

Oi don't object to crack a skull or spoil a purty face,
But to hack a man who's dead is what oi called
extramely base.
But all pursonal convictions, he explained, should be
resoigned
For the binifit of scoience and the good of humankoin'd;
And though oi don't at all admoire their ways o' goin'
on,
Oi'll take a course in Medicine, oi will, before oi'm
gone.

Oi saw the Scoience workshops, too, and thought whin
oi was made,
These little hands were niver mint to larn the black-
smith trade;
And for that illictricity, the thing what gives the shock,
They collared old Promaytheus and chained him to a
rock
For a-playin' with the loightnin' and a-raychin to the
skoies,
And the vultures gnawed his vittles, and the crows
picked out his oyes.
But toimes has changed, and larnin' gives us power—
don't you see?—
And whin oi'm done with Arts oi'll take that shplindid
faculty;
For, sure, it's from their workshops that the solar
system's run;
Besoides, they make the wither, too, and rigilate the
sun.