

**RAINY DAY POEMS
FROM THE FARM.
(MISCELLANEOUS)**

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Rainy Day Poems from the Farm. (Miscellaneous) by J. Morris Widdows

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CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA.

1902.

PREFACE.

The New York Evening Post recently printed an editorial in defense of minor poets. There has been of late some sneering at these more or less humble workers, and it is, therefore, well that a word should be spoken in their behalf. Most poets are minor poets after all. And above this we must admit that the minor poets sometimes find a freer entrance to the world's heart than do their more majestic brethren. For so it is that once in a while a simple ballad—great, indeed, but still not perhaps great as poetry—brings tears to the eyes or cheer to the souls of millions of people.

The poems contained herein are written in a plain, unassuming spirit, with no thought of making for ourself a name or pecuniary gain—indeed, writing is not our occupation, but rather a side issue for our own amusement and entertainment's sake. We generally carry pencil and note book, and as we follow in the "furrow," whenever a thought or sentence presents itself, we clinch it "right there and then." In this manner the greater part of these verses have been composed.

Little did we think of ever placing them before the public in this form, but, having been urged to do so, we have somewhat reluctantly consented. As for criticisms—we doubt not there'll be an abundance, but, after all, what does it matter? for who or what is it that is not criticized?

We sincerely hope the reader will derive SOME pleasure in the perusal of "Rainy Day Poems From the Farm."

J. M. W.

Connersville, Ind., Feb., 1902.

*Oh the good old rainy day!
In the house you have to stay,
After plowin' in the lot,
Where the sun was bilin' hot.*

*Then yer hosses chomps their hay,
Kind o' drowsily away,
As it patters on the roof,
They jest rest from head to hoof.*

*Then the cattle chews their cud,
Actin' like it's awful good;
Winkin', blinkin' in the rain;
Keep on grindin' jest the same.*

*And you potter round and let
Your old hide get sokin' wet,
Jest a actin' like, I-jing!
That it was the proper thing.*

*And you tramp all through the house
In yer dirty drippin' blouse;
Leave yer shoe tracks on the floor;
Find yer paper by the door;*

*Set and read an' strike at flies
Till yer drowsy an' yer eyes
Get so dim that you can't see,
And you want to be let be.*

*Set an' doze and nod yer head
Just as if somebody said
Sompin' to you on the sly,
Or to some one goin' by.*

*Oh the blessed rainy day,
Drippin' wet in ev'ry way,
Hoss and man jest restin' through
Cause there's nothin' else to do.*

THE FARMER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

When the evening twilight gethers,
And the night is coming on,
Then they gether 'round their fire sides,
For another week is gone.

And the lamps will then be lighted,
Then the hearth flash all aglow.
'Tis autumnal's chilly weather
And there's signs of coming snow.

When the household all are settled,
Each one in his favor'd nook,
Some will scan the daily papers,
And another read his book.

There's the father and the mother,
Weary from their daily care,
Sits in quiet exultation,
Each one in their old arm chair.

And perchance there's one that's absent,
'Way in other lands may roam,
And the mother thinking sadly,
Softly sings of "Home, Sweet Home."

Thus unheeded goes the hour,
When the younger cries for bed,
And the father then undresses
His own dear young sleepy head.

THE FARMER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Then, with mother, see him kneeling
By his little trundle bed,
And she tucks him in with kisses
After good night prayer's been said.

Then, with games, or perhaps music,
Slips another hour away,
When the father takes the bible,
Reads aloud, then says, "Let's Pray."

They all kneel in pure devotion
To the God whom they adore,
And the father prays to heaven
As he prayed so oft before.

Prayers are over with the family,
And "good nights" have all been said,
Lights are out and each retiring
Quietly unto their bed.

Sights like these are not uncommon
In the quiet country way,
In the homes of Christian farmers
Is where joy and peace will stay.

TO A TINY BLOOMING POT PLANT.

Jest the tenderest little thing
That I ever saw;
Bloomin' when the atmosphere
Was often cold and raw.
But then old geraniums
Just stood a gawkin' out
The window all winter through,
With pairy bloom about.
An' they's always makin' a fuss
'Bout water, er they'd die.
Never seed the time yet
But what they's always dry.
But this little baby plant,
Jest bloomed all the time, I-jing.
Never seed its match, I know,
'Twas the goodest little thing.
An' whenever I'se feeling' blue
Er sick, er kind 'o sad,
I'd jest git down right clost to it
An' look until I'se glad.

THE BOY OF BRENTON BAY.

(Story told to the writer while in the mountains of Arkansas.)

My friend, I would to God that life was life,
To me, it is a load of sin and woe.
This life I live and see—this life of strife—
Brings such deep pain that no one else can know.

My only brother left long years ago.
His only home he left and went away.
I, in the meantime, a man had grown, you know;
Contented with my wife, lived I at Brenton Bay.

He was a sailor on the Pacific sea,
Wrote he to me, in just one brief line;
And that was all, for twelve long years, you see,
I ever heard from him—just one brief line.

I thought him dead and at the bottom of the sea,
Until one calm, delightful moonlight night,
A stranger called to see if he could be
A guest of mine awhile—just over night.

There, with the moonlight full upon his face,
I plainly saw his long, unkempt, tangled hair,
And in his looks I plainly, there, could trace
His lack of all we prize as debonair.

He eyed me strangely, while thus he stood
Apart awhile, then drawing near,
Respectfully, he asked me for some food,
And with his gaunt, gnarled hand, wiped out a tear.