



“As Ye Sow.”

When I was a youngster, like most
 of the goats
 I thought I would scatter a pail of
 wild oats.
 I shot up the village each evening
 with glee,
 And seldom went home for my din-
 ner or tea.
 When Henry was hoeing or milking
 the hens
 The barkeep was raking in most of
 my yens.
 I painted the township a most bril-
 liant red
 And always woke up with a number
 9 head.
 When others were sleeping I started
 to prance
 In search of a drink or a card game
 or dance.
 Alas for the oats that a young man
 must sow,
 They grow up and choke him when
 life's running low.
 I scattered them broadcast whilst
 humming a tune,
 I sowed them o'er mountain, o'er
 vale and o'er dune.
 And now when I might have been
 living in peace
 And comfort and plenty, I'm tend-
 ing some geese.

The fakirs and doctors got most of
 my wealth
 For trying to give me some new-
 fangled health.
 I've pains in my torso, my head and
 my soul.
 Now that I'm nearing the heavenly
 goal,
 While the other young fellows who
 slipped in their youth
 Are living on incomes, to tell you
 the truth.
 They worked in the years when their
 muscles were hard
 And now they can play with the kids
 in the yard,
 And gossip and smoke and take life
 at their ease,
 Whilst I make a living parading
 trained fleas.
 Boys, banish this theory 'ere aged
 you grow,
 That wild oats were meant for each
 fellow to sow.
 Keep steady and go on your sun-
 shiny way
 Eschewing the lobsters who want to
 get gay,
 One wise man has warned us to
 “look ere we leap”
 Another one “as ye sow, so shall ye
 reap.”