

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers 1*, 1885 – 1886 Oct 3, '85 to May 29, '86)

The Peach

Anonymous

The poem on the following page appears in the Budget of October 31, 1885. In the left hand column, is a transcription of the poem as it appears in the Club volume cited above. In the right hand column is the poem "The Little Peach" by Eugene Field. There is no citation or credit given to Mr. Field. By presenting the two poems side-by-side, the editor attempts both to preserve the history of these hand written volumes of Literary Club papers, and perhaps to partially undo an injustice (intended or not) to the poet.

The Peach
Anonymous

A little peach in an orchard grew.
A little peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, in passing the orchard through,
This little peach, it dawned on the view
Of Tommy Jones and his sister Sue,
Them two.

Up at that peach a stick they threw;
Down from the branch upon which it grew
Dropped the little peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

She took a bite and he took a chew,
Then the trouble began to brew;
Trouble the doctors couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the bank where the daisies grew,
They planted Tom and his sister Sue,
While their little souls to the angels flew;
Boo hoo!

And what of the peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

The Little Peach
Eugene Field (1850)

A little peach in the orchard grew,—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,—
Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!