

As he is sure to ransack and seize it for duty,  
How unfortunate if I should forget Will Spinney;  
He's a coming man; so is little George Kinney,  
And Les Porter, who sells us our shoes for much gold,  
And Nathan Smith shines them up when they are old;  
And who does not know and love Alice Johnson;  
But if you've the tooth-ache, see Doctor Melanson,  
And Corning, the ice man, with his genial smile,  
And Ann Spinks, who has always been free from guile,  
And Prescott Baker, and Seymour, his brother,—  
They'll get all there is in it, some how or other—  
And Ene Parker, we'll forgive him for trying to be witty,  
Because, if well paid, he'll make us look pretty;  
And George S. Taylor,—it's funny but its true—  
He's Taylor by name and tailor by trade, too.  
Andy Patterson would like to be in this procession,  
So would Smith Harding, if he made honest confession,  
So would Leslie Lovett, and dye-man Critcher,  
And Albert McLaughan, who'd like to be richer,  
And tug-boat Charl. Cann, and Charl. Cann, the tailor,  
And Joe Boyd, who for years was Yarmouth's best sailor,  
So would Arthur Rogers, and so would Pick Cook,  
But this wasn't intended to fill a whole book;  
And Charles R. Kelley—it must never be hinted,  
Or he'll take me to Dorchester for having this printed.  
And E. B. Cann, and barber Bill Brackett,  
Who fell down stairs and kicked up such a racket.  
And Stipendiary Pelton, who sentences knaves,  
And Thomas Grace, who looks after our graves.  
Oh! where will I stop? I have it, right here,  
Its the very best place, for the end is so near.  
And when we're all done with our troublesome l'ors,  
Arth Vanhorn or Vern Sweeny, with all the kind neighbors,  
Will make a great spread, and get us under the sod,  
And then very solemnly, leave us to God.

