

THE YOUNG FOLKS' ULYSSES

or

The *Odyssey* in Plain Old English Verse



HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

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THE YOUNG FOLKS'

ULYSSES

or the *Odyssey* in plain

OLD *ENGLISH* VERSE

An Epick Poem writ

by

Howard Lovecraft, Gent.

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Second Edition

of Lovecraft's
Odyssey, out of
the Greek of
Homer.

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Preface

If thou likest this humble song, thou canst buy others writ by me very similar to it, for we are contemplating a great series of classic poetry by H.P. Lovecraft. Price 5 cents per copy.

Acknowledgements are due to Pope's *Odyssey* and Bullfinch's *Mythology* and Harper's Half Hour Series. Homer first writ the poem.

P.S. The latter works may be much better than this because the author will have more practice.

Nov. 8, 1897



The New Odyssey or *Ulyssiad* for the Young

The night was darke! O readers, hark!
And see Ulysses' fleet!
From trumpets sound back homeward bound
He hopes his spouse to greet.
Long hath he fought, put troy to naught
And levelled down its wall.
But Neptune's wrath obstructs his path
And into snares he falls.
After a storme that did much harme
He comes upon an isle
Where men do roam, forgetting home,
And lotos doth beguile,
From these mean snares his men he tears
And puts them on the ships.
No leave he grants, and lotos plants
Must no more touch their lips.
And now he comes to Cyclops' homes
Foul giants all are they
Each have one eye, and hard they ply
Great Vulcan to obey.

A Cyclops' cave the wanderers brave
And find much milk & cheese
But as they eat, foul death they meet
For them doth Cyclops seize.
Each livelong day the Cyclops' prey
Is two most notable Greeks
Ulysses brave he plans to save
And quick escape he seeks.
By crafty ruse he can confuse
The stupid giant's mind
Puts out his eye with dreadful cry
And leaves the wretch behind.
Now next he finds the king of wands
Great AEolus's home
The windy king to him doth bring
Wind-bangs to help him roam.
He now remains in fair domains
In Circe's palace grand
His men do change in fashion strange
To beasts at her command.
But Mercury did set him free
From witcheries like this
Unhappy he his men to see
Engaged in swinish bliss
He drew his sword and spake harsh word
To Circe standing there

'My Men set free,' in wrath quote he
'Thy damage quick repair!!!'
Then all the herd at her brief word
Became like men once more.
Her magic boat, she gives all treat
Within her palace door.
And now Ulysses starts in bliss
The Syrens for to pass
No sound his crew's sharp ears imbues
For they are stop-ped fast.
Now Scylla's necks menace his decks
Charybdis theats his ships
Six men are lost—O! dreadful cost
But he through danger slips.
At last from waves no ship he saves
But on Calypso's isle
He drifts ashore and more & more
He tarries for a while.
At last from command he's sent to land
To seek his patient wife,
But his raft breaks, and now he takes
His life from Neptune's strife.
He quickly lands on Scheria's strands
And goes unto the king.
He tells his tale; all hold wassail;
And ancient bard doth song.

Now does he roam unto his home
Where suitors woo his spouse
In begger's rags himself he drags
Unknown into his house
His arrows flew at that vile crew
Who sought to win his bride
Now all are killed and he is filled
With great and happy pride.
His swineheard first then his old nurse
Do recognise him well
Then does he see Penelope
With whom he'll dwell.
Until black death does stop his breath
And take him from the earth;
He'll ne'er roam far from Ithica,
The island of his birth——

The End

Finis

Notice!!!

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is the
latest
and best
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