

PERSONAL POEMS

**Benny Bristow**

## C O N T E N T S

### Dedicated

To My Wife.....	3
-----------------	---

### Spiritual

If I.....	4
The Price Of Sin.....	5
What Is Life.....	6
I Asked The Man.....	7
Struggle Between Dark And Light.....	8
Through Life Alone.....	9
The Devil's Last Throw.....	10
Stephen Was Stoned.....	11
The Rose.....	12
Where Shall I Find Rest.....	13
A Good Shepherd.....	14
The Men Who Sow.....	15

### Nature

What Is Spring.....	16
God's Lovely Nature.....	17
A Lonely Boy.....	18
What God Gives To Man.....	19
My Trip To The Garden.....	20
Seeking A Friend.....	22
A Blessing In Rain.....	23
A Surprise Valentine.....	24
Nature's Orchestra.....	25

(Contents continued on next page)

## PARENTS AND CHILDREN

Loving His Child.....	26
These Little Hands.....	27
My Little Girl.....	28
Heaven Breathed Into Our Home.....	29
The Love Of A Mother.....	30
This Daughter Of Mine.....	32
The Lonely Girl.....	33
Almost Christmas.....	34

## POEMS OF HUMOR WRITTEN WHEN VERY YOUNG

The Farm Boy (my first poem to write) .....	35
Go in'a See My Gal.....	36
My Thoughts And I.....	37

DEDICATED

TO MY WIFE

The greatest gift I ever received  
Was made by God and sent to me.  
My love, my joy, my wife and friend,  
I'll always love you my darling Gwen.

IF I

If I can be content when all around me seem deranged,  
If I can learn that success is more than fame,  
If I may feel that God is always near,  
Then happiness will I find from year to year.

If I may stand when friends have let me down,  
If I may wear a smile and not a frown,  
If I will search the Bible for the way,  
Then with this strength, I'll never go astray.

If in my bed each night before I sleep,  
If I will lay my cares at Jesus' feet,  
If I may pray for guidance from his light,  
Then day by day I'll win each trying fight.

If I can face my problems with a smile,  
If I may know happiness—going the extra mile,  
If a follower of Christ I learn to be,  
Then joy and love will I find eternally.

## THE PRICE OF SIN

Outside of the town on a country road  
Surrounded by a meadow green,  
Stands a shabby old shack—full of cracks,  
And by the public is seldom seen.

Except a number of men from the village town  
Go out to the shack to hide,  
To gamble and cuss—to fight and fuss,  
As they welcome the Devil inside.

With their children back home counting the hours,  
For Daddy to come on home;  
Because Mom is sighing—and almost crying,  
Since he's been gone so long.

But hours grow late and he's still not there,  
And the children must go to bed,  
So with worried minds—they all recline,  
And pray that their Dad is not dead.

Out at the shack the liquor runs free,  
As their minds grow vague and dull;  
One loser raves—then picks up a stave,  
And smashes his partner's skull.

The morning has come the news is spread,  
And the day of the funeral arrives.  
On the very front seat are his children so neat,  
As they hide their faces to cry.

The preacher tries hard for comforting words,  
To dry the tears from their eyes,  
But the subject is there—so cold and bare,  
That sin requires a terrible price.

## WHAT IS LIFE

Is life some mixed and constant fear,  
Or hopelessly at sea,  
With destiny Sod  
No hope of God  
Living from year to year?

Is life a cloud of rushing wind,  
Speedily blowing on,  
Man's only dreams  
Being earthly things  
Ceasing as death descends?

No, life is more to those who see,  
By faith beyond the skies,  
Hope without fear—  
Living countless years,  
With God forever to be.

## I ASKED THE MAN

I asked the man to lead a prayer;  
He firmly then replied,  
You better get another man  
I feel I shouldn't try.

But you're a Christian a child of God;  
God highly favors you.  
You should get a better man  
I might not make it through.

