

### *A Canuck Down South.*

So day by day es he scorched along,  
Some citizen would be missed,  
And Richard rose into high repute es a  
masterly bicyclist.

Sez Dick to the coroner over their drinks  
when the last inquest was done,  
"Human natur's forever the same.  
Though you've called in the gun,  
Fur lording it high and ruling the roost  
and settling on the spot,  
A bicycle rough is twice ez tough ez the  
chap that hacked and shot.

The code's the same with another name.  
It's just 'git outer my light,  
Don't cross my path, I'm a man of wrath,  
I'll do you up on sight.'  
That's how I felt in the olden time, that's  
how I'll allers feel,  
But a feller don't hev no need fur a  
gun ez long ez he rides a wheel."

