

Gamecock (rising)

My friends, I have but risen from the ranks,
I am but one of you—mayhap the clanks
Of chains might still sound on my prisoned form,
Or, hanging on the gallows, gale and storm
Might sweep my lifeless body to and fro,
The victim of my former haughty foe.
Instead I am the monarch of the land,
And, friends, one thing from you I must demand,
In all the country round all crime and vice
Must leave the land, and since to me the dice
Has thrown so well, all fowls must own my sway,
And help me sweep all deeds of wrong away.

(Clapping of wings)

Rooster

I speak, I know, for every creature here,
We will obey you. Comrades, give an ear,
And list to me. Know ye our lives are short?
That sometime we must leave the field and court?
That we must, sometime, leave the grassy field,
And to a higher being than us yield?
Then, why not let our lives though short be sweet,
Until the time we all be killed for meat?
The man may think we are bereft of brain,
Now, let us show him his mistake, this reign.

Gamecock

Now let me thank you all. You've been most
kind,