

"Weep, weep, sad heart, with tears thy pain relieving,
Thy tears are but the sign of human woes;
Weep, weep, sad heart, in future peace believing,
For Time will heal the wounds naught else can close.

"On rough and rugged shores my waves are beating,
Wearing their roughness into outline smooth;
And so will Time, by Sorrow's blows repeating,
Mould stony hearts to purity and truth.

"Sing, sing, glad heart, for Sorrow's day is over;
Sing bravely, toiling in thine earthly strife;
Fear not the day when dust these bones shall cover,
For is not Death the gateway into Life?"

Bill Huff.

Huff, Bill Huff?
Yes, thet's him
Settin' thar in the shade
Playin' with that string;
Big feller, ain't he!
Two hundred an' twenty
Last time he weighed.

A fool? Well, not much!
His 'pearance, I 'low
Is not very neat;
What's clothes, anyhow?
You'll find, as a rule,
Though he ain't had much school
He gits thar with both feet.