

(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*, May 30, 1891 to February 6, 1892)

A Song Of the Rain Machine

Said Jeremy Jonathan Joseph James,
 "The weather is far too dry."
So I reckon I'll have to stir my bones,
And try the effect of concussion tones
 Upon the lazy sky."

So Jeremy Jonathan Joseph went
 Away to the nearest town;
And there his money was quickly spent
For sundry devices all intent
 To make the rain come down.

There were canon and mortars, and lots of shells
 And dynamite by the ton;
With a gas balloon, and a chime of bells,
And various other mystic spells,
 To overload the sun.

The day was fair and the sky was bright,
 And never a cloud was seen;
When Jeremy Jonathan set alight
This biggest fuse, and screwed up tight
 The joints of his rain machine.

He fired a shot and barely two,
 When the sky began to pale;
The third one brought a heavy dew,
The fourth, a hurricane or two,
 The fifth, a storm of hail.

It rained all night and it rained all day,
And then for a year or more;
It flooded the farm and it spoiled the hay,
And drowned poor Jeremy right away,
 Who couldn't stop the pour.

Oh! Jeremy Jonathan Joseph James,
 Your farm was fair to see;

But now a lake conceals its stones,
And from its bosom terrific moans
Are heard nocturnal.

To check the weather you started, I've heard
All efforts were in vain,
Until the Bureau at Washington stirred
And stopped the flood with a single word
 By just predicting rain

F. W. Clarke

OCT 31st 1891

W. C. Cochran, Editor