

LOCAL LYRICS

"THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS THE WORSE CASE—"

I know a quiet, retiring man—a silent mortal, he—
Most of the time, he sits apart, sunk in deep reverie.
"A total loss, this lad," you'd say, "in art of conversation"
But speak him some time, saying, "Tell me of your operation."

Ah, then the words will bounce and roll' round your defenceless head;
He'll tell you what his doctors thought and what his doctors said;
He'll speak, at length, of probes and knives—of horrid pains that filled him
The while you nod in sympathy (and wish that they had killed him).

He'll trace the path of every stitch they sewed into his hide;
He'll dwell upon each grim detail with relish and with pride;
And you will learn, in sorrow, ere he ends his recitation,
That you should never ask a guy about his operation.



REMARKS BY THE OBSERVANT BACHELOR

"Shot to death by angered wife;" "Woman takes her husband's life."
"Slays her mate with hammer blows;" "Wronged wife poisons erring spouse;"
I read such and guess that I'll dodge the altar yet awhile—
Single life may be maligned, but one keeps his peace of mind.

Females are a deadly crew, (per R. Kipling)—and it's true;
See it better every day, reading what the head-lines say.
Therefore shall I dwell alone—pay no bills except my own;
Take my share of wedded joy—you are welcome to it, boy.