

...WERE I THE PRINCE OF WALES."

Were I the Prince of Wales, what many things I'd do,
I'd do this and I'd do that, and I'd do the other too.
I would introduce the fashion of smoking on the street,
A pipe would do me just as well, and be to me as sweet,
I'd smoke cigars of course at times, but not because of looks,
But just because it suited *me*, and suited my own purse.
To think what benefits I could bestow on those who copy me,
Were I the Prince of Wales!

Another thing I'll mention before I close this rhyme,
'Tis not considered etiquette to take two plates of soup,
Or say two cups of coffee, because I don't do so.
Just think how miserable I make my subject off,
And all because they like to do just as they see me do.
But did they know when I at home quietly do as I like,
I do not think they'd be such fools and judge by what they see.
I'm like any other man, eat, drink, and smoke just all I can.
And I can only pity those who imitate just what they see,
Not what I do, when I'm alone.

Would I whistle on the street, were I the Prince of Wales?
By all means though disturb my friendst' would not be my intent.
When playing billiards with my "chum" though he had more

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"In social ways," he'd say, you cannot whistle *here*,
The ladies might object! What is this world then coming to,
When hosts are so hemmed in these times, as say these things?
And all because these mortals judge by what they see alone,
Not what I do when I'm at home.

Do you think I'd roll my trousers up, were I the Prince of Wales?
By no means, for experience says they wear away too soon,
Would I crease my cuffs and pants and wear an eye glass too?
I'd be a fool to do the like, and loose my eye sight too.
I'd use my stick for a support, and not to frighten others,
By holding same as first intended, not pointed at your brothers.
And if I were the Prince of Wales I'd not write down this trash,
For fools there are, and still to come, who try to copy me,
No matter *how* I be.