

There is a surprising confusion of pronouns in the following, from an English tombstone :

Him shall never more come back to we,
But us shall surely one day go to he.

So the Puritans despised rules of accent when incompatible with rhyme and song :

The race is not always to be got
By them that fastest run,
Nor the battell by the peopell
That shoot with the longest gun.

The following is a Suffolk (Eng.) weather saying :

A Saturday's noon and a Sunday full,
Never was good nor never wull.

The ludicrousness of this sort of mispronunciation has been shown to advantage in the exquisite and artistic little poem relating the story of "George Washington" and the apple tree, commencing,

There once lived a plantier
With a son, his only love ;
To whom, upon his birth-day
A bran new axe he giv.

Sometimes words are expanded or contracted for purposes of rhyme. An instance of expansion is the new version of "poeta nascitur, non fit :

T'aint every man can be a poet,
No more'n a sheep can be a go-at.

A company of Irishmen, it is said, becoming possessed once of two fowls, agreed that they should be given to the man who could make six lines of poetry on the spot. The successful rhymster achieved his triumph by contradicting his words whenever necessary, as follows :

Good friends, as I'm to make a po'm,
Excuse me if I just step home.
Two lines already—be not cru'l,
Consider, honeys, I'm a fool.
There's four lines—now I'll gain the fowls,
With which I soon shall fill my bow'ls.

As a contrast to the difficulty experienced by people unpractised in rhymes, it is astonishing how those

who are accustomed to handle words, as the stonelayer handles the stones that are to go into the wall, will place them and fit them so as to conform to the framework of the verse and to produce all sorts of harmonious and pleasant methods of expression. There seems to be scarcely a word in the English language which by some device, illegitimate and undignified though it may be, may not be hampered into rhyme.

Byron said that there was no English rhyme for "silver." A correspondent of the *Evening Post* proposed, some time ago, that its readers should exercise their ingenuity upon it. Half a dozen communications appeared in answer. One man wanted to know where the correspondent was brought up, not to remember the affecting lyric :

Little Dickey Dilver
Had a bow of silver—
He bent his bow to shoot a crow
And killed the old cat in the window.

Another refers to Kilve, a place mentioned in one of Wordsworth's poems, and produces a rhyme with the words, "kilve or." Carl Benson pointed out that rhymes could be made to any extent by separating words, as—

In this world of ill, vir-
Tue often yields to silver.

Mickey Rooney, sometimes known as the Alderman, gave two lines, in which there was reason, if there was no rhyme :

When for good milk we pays our silver,
What the divil do they give us swill for?

Oue from the Latin was good :

You ask, Can you give a rhyme for silver?
Nil vir.

After all, there was no good English rhyme produced.

The next hard word produced was "spirit." One suggested "clear it,"