

Some want silver and some want gold,
But the little tin bank that wants the two
And is run on the double-standard plan—
Why, that is the bank for me and you!

June 22, 1895.

MY SABINE FARM

At last I have a Sabine farm
Abloom with shrubs and flowers;
And garlands gay I weave by day
Amid those fragrant bowers;
And yet, O fortune hideous,
I have no blooming Lydias;
And what, ah, what's a Sabine farm to us without its Lydia?

Within my cottage is a room
Where I would fain be merry;
Come one and all unto that hall,
Where you 'll be welcome, very!
I've a butler who's Hibernian—
But no, I've no Falernian!
And what, ah, what's a Sabine farm to you without Falernian?

Upon this cosey Sabine farm
What breeds my melancholy?
Why is my Muse down with the blues
Instead of up and jolly?
A secret this between us:
I'm shy of a Mæcnas!
And what's, oh, what's a Sabine farm to me without Mæcnas!
August 1, 1895.