

POE.

Once, upon a morning cheery,  
While I wondered, weak and weary,  
Through a maze of tangled memories,  
And of deeds done long ago.  
While I pondered, nearly sleeping,  
Slowly, quietly there came creeping,  
Out from all the others peeping,  
This strange tale of fearful woe;  
That which happened long ago,  
That strange tale of fearful woe.

How distinctly, I remember,  
In the warm days of September,  
To bring back refreshing waters  
From the bubbling hillside spring.  
Up the rugged, slippery hill  
Eagerly climbed Jack and Jill.  
Climbed they up their pail to fill.  
Fill it at the crystal spring,  
Fill it at the sparkling fountain  
Round which many memories cling,  
Memories of long ago.

But the slippery, treacherous pathway,  
When they reached a point 'bout half way  
Down the hill, failed them, and the hapless  
Lad fell straight way on his head.  
His partner in this dreadful spill,  
Came a-tumbling down the hill;  
And homeward then her brother led.  
With his bruised and broken head,  
Took him home unto his mother;  
Took her sore and luckless brother.  
All this happened long ago.