



"NEITHER A BORROWER NOR A LENDER BE!"

I never loan a man a cent
 Unless I want our friendship bent,
 It seldom leads to aught but strife
 And all my change is for my wife.
 I work as hard as any man
 And use up all the rocks I can
 In keeping up my humble home,
 Or going to the Hippodrome.
 If others squander all they make
 And come to me, my scads to take,
 I turn them down, and go my way,
 And thank Old Nick I'm not as they.
 Why should I work and keep a pile
 Of thugs and spendthrifts all the while,
 Or see each one my earnings spill
 Adown their throats?
 It makes me ill
 And sick and sore
 To see a scum
 Unto his next-door neighbor come
 And touch him for a bone or two,
 With which to get a gin-fizz stew.
 He has two hands and also feet
 And should provide his bread and meat
 And whisky
 And a cigarette,
 He could if he would work, you bet.
 I never fall for any touch
 And will not lend a man as much
 As one small mill,
 But tell him straight that I won't be a running mate
 For him, in any game like that,
 And let him know just where he's at.
 No one keeps me except myself
 And I toil hard for all my pelf;
 Besides it only leads to strife
 And robs your kiddies
 And your wife.
 No: never loan a man a dime
 But cling to this old rule in rhyme.