

CONCLUSION

My days and nights of labor done,
Come over, friends, and meet my son;
This product of my fancy wild,
You'll find him, perhaps, a forward child—
With caustic quips and vulgar rhymes—
He was conceived in sinful times
And poisoned by life's foul air—
It's shocking, ma'am, to hear him swear
And rave in manner unrefined—
His father had an outlawed mind.
He was not born like any other,
The poor boy never had a mother.
Would you expect the normal where
There lacks a mother's loving care?
Could he be gentle like the rest,
Flung from a father's bitter breast?

And yet there's points about the child
That might excuse his seeming wild,
His lack of tact, restraint, devotion—
He is a product of emotion
And life to him is not what it seems—
His days are spent in wildest dreams,
And on his pillow, half the night
He worries over wrong and right.
A fisher fills his net some morn—
The prize from him is quickly torn.
A murderer hangs—a poor man he—
A wealthy murderer goes free.
The miners dug yon bank of coal,