

Quinlan lives on hay or (lest that should mystify),
As the land is low it's his most paying crop ;
When you see a load go by, piled half way to the sky,
You may know the price and Quinlan's on the top.
So he says himself and he ought to know,
Though you don't believe it, on this tale will go.

Quinlan to the city took a load last fall
(Everybody else was sticking to the plough)
So to sell it well was no special trick at all ;
Twenty dollars by the ton, fresh from the mow.
So he says himself and he ought to know ;
Never stick at trifles—best to let it go.

Quinlan took his dinner, feeling mighty well ;
For his load had fetched a pretty wad ;
What he sampled after suits me not to tell—
Riding home he later on began to nod.
So he says himself, and he ought to know,
On a point like this don't quiz, but let it go.