

While, towering there with eyes of fire,
As when he made his foes retire,
Above all emblems duly raised,
The Father of his Country blazed.



But ere the Brownies' large supply
Had gone to light the summer sky,

Some plasters would have served the band
Much better than the goods on hand;
For there were cases all about
Where Brownies thought the fuse was out.
Till with a sudden fizz and flare
It caught the jokers unaware.

At times, in spite of warning cries,
Some proved too slow at closing eyes:
Some ears were stumped, some noses got
Too close to something quick and hot,
And fingers bore for days and weeks
The trace of hasty powder's freaks.

Some dodging 'round would get a share
Of splendor meant for upper air,
And with a black or speckled face



They ran about from place to place,
To find new dangers blaze and burn
On every side where'er they'd turn.

But few were there who felt afraid
Of bursting bomb or fusillade,
And to the prize they'd stick and hang
Until it vanished with a "bang,"
Or darting upward seemed to fly
On special business to the sky.