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POLITICAL REVERSE.

All people here on earth below,
Declare in rage on strike to go,
In their eyes are blood and fire,
Lord only knows what they require.

As every year since twenty-one,
Great Britain's little tariff won,
About six hundred million bone,
Sir Baldwin is not quite alone.

The death reveal new life on earth,
The aftermath comes after birth,
While Fritzie took us unawares,
He's not here to teach us prayers.

From high explosives and the gun,
Sir King he greased a heel to run,
But Arthur by his paraphrases,
Explodes the gas all to blazes.

While the best fruit in creation,
Come from soil and vegetation,
Meighen sows political charm,
And Crerar, he the farmers farm.

Such a farmer you never saw!
Whoever grew wheat without straw,
But he who went mid rousing cheers,
To bust the Exchange in two years?

This artist being in decline,
Proceeds to get the grits in line,
Because, if all his tactics fail,
What in the dickens shall avail.

Between the devil and deep sea,
They sting as do the wasp and bee,
And if you want times as before,
Support the Art that won the war.

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