I asked the man to read a text,  
From God's Holy Will Divine.  
You better give my friend this task,  
He has read it many times.

But I've asked him to lead two sacred songs,  
One must not do it all.  
I'd better pass it up this time  
My reading is full of faults.

God asked the man to break from life,  
For death was at his side.  
He cried, "Dear Lord, please pass me by  
I'm not prepared to die.

His condition was fatal as he fought for breath,  
Leaving this world behind.  
For excuses failed him at this hour,  
As he met his Maker Divine.

## STRUGGLE BETWEEN DARK AND LIGHT

Oh natures wonderful brilliant sublime  
Placed into order by Jehovah divine;  
Teaches her lessons by existence of time,  
To mortal creatures so clear and fine.

Last night in the darkness this teacher appeared,  
With plain illustrations so vivid and clear,  
To teach a lesson on fighting with sin,  
Giving light the victory having fought to the end.

There above the horizon across a field so clear  
Between sky and earth a cloud appeared,  
Rolling and sailing like a flying balloon,  
Hovering its blackness over the moon.

Then in a moment there appeared the fight,  
As the moon showed its brillence, increased its light  
Painting the cloud with a golden line;  
Surpassing all artists of this day and time.

Christians are lightness Ole Satan the cloud;  
He covers our lights so deceitful and proud,  
Yet looking to Jesus our source of light,  
We outshine the darkness and show forth our light.

THROUGH LIFE ALONE

On the ocean blue I sailed alone  
Toward that eternal home,  
Passing the weak and ship wrecked ones  
Lost in the ocean foam.  
I saw them there weary and worn  
Needing a helping hand,  
But I turned my head and let them die  
Miles from the shores of sand.

Finally I anchored near the judgment seat  
To hear my Captain's praise,  
No more to sail life's ocean waves  
For now the judgment day.  
I stood with a smile as I saw his face  
Waiting his voice to speak,  
The voyage had been long and lonesome too  
Since I had brought no one with me.

Where are your passengers, said the Captain aloud,  
As his sparkling eyes met mine,  
Oh, I came alone I didn't need anyone  
Except the scriptures which are divine.  
But I made it clear in my book divine  
To seek and save the lost,  
Even paved the way by giving my life  
On Calvery's rugged cross.

Then depart from me ye selfish one  
I know not whom you are,  
You belong to the Devil he's waiting now  
To punish ~~you~~ with ETERNAL FIRE.

## THE DEVIL'S LAST THROW

It was a crowd of people that Jesus could see,  
As he came to his disciples who were very weak.  
They had tried their faith and it wasn't sound,  
For the deaf and dumb spirit kept throwing him down.

A father stepped forward with a love so true;  
Said, "Master, I brought my son to you,  
But your disciples failed as you can see  
He foameth at the mouth and gnasheth his teeth."

Christ gave his rebuke with a love so true,  
"Oh faithless generation how long shall I be with  
you?

Bring here the boy for me to see,  
All things are possible to those who believe."

The father cried out with a tear you could see,  
"Lord, I do believe and help my unbelief!"  
Christ rebuked the spirit and away it fled—  
Leaving the boy as one that's dead.

Perhaps the devil has hold on you,  
To give you punishment when this life is through.  
Then it's Jesus Christ that you should know;  
And Satan the Devil will have made his last throw.

## STEPHEN WAS STONED

Oh, thoughts drift back to that early day  
When Stephen before a mob knelt to pray,  
With his eyes on heaven he could see,  
God's wonderful love flowing free.

He had spoken to them of Jesus Christ,  
How he paved a road that will lead to life.  
"But you rejected him ye stiffnecked Jews,  
As your fore-fathers did, so do you."

His words flowed on like a floating shingle,  
As his face resembled that of an angel.  
Then he fell asleep with these words from his heart,  
"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

## T H E   R O S E

Reach forth your hand and pluck a rose,  
As it breathes its perfume in the spring;  
Press its petals against your cheek,  
Feel its softness fresh and neat,  
Grown in the sun and rain.

