

1-1-1900

## Bary Add

J. G. Deupree

Follow this and additional works at: [https://egrove.olemiss.edu/civ\\_clip](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/civ_clip)

 Part of the [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Deupree, J. G., "Bary Add" (1900). *Clippings*. 2.  
[https://egrove.olemiss.edu/civ\\_clip/2](https://egrove.olemiss.edu/civ_clip/2)

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Civil Rights Archive at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Clippings by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact [egrove@olemiss.edu](mailto:egrove@olemiss.edu).

## BARY ADD.

A Zeredade by Jod Jodes.

*Air—"Gath'ed Bawoudeed."*

Oh! Bary Add! Bary Add, waig frob thy dreablg,  
Bride shides the bood over beadow ar bil!  
Waig ub, by darlig, the bride zdars are gleablg,  
Add zoft through the vale goes the burburig rill.

I dough id's ibbruded do be oud at dide, love,  
I dough that good reasod would zdeer ad by zog,  
Bud the bood a zhidig udgobbudly bride, love,  
Add I thought I blide gub iv I diddud zday log.

Oh! Bary, I wizh you would gub oud a waunglg,  
I'be avraid I'll dague goad iv I dode bouve about,  
Add thed iv your buther zhoud ear be a dawgig,  
Zhe would zood bud be to add idglorious rill.

Oh! Bary! dear Bary, I love you lique bacud,  
Badge bedder thad bilgue, or bolasses add bread;  
Bud I'll have to go hobe, if you do dot awakud,  
For I fear I've bid gadjeig a goad id by cad.

Good dide, by dear Bary, (do say dothig of  
Bay your dreabs be all plezsud, add jeerf;  
Bud iv I zday logger, I'd zare be a bad bi  
Zo Bary, by darlig, I'll bid you good di  
(Id blows ids znc)

### Common Lemon Tartlets.

Beat four eggs until they are exceedingly light, add to them gradually four ounces of pounded sugar, and whisk these together for five minutes; strew lightly in, if it be at hand, a dessertspoonful of potato-flour, if not, of common flour well dried and sifted; then throw into the mixture, by slow degrees, three ounces of good butter, which should be dissolved, but only just lukewarm; beat the whole well, then stir briskly in the strained juice and the grated rind of one lemon and a half. Line some patty-pans with fine puff-paste rolled very thin, fill them two thirds full, and bake the tartlets about twenty minutes, in a moderate oven.

## MY MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY MRS. B. Z. MINTER.

Time's fast speeding on, many changes I've seen,  
Full of joys and sorrows my young life has been;  
I've plucked its gay flowers, I've sipped the sweet draught  
Of pleasure, and gaily with gay ones have laughed.  
Yet ever through life, be it clouded or fair,  
I hear the sweet tones of my mother's last prayer!

It rose in the strain I can never forget,  
And my heart's tenderest chords still vibrates to them yet;  
They were earnest and low—they were trembling and wild,  
And oh! they were sweet, as she plead for her child!  
"Oh! be, my dear Jesus! her bright guiding star!"  
Were the sweet, earnest words of my mother's last prayer.

Then on her dear bosom my little head lay,  
While her fond blessed life was fast ebbing away.  
I heard the quick breathing, the low, gasping sigh,  
And saw the last look of the sweet, mournful eye,  
And then a wild wail from my heart filled the air,  
As the sweet spirit fled with my mother's last prayer.

Sad, sad, was my heart, and all darkened the earth,  
As I wandered alone 'mid the scenes of my birth.  
My childish heart ached, and my tears like a wave  
Flowed fast when I bent o'er my poor mother's grave.  
And still in my heart, in my ears, in the air,  
There floated the strain of my mother's last prayer.

Years fled, and I passed from the tall hills of green,  
To dwell with the gay in the bright festive scene.  
The goblet of pleasure was held to my lip,  
While I was trembling and eager to sip,  
But still from temptations, allurements so fair,  
I fled, when I thought of my mother's last prayer.

Oh, God! it is sweet, when life's storms come,  
And moan in the heart like the knell of doom,  
To feel that Thou, our guide will e'er be,  
As our frail barques float over life's rough sea,  
And 'tis sweet to feel that the beacon there  
Is lit from the flame of a mother's prayer.

Wm J C M Luke  
Vint and Ado Matilda