

**POEMS
HERE AT HOME**

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Poems Here at Home by James Whitcomb Riley & E. W. Kemble

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY & E. W. KEMBLE

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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



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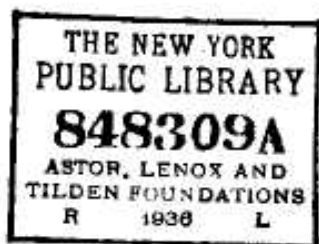


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TO
MY FATHER

Johnson 23 Nov '926.

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PROEM

*The Poems here at Home!— Who 'll write 'em down,
Jes' as they air—in Country and in Town?—
Sowed thick as clods is 'cross the fields and lanes,
Er these-'ere little hop-toads when it rains!—
Who 'll "voice" 'em? as I heerd a feller say
'At speechified on Freedom, t' other day,
And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me,
She was n't bigger 'n a bumble-bee!*

*Who 'll sort 'em out and set 'em down, says I,
'At 's got a stiddy hand enough to try
To do 'em jestic 'thout a-foolin' some,
And headin' facts off when they want to come? —
Who 's got the lovin' eye, and heart, and brain
To recko'nize 'at nothin' 's made in vain —
'At the Good Bein' made the bees and birds
And brutes first choice, and us-folks afterwards?*

*What We want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine —
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and out-doors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores:
Putt weeds in — pizenvines, and underbresh,
As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh
And sassy-like! — and groun'-squir'ls, — yes, and "We,"
As sayin' is, — "We, Us and Company!"*