Below these petals, feel of its stem,  
But handle this portion with care;  
For briars and thorns will prick your hand,  
As the result of sinful man,  
In the Garden of Eden.

WHERE SHALL I FIND REST

Tis' a man without Christ near the end of the way,  
A heart all beaten and gone astray—  
Life holds an emptiness no human can describe,  
Since he's made no plans beyond this life.

I am sick of this tiring life he cries,  
My frame is weary my soul sick inside—  
I long to lie down by some pebble brook,  
Among flowers and willows with bending crooks.

I long to recline in stillness lane,  
Where the air brings balm to my troubled brain—  
Where is no murmur save the hum of the bee,  
And the caroling of the lark for away in a tree.

Poor wretch thou art, thy longing is vain,  
For only in Christ doth happiness reign—  
Look heavenly to Jesus he'll furnish thee rest,  
And your soul will shine as the sun in the West.

## A GOOD SHEPHERD

A humble shepherd help me to be,  
With love in my heart and eyes ready to see,  
The sheep in the pasture far away from the fold,  
Who need a shepherd to save their souls.

I read in the Bible of a shepherd so fine,  
Who searched for one lost, and left ninety nine,  
And saved its life from the rain and cold—  
Brought it snug and warm safe in the fold.

Over the mountains through the valleys below,  
Walked a wonderful shepherd that you should know.  
His work as a shepherd I must confess  
Was full of troubles and put to the test.

For in came the robbers climbing over the walls,  
To scatter his sheep far away from his call.  
Blow after blow was the price of the fee,  
As he gave his life for his sheep.

If in this poem the lesson you seek,  
It's not written to make you weep,  
The lesson is simple only one line—  
TELL THAT JESUS DIED FOR ALL MAN-KIND.

## THE MEN WHO SOW

There was once a man that went out to sow  
Noah was his name,  
But the more he spoke and the more he begged,  
Less and less grew his fame.

He warned them of Jehovah their powerful God,  
Who stretched forth His hand to save,  
But they continued in their sinful acts,  
As nights faded fast into days.

But then came the time for Jehovah to keep  
The warnings Noah had made,  
The clouds were darkened the sun ceased to shine,  
And the people were all afraid.

They cried for the hills to save their lives  
Even the highest peaks,  
But the water came rushing and took them away,  
For Jehovah they had failed to seek.

Many years have past since Noah first preached  
The Bible tells us so,  
But you'll still find men sowing seed,  
Where ever you chance to go.

But many will wait until the judgment day  
To turn from their ways of sin,  
And will lose their souls in the fire of hell,  
Where there'll never be an end.

## WHAT IS SPRING

One bright spring day full of warm sun rays  
With winter having left the ground,  
The flowers, the grass, and budding trees  
Had adorned themselves for man to see—  
With colors of renown.

A little girl with golden hair  
Was busily at play,  
As a light perfumed breeze pressed her face,  
And the honey bees hummed at a busy pace—  
All shouting spring had appeared.

Suddenly she rushed to her mother's side  
With a red rose sparkling with dew,  
To ask this question, "What is spring,  
Is it the same as wind and rain?"  
Her mother willingly replied:

Spring is more than wind or rain  
Or sun within the skies.  
It is a birth from mother earth,  
Prepared by God to give it worth—  
When born from year to year.

It is the sparkle found in youth  
Flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes,  
The flowers, the grass that come to life,  
And the starry host that shines each night—  
Yes, spring is truly a birth.

## GOD'S LOVELY NATURE

Beneath the cool shade of a weeping willow  
Where long slender branches touch the ground,  
Is the stage for God's well trained actors,  
To show His beauty all around.

The scene I mention is in color  
Chosen by God who is sublime,  
Green trees, blue skies, and foaming water,  
Perfectly arranged to thrill mankind.

