

THE BOBOLINK

Ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα^ο

ANACREON^ο of the meadow,
 Drunk with the joy of spring!
 Beneath the tall pine's voiceful shadow
 I lie and drink thy jargoning;
 My soul is full with melodies,
 One drop would overflow it,
 And send the tears into mine eyes, —
 But what carest thou to know it?
 Thy heart is free as mountain air,
 And of thy lays thou hast no care,
 Scattering them gayly everywhere,
 Happy, unconscious poet!

Upon a tuft of meadow grass,
 While thy loved-one^ο tends the nest,
 Thou swayest as the breezes pass,
 Unburdening thy o'erfull breast
 Of the crowded songs that fill it,
 Just as joy may choose to will it.

10

Lord of thy love and liberty,
 The blithest bird of merry May,
 Thou turnest thy bright eyes on me,
 That say as plain as eye can say, —
 "Here sit we, here in the summer weather,
 I and my modest mate together;
 Whatever your wise thoughts may be,
 Under that gloomy old pine-tree,
 We do not value them a feather."

20

Now, leaving earth and me behind,
 Thou beatest up against the wind,
 Or, floating slowly down before it,
 Above thy grass-hid nest thou flutterest
 And thy bridal love-song utterest,
 Raining showers of music o'er it.
 Weary never, still thou trillest
 Spring-gladsome lays,
 As of moss-rimmed water-brooks
 Murmuring through pebbly nooks
 In quiet summer days.
 My heart with happiness thou fillest,
 I seem again to be a boy^ο
 Watching thee, gay, blithesome lover,
 O'er the bending grass-tops hover,

30

40

Quivering thy wings for joy.
 There's something in the apple-blossom,
 The greening grass and bobolink's song,
 That wakes again within my bosom
 Feelings which have slumbered long.
 As long, long years ago I wandered,
 I seem to wander even yet,
 The hours the idle school-boy squandered, 50
 The man would die ere he'd forget.
 O hours that frosty eld deemed wasted,
 Nodding his gray head toward my books,
 I dearer prize the lore I tasted
 With you, among the trees and brooks,
 Than all that I have gained since then
 From learned books or study-withered men!
 Nature, thy soul was one with mine,
 And, as a sister by a younger brother
 Is loved, each flowing to the other, 60
 Such love for me was thine.
 Or wert thou not more like a loving mother
 With sympathy and loving power to heal,
 Against whose heart my throbbing head I'd lay
 And moan my childish sorrows all away,
 Till calm and holiness would o'er me steal?
 Was not the golden sunset a dear friend?

Found I no kindness in the silent moon,
 And the green trees, whose tops did sway and bend,
 Low singing evermore their pleasant tune? 70
 Felt I no heart in dim and solemn woods —
 No loved-one's voice in lonely solitudes?
 Yes, yes! unhoodwinked then my spirit's eyes,
 Blind leader had not *taught* me to be wise.

Dear hours! which now again I overlive,
 Hearing and seeing with the ears and eyes
 Of childhood, ye were bees, that to the hive
 Of my young heart came laden with rich prize,
 Gathered in fields and woods and sunny dells, to be
 My spirit's food in days more wintery. 80
 Yea, yet again ye come! ye come!
 And like a child once more at home
 After long sojourning in alien climes,
 I lie upon my mother's breast,
 Feeling the blessedness of rest,
 And dwelling in the light of other times.

O ye whose living is not *Life*,
 Whose dying is but death,
 Song, empty toil and petty strife,
 Rounded with loss of breath! 90

Go, look on Nature's countenance,
 Drink in the blessings of her glance;
 Look on the sunset, hear the wind,
 The cataract, the awful thunder;
 Go, worship by the sea;
 Then, and then only, shall ye find,
 With ever-growing wonder,
 Man is not all in all to ye;
 Go with a meek and humble soul,
 Then shall the scales of self unroll
 From off your eyes, — the weary packs
 Drop from your heavy-laden backs;
 And ye shall see,
 With reverent and hopeful eyes,
 Glowing with new-born energies,
 How great a thing it is to BE!

100

TO THE DANDELION

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An Eldorado° in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth, — thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow 10
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest me 20
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
 Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
 In the white lily's breezy tent,
 His fragrant Sybaris,° than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass, —
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass, 30
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways, —
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
 Or whiten in the wind, — of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through
 Some woodland gap, — and of a sky above
 Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with
 thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long, 40

And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam 50
 Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR°

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise of one
 Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
 As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned
 Drinking with eager hearts and ears,
 His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
 From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
 Sunlike, o'er faces brown and hard,
 As if in him who read they felt and saw
 Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
 And slavish tyranny to see,
 A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
 In high humanity.

