

The Legend of King, the son of the Cord.

OF HIS WONDERFUL PAINTED NOSE,

And of the terrible disaster which it caused in the city of Royal Mount, in the time of Jim the Hermit.

The ancestral history of King, the son of the Cord.

In the old and merry time,
When the world was in its prime,
Three hundred years gone by—
A Baron bold,
Had a strong hold,
Away in a far country;
And might
Being right,
In those times of old,
The Baron's strong hold
Was bower and parlour, chapel and hall,
And above them arose a donjon tall,
And around them was built a very strong wall—
And the Baron had a very deep pit,
In which, whenever he thought fit,
He shut up any unfortunate wight,
Against whom he nourished a spite,
And on the donjon's summit grey,
Was fixed a gibbet grim,
On which he hanged in a summary way,
Any covè that affronted him.
"To have and to hold,"
"Cum fossa et furca," gallows and pit,
In the Charter deeds of this Baron old,
By clerkly hands was carefully writ;
And this simply meant,
I beg to assure ye,
That the Baron might be
His own Judge and Jury.
With power to twine
A halter line—
And swing
In a string
From the stout cross beam
Of his gallows so grim,
Any poor devil when it suited his whim.
But a very proud man the Baron was he,
So he did
The hangman's work by deputy,
And whenever he bid,
A vassal stern whose name was KING,
Did the job with the gallows and string,
And the folks about, as a sort of by-word,
Called him KING, the Son of the CORD.

And this is the true and faithful history,
Of KING of the Cord and his ancestry.

The gallows goeth out of fashion, and the son of the Cord wandereth away to a far country.

Ruin shakes the Castle walls,
By old Cromwell's cannon balls;
Shattered lies the donjon tower;
Grass grows in the ladies' bowet;
Through the hall the owl doth flit;
Rubbish fills the Baron's pit;
And the gibbet-tree that rear'd
Its ghastly form on high,
Looming grimly on the vision,
Against the azure sky,
Hath vanished, and men say,
That Jack Ketch has had his day,

And that Governments will find
A better way of dealing
With murdering and stealing;—
And good men have hopes
To benefit mankind,
Without gibbets and rapes.
Finding his ancient occupation gone,
He of the CORD did wander forth alone,
And crossed the seas towards the setting sun.
And there he lived, and wived, and brought up sons and daughters,
And at a ripe old age did pass beneath King Death's dark waters.
And his sons sons did get,
And here in deathless thyme,
The history down is set,
Of one who, in the time
Of Jim the Hermit, lived, and did astonish
The natives of that clime.

Of King, the son of the Cord, who lived in the time of Jim the Hermit, commonly called M' Cord of the wonderful Nose.

This one of the scions of the King of the Cord,
Lived in ROYAL MOUNT's turbulent city,
And if any one liked to trust his own word,
A most wonderful man was he;
At any rate he had a most wonderful nose,
And a philosopher peripatetic
Compared this nose, with its tint of rose,
To a lobster erysipeletic.
But how did the nose
Get the tint of rose?
Just your patience permit
To read the next stanza,
And then you'll find out
How this great Oromanza
Painted his snout,
In the time of JIM THE HERMIT.

How the Nose was painted so very red!

This son of the Cord being inclined to be merry,
Had in his life-time swallowed several hogsheads of Sherry.
Gin-slings and cock-tails;
And Mint Juleps by pails;
Madeira, Champagne,
Again and again
He swizzled, and Claret,
Which though it by no means goes far, yet
Is'nt so bad,
For if your stomach feels cold,
You can keep it all clever,
And settle your liver,
With a glass of brandy that's old;
(That's a wrinkle, my lad!)
And if you follow this rule,
You may drink a wide ocean
Of the thin stuff from France,
Without any commotion.
But of all the liquors jolly,
Invented by Bacchus,
And sung of by Flaccus,
Which lead men into folly,
PORT, which every body knows
To be the favorite potation.