The music there is very lovely  
Furnished by birds that fly the sky,  
With all their beautiful robes of color,  
It makes you think of paradise.

But along comes winter's chilling breezes  
Spreading forth a mist of killing frost,  
Giving to man another picture;  
Showing concerning God there is no loss.

## A LONELY BOY

One bright spring night with full moon rays  
That shone as open day,  
A young man sat silently all alone,  
Near a waterfall's edge rolling white with foam—  
Recalling precious memories.

All was so quite save the water's rage  
Unlike the days gone by,  
When he met his lover every night,  
That brought true happiness to his life—  
Each time they were together.

Her light of life went out one day  
By death in the waterfall,  
The unruly waves with lack of care,  
Buried her body tender and fair—  
Beneath its raging billows.

While staring quietly into the night  
He tried to imagine her near his side,  
But the waters kept rolling on and on  
Saying, she's gone, she's gone—  
You must face life alone.

WHAT GOD GIVES TO MAN

The hay in the meadows  
The sweet smelling breeze,  
The flowers in the garden  
Reminds us of spring.  
All these things are precious  
A working of art,  
But all would be nothing  
Without God in our hearts.

He gives to each blossom  
A brighter array,  
As the birds sing sweeter  
To begin each day.  
He makes the rose sparkle  
With early dew,  
To delight man's heart  
When he is blue.

His art is perfection  
As it shines with rain,  
All colors blend together  
In one big chain.  
By Him man is happier  
From birth to sod,  
Such power and glory  
Can only be God.

## MY TRIP TO THE GARDEN

Sitting alone in a garden so fine  
Cooled by a morning breeze,  
Tired and weary from life's defeats-  
Heart all torn by love I seek-  
Trying to pass the time.

Looking for nature to raise me high  
By displaying her lovely treet,  
With beautiful flowers and hanging vines-  
Sparkling and shining like Solomon's mines-  
Trimmed with light blue sky.

Along the fence clung the climbing rose  
With a blushing red color to see,  
Many still sparkling from the morning dew-  
Gazing at me as if they knew-  
My lonely heart of woes.

Near the tulip bed grew a honeysuckle vine  
Perfuming the morning breeze,  
Giving joy to busy humming birds-  
Doing their work without a word-  
Yet happy all the time.

A lonely Robbin sat all alone  
By a nest so neglected and bare,  
His mate had been killed hovering her nest-  
Protecting a family that she loved best-  
Dying to save her home.

(Continued on next page)

Although very lonely he managed to sing  
A song of hope and cheer,  
To face the world with its many defeats-  
Fighting and trying to make complete-  
Hope for scattered dreams.

I turned away slowly to leave this scene  
Where nature had done her part,  
To mend for me my troubled heart-  
To let me chance another start-  
Leaving my record clean.

### SEEKING A FRIEND

I sought a friend my life to share  
Someone to love and trust,  
To lift my head when sorrow neared,  
To guard my soul when sin appeared,  
In this a world of mortals.

But one by one as a woven chain,  
Sin was on every hand—  
Cursing, fighting, seeking for fame,  
Without concern, love or shame,  
Starving for Spiritual guidance.

Finally the answer came ringing clear,  
Two friends I found indeed.  
Those who looked to Christ as Savior—  
The other was God's creation of nature,  
They filled my every need.

## A BLESSING IN RAIN

In the western skies of rolling black  
Trimmed with streaks of lightening flash---  
    Thunder rolling  
    Tree frogs scolding  
Perhaps it will rain at last.

On a little clay farm on Cooper Flat  
Lives a man and wife named Joe and Mat---  
    Windows all down  
    They sit around  
To watch nature empty her eyes.

Joe has worked so hard on his little farm  
To raise the best of hay and corn---  
    His crop all plowed  
    He watches the clouds  
For God to do His part.

In a little while the rain descends  
Accompanied with lightening thunder and wind---  
    Corn and hay  
    All growing away  
As they kneel to thank God in prayer.

