

Oh, her kingdom lies before her, for my heart is
all her own,
And the little tyrant rules by smile and frown,
With a rag doll for her sceptre, and a wooden
stool her throne,
And her royal robe a tattered gingham gown,
And she only asks a sugar-plum as tribute to her
sway,
Or a kiss, perhaps, to drive away the blues,
But I know the great big universe keeps rolling
on its way
To the clatter of her little wooden shoes.



The Adventurers

NOT in the rush of a broken cause—not in a
shameful war—
Not in the mad, hot haste of fear shall we go
forth once more,
Not with despondent and senile steps will we
turn from the beaten track—
We will arise in the pride of night, as we did in
the years long back.

Years long back, when our riotous blood nor
quiet, nor peace could brook,
We who were born to the Lonesome Trail the
paths of our sires forsook,