in clear detail
And could describe it without fail—
Describe it as it seems to be
In my imagination free.
Ah! little book, 'twas in my mind
To have you gentle, true and kind;
To fill your soul with wit and fun,
And yet speak well of everyone.
To call the world a paradise,
(Tis so our schools instruct the youth)
But, oh! alas! that's not the truth;
And if I catch you lying ever,
I'll tear your heart from out your cover.

Among the masses I am one
Who never had a natural son;
You, product of my fancy wild,
With all your faults, you are my child.