The bashful earthquake & other fables and verses

Herford Oliver
Title: The bashful earthquake & other fables and verses

Author: Herford Oliver

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If this little world to-night
Suddenly should fall thru' space
In a hissing, headlong flight,
Shrivelling from off its face,
As it falls into the sun,
In an instant every trace
Of the little crawling things—
Ants, philosophers, and lice,
Cattle, cockroaches, and kings,
Beggars, millionaires, and mice,
Men and maggots all as one
As it falls into the sun—
Who can say but at the same
Instant from some planet far
A child may watch us and exclaim:
"See the pretty shooting star!"
TO THE ILLUSTRATOR

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS AMIABLE CONDESCENSION IN LENDING HIS EXQUISITELY DELICATE ART TO THE EMBELLISHMENT OF THESE POOR VERSES FROM HIS SINCEREST ADMIRER.

THE AUTHOR
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THE BASHFUL EARTHQUAKE
“Oh, what a crash!
Oh, what a smash!
How could I ever be so rash?”
The Earthquake cried.

“What under the sun
Have I gone and done?
I never before was so mortified!”
Then away he fled,
And groaned as he sped:
“This comes of not looking before I tread.”