## A SURPRISE VALENTINE

On February 4, 1960 while I was teaching young people's class, my wife Gwen and little three year old daughter, Corretta, decided to make me a surprise valentine. After worship that night, I was to come home to the big surprise, and Corretta was given strict orders not to reveal this secret.

However, ten minutes before the service began, my little girl came up and sat beside me on the front seat. In a few minutes she whispered, "Daddy, we made you a Balentine, but I can't tell you!"

The following note was on the secret valentine:

"When it comes to writing poems,  
We'll leave that up to you!  
But in our own small way  
We wanted to tell you,  
That we sure love you."

--Gwen and Corretta

## NATURE'S ORCHESTRA

I visited a concert of splendor tonight,  
Away high in a mountain—the moon gave the light,  
Far away in ~~the~~ valley was an echo sweet,  
While the musicians of nature played a melodious  
treet.

The wind played its harmony with perfect time,  
As it whistled its way through the slender pines,  
The oaks felt its pressure and quivered their leaves,  
Sounding forth a rattle as the orchestra had need.

Down deep in the valley in a chasm deep,  
Ran a crystal clear fountain of water sweet,  
Harmonizing its ripple as it rushed over the ground;  
Making me feel that God was around.

The owl played his hooting, as the nightingale sang,  
While the tree frogs gave forth a cry for rain,  
A bullfrog sat humming with a shining face,  
As he blended his talent of a roaring bass.

Maybe you like an artificial chime,  
Such as horns and drums to pass your time,  
*But* If you've never heard nature <sup>then</sup> make your flight,  
Away high into ~~the~~ mountain she's playing tonight.

## LOVING HIS CHILD

Man with his talents has given this life  
Many conveniences for husband and wife,  
Yet all are so simple and lose their style,  
For man finds happiness loving his child.

He comes from his <sup>work</sup> office all weary and worn  
Feeling as a beggar with his clothes all torn,  
But all sorrows vanish like the ocean foam,  
When a voice cries loud, "Mom, Daddy is home."

The boy tries hard to unlatch the screen  
As he grunts and works all powdered and clean,  
But the latch is made to hold safe and sound,  
But he can do anything when Dad is around.

Each hour brings Father an enjoyable time  
As the boy toddles around so good and fine,  
Next day in his <sup>at 4:30 PM</sup> office he wears a smile  
Yes, he finds happiness loving his child.

## THESE LITTLE HANDS

These little hands so very small,  
Though delicate they may be,  
Can do so much in bringing cheer,  
To those around me year by year,  
While using them every day.

They comfort mother's weary brow,  
When placed against her cheeks,  
Making her day a happy treet,  
In spite of problems and defeats,  
While using them every day.

Each night in bed before I sleep,  
These hands I neatly fold—  
As I talk to God in loving prayer,  
Thanking Him for His watch and care,  
While using my hands that day.

When I grow tired of using these hands,  
And think of doing wrong,  
I'm reminded of Jesus' ministering hands,  
That were pierced through by sinful men,  
Then I use them every day.

## MY LITTLE GIRL

Where's the little girl I used to see,  
Playing with toys—  
Making loud noise—  
Beneath the shade of a tree?

It seems only a week ago,  
She combed my hair—  
Said her prayers—  
And could say, "I love you so."

But time has passed with rapid speed,  
My little girl—  
In this big world—  
A woman has come to be.

That things have changed, I can't deny,  
Still memories stay—  
In my heart each day—  
Of that little girl of mine.

HEAVEN BREATHED INTO OUR HOME

Oh nature thou art so refreshing and kind,  
To provide us showers and a sun to shine,  
    To cloth our fields with a carpet green—  
    To cover our orchards with fruit so clean—  
    To plant <sup>thy</sup> flowers where the mosses cling,  
All for our enjoyment.

We will always enjoy <sup>thy</sup> work of art,  
And long for its coming as singing larks,  
    But now we've found it is not your best—  
    Thou hast given a gift that will meet the test—  
    It's a baby girl from heaven's breast,  
Only God can give such blessings.

