

## LOCAL LYRICS

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### WHY NOT A COURSE—"HOW TO MAKE A LIVING"

The brats are back to slates and books again,  
Wise teachers stuff each puzzled, childish brain  
With dates and tables; languages and such—  
Their mode of education gives me pain.

Myself, when young, did ardently pursue  
The Path of Knowledge; ah, the things I knew!  
Knew parrot-like—I lost them in a week—  
The things that stuck were very, very few.

What cares the busy world for Latin, Greek?  
What benefit to teach young limbs to speak  
A language dead these thousand dusty years—  
Such stuff won't bring in many bucks a week.

If you would be a lawyer or a Doc.,  
'Tis nice to have such learned frills in stock.  
But it were better if we'd teach our kids  
The art of salting dollars in the sock.



### I KNOW AN OLD LADY—

A remnant of the era of lavender and lace.  
With snow-white hair for framing of faded wistful face.  
Her inborn charm defying the years that dim her eye.  
A Woman and a Lady in all those words imply.

A bit of wistful patience in a world that moves too fast,  
A slender link to bind us to the manners of the Past:  
To the chivalry and virtue that made living a romance,  
In the days when life was graceful, not an aimless, break neck dance.

After which I am observing that our modern frails could stand  
Lessons from this dear old lady as to how to play their hand.  
They could emulate her sweetness; her unselfish, gracious style  
And not look on "making whoopee" as the only thing worth while.