

The Petoskey Record Wed 3-25-1885

EPSILON.

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

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

Her sisters echo low yet clear,  
Who holds the young embrace 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 tore.

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 stamped their hands,  
And pay no tax on all their lands,  
Here Mossbacks shear the maple curls;  
And float them off to foreign worlds.

The red man too will scarcely own,  
Enough of earth to slow his bones;  
His love- pale moonlight 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 stump 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