UP IN MAINE: STORIES OF YANKEE LIFE TOLD IN VERSE

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Up in Maine: Stories of Yankee Life Told in Verse by Holman F. Day

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HOLMAN F. DAY

UP IN MAINE: STORIES OF YANKEE LIFE TOLD IN VERSE



UP IN MAINE

Stories of Yankee Life Told in Verse by

HOLMAN F. DAY

With an Introduction by C. E. LITTLEFIELD



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TO MY FRIEND

AND FELLOW IN THE CRAFT OF LETTERS

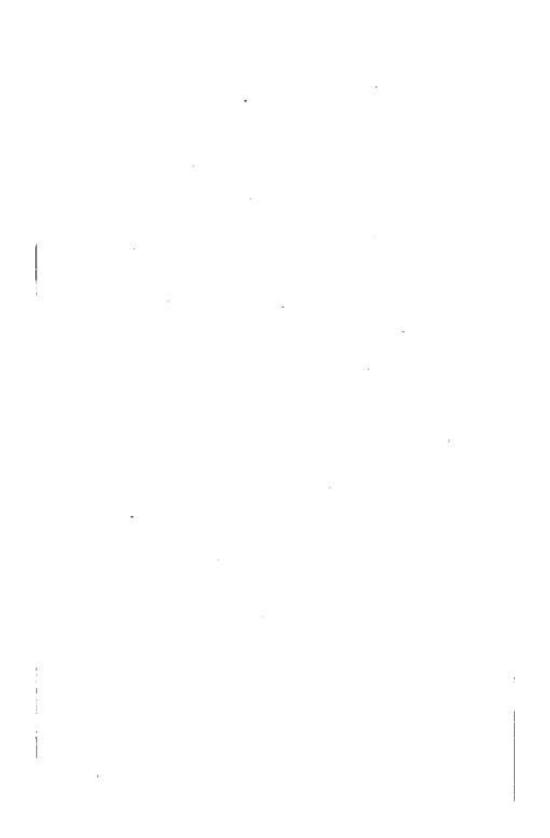
WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

TO WHOM I AM INDEBTED

FOR MORE THAN ONE OF THE STORIES

TOLD HEREIN

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED



PREFACE

I don't know how to weave a roundelay, I couldn't voice a sighing song of love; No mellow lyre that on which I play; I plunk a strident lute without a glove.

The rhythm that is running through my stuff Is not the whisp of maiden's trailing gown; The metre, maybe, gallops rather rough, Like river-drivers storming down to town.

--- It's more than likely something from the wood,

Where chocking axes scare the deer and moose;

A homely rhyme, and easy understood

— An echo from the weird domain of Spruce.

Or else it's just some Yankee notion, dressed
In rough-and-ready "Uncle Dudley" phrase;
Some honest thought we common folks suggest,
—Some tricksy mem'ry-flash from boyhood's
days.

I cannot polish off this stilted rhyme
With all these homely notions in my brain.
A sonnet, sir, would stick me every time;
Let's have a chat 'bout common things in
Maine.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

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