

A person wearing a blue and black plaid shirt and blue jeans is sitting outdoors. They are wearing a gold watch with a green dial on their left wrist and two white wristbands with black text that reads "FBC YOUTH ORG" and "FBC YOUTH OPS" on their right wrist. They are holding a black folder or book on their lap. The background is blurred, showing other people in a casual setting.

***EUGENE
FIELD***

***HOOOSIER
LYRICS***

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Hoosier Lyrics

EAN 8596547211785

DigiCat, 2022

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HOOSIER LYRICS PARAPHRASED.

We've come from Indiany, five hundred miles or more,
Supposin' we wuz goin' to get the nominashin, shore;
For Col. New assured us (in that noospaper o' his)
That we cud hev the airth, if we'd only tend to biz.
But here we've been a-slavin' more like bosses than like
men
To diskiver that the people do not hanker arter Ben;
It *is* fur Jeems G. Blaine an' *not* for Harrison they shout—
And the gobble-uns 'el git us

Ef we
Don't
Watch
Out!

When I think of the fate that is waiting for Ben,
I pine for the peace of my childhood again;
I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul
And hop off once more in the old swimmin' hole!

The world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew
(Which is another word for soup) that drips for me and you.

"Little Benjy! Little Benjy!" chirps the robin in the tree;
"Little Benjy!" sighs the clover, "Little Benjy!" moans the
bee;
"Little Benjy! Little Benjy!" murmurs John C. New,
A-stroking down the whiskers which the winds have
whistled through.

Looks jest like his grampa, who's dead these many years—
He wears the hat his grampa wore, pulled down below his
ears;
We'd like to have him four years more, but if he cannot stay
—
Nothin' to say, good people; nothin' at all to say!

There, little Ben, don't cry!
They have busted your boom, I know;
And the second term
For which you squirm
Has gone where good niggers go!
But Blaine is safe, and the goose hangs high—
There, little Ben, don't cry!

Mabbe we'll git even for this unexpected shock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the
shock!

Oh, the newspaper man! He works for paw;
He's the liveliest critter 'at ever you saw;
With whiskers 'at reach f'om his eyes to his throat.
He knows how to wheedle and rivet a vote;
He wunst wuz a consul 'way over the sea—
But never again a consul he'll be!
He come back f'om Lon'on one mornin' in May—
He come back for bizness, an' here he will stay—
Ain't he a awful slick newspaper man?
A newspaper, newspaper, newspaper man!

You kin talk about yer cities where the politicians meet—
You kin talk about yer cities where a decent man gits beat;
With the general run o' human kind I beg to disagree—
The little town of Tailholt is good enough f'r me!

Chicago was a pleasant town in eighteen-eighty-eight,
And I have lived in Washington long time in splendid state;
But all the present prospects are that after ninety-three
The little town o' Tailholt 'll be good enough f'r me!

"I wunst lived in Indiany," said a consul, gaunt and grim,
As most of us Blaine delegates wuz kind o' guyin' him;
"I wunst lived in Indiany, and my views wuz widely read,
Fur I run a daily paper w'ich 'Lije Halford edited;
But since I've been away f'm home, my paper (seems to
me)
Ain't nearly such a infloence ez wot it used to be;
So, havin' done with consulin', I'm goin' to make a break
Towards making of a paper like the one I used to make."

Think, if you kin, of his term mos' through,
An' that ol' man wantin' a secon' term, too;
Picture him bendin' over the form
 Of his consul-gineril, stanch an' grim,
Who has stood the brunt of that jimblain storm—
 An' that ol' man jest wrapt up in him!
An' the consul-gineril, with eyes all bleared
An' a haunted look in his ashen beard,
Kind o' gaspin' a feeble way—
But soothed to hear the ol' man say
In a meaning tone (as one well may
When words are handy and—'s to pay):
 "Good-by, John; take care of yo'*self*!"

GETTIN' ON.

When I wuz somewhat younger,
 I wuz reckoned purty gay—
I had my fling at everything
 In a rollickin', coltish way,
But times have strangely altered
 Since sixty years ago—
This age of steam an' things don't seem
 Like the age I used to know,
Your modern innovations
 Don't suit me, I confess,
As did the ways of the good ol' days—
 But I'm gettin' on, I guess.

I set on the piazza
An' hitch around with the sun—
Sometimes, mayhap, I take a nap,
Waitin' till school is done,
An' then I tell the children
The things I done in youth,
An' near as I can (as a venerable man)
I stick to the honest truth!
But the looks of them 'at listen
Seems sometimes to express
The remote idee that I'm gone—you see!
An' I am gettin' on, I guess.

I get up in the mornin',
An' nothin' else to do,
Before the rest are up and dressed
I read the papers through;
I hang 'round with the women
All day an' hear 'em talk,
An' while they sew or knit I show
The baby how to walk;
An' somehow, I feel sorry
When they put away his dress
An' cut his curls ('cause they're like a girl's)—
I'm gettin' on, I guess!

Sometimes, with twilight round me,
I see (or seem to see)
A distant shore where friends of yore
Linger and watch for me;
Sometimes I've heered 'em callin'
So tenderlike 'nd low
That it almost seemed like a dream I dreamed,
Or an echo of long ago;
An' sometimes on my forehead
There falls a soft caress,

Or the touch of a hand—you understand—
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

MINNIE LEE.

Writing from an Indiana town a young woman asks: "Is the enclosed poem worth anything?"

We find that the poem is as follows:

She has left us, our own darling—
And we never more shall see
Here on earth our dearly loved one—
God has taken Minnie Lee.

Her heart was full of goodness
And her face was fair to see
And her life was full of beauty—
How we miss our Minnie Lee!

But her work on earth is over
And her spirit now is free
She has gone to live in heaven—
Shall we weep for Minnie Lee?

Would we call our angel darling
Back again across the sea?
No! but sometime up in heaven
We will meet loved Minnie Lee.

To the question as to whether this poem is worth anything we chose to answer in verse as follows:

Sweet poetess, your poetry
Is bad as bad can be,
And yet we heartily deplore
The death of Minnie Lee.

It would have pleased us better
If, in His wisdom, He
Had taken you, sweet poetess,
Instead of Minnie Lee.

Your turn will come, however,
And swift and sure 'twill be
If you continue sending
Your rhymes on Minnie Lee.

From this we hope you will gather
A dim surmise that we
Don't take much stock in poems
Concerning Minnie Lee.

LIZZIE.

I wonder ef all wimmin air
Like Lizzie is when we go out
To theaters an' concerts where
Is things the papers talk about.
Do other wimmin fret and stew
Like they wuz bein' crucified—
Frettin' a show or a concert through,
With wonderin' ef the baby cried?