

A Vesper Song

Out along the dusty road; Hear me sing me bloomin' ode While the sun is sinkin' down.

Out among the fields an' trees,

Cut the city streets an' hike;

Poundin' down the Pleasant Pike, Sniff the perfumes in the breeze.

I've a soul the same as you, Towns has broke their pick wid me; Tell the coppers twenty-three, Wish them all a fond skiddoo.