

Uncle Walt

MY cow's gone dry, my hens won't lay, my horse has got the croup; the hot winds spoiled my budding hay, and I am in the soup. And while my life is sad and sore, and earthly joys are few, I'll write a note to Theodore; he'll tell me what to do. I wasn't home when Fortune called, my feet had strayed afar; I fear that I am going bald, and I have got catarrh. The wolf is howling at my door, I've naught to smoke or chew; but I shall write to Theodore—he'll tell me what to do. My Sunday suit is old and sere, I'm wearing last year's lids; my aunt is coming for a year, to visit, with her kids. They will not trust me at the store, and I am feeling blue, so I shall write to Theodore—he'll tell me what to do. When we are weary and distraught, from worldly strife and care, and we're denied the balm we sought, and given black despair, ah, then, my friends, there is one chore devolves on me and you; we'll simply write to Theodore—he'll tell us what to do.

*The
Universal
Help*