

To Those Who Seek Glory and Fame

By the Poet "Low Rate."

Last night as I mended Dobbin's haime,
A fellow dropped in to talk of Fame
His main ambition seemed to be
To stand out like a Banyan tree.
He said he hoped to write a book,
Or patent a self-hooking hook;
Or sing a song to beat Carus;
Or cross a leopard with a goose.
He wished to rise to famous heights,
He thought he might promote some fights;
Or write in verse some learned lore,
Or win a medal in a war;
Or find some stoneless plum or peach,
Or find out why all nightowls screech;
Or make a motor, minus smell,
Or analyse the hubs of hell.
His one ambition was to be
A trifle better known than me.
Said he "Old Sox, it's surely great
As you pass by, to see crowds wait,
And doff their lids, as in repose
You wander forth to blow your nose.
To see each Cabby rein his steed,
Is a most satisfying deed.
Just fancy, as you walk up town
To be a person of renown
And have the Cops all call you SIR,
And hear the women gently "Purr,"
As face to face you slowly come.
NOW, wouldn't that be going some?"
"Dewdad" said I "you're on the blink,
You do not even stop to think
That life is short and death is long,
And FAME is like a worn out song.
One day, perhaps, you think you're IT,
The next, an epileptic fit
Caves in your chest, and you are gone
Forever o'er the Styx or Don,
Or where Wertzburger flows; your name
Has passed, and so has all your fame.
Ten million men have earned reward
Of fame, besides their bed and board
For doing noble deeds, my lad,
But have not ever even had
A bit of praise to glorify
Their hours when they come to die.
Others have had it, but have died
And taken it o'er the great Divide,
And other folks have daily sprung
To whom all latest praise is sung.
It lasts but for a half a day,
And never comes to rest and stay.
O! be contented with your lot
And let the glory go to pot.
Be honest, upright—play the game—
And do not give a hoot for fame.