

Old or young, sober or wild,
 From the day he was born to the hour he died,
 But was known through all the country-side.
 There was n't a man but could tell to a mill
 The exact amount in his neighbor's till,
 And whether he paid his doctor's bill,
 What insurance was on his life,
 And how much money he gave his wife,
 How much longer ran his lease,
 And just how often he sold his grease !
 So, of course, when such affairs as these
 Were known to all, both great and small,
 The thrilling fact that Caroline Gray
 Encouraged the hopes of Absalom Day
 Was as plain to all the Blackberry people,
 As the gilded vane on the Orthodox steeple !
 In fact, their wedding day was known
 To everyone -- but themselves alone !
 But neither cared a single cent
 For all that was said, whatever was meant :
 They went their ways,
 They dreamed their dreams,
 They said their says,
 And schemed their schemes.
 And oh ! such walks

And endless talks,
 O'er breezy hills -- by haunted streams !
 What magical castles, sublime and grand,
 They built as they loiter'd hand-in-hand !
 Not all of them airy or based on sand ;
 For thro' the bright tears that blinded their eyes,
 They saw the fair summits of promise rise :
 They saw a church, and before the rail,
 A handsome youth and a maiden pale :
 (The maiden pale was Caroline Gray,
 And the handsome youth was Absalom Day.)
 And they saw a farm in that beautiful land,
 With waving fields on every hand,
 And forests deep, and orchards rare,
 Whose bloom lent fragrance to the air ;
 And a beautiful cottage, where roses twine ;
 And a horse or two, and a couple of kine,
 And ducks and geese, and a fat little hog,
 And a snipperty-snapperty poodle-dog !
 And they dreamt that all these things, you know,
 Belonged to Absalom Day -- and Co.
 And furthermore, before the door
 Of the cottage, they saw -- well, less than a score,
 Say three little youngsters, with brightest eyes,
 Down in a mud-puddle making pies !