10

I thought, these men will carry hence
 Promptings their former life above,
 And something of a finer reverence
 For beauty, truth, and love.

20

God scatters love on every side,
 Freely among his children all,
 And always hearts are lying open wide
 Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
 Of a more true and open life,
 Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
 With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
 Some wild germs of a higher birth,
 Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
 Whose fragrance fills the earth.

30

Within the hearts of all men lie
 These promises of wider bliss,
 Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
 In sunny hours like this.

E

All that hath been majestical
 In life or death, since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel heart of man.

40

And thus, among the untaught poor
 Great deeds and feelings find a home,
 Which casts in shadow all the golden lore
 Of classic Greece or Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
 Where'er thou art, in low or high,
 Thy skiey arches with exulting span
 O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
 Deep down within the primitive soul,
 And from the many slowly upward win
 To one who grasps the whole.

50

In his wide brain the feeling deep
 Which struggled on the many's tongue
 Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
 O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling, — wide
 In the great mass its base is hid,
 And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
 A moveless pyramid.

60

Nor is he far astray who deems
 That every hope, which rises and grows broad
 In the world's heart by ordered impulse streams
 From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes; in common souls
 Hope is but vague and undefined,
 Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
 A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
 So full of heav'n to me, as when
 I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear,
 To the lives of coarsest men.

70

It may be glorious to write
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
 High souls like those far stars that come in sight
 Once in a century; —

But better far it is to speak
 One simple word, which now and then
 Shall waken their free nature in the weak
 And friendless sons of men;

80

To write some earnest verse or line
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
 In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
 May be forgotten in his day,
 But surely shall be crowned at last with those
 Who live and speak for aye.

LINES°

SUGGESTED BY THE GRAVES OF TWO ENGLISH SOLDIERS
 ON CONCORD BATTLE-GROUND

THE same good blood that now refills
 The dotard Orient's shrunken veins,
 The same whose vigor westward thrills,
 Bursting Nevada's silver chains,
 Poured here upon the April grass,
 Freckled with red the herbage new;
 On reeled the battle's trampling mass,
 Back to the ash the bluebird flew.

Poured here in vain; — that sturdy blood
 Was meant to make the earth more green, — 10
 But in a higher, gentler mood
 Than broke this April noon serene;
 Two graves are here; to mark the place,
 At head and foot, an unhewn stone,
 O'er which the herald lichens trace
 The blazon of Oblivion.

These men were brave enough, and true
 To the hired soldier's bull-dog creed;
 What brought them here they never knew,
 They fought as suits the English breed;
 They came three thousand miles, and died,
 To keep the Past upon its throne;
 Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,
 Their English mother made her moan.

20

The turf that covers them no thrill
 Sends up to fire the heart and brain;
 No stronger purpose nerves the will,
 No hope renews its youth again:
 From farm to farm the Concord glides,
 And trails my fancy with its flow;
 O'erhead the balanced henhawk slides,
 Twinned in the river's heaven below.

30

But go, whose Bay State bosom stirs,
 Proud of thy birth and neighbor's right,
 Where sleep the heroic villagers
 Borne red and stiff from Concord fight;
 Thought Reuben, snatching down his gun,
 Or Seth, as ebb'd the life away,
 What earthquake rifts would shoot and run
 World-wide from that short April fray?

40

What then? With heart and hand they wrought,
 According to their village light;
 'Twas for the Future that they fought
 Their rustic faith in what was right.
 Upon earth's tragic stage they burst
 Unsummoned, in the humble sock;
 Theirs the fifth act; the curtain first
 Rose long ago on Charles's block.

Their graves have voices; if they threw
 Dice charged with fates beyond their ken,
 Yet to their instincts they were true,
 And had the genius to be men.
 Fine privilege of Freedom's host,
 Of even foot-soldiers for the Right! —
 For centuries dead, ye are not lost,
 Your graves send courage forth, and might.

50

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS°

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
 Some thousand years ago,
 Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
 Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
 He stretched some chords, and drew
 Music that made men's bosoms swell
 Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

But King Admetus, one who had
 Pure taste by right divine,
 Decreed his singing not too bad
 To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
 Into a sweet half-sleep,
 Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
 And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

10

His words were simple words enough,
 And yet he used them so,
 That what in other mouths was rough
 In his seemed musical and low.

20

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
 In whom no good they saw;
 And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
 They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
 For idly, hour by hour,
 He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
 Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use,
 For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.

30

Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
 They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
 More full of love, because of him.

