My Jennie  
[December 1886]  
by Eugene V. Debs

Carbon copy of a typed poem on Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen letterhead, with handwritten notation in a female hand reading “by Eugene V. Debs.” Original in special Collections Department, Indiana State University, through gift of Marguerite Debs Cooper.

A nice little temper  
That is not always mild  
And gives her the appearance  
Of a spoilt saucy child  
Has my Jennie.¹

A hand that can scrub  
That can finger the keys,  
Or make up the pie crust  
And do all with ease  
Has my Jennie.

A neat little foot  
That can wear out the shoes  
Or can skip in the waltz  
If its owner but choose  
Has my Jennie.

A flashing brown eye  
That shines like a star  
And that sparkles with anger  
When she is at war  
Has my Jennie.

¹ Eugenie “Jennie” Debs Selby, sister of Eugene Debs, was employed as a typist by the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. This poem was written for her.
A pert little mouth
That is saucy and neat
As if made just for saying
Things bitter and sweet
   Has my Jennie.

A character as pure
As the white driven snow
And a will that is able
To keep it just so
   Has my Jennie.

A heart full of sympathy
For those in distress
Or that throbs in its rapture
At a loved one’s caress
   Has my Jennie.

I pray that my love for her
May never grow less
That the Lord in his goodness
Will my home always bless
   With my Jennie.