

CANTO VII--Sad Souvenaunce

"What's this?" I pondered. "Have I slept? Or can I have been drinking?" But soon a gentler feeling crept Upon me, and I sat and wept An hour or so, like winking.

"No need for Bones to hurry so!" I sobbed. "In fact, I doubt If it was worth his while to go - And who is Tibbs, I'd like to know, To make such work about?"

"If Tibbs is anything like me, It's POSSIBLE," I said, "He won't be over-pleased to be Dropped in upon at half-past three, After he's snug in bed.

"And if Bones plagues him anyhow - Squeaking and all the rest of it, As he was doing here just now - I prophesy there'll be a row, And Tibbs will have the best of it!"

Then, as my tears could never bring The friendly Phantom back, It seemed to me the proper thing To mix another glass, and sing The following Coronach.

'AND ART THOU GONE, BELOVED GHOST? BEST OF FAMILIARS! NAY THEN, FAREWELL, MY DUCKLING ROAST, FAREWELL, FAREWELL, MY TEA AND TOAST, MY MEERSCHAUM AND CIGARS!

THE HUES OF LIFE ARE DULL AND GRAY, THE SWEETS OF LIFE INSIPID, WHEN thou, MY CHARMER, ART AWAY - OLD BRICK, OR RATHER, LET ME SAY, OLD PARALLELEPIPED!

Instead of singing Verse the Third, I ceased--abruptly, rather: But, after such a splendid word I felt that it would be absurd To try it any farther.

So with a yawn I went my way To seek the welcome downy, And slept, and dreamed till break of day Of Poltergeist and Fetch and Fay And Leprechaun and Brownie!

For year I've not been visited By any kind of Sprite; Yet still they echo in my
head, Those parting words, so kindly said, "Old Turnip-top, good-night!"