

SIZE AND TEARS

When on the sandy shore I sit, Beside the salt sea-wave, And fall into a weeping fit Because I dare not shave - A little whisper at my ear Enquires the reason of my fear.

I answer "If that ruffian Jones Should recognise me here, He'd bellow out my name in tones Offensive to the ear: He chaffs me so on being stout (A thing that always puts me out)."

Ah me! I see him on the cliff! Farewell, farewell to hope, If he should look this way, and if He's got his telescope! To whatsoever place I flee, My odious rival follows me!

For every night, and everywhere, I meet him out at dinner; And when I've found some charming fair, And vowed to die or win her, The wretch (he's thin and I am stout) Is sure to come and cut me out!

The girls (just like them!) all agree To praise J. Jones, Esquire: I ask them what on earth they see About him to admire? They cry "He is so sleek and slim, It's quite a treat to look at him!"

They vanish in tobacco smoke, Those visionary maids - I feel a sharp and sudden poke Between the shoulder-blades - "Why, Brown, my boy! Your growing stout!" (I told you he would find me out!)

"My growth is not YOUR business, Sir!" "No more it is, my boy! But if it's YOURS, as I infer, Why, Brown, I give you joy! A man, whose business prospers so, Is just the sort of man to know!"

"It's hardly safe, though, talking here - I'd best get out of reach: For such a weight as yours, I fear, Must shortly sink the beach!" - Insult me thus because I'm stout! I vow I'll go and call him out!