

AND IN CONCLUSION

There now that is off my chest,
Let my spirit be at rest;
All of my complaints are laid,
All my arguments arrayed.
There in language unrefined,
I've exposed my humble mind;
Honesty is all I claim,
To state the truth my only aim.
And if my language is severe,
Unsuited to the gentle ear;
If perhaps I cuss a while,
That is just my vulgar style.
If I met you I might say,
How the Hell are you to-day;
And when in Rhyme you are addressed,
I just sling it off my chest.
The gift to me was never given,
To wrap my words in pretty ribbon;
So please forgive my style uncouth,
I had "no larning" in my youth.
I have been called a Bolshevik,
But the argument is weak;
I don't advocate disorder,
Revolution, mob rule, murder,
Friend, I'm neither Red or Czar,
If I were I'd be for war.