

# On Their Names

Laura Frances Bacon



This is a tale of how a youth  
Once won a maiden fair.  
He loved her for herself, he said,  
Her eyes, her golden hair.  
But sad to say his **Mahon** excuse,  
For wooing her, we hold  
Was not because he loved her so,  
He loved far more, her gold.

She was a **Miller's** daughter,  
And he a black **Smith's** son,  
And as he told his love, he said,  
"Our hearts will beat as one."  
They sat along the river bank,  
He pressed her lips so ruby,  
And murmured as **Cool** breezes blew  
"My darling, I will **Truby**."

She told him all her **Hart** was his,  
She loved no other **Moore**,  
"I know you are sin **Cyr**," he cried,  
"How dared I doubt before."  
He took her in his **Arms** just then,  
And stroked her bended head,  
"I won't be very long, my dear,  
"In **Spring'er** summer we'll be wed "

She racked her **Brain'ard** for a month,  
And tried to find a pretty **Street**,  
And soon they had their home picked out,  
A **Newhouse**, oh! so clean and neat!  
"A name for it," he cried at once,  
"That must be thought of first;  
Hazel's a **Good-hue** to go with your eyes,  
We'll call it Hazel **Hurst**."

She wanted it Hazel Grove, girl like,  
But he said, "You leave it to me,  
**Cosgrove** is so common, don't you know,  
We want to be stylish, you see."  
They married, she wanted to do her own work  
So he hired a little half-breed,  
Who would work all day, "for **Zekind** man," he  
said,  
For two **Nichols** a day, and his feed.

They had pickles and wines and fruits galore,  
To stock up their pantry with,  
"And with all your money," her husband said,  
"We ought be able to live."  
The very first meal she ever got,  
And it took quite a while for the making,  
Was a bottle of **Gherkins**, a glass of **Port**,  
And one very small slice of **Bacon**.

Then her husband came, and looked at the food,  
And I'm sorry to say made a face,  
But seated himself and resolved then and there,  
To **Barrett**, with infinite grace.  
But this didn't last long, and he had her gold,  
So he told her 'twas time to speak plain,  
"I care not a **Witmore** for you than my hat,  
And I'll **Bolt on** the very first train."

She screamed, she raved and e'en tore her hair,  
But no, he would never relent.  
So wailing and weeping salt tears of **Bryan**  
Back to her father, she went.  
The **Moss'er** grass grows on their graves, my  
dears,  
There's a **Taylor** two more to be told,  
But I'll leave you this warning, beware of the man,  
Who doesn't want you, but your gold.