40

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother as a god.

THE BEGGAR°

A BEGGAR through the world am I,
 From place to place I wander by.
 Fill up my pilgrim's serip for me,
 For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
 Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
 Old oak, give me, —
 That the world's blasts may round me blow,
 And I yield gently to and fro,
 While my stout-hearted trunk below
 And firm-set roots unshaken be.

10

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
 Enduring still through day and night
 Rude tempest-shock and withering blight, —
 That I may keep at bay
 The changeful April sky of chance
 And the strong tide of circumstance, —
 Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy pensiveness serene,
 Some of thy never-dying green, 20
 Put in this scrip of mine, —
 That griefs may fall like snow-flakes light,
 And deck me in a robe of white,
 Ready to be an angel bright, —
 O sweetly mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
 Of thy sparkling, light content,
 Give me, my cheerful brook, —
 That I may still be full of glee
 And gladness, where'er I be, 30
 Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
 In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
 To me, since I've been in the wood,
 Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
 But good-bye, kind friends, every one,
 I've far to go ere set of sun;
 Of all good things I would have part,
 The day was high ere I could start,
 And so my journey's scarce begun. 40

Heaven help me! how could I forget
 To beg of thee, dear violet!
 Some of thy modesty,
 That flowers here as well, unseen,
 As if before the world thou'dst been,
 O give, to strengthen me.

BEAVER BROOK

HUSHED with broad sunlight lies the hill,
 And minuting the long day's loss,
 The cedar's shadow,° slow and still,
 Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,
 The aspen's° leaves are scarce astir,
 Only the little mill sends up
 Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that hems
 The road along the mill-pond's brink,
 From 'neath the arching barberry-stems,
 My footstep scares the shy chewink.°

Beneath a bony buttonwood
 The mill's red door lets forth the din;
 The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
 Flits past the square of dark within.

10

No mountain torrent's strength is here;
 Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
 Heaps its small pitcher° to the ear,
 And gently waits the miller's will.

20

Swift slips Undine° along the race
 Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
 Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
 And laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
 The quivering millstones hum and whirl,
 Nor how, for every turn are tost
 Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes
 With drops of some celestial juice,
 To see how Beauty underlies
 Forevermore each form of Use.

30

And more: methought I saw that flood,
 Which now so dull and darkling steals,
 Thick, here and there, with human blood,
 To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
 Shut in our several cells, do we
 Know with what waste of beauty rare
 Moves every day's machinery.

40

Surely the wiser time shall come
 When this fine overplus of might,
 No longer sullen, slow and dumb,
 Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth
 Life of itself shall dance and play,
 Fresh blood through Time's shrunk veins
 make mirth,
 And labor meet delight half-way.

MY LOVE²

Nor as all other women are
 Is she that to my soul is dear;
 Her glorious fancies come from far,
 Beneath the silver evening-star,
 And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
 Which lesser souls may never know;
 God giveth them to her alone,
 And sweet they are as any tone
 Wherewith the wind may choose to blow. 10

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
 Although no home were half so fair;
 No simplest duty is forgot,
 Life hath no dim and lowly spot
 That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
 Which most leave undone, or despise;

For naught that sets one heart at ease,
 And giveth happiness or peace,
 Is low-esteemèd in her eyes. 20

She hath no scorn of common things,
 And, though she seem of other birth,
 Round us her heart entwines and clings,
 And patiently she folds her wings
 To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
 And deeds of weekday holiness
 Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
 Nor hath she ever chanced to know
 That aught were easier than to bless. 30

She is most fair, and thereunto
 Her life doth rightly harmonize;
 Feeling or thought that was not true
 Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
 Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom
 The spring-time of her childish years
 Hath never lost its fresh perfume,

Though knowing well that life hath room
 For many blights and many tears. 40

I love her with a love as still
 As a broad river's peaceful might,
 Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
 Goes wandering at its own will,
 And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
 Like quiet isles my duties lie;
 It flows around them and between,
 And makes them fresh and fair and green,
 Sweet homes wherein to live and die. 50

THE BIRCH TREE°

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the sunshine,
 Among thy leaves that palpitate for ever;
 Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,
 The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
 Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb for
 ever!

While all the forest, witched with slumberous moon-
 shine,
 Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,
 Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended, —
 I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,
 And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung
 silence.

10

Upon the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
 Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
 Dripping about thy slim white stem, whose shadow
 Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
 Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some
 startled Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;
 Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
 Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
 And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
 Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy
 keeping.

