

SAID THE ANGLER TO THE KING—

What though thy head be crowned
And blaring trumpets sound
The people forth thy pageantry to scan?
Thy diadem doth bear
To thee but carking care,—
Nay, be thou the King, but I a fisherman!

I reckon not if thou rule,
So I but have my pool
And wooded stream and lake where troll I can
With baited line that snares
Their sportive mariners,—
Nay, be thou the King, but I a fisherman!

Thou hast thy palace fine,
While lowliest hut is mine,
Rough-hewn, half-open to the sky's wide span:
But there as the days go by,
I loiter it leisurely—
Nay, be thou the King, but I a fisherman!