

The Petoskey Resorter
March 25, 1885

EPSILON.

Great Epsilon, the Greek the Greek,
The shady land we all should seek;
Its canons, hills and beachen craggs,
Where Purchase saws the hemlock snags-
With all their shakes and quaking fears.
From Minniehaha's fount of tears.

So fondly pressed to mother earth,
The weeping fount is softly nursed;
Her glowing gems of chastened tears,
Now mingles with our hopes and fears
Of bolted meal for cake and pie-
The little mossbacks wailing cry.

Her sisters echo low yet clear,
Who hold the young embraces dear;
The laughing voice from woodland hills,
Dies down in low soft murmuring rills;
Her dusky maids passed on before,
In dreams of love and squatters lore.

The sisters love and pure embrace,
New mingled hope with heavenly grace;
Joined hand in hand sweet love they give,
Where thirsty ones can drink and live;
One kiss may flaunt the graybeard death,
And drive him from the drunkards breath.

Our noble kings that never toil,
Who own perhaps one half the soil;
With iron tracks have swamped their bands,
And pay no tax on all their lands;
Here Mossbacks shear her maple curls,
And float them off to foreign worlds.

The red man too will scarcely own,
Enough of earth to stow his bones;
His love – pale moon in shimmering crown,
Is numbered in the horns turned down;
Its flickering shadow on the wane,
For some devout old yankey's gain.

'Tis here they gouge the graceful tree,
Among them all 'tis sweet to be;
Where lovers boil the foaming sap,
And spring their surest candy traps;
Around camp fires pure hearts must melt,
Sweet lumps will leaven all their guilt.

We'll travel in reflecting light,
That glows on crowns of pearling white;
And caps the stumps o'er hill and vale,
Where Mossbacks wander off the trail,
To Gods whose mills grind slow but sure,
Their mortgaged lands that must secure.

Oily John of Epsilon