We find it hard to express in lines,  
The love in our hearts we feel each time,  
    She smiles a smile with dimpled cheeks—  
    Or swings her arms and kicks her feet—  
    And places a slobber on her chin so sweet,  
Yes, Heaven breathed into our home.

## THE LOVE OF A MOTHER

I walked to a man who stood on the square;  
Since nothing to do I thought I'd share,  
His thoughts of sadness that made him stare—  
As if life was unbearable.

May I beg your pardon, kind gentleman friend?  
I trust my intruding is not a sin,  
For I'd like to know where your thoughts have been—  
While standing here these moments.

I was remembering a scene sixty years from this day,  
Which happened on this square, then mud and clay.  
No cars and trains like this modern way—  
Mostly horses and buggies.

A boy of our town had broken the law,  
By murdering and robbing, even killed his Pa;  
Had started for his cave when luckily saw—  
By the Marshal and his Deputy.

A mob was gathered all mad and screaming,  
If he wasn't so bad there'd be a hanging,  
But drag his body in the mud while raining—  
Let him die slow and dirty.

He was tied with a rope from his body to a saddle;  
They chose a horse that was easily rattled,  
That flew through the air like planes in a battle—  
Painting his body with blood.

(Continued on next page)

When the horse was stopped, the mob came near;  
Glad of their hate not even a fear,  
Thought it the best excitement in many years—  
Still burning inside with hate.

The crowd became silent as a woman stepped clear,  
Her face all wrinkled and covered with tears,  
Shaking and crying as she came near—  
The boy's mangled body.

She fell on her knees; held him close to her breast,  
Then said, "I once did this when he needed rest;  
It meant more to me than all the rest"—  
One whispered, "This is his mother.

I left the man with this story in my heart,  
To face life's troubles with a brand-new start;  
Feeling sure the old man was very smart—  
In teaching the love of a Mother.

✓  
THIS DAUGHTER OF MINE

By the move of my hand and the stroke of this pen,  
I find it difficult to begin,  
To express my love in rhythm and rhyme,  
For this little active daughter of mine.

She makes our family come to life,  
Singing, playing from morn til' night,  
Talking and squealing at all of her toys,  
And finds it fun just making noise.

She hugs and kisses Mom and Dad,  
And spankings always make her sad,  
She's especially loving when seeking her way,  
And always delights in having her say.

One day she's a Doctor; the next day a nurse,  
While carrying her tools in a worn out purse.  
All are made well by receiving her shots,  
Regardless of anything they've got.

She combs my hair and paints my nails,  
It's always a pleasure without fail,  
With a happy smile and shining eyes,  
We love her so I can't deny.

As weeks turn to months and months to years,  
There remains in my heart joy and cheer,  
She'll grow from a girl to a lady fair,  
And will still be a jewel precious and rare.

### THE LONELY GIRL

As I strolled down the way at half past three,  
I saw a girl sitting under a tree.  
Her head was bowed low as I drew nigh;  
She looked up at me with tear filled eyes.

She told me her troubles and how she did fear,  
Since she'd been neglected for many years.  
But she finally smiled a smile so dear,  
Because smiles are greater shining through tears.

## ALMOST CHRISTMAS

The skies are dark with rolling clouds,  
As black birds cover the ground;  
Snow flakes gliding through the air,  
While nature beautifully declares—  
A few short days till' Christmas.

Crowded side walks—busy streets,  
Shoppers all in town;  
Buying dolls and winding toys,  
Bringing fun to girls and boys—  
Throughout the coming year.

Not every child will laugh with glee,  
When Christmas day appears;  
Their homes have been broken, cold and bare,  
And have no one who really cares—  
To show their love on Christmas.

## THE FARM BOY

Well I'm a farm boy and I live on a farm;  
When I go to bed I set my alarm,  
Then in the morning when it begins to ring,  
I just turn over and begin to dream.

