



## ***A De-railed Idyll***

The av'rage man is meek an' mild,  
 An' grovels in the dust;  
 He mostly hesitates to shoot  
 Unless he sees he must;  
 But when his character's involved—  
 Well, somethin' has to bust.

*We was camped one Sunday ev'nin'  
 In the Crimson Front Cafay,  
 An' the usooal frivolities  
 Was gettin' under way;  
 But a sort o' Sabbath stillness  
 Seemed to hang around us all,  
 So there wasn't any cussin'  
 An' our drinks was weak an' small.*

*The dancers wasn't whoopin' up  
 No "Maid o' Monterey";  
 The fiddle softly sighed a waltz  
 That fitted with the day:  
 An' our thoughts was like the music—  
 Kinder soft an' sweet an' low,  
 For we dreamed of other Sundays  
 We had known of long ago.*