

An Interrupted Narrative

WITHIN a tavern nigh to York
 I met a Jack whose leg was cork,
 Whose nose was red and hale.
 "Ah, Jack!" I cried, "you 've lost your leg
 In some romantic cruise. I beg
 You tell it in a tale—
 A rattling, battling, sword-and-gatling
 Pretty naval tale."

(He led me fondly to the bar.
 "The facts *is* curious," said the tar.)

"It was a dark and stormy night,"
 Began that fascinating wight;
 He winked and wagged his jaw.
 "But ere this story I intone,
 Could I request ye for a loan
 Of jest a quid to chaw?
 A blackish, brackish, plug-tobackish
 Naval quid to chaw?"

(I gave tobacco to the wight,
 Suggesting, "'T was a stormy night.")

"No ship could live in such a gale,"
 Resumed the sailor blithe and hale.
 "But ere I quite begin,
 Excuse the tone of me request
 If I 'm so bold as to suggest
 A pint or so of gin—
 A flowing, glowing, joy-bestowing
 Pint or so of gin."

(The pint of gin to him I fed.
 "No ship could live," I think you said.")

"I would of sure been drowned, except"—
 He sipped his gin, he paused, and wept,—
 "I only ask, alack!
 Won't some one spare a dollar bill
 To help poor, stranded Jack until
 His gallant ship gits back?
 His battered, tattered, tempest-shattered
 Gallant ship gits back?"

(I gave the cash, though somewhat vexed.
 "I left you almost drowned. What next?")

"The storm raged on; I did n't care
 Because, you see, I was n't there.
 To tell the honest truth
 I 've never sailed the ocean-track.
 I am by trade a steeple-jack,
 A trade I learned in youth—
 A reckless, speckless, break-your-neck-less
 Trade I learned in youth."

("What has this yarn," I then did beg,
 "To do, sir, with your wooden leg?")

"I tell it, sir, to illustrate
 How well I might have missed my fate
 If I had went to sea.

I lost me leg, which you inquire,
 By falling off St. James's spire
 'Way back in '83.
 Which same I should n't, would n't,
 could n't
 If I had went to sea."

(I left that Jack whose leg was cork
 And took the trolley back to York.)

Wallace Irwin.

Words without Songs

I. THE SHEPHERD BOY

I TE-E-ND my-y she-e-p, so so-o-ft and white,
 Where shi-i-nes, where shi-ines the su-un so
 bright
 Whe-re shi-ines the su-un so-o-o bright! (*bis.*)
 And the-e-re dwells o-one, dwells o-one,
 whose eye
 Doth gle-e-am with a-ir so shy —
 Doth gle-e-am with a-ir so-o-o shy! (*bis.*)

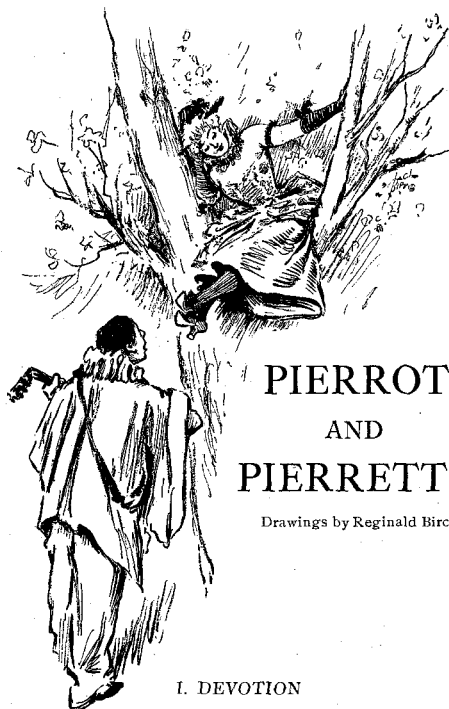
She is-s my-y staaar, my guiding r-a-y,
 Who le-e-ads, who lea-ads me o-on my w-a-y!
 (*repeat*)
 No-o-r w-ill she-e let
 me str-a-ay!

II. THE BOLD BRIGAND

DEEEEP-P in ther fo-o-rest glooomy,
 Wh-ere dar-r-rkness lo-oves to dw-ell,
 to dwe-ll, to dwell,
 Where da-r-kness lo-oves to dw-ell,
 There luuuu-rks a seee-cret cav-ern —
 The ho-o-o-ot ow-l kno-o-ows it well! —
 Ah — kno-hows it we-ell,
 He kno-ows it we-hell,
 He kno-^{o-o}ws it we-e-hell —
 Ther Ho-^{o-o}-ot
 Owl kno-^{w-s}
 it
 WELL!

III. SERENADE

AH-H-H! Mahay-den, swee-cet and fa-air!
 Tho-o-ow dre-heem-est whi-ile I looove thee!
 o-ve thee! thee!
 I l^o L^ove Ye-e-es, ah, Lo-ve thee!
 Ye-he-hes, I love thee,
 Lo-o-^ove thee!
 hone!
 Lo-ve but thee a-^{lo}o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-^ove thee!
 L-o-v-e thee-ce, lo-^oo-o-o-o-o-o-o-^ove thee!
 Lo-hove bu-t thee-hee al-o-o-o-ne!
 Lo hove-bu-hut-thee-hee a-^{l-o-h}one!
 Bu-u-t thee-hee a-lo-hone!
Tudor Jenks.



I. DEVOTION

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

Drawings by Reginald Birch



III. SYMPATHY



II. DISDAIN



IV. DESPAIR



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