20

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
 So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
 Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy pattering leaflets
 Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
 And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
 Thou sympathizest still; wild and unquiet,
 I fling me down; thy ripple, like a river,
 Flows valleyward, where calmness is, and by it
 My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

30

THE SIRENS°

THE sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,
 The sea is restless and uneasy;
 Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,
 Wandering thou know'st not whither;
 Our little isle is green and breezy,
 Come and rest thee! O come hither!
 Come to this peaceful home of ours,
 Where evermore
 The low west-wind creeps panting up the shore
 To be at rest among the flowers; 10
 Full of rest, the green moss lifts,
 As the dark waves of the sea
 Draw in and out of rocky rifts,
 Calling solemnly to thee
 With voices deep and hollow, —
 “To the shore
 Follow! O follow!
 To be at rest forevermore!
 Forevermore!”

Look how the gray old Ocean 20
 From depths of his heart rejoices,
 Heaving with a gentle motion,
 When he hears our restful voices;
 List how he sings in an undertone,
 Chiming with our melody;
 And all sweet sounds of earth and air
 Melt into one low voice alone,
 That murmurs over the weary sea, —
 And seems to sing from everywhere, —
 “Here may'st thou harbor peacefully, 30
 Here may'st thou rest from the aching oar;
 Turn thy curvèd prow ashore,
 And in our green isle rest forevermore!
 Forevermore!”
 And Echo half wakes in the wooded hill,
 And, to her heart so calm and deep,
 Murmurs over in her sleep,
 Doubtfully pausing and murmuring still,
 “Evermore!”
 Thus on Life's weary sea, 40
 Heareth the marinere
 Voices sweet, from far and near,
 Ever singing low and clear,
 Ever singing longingly.

Is it not better here to be,
 Than to be toiling late and soon?
 In the dreary night to see
 Nothing but the blood-red moon
 Go up and down into the sea;
 Or, in the loneliness of day, 50
 To see the still seals only
 Solemnly lift their faces gray,
 Making it yet more lonely?
 Is it not better, than to hear
 Only the sliding of the wave
 Beneath the plank and feel so near
 A cold and lonely grave,
 A restless grave, where thou shalt lie
 Even in death unquietly?
 Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark, 60
 Look over the side and see
 The leaden eye of the side-long shark
 Upturnèd patiently,
 Ever waiting there for thee:
 Look down and see those shapeless forms,
 Which ever keep their dreamless sleep
 Far down within the gloomy deep,
 And only stir themselves in storms,
 Rising like islands from beneath,

And snorting through the angry spray, 70
 As the frail vessel perisheth
 In the whirls of their unwieldy play;
 Look down! Look down!
 Upon the seaweed, slimy and dark,
 That waves its arms so lank and brown,
 Beckoning for thee!
 Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark
 Into the cold depth of the sea!
 Look down! Look down!
 Thus, on Life's lonely sea, 80
 Heareth the marinere
 Voices sad from far and near,
 Ever singing full of fear,
 Ever singing drearfully.

Here all is pleasant as a dream;
 The wind scarce shaketh down the dew,
 The green grass floweth like a stream
 Into the ocean's blue;
 Listen! O listen!
 Here is a gush of many streams, 90
 A song of many birds,
 And every wish and longing seems
 Lulled to a numbered flow of words,—

Listen! O listen!
 Here ever hum the golden bees
 Underneath full-blossomed trees,
 At once with glowing fruit and flowers crowned; —
 The sand is so smooth, the yellow sand,
 That thy keel will not grate as it touches the land;
 All around, with a slumberous sound 100
 The singing waves slide up the strand,
 And there, where the smooth, wet pebbles be,
 The waters gurgle longingly,
 As if they fain would seek the shore,
 To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,
 To be at rest forevermore, —
 Forevermore!
 Thus, on Life's gloomy sea,
 Heareth the marinere
 Voices sweet, from far and near, 110
 Ever singing in his ear,
 "Here is rest and peace for thee!"

NANTASKET, July, 1840.

THE COURTIN'

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin the chimbly crooknecks° hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!
 An' leetle fires danced all about 10
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
 Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
 And she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
 A raspin' on the scraper, —
 All ways to once her feelins flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

20

He kind of l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the seekle;
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work
 Ez ef a wager spurred her.°

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"
 "Wal, no; I come designin' —"
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' cloe's
 Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

30

He stood a spell on one foot fust
 Then stood a spell on tother,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call ag'in,"
 Sez she, "Think likely, Mister;"
 The last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' — wal, he up an' kist her.

40

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kind o' smily round the lips,
 An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
 Down to the Bay of Fundy.
 An' all I know is they wuz cried
 In meetin', come nex Sunday.