

## RORY O'MORE.

Jove had gathered his band,— and to every one  
Gave peremptory notice of what he wished done ;  
And he sat on his throne with expectancy great  
As to when they'd return, and what news they'd relate.

He sat till his patience was nearly outworn—  
Disappointment by gods is not easily borne—  
“ I am sure,” he exclaimed, “ 'tis full two hours ago  
Since Mercury sped with that message below.

“ There's Bacchus, too—he was to bring me some wine  
And Hebe, that teasing, young scapegrace of mine,  
She knows she should serve it, but neither is here,—  
'Tis strange that not one of my minions appear.

“ This neglect is atrocious,—there must be, some cause  
For such absolute scorn of the King and his laws ;  
I'll just walk through the court to examine and see  
Why this truly unbearable conduct should be.”

He went, and behold ! the whole outermost court  
Was thronged like a market of vulgar resort ;  
All idle—and seeming as much at their ease  
As though they'd no master to serve or to please.

In the midst was Apollo with laughter-lit face,  
Bending over his harp with all passion and grace ;  
And there was the tribe of Olympus around,  
With their fettered ears eagerly drinking the sound.

There was Boreas, hoarse Boreas, attempting to sing,  
And Mars chiming in with his rude tink-a-ting ;  
For, instead of careering on red battle-field,  
He had turned into cymbals the sword and the shield.

There was Mercury beating strict time with his wings,  
And looking as though he'd fain pilfer the strings;  
The poppies had fallen from Somnus's wig,  
And his tiptoeing feet seemed inclined for a jig.

Bacchus leaned on a barrel with tankard in hand,  
It was useless his trying to sit or to stand;  
And he saw not the nectar-juice running about,  
That the tap was unturned and the spigot was out.

There was Cupid, forgetting loves, doves, hearts, and smarts,  
Had bundled together his bow and his darts;  
And pressed through the gods with a push and a bob,  
Just as other young urchins will do in a mob.

There was Venus, who seemed half-ashamed to be seen,  
For a blush marked the cheek of the Paphian Queen;  
She said she had come there to look for her son,  
Who of all children was the most troublesome one.

So mothers on earth often steal to a crowd  
Where the puppets are droll and the music is loud;  
To seek for their "wee ones," the worrying elves,  
But, in truth, 'tis to peep and to listen themselves.

All, all were delighted, but Mercury's eye  
Saw the form of the thundering Monarch draw nigh:  
And the minstrel one stopped ere the tune was played out,  
And the listeners looked, half in fear, half in doubt.

Jove stared with astonishment, "How's this?" he cried;  
"My commands disobeyed—my displeasure defied;  
'Tis open rebellion—quick—tell me who leads;  
Or, by Juno, I'll level a bolt at your heads.

"You, King of the battle-plain, loitering here!  
I'll make you spin petticoat fringe for a year;  
And Boreas, I told you to get up a gale  
In the Baltic—you villain, how came you to fail?"

"And you, Miss Aurora, 'tis two hours at least  
Since I saw you set off for your place in the east;  
Yet Day's portal is closed and the night-cloud's still black;—  
You heedless young spirit, how dare you come back?"

He threatened them all, and he terrified each  
With his light-flashing glance and his thundering speech,  
Till Hebe stepped forth,—the rogue didn't forget  
That Jupiter often had called her his pet.

RORY O'MORE.

She raised her fair hand ere she ventured to speak,  
And threw back the curls from her down-covered cheek;  
She looked up in his face,—and 'twere easy to mark,  
That the frown on his brow was a great deal less dark.

"Indeed, Sire," she cried, "'tis that serpent of song  
Who has lured us from duty, and made us do wrong;  
We all were intent on your mission and word,  
When he struck up a tune that we never had heard.

"We believe that he picked it up somewhere on earth,  
But 'tis rife with sweet melody, humour, and mirth;  
I attempted to pass, but I really could not;  
For my wings and my senses were chained to the spot.

"Just allow him to play it?" Apollo's best skill  
Was that moment exerted to charm and to thrill:  
Jove laughed with delight, as he shouted "Encore!"  
And inquired the name—it was "Rory O'More."

"'Tis well," cried the King, "here's a pardon for all,  
But mind, 'Pol, play that at our annual ball.  
And, really (while looking at Hebe askance)  
I think now we could manage a bit of a dance."

It was done, and they merrily footed awhile  
In the good old Sir Roger de Coverley style;  
Till Juno appeared in all possible state,  
And looked most unlovable things at her mate.

"Come, Madam," cried Jove, "let us have no to-do,  
Here's Mars wants a partner, no doubt he'll take you."  
Juno listened a moment, then ran to her place,  
As the music went on, with a smile on her face.

"Bless me!" and "How wonderful!" whispered the gods,  
With very significant shruggings and nods;  
"Why, her Majesty ne'er was so pleasant before,  
It must be all owing to 'Rory O'More.'"

So it was, and a glorious time they all had;  
Blithe Momus was crazy, Melpomene glad;  
They danced till the minstrel began to complain  
That his fingers were sore, and his wrists were in pain.

But 'tis noted that Jove since that musical day  
Has most graciously bowed when 'Pol comes in his way;  
And his manners and bearing most courteously tend  
To make the god-minstrel his intimate friend:

For he knows very well that Apollo's soft lyre  
Is more than a match for his thunder and fire;  
That his slaves would revolt—all supremacy o'er—  
If led on by the quick-step of "Rory O'More."