I dream of my breakfast being brought to my bed;  
I dream of silk pillows under my head,  
I dream of a maiden with teeth so white  
That sings me songs from morn till' night.

With hair so black and eyes so blue,  
When she looks at me it thrills me through.  
I ask her if she's married she says, "No why?"  
I say, "With your consent a ring I'll buy."

She says, "I love you so buy me a ring,"  
But of all the luck it is only a dream.

## GOIN'A SEE MY GAL

My horse all ready; the buggy in the shed  
Goin'a see my gal with hair of red.  
The trees all green along side the lake,  
A bright full moon just for our sakes.

There hour after hour while Dobbin sleeps,  
We'll talk together about the birds and bees.  
We'll build air castles to reach the sky  
Of love and wealth that'll never die.

The locusts will hum in their natural way  
The frogs will croak as they dive and play.  
She'll smile at me with sparkling eyes,  
Then my heart will flutter like an ocean tide.

With all of this happening, I'll want to say,  
Please enter my life and forever stay.  
Perhaps she'll want to choose my life;  
And I'll be happy with a wonderful wife.

## MY THOUGHTS AND I

Oh, weary heart won't you give me ease;  
Erase these memories and set me free,  
Clear my heart from hurt and pain,  
That I may love and be happy again.

But my heart said, "no" as I tried to sleep  
You're asking too much without a fee,  
Count your memories and then we'll see,  
If you really desire to have them freed.

So my thoughts went back to that spring day,  
When I was fishing alone in the bay;  
The air was soft and the water blue,  
As I paddled along in my green canoe.

All of a sudden a scream was made,  
Over on the shore not far away;  
I could see the willows making terrible shakes,  
Like a fighting bull on a circus day.

I grabbed my gun and with terrific speed  
Ran through the bushes and jimson weeds,  
"I heard you scream have you been hurt?"  
"Of course I'm not I just caught a perch.

And there it lies with a hook in its mouth,  
But I'm not touching it with those bristles out;  
I thought I'd wait until it died,  
Then I'd know for sure it couldn't bite."

(Continued on next page)

I just stood gazing without a sigh,  
She was dressed for fishing I couldn't deny.  
A speckled shirt like a peacock's wing,  
With a half pound of mud on her blue jeans.

But that pretty white face and long black hair  
Put my head in a spin as I stood there;  
I stepped some closer and managed to say,  
"You mean you're all alone and not afraid?"

You're in very much danger that's plain to see,  
Hid away all alone in these willow trees.  
So grab up your line, your perch and coat,  
And come fish with me in my boat."

So off we went to the water blue,  
But some "Nuckle Head" had stolen my canoe.  
I started to get mad as my temper burned,  
But then I thought, "Look what I got in return."

So I turned my thoughts to the maiden fair,  
With the pretty white skin and the long black hair.  
Then we fished all day until almost night,  
But neither of us had gotten a bite.

We talked and talked until nothing to say;  
Maybe that's what scared the fish away.  
But finally the sun in a beautiful way  
Said, "Better go home I'm going to end this day."

Then we started home through the lovely breeze;  
Everything said, "You're in love," it's plain to see  
I knew it too as we reached her gate,  
And I said, "Don't go in it isn't late."

(Continued next page)

But she answered me back with a lovely tone,  
I really must go my husband is home.  
Well there I stood like a stupid ape;  
I had lost my canoe and wasted the day.

Yes I have added my memories one at a time,  
And the answer I get is a wonderful time.  
Then I'll retain my memories and let them stay,  
For I learned my lesson a very hard way.

But if ever in a boat I hear a scream,  
I'll paddle it hard to the edge of the stream;  
Then I'll lock my boat to a big oak tree,  
And run ninety per through the jimson weeds.

And if before my eyes I see a girl,  
I'm going to cut my 'suspenders',  
AND LEAVE THIS WORLD.