

Got to think the world a thing
Where people stood and watched the ring.
Had some bouts—did fairly well,
Felt himself begin to swell.
He liked me and I liked him ;
Truth told, he was a lively limb.
Backed him, I did, to a finish
With the mid-weight, Mick McGinnis.
Fight came off—a big crowd there,
Lots of money in the air ;
Tom was favorite, three to two,
Looked a champion through and through.

Fought like tigers—Tom was there
Till the sixth round, fair and square,
Then he weakened by degrees
Till he dwibled at the knees ;
Can't tell how it happened quite—
Sudden as a flash of light
Mick had reached him—Tom went down
'Mid the yells of half the town,
Stiff and rigid, all a-quiver,
With a look that made me shiver.
Never whispered, never stirred,
Time was called, Tom never heard ;
Home we bore him, cold and dying,
Left him on the sofa lying.
Widow'd mother's darling he—
Sisters sweet as you could see.
Knew 'twas ghastly mean to go
And leave them that way, don't you know,
But I couldn't stand to see
The way these women looked at me !

He died next day ; the hue and cry
Was raised and I was forced to fly.
Mick got hard labor for a year,
After a spell of sickening fear.
We were all as bad as he,
Not a difference I could see.