

## *The Song of Shandygaff*

*Now there are poets many, and singers bold and free,  
But I desire a special choir to troll a stave for me,  
No limping stave, no pimping stave, but a ballad bluff and rude  
In honour of sweet shandygaff, the finest tippie brewed.*

*Though Vachel Lindsay sings with fire, alas, he drinks no beer;  
And Masters never could be called a poet of good cheer;  
And Bill Benett, though people say he hath a Bacchic vein,  
Is a married man, and his bousing can is hung up high to drain.*

*Joyce Kilmer plucks a pleasing string, Don Marquis mulls his  
malt;  
And Untermeyer twangs a lyre with which I find no fault;  
But of all who lilt when wine is spilt, who swim in half-and-  
half,  
Where is the Jove, the Proper Cove, to sing of Shandygaff?*

*He should be grey and bearded, and stained with nicotine,  
With a five-inch chop before him, and a glass like a tureen;  
Rotund as any firkin, with a wit like Weland's brand,  
And he will chant the ribald songs that poets understand.*

*Then all the young and feeble will be gently warned away,  
And thrice the draught will go the round with never a word to say;  
But when the gifted moment comes, and serving men retire,  
He'll sing the Song of Shandygaff, the song that I desire.*