

Quinlan is a farmer—on the tenth line lives
Of a township somewhere to the south of Here;
Many a boiling day, in mid-July he gives
To the hay field, working—sweating like a steer.
So he says himself, and he ought to know,
Though you may not like the phrase it has got to go.

Quinlan's of a thrifty turn likewise somewhat gay:
And the two he sometimes joins as will appear,
Not a man who drives the road can outwit him any way,
He could buy a Jew out cheap and sell him dear.
So he says himself, and he ought to know,
If you don't believe it, still it has to go.