

**SOUL SONNETS OF  
A STENOGRAPHER**

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Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer by Samuel Ellsworth Kiser

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**SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER**

**SOUL SONNETS OF  
A STENOGRAPHER**



SOUL SONNETS OF A  
STENOGRAPHER

BY  
S. E. KISER

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Boston and Chicago

# Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer

By  
Samuel Ellsworth Kiser



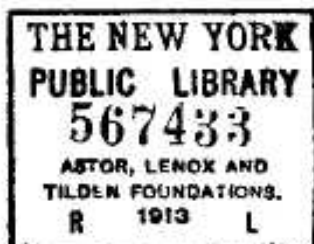
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# SOUL SONNETS OF A STENOGRAPHER

## I

I wonder if 't would be a sin if I  
Should think sometimes how pleasant  
it would be  
If what another has should come to me?  
I 've never really hoped that she would  
die,  
But if she has to go I wonder why  
I might not take her place? They say  
that she  
Has such an awful temper and that he  
Can't even smoke except upon the sly.

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## Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer

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He 's worth at least a million — what a  
pile!

I 'm sick of writing " Gentlemen " and  
" Sir " —

I wonder what he ever saw in her?  
She 's plain and has n't got a bit of style;  
She has to hide her neck with lace or  
fur,

And, oh, her voice! It rasps just like a  
file.

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## Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer

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### II

I don't wish harm to come to any one,  
But for a week past she 's been very  
ill,  
And if they took her out there on the  
hill  
To lie at rest, and he should, when he 's  
done  
The proper thing in mourning, cease to  
shun  
The pleasant paths and wanted me to  
fill  
The vacancy she left, I 'd gladly will  
Away this old machine I have to run.