

## THE BALLAD OF BILL BANKS.

... Bill Banks was not a peerless knight,  
He never rode to war  
With giants and magicians and  
A Dragon never saw.

## II

He never loved a princess fair.  
Of castle on the Rhine;  
He never heard (so didn't care);  
He couldn't read a line.

## III

At morn he went out to his work.  
And paved the streets all day.  
When evening fell he came back home.  
Always the same old way.

## IV

He ate his meals and slept all night  
And never did he vote;  
And wondered when the postman passed,  
Why people letters wrote.

## V

He once got sick and then he died—  
No medicine he'd take:  
Appendicitis—doctors said  
But Bill said—"belly ache."

## VI

Bill now sleeps in some church yard  
No tombstone marks the spot,  
The sexton he once did know  
But now has clean forgot.

## VII

Now that is all that's left of Bill  
And, by the way, that's all  
That's left of peerless warriors who—  
In battles used to fall.

WALTER SHELTY.