



POET'S CORNER

WHEN I WAS COURTING MARY
When I was courting Mary,
Some sixty years ago;
My best side to her Mother
I thought it best to show.

Although Mary was my objective,
In an artful way I knew,
It would be to my advantage
To win her Mother too.

I told her about my teaching
And to give it a flashy sound;
I told her of all my money
When payday came around.

I told her of my clothing,
And the five new suits I had,
And a brand new horse and buggy
This made her mighty glad.

I commented about the weather,
And I thought that it would snow;
I asked her about her health,
As if I cared to know.

She told of her operation,
Soon half the night was gone;
I couldn't stop the old girl,
As she rambled on and on.

I then looked at Mary
She was smiling too;
For she was very anxious
That her Mom would get through.

And midnight soon came around,
She was a very unhappy Miss
For I had to say "Good Night"
Without even a tiny kiss.—C.J.H.

GOOD NIGHT SWEETHEART,
GOOD NIGHT
In this very house she died,
To my heart I held her tight;
When her spirit fled, she cried
Good night, Sweetheart, good
night.

I held my ear to her lips,
For one last single word;
Good night, Sweetheart, good
night
That was what I heard.

The world it fell upon my heart,
Pain and sorrow was my lot;
She will ever be in my dreams
And never will she be forgot.

I imagine that I can see her
And her face I try to touch;
But she has vanished from my
sight
"Help, Oh Lord," this is too
much.

Now I wander through this world,
But her memory follows me;
Like a rudderless ship at sea
Drifting aimlessly.

I went out to your grave Dear,
Hushed was the voice of the bird;
That "Goodnight, Sweetheart, good-
night" That was what I heard.—C.J.H.

FEED THE BABY
If it had my way today,
The inventor I could throttle;
That would make an infant get,
Its dinner from a bottle.

It clings to it Mother's breast,
And its baby face doth lie;
Gently its little nose is pressed
Upon its food supply.

Shameful and cruel, now I say,
To treat an infant thus;
Easily it could be fed
With so little fuss.

Bottles can't sing lullabies,
When tender babies dine;
Or read the love in baby's eyes
Or watch the darlings grow.

No joy on earth is half so sweet,
While rocking to and fro;
And baby's smile to greet
And to dreamland then to go.

When hungry in the night,
And boy, what a cry of glee;
Wiggling with all its might
Snuggling up to thee.

A husband likes his wife to be
A mother all the way;
A Madonna he sees in thee
And over his love will stay.

Guess I'm old-fashioned, and wet,
But still I could easily throttle:
The guy that would make an infant
get
Its supper from a bottle.—C.J.H.

OH, OUR NEW BABY
It is a sweet and tiny bundle,
A problem and a tease;
A truant and a tumbler and
So difficult to please.

Dad and Mom go sleepless,
It has such a winning way;
It will squall the entire night
And then sleep the entire day.

Most precious thing God ever
made,
But forgot the wings to give,
Born without a stitch of clothes,
But this we can forgive.

A stranger with seeds of nerve,
But can melt the hardest heart;
A bride and groom are happier
And then make teardrops start.

Babies are gifts from heaven,
God had a plan in view;
To be with Him in heaven
When its days are through.

So, all hail to the little suckers,
Their smiles we all adore;
Let me help hold the darling
And hurry and bring some more.—C.J.H.