

Then Jupiter saw it was no joke
That Neptune was a playing,
He simply oped his mouth and spoke,
And the ocean was obeying.
And then he felt so sorry
For having guyed old Nep,
And began to fret and worry,
Lest he should lose his rep,
That he turned about and lent a hand
To anchor the island down.
He used of his very best adamant-
Ine several million pounds.
And there unto this very day,
That little island stands,
A pleasing work I dare do say,
Of Neptune's mighty hands.
Five courses, each a mile in length,
Would hem this island's shore,
Yet it held earth's greatest temple
Four hundred years or more.
In honor of Apollo,
This temple grand was built,
Of marble, bronze, of silver, gold,
And trimmed all o'er with gilt.
Apollo, dear beloved by all,
Stayed here the summer through,
And in this Delian temple,
Told oracles most true.
And when the summer months were o'er
A courting he would go,
To eat mince pie or almond cake
Not made with oleo.
'Twas sacred to Apollo,
This little isle, 'tis said,
For there it was, his little babe
Reposed her weary head.
Apollo and Diana,
Two noble parents they,
Had left their fair young baby
Upon this isle to stay.
'Twas here they said, she lived and grew,
For many years or more.
That 's why Apollo loved the place
That he couldn't help adore.
When the Persians spoiled the tempies
Of every other land,
They left the Delian's treasures
Untouched by robber's hand.
The earthquakes shook all other isles,
But never Delos' sods—
For 'twas Apollo's summer home—
The favorite of the gods.
From far and near each summer
The people gathered here,
And had a regular hummer
Of a time it doth appear.
From Athens, and from Corinth,
From Turkey's distant shore,
Came Hercules, and Cupid,
And the gallant Troubadour.
They gathered here to spend the time
With music or with dance,
To celebrate their festivals
With great extravagance.
This temple then for centuries
While left on this small isle,
Free from the shocks of neighboring towns,
Well nursed by nature's smile,
Sent out upon the wide, wide world,
For many miles around,
Its great influence, noble, grand,
Its wisdom so profound.
But when they thought the isle too small,
For this old Delian temple,

Apollo's temple lost its grip,
It soon was short of breath,
It somehow let a cog-wheel slip,
And met a rocky death.
And the little island ceased to be
What it had been before;
Now shepherds there, their small flocks feed,
'Tis used for nothing more.
But who can say this temple
Served not its purpose well,
Before the weird celestial chimes
Rang out its funeral knell.
It brought the folks together
From all the country o'er,
And gave them such amusements
As would benefit them more
Than gladiatorial combats,
Or any other show,
They had at other places
Where they might chose to go.
It elevated them you'll grant,
Until they might well live,
Without the inspiration
Its oracles would give.

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In modern days, three years ago,
When Fogarty was young,
And in his lovely soft basso
The Delian song first sung;
When Alfred Pizey scratched the slate,
And Eagleson likewise;
When Schell and Marble spooned so late,
Beneath the starlit skies;
There grew up in the sunlight
A temple bound for fame.
How glittered there each pillar bright,
The Delian was its name.
"Just fifty active members."
This was the little isle
On which the Delian temple
At everybody's smile
Was founded by these heroes,
Whose names we all adore,
The ones of whom we spoke above,
And a couple dozen more.
There was trouble in the hall upstairs;
They'd got too thick up there;
They were having scraps of every kind,
They'd pull each other's hair,
They'd call each other naughty names,
And wrinkle up their nose,
And strike each other gentle taps,
With their leather covered toes.
Quoth Dave Forsythe "Lets have more room.
"The people do demand it.
"Ye other chumps say what you please,
"I hereby do command it."
And then he paced the uni. halls,
As they'd ne'er been paced before.
On his brow were knots as big as balls,
In his eye was blood galore.
And all the self-made gods upstairs
Roared loudly with great joy.
They slyly passed the wink around,
And guyed the awkward boy.
"Well David, how ye coming on?"
"How goes your little show?"
"Don't you think 't would be some better
"To go a little slow?"
"When Davids slew Goliaths
"Was many years ago.
"They cannot do it any more,
"Ah David don't ye know."
But David knew them looney,
These Philistines near by,