

And Penn Spicer, who plays the chimes in the steeple,  
And Barney Keenan, who is blind as a bat,  
And Jimmy Adams, who is worse than that,  
And Sandy Lewis, the South End post master,  
And Pollywog Joe, who just met with disaster,  
And Bill Phillips, the truckman, and E. Budd Rogers  
(If they live very long they'll be funny old codgers)  
And those kids, Albert Hood and Ralph U. Brown,  
Whose auctions block up the best corner in town,  
And George R. Earle, and our friend Debby Beals—  
He has too many, and she too few meals—  
And old Joe Burrell, who looks after the jail,  
And C. J. O'Hanley, who takes folks for a sail  
And Chester Smith, who has many good friends,  
And Daniel Allen the court house tends,  
And Captain George Doty, the town assessor,  
And W. E. Young, the father confessor,  
And Dr. Williamson, expert on McBurney's point,—  
But Putnam's the man if your nose is out of joint—  
Dr. Webster is good, no odds what is the matter,—  
And Harding,—ugh! he makes all our teeth chatter.  
And Kirk brothers, famous for Potmohoff tea,  
And the Cains, a close second with Wood's coffee,  
And C. C. Richards, of Minard's Liniment fame,  
And Dr. Fuller, who was not to blame  
When his automobile smashed another man's car  
(If you think he was, it shows how wise you are).  
And Jessie Crosby, who just got married,  
(We are glad it happened before she was buried)  
And Albert Gayton, recorder of deeds,  
And Thomas Langtry, who pulls out the weeds,  
And Capts. Arth. McKinnon and Ern Kinney so clever,  
Whose names are engraved on tablets forever,  
And Mr. Kelty, of opera house fame,  
(If the house don't pay, he's not to blame)  
And Maria Moses, the friend of the poor,  
And W. L. Rogerz, who lives next door,  
And Charlie Dyke, who repairs clocks and watches,  
And Jim Wallace and son—they're plumbers, not botchers—  
And Ned Baker, who runs the Grand Hotel,—  
Few under the sun could do it as well.  
And Landry and Cameron will give them their due,  
They'll see you get justice—the fee is right too—  
And Hal Cann, who plays such a swift game of hockey,  
And Ezra Weston, the trusty horse jockey,  
And if brothers, as we're taught, should always agree,  
Why Bert Horton should be kicked by a jackass, palls me.  
And T. V. B. Bingay, called "Bus," for short,  
And Roy Cann,—well, if you come to this port,  
Have naught in your trunk that you value for beauty,