

In honesty, is fair and just  
And works a trifle with his fingers.  
I'd sooner die a plain good Silas  
And have my chums around my bier,  
A-peeping at my mortal remnants  
And dropping just a feeling tear,  
And saying—"Well he was a fathead  
But still, an Honest Upright lad;"  
Than be a blooming bally Dukelet  
Who didn't draw a tear, begad.  
A Title's nothing, less you make it  
As noble as you really can;  
And more than "Duke or Lord or Countlet"  
The noblest is "An Honest Man."

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## AILEEN

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*By Lloyd Roberts.*

The fields are not more green to me,  
The hills are not more wide,  
The daisies brushing to the waist  
Are walking by your side;  
And yet the lift of heavy wind,  
The gentle tongues of rain,  
That are so brave and kind, Aileen,  
Call out to you in vain.

The music in the clover fields  
Where dance the hosts of June,  
Will draw me through the meadows  
To the glory of the tune;  
And all the suns that burn the plain,  
The ocean's hollow moan,  
That call to me again, Aileen,  
Still call to me alone.

The mists among the marsh lands,  
The clean white miles of sand,  
Beneath the lifting face of dawn  
Will see us hand in hand;  
Till high above the ghastly seas  
The green light flares and dies,  
And the moaning in the trees, Aileen,  
Draws fear across your eyes.

All night I prayed the gods, Aileen,  
That you should love the sea,  
The voices of the storm-swept woods,  
The strength that lives in me;  
The grieving of the twilight rains,  
The burning vasts of sun,  
That riot through my veins, Aileen,  
Might bid your pulses run.