



HAIRY APE

(Air: It's Too Terrible)

Scarcely dare—I meet with gentlemen
Naked I—a (mental) Saracen—
All my clothes—are in a master-hock
All my grain—in some poor farmers' shock.

Do I speak—my words cannot endure!
Do I act—my deeds are only poor!
Should I pray—I beard a frowning moon!
Damn it all—I must be out of tune!

Rambler, true—upon a graceless earth
"Drinking in"—the cup of cruel mirth;
Is my hope—the soul disturbing "can"—
Psalm of life—a—man's abuse of man.

'Tis my home—where'er my footsteps fall
'Tis my hearth—the world outside a wall
'Tis my church—the yoke that ever galls *
And my realm—a pair of overalls.

Day by day my kingdom ever comes
To the pounding of seagoing drums
King and Queen and Court am I, alone
When I bathe—it dissipates my throne.

Should I die—contrary as I am;
Fade away—from all this worldly sham,
Caledonian boilers be my Judge
In their Hell—I'd start a roaring smudge.

What have secrets threads of memory
hold
Dragging feet, unclean less fleet than cold;
Freedoms cause—a drifting aimlessly
On an iceberg of a yellow sea.

And their Heaven (blase aristocrats)
Has no room for toilers nor their brats;
Old St. Pete he of the Sacred Shirt
Bawls them out—for bringing in the dirt.

Dirt and squalor—ah, were I to choose
Ladies fair o'er it would ne'er enthuse—
Like a Nero, fiddling in his Romo
I would play, "There goes my Home Sweet
Home."

Shall I pray the gods who never wake
Shall I worship each religion's fake
Shall I—I—the nature's master shape
Always be a brainless, hairy, ape.

No, No, No, by Gods, both far and near,
We are not ruled by a yellow fear
We are Man and Woman—if a Bum
And united—something's going to come.

* Work

T-BONE SLIM.