

## A CHINESE NURSERY RHYME

Far out in the depths of a cool, green sea,  
In a palace of earven jade,  
Lived a Dragon bold, with scales of gold,  
And a Dragoness, old and staid.

Full happy they lived in that deep, cool sea,  
For their meals they had opal fish,  
And some sea slugs fat, and all of that,  
Which were served on a golden dish.

But there came a day in that cool, green sea,  
'Twas a sad, sad day, indeed,  
When the Dragoness old, she caught a cold,  
And a weary life did she lead.

Alas for the Dragon of that sad sea,  
How his fond heart did bleed for her;  
But she sicker grew, and thinner too,  
Until thus did he plead with her:

"My Honorable Lady, what can I do,  
That your health you may have again?"  
And she cried, with a start, "A monkey's heart  
I am sure will rid me of pain."

Astonished, he heard this strange request,  
But a bold, doughty heart had he;  
So he twisted his tails and shined his scales,  
And a tender farewell said he.

A cycle full long through the seas he swam,  
Ere he drew near the wave-fringed land  
And saw, high in the air, a palm tree fair  
Rising up from the shell-strewn sand.

And perched in the top of that fair palm tree  
A wee, long-tailed monkey he spied;  
And his stout heart leapt, as nearer he crept,  
And thus loudly in joy he cried:

“Would you behold a wonderful place,  
And a palace of carven jade?  
O then come with me under the sea,  
On my back you can ride unafraid.”

Then the monkey, grinning with glee, jumped straight  
On the back of that Dragon bold;  
And away they sped from the seashore's bed,  
Till the waves they grew wild and cold.

“I'm cold and I'm wet,” the wee monkey cried,  
“And I care not for carven jade;  
And, O Sir, if you please, there's such a breeze,  
I had rather get off and wade.”

But on swam the Dragon with mighty strokes,  
And thus sternly he made reply:  
“I have got you now; I'll not allow  
Your escape, however you try.

“The Dragoness dear of this cool, green sea  
Pines away and is nigh to death,  
And a monkey's heart will cause to depart  
The spirit which shortens her breath.”

“Oh Dragon, my Lord,” quick the monkey cried,  
“This too late have you told to me;  
For, alas, I did part with my little heart,  
It is left in the old palm tree.

"Turn swiftly again and take me back,  
And I'll climb up that tall palm tree,  
To my little heart I'll quickly dart.  
Then a gift unto you it shall be."

The Dragon turned, with a puff and a snort,  
And he ploughed his way back through the sea,  
Until green and fair on the seashore there  
Waved the top of the tall palm tree.

"Now, hasten you up and back again,"  
To the monkey the Dragon said;  
And off with a splash and up like a flash,  
With a light laugh, the monkey sped.

And from the high top of that palm tree fair  
Did the monkey chuckle with glee:  
"Your lady may die, but I'll not cry,  
And my heart you will never see.

"O, silly old Dragon, learn some sense,  
In your home in the cold, green sea;  
I can never part with my little heart,  
All the while I have borne it with me."

PEARL SYDENSTRICKER, '14.



LINES ADAPTED FROM THE GREEK OF ALKINON

Enfolded round with slumbers deep  
The craggy ridges hang;  
While brooding dreams in darkness steep  
The yawning depths below;  
The lonely headlands sea winds sweep