

THE FATHER'S TREASURE

As round their dying father's bed
His sons attend, the peasant said :
"Children, deep hid from prying eyes,
A treasure in my vineyard lies;
When you have laid me in the grave,
Dig, search—and your reward you'll have."
"Father," cries one, "but where's the spot ?"
—He sighs ! he sinks ! but answers not.

The tedious burial service o'er,
Home hie his sons, and straight explore
Each corner of the vineyard round;
Dig up, beat, break, and sift the ground;
Yet though to search so well inclined,
Nor gold, nor treasure could they find;
But when the autumn next drew near,
A double vintage crowned the year.
"Now," quoth the peasant's wisest son,
"Our father's legacy is known,
In yon rich purple grapes 'tis seen,
Which, but for digging, ne'er had been.
"Then let us all reflect with pleasure,
That labor is the source of treasure."

Anonymous

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FOR WANT OF A NAIL

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;

For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost.
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

Anonymous

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HORSE SENSE

A horse can't pull while kicking.
This fact I merely mention.
And he can't kick while pulling,
Which is my chief contention.

Let's imitate the good old horse
And lead a life that's fitting;
Just pull an honest load, and then
There'll be no time for kicking.

Anonymous

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IF ALL THE SEAS WERE ONE SEA

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be !
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be !

And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great big axe that would be !
And if all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be !

And if the great man took the great axe
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splish-splash that would be !

Anonymous

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LIVING

To touch the cup with eager lips and taste—not
drain it;
To woo and tempt and court a bliss—and not
attain it;
To fondle and caress a joy, yet hold it lightly,
Lest it become necessity and cling too tightly;
To watch the sun set in the west without regretting;
To hail its advent in the east—the night forgetting;
To smother care in happiness and grief in laughter;
To hold the present close—not questioning hereafter;
To have enough to share—to know the joy of giving;
To thrill with all the sweets of life—is living.

Anonymous

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THE HAPPY LIFE

∞∞∞ The things for to attain
The happy life be these, I find :
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;
The equal friend; no grudge nor strife;∞∞∞
Without disease the healthful life;∞∞∞

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
Wisdom joined with simplicity;∞∞
Contended with thine own estate;
Neither wish death, nor fear his might.

Henry Howard (1517)

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MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That world affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave. ∞∞

I see how plenty suffers oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear. ∞∞

Some have too much, yet still do crave,
I little have, and seek no more :
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store :
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss,
My state at one doth still remain,