The Printer's Consolation.

Tell me, ye greedy public,
That would my politics slay,
Is there an place on earth,
Where printers get their pay?

The intriguing lawyer went by
With cunning chat with woe,
A victim looks to be devouring all,
To swallow down—"No."

Tell me, ye living critics,
That sneering glibly say,
Is there on shelves of time,
Where printers get their pay?

The quack visits well-to-do,
And vending on to verdant way,
He meekly answered "No."

Tell me ye lucky dealers,
Now living in the world,
Is there upon the globe,
A corner for the printer's hoard?

A voice that from the dead says
In thunder answering "No."

Tell me, ye lawful debtors,
Who honestly owe your pay,
Why starving day by day,
Is there no heaven to the printer,
As there is for you to stay?

The printer still on paper dwells,
Unmoving when he writes,
As usual bill—paper small is hard,
He endures paper, if "No."

Tell me gentle reader,
Who blesses life's hard struggle,
Is there no heaven to the printer,
As there is for you to stay?

The printer still on paper dwells,
A writing hand to a dunning elf,
He neither pays nor gets—"No."

Tell me, ye living printers,
Who honestly owe your pay,
Why starving day by day,
Is there no heaven to the printer,
As there is for you to stay?

And wielding on to verdant way,
He meekly answered "No."

Tell me, ye lucky dealers,
Now living in the world,
Is there upon the globe,
A corner for the printer's hoard?

A voice that from the dead says
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