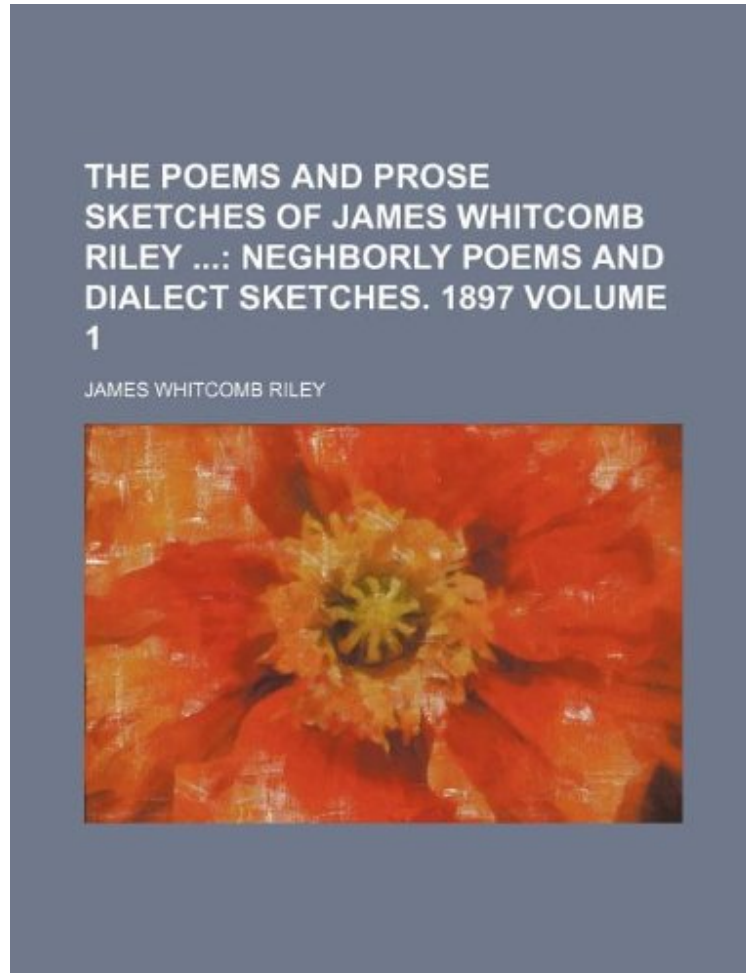


size: 44.Mb



James Whitcomb Riley

*ePub / *DOC / audiobook / ebooks / Download PDF*



(Library ebook) The Poems and Prose Sketches of James Whitcomb Riley Volume 1

The Poems and Prose Sketches of James Whitcomb Riley Volume 1

James Whitcomb Riley : The Poems and Prose Sketches of James Whitcomb Riley Volume 1 before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Poems and Prose Sketches of James Whitcomb Riley Volume 1:

This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated. 1897 Excerpt: ...as clos't to 'em As me and you is! And Dock he says, A-whisperin'-like,--"It hain't no use A-tryin'!--Mike He's jest ripped my daylight loose'.--Git that blame-don fiddler to Let up, and come out here--You Got some burryin' to do,--Mike makes one, and, I expects, 'Bout ten seconds, I'll make two!" And he drapped back, whare he'd riz, 'Crost Mike's body, black and blue, Like a great big letter X!--And I wuz a-standin' as clos't to 'em As me and you is! Pap had one old-fashioned sayin' That I'll never quite fergit--And they's seven growed-up childern Of us rickollects it yit!--Settin' round the dinner-

table, Talkin' 'bout our friends, perhaps, Er abusin' of our neighbors, I kin hear them words o' Pap's--"Shet up, and eat yer vittels!" Pap he'd never argy with us, Ner cut any subject short Whilse we all kep' clear o' gossip, And wuz actin' as we ort: But ef we'd git out o' order--Like sometimes a fambly is,--Faultin' folks, er one another, Then we'd hear that voice o' his--"Shet up, and eat yer vittels!" Wuz no hand hisse'f at talkin'--Never hadn't much to say,--Only, as I said, pervidin' When we'd rile him thataway: Then he'd allus lose his temper Spite o' fate, and jerk his head And slam down his caseknife vicious' Whilse he glared around and said--"Shet up, and eat yer vittels!" Mind last time 'at Pap was ailin' With a misery in his side, And had hobbled in the kitchen--Jest the day before he died,--Laury Jane she ups and tells him, "Pap, you're pale as pale kin be--Hain't ye 'feard them-air cowcubbers Hain't good fer ye?" And says he, "Shet up, and eat yer vittels!" Well! I've saw a-many a sorrow,--Forty year', through thick and thin; I've got best,--and I've got wors'ted, Time and time and time a...