

## AN ODE.

TO BE CHANTED AT ALL SERVICES, CIVIL  
AND OTHERWISE, ON THE EVE OF  
SEPTEMBER THE FIRST, NINE-  
TEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

*By Mercutio.*

## I

Let us bury the past!  
Am I sobs and the shadows of gloom;  
Let us follow the trail to the tomb!  
Phew, what a whiff!  
To the lee with with the stiff,  
And room for the carbolic, room!

## II

He is dead, the gray Past is dead,  
All in with a hole in his head,  
And his linen unlaundered.  
He has looped the last loop through the air,  
Shot the shoots of existence for fair;  
Down the dark dip of death and despair  
He has fallen and foundered.

## III

Marshall the mourners; let none escape;  
Tie them a-tandem with bonds of red tape;  
Give each an onion.  
He that has tears to shed,  
Step to the cortege head;  
As to the tearless, tread  
Hard on his bunion.

## IV

With voices calm and low  
We chant his praises,  
And trace his record slow  
Amid the mazes.  
His yoke was like a bow  
One ties round daisies,  
Half binding, half for show  
But, tightene'd, slays us,  
On some he did bestow  
Renown and raises;  
En passant, à propos,  
He gave some blazes.

## V

Hush, be quiet, eke be still;  
We have come unto the Hill  
Where he worked his way and will,  
All be silent!  
Here he suffered long debate,  
Much of love and more of hate;

Here he met his cold, cold fate,  
Cold and violent.

## VI

But, hark! Time tolls the twelve long strokes  
That summons him below,  
And now the Stygian stoker pokes  
The furnace all aglow.  
Eheu, farewell thou Royal Hoax  
Of Buncombe, Hoax & Co.

## VII

Hail the new King and the new independence!  
Look where he comes amid his attendants!  
Hurrah!  
With the old Constitution and its fifty amend-  
ments;  
O Pshaw!

## VIII

Chips off the old Block, Son of your Sire'  
Welcome and welcome and welcome  
thrice o'er  
Vassals and vasalines, slaves of your hire,  
Dust of the balance and chaff from the  
floor,  
Rollers of logs and pullers of wire,  
Some of us bankrupt, all of us poor,—  
Take us and test us by famine and fire,  
Only be careful when chalking the score.

## IX

By the way, the King is dead,  
Heaven spare the Deputy Head!

## A PARTING WORD.

(Cameron Mann, Bishop of North Dakota, in  
the 'Spectator,' London.)

'Kings, Lords, and Commons,' so you style  
The free Republic of this Isle,—  
One from the democratic West,  
Of late your kindly treated guest,  
Would say his word of gratefulness,  
And debts of centuries confess.  
A host of us can claim no trace  
Of bloodship with your English race;  
But stronger than all ties of blood  
Is spiritual fatherhood.  
You gave our speech, religion, law;  
You first our great ideals saw,  
Your Bible, Shakespeare, Parliament,  
Shape life upon our continent  
So for the old and rich bequest,  
Our gratitude abides confessed,  
And, for all recent courtesy,  
Accept this simple word from me.