

SNATCHES OF SONG

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Snatches of Song by F. B. Doveton

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BY

F. B. DOVETON.



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To my Wife.

GENTLE Companion on life's chequer'd way,
Through shine and storm, adversity and glee,
Whose love still deepens as we onwards stray,
These simple strains I dedicate to thee!

1. The first point is that the government should
2. consider the long-term effects of its policies.
3. It is not enough to focus on short-term
4. gains; we must also think about the future.
5. For example, investing in education and
6. infrastructure can lead to sustainable
7. economic growth. On the other hand,
8. excessive borrowing can create a heavy
9. burden on future generations.
10. Therefore, it is crucial to strike a balance
11. between immediate needs and long-term
12. goals. This requires careful planning and
13. collaboration between different sectors of
14. society. Only through a comprehensive
15. approach can we ensure a bright future
16. for our country.



PREFACE.

MANY of the following pieces have appeared from time to time in various London periodicals, including *The Graphic*, *Mayfair*, *The Whitehall Review*, *Fun*, *Judy*, *Brief*, *Colbourn's New Monthly*, *Once a Week*, &c. The Parodies, with two exceptions, were submitted for competition in *The World*, and are reprinted by permission of Mr. Edmund Yates.



SNATCHES OF SONG.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL AT KINGSTON, ONTARIO, 1865.

A BRIGHT warm light pervades the spacious rink,
And pleased spectators throng along the brink
Sweet strains of music fall upon the ear,
As one by one the characters appear—
But few at first, yet every minute swells
The motley crowd of cavaliers and belles ;
Faster and faster to the trumpet's peal
They fly around upon the ringing steel ;
Grim turban'd Turks, with houries soft and fair,
The savage Afghan, Persians, Greeks are there,
Niggers and flunkies flit by arm in arm,
And dusky dwellers 'neath the graceful palm ;
A pretty Yankee with dishevelled hair,
Who on her shield the stars and stripes doth bear ;
A little shepherdess with rustic crook,
Who for the nonce her ovine charge forsook,
Flies with her Damon o'er the crystal space
With maiden gladness on her fair young face.
Here glide by dames of good Queen Bessie's time
In ruffles starched, and stomachers sublime,
And close behind them come their dainty beaux
In well-slashed doublets, and fine silken hose.

Next, strange to say, (who'd think to see him here?)
The warrior Indian, and his squaw draw near!
(About this squaw, a curious tale is told,
That 'tis his son, a boy just twelve years old!)
And close upon them, from the realms of snow,
The sturdy trapper by his garb we know,
His trusty snow-shoes strapped across his back—
His faithful friends o'er many a snowy track.
Hamlet was there, but very much we doubt
Whether Horatio would have found him out;
A tar who rolled about in drunken glee,
And on his skates was plainly quite at sea!
A walking sugar-loaf just ten feet high,
Whose sweetness lured a crowd of little fry.
A real John Chinaman, pigtail complete,
Rich in his dress, but shaky on his feet,
Who, strange to say, and wonder as you please,
Could not croak out a sentence of Chinese!
A fair East Indian, clad in virgin white,
With flowing hair, and decked with jewels bright,
Next shoots along; a Norman Baron too,
(He said he was, so we suppose it true,)
Gay Robin Hood, and little John must close
The gorgeous list—and now a word on those
Enchanting nymphs who, linked in gay quartette,
Sailed up and down—the sight who can forget?
As painted butterflies in summer hours,
Glide in and out amid the fragrant flowers,
So did these houries skim the crystal space,
A living picture of resistless grace!
My song is o'er; that masquerade so fair,
Is also number'd with the things that were.
