



CONSCIOUSNESS

By the Poet "Low-Rate."

I had a fellow in my yard who always feared he'd work too hard,
 He wouldn't fetch my wife a pail of water or go get the mail,
 He wouldn't shine a pair of boots or take old Dobbin's morning oats
 Out to the barn across the lot, or kill a chicken for the pot.
 He lay around and smoked his pipe—that chap's a very common type.
 He'd put his feet upon a stool—or butt right in and play the fool
 When other fellows wished to work, so one day I got out my dirk
 And chased him all across the farm and pinned him neatly in the arm.
 Then unto him I spake like this—so not a single word he'd miss:
 "See here, young man, you can't stay here to smoke your pipe and drink your
 beer,

You seem to be afraid of work, and never willingly will jerk
 Your jacket off and start to dig—you are as lazy as a pig.
 Too many willing fellows would be glad to know they only could
 Usurp your place, and draw your pay,—yet you fool all your time away.
 You are a sort of soft-shelled goose, so draw your time and then vamoose.
 I know a chap named Charlie Hood who wants to saw up all my wood,
 And feed my stock and milk my cows and work with half a dozen plows,
 And weed my 'taters in the field, and dig them up and have them peeled,
 And mend my rake and make my pants, and kill potato bugs and ants.
 He's very willing and will do just anything I want him to—
 He's like a horse for work—his pace is very swift—he's got your place.
 So now skidoo and vanish, please, before your brains begin to freeze.
 You can't succeed and watch the clock—instead of watering the stock—
 You're worse than naught I do declare—you won't be wanted anywhere.
 If you would make life sweet and bright you have to work with all your might,
 Your boss will then increase your pay to 'round about three seads per day,
 And tend you when you're sick and sore—and let you wed his mother-in-law."