

HENRY AND I

You shouldn't scoff and sketch me a toff in my get-up from Jones's store,
It was picked out by my daughter, who said "Dad, you really ought to
Have something more in keeping with what Henry Lawson wore".

Now Harry knew, and I take the view, it's the clothes that make the show,
For the guests would look askance at any host who wore his pants at
Half-mast, or other strides that had the seat about to go.

Now reach-me-downs or old hand-me-downs. I've worn them all, and so
I will put no store in Brother, but would sooner heed our Mother,
Who always found a needle when our pants began to go.

And I also rather fancy Janatha, Jean and Nancy
Have smarter style than you, Sir, in your rustic Western ways,
They remarked I cut a dash in what was after all the fashion,
Decked out a bit like Harry - in the latest from DJ's!

Henry's Mate.

Nov. 94

THE KING, THE QUEEN AND I

Oh, Scotty, have you visited the Picture Gallery,
And did you see the portraits of the King and Queen and me?
The portraits made by Longstaff, all the pictures done by Jack,
Of the King and Queen and Lawson and the Lady all in Black?

The King is robed in royal state, with medals on his breast,
And like the mother Queen she is Her Majesty is dressed.
The Lady's dressed in simple black and sports no precious stones,
And I in simple reach-me-downs I bought from Davy Jones.

We're strangers two to two, and each unto the other three—
I do not know the Lady and I don't think she knows me.
We're strangers to each other here, and to the other two,
And they themselves are strangers now, if all we hear is true.

I s'pose we're just as satisfied as folks have ever been:
The Lady would much rather be her own self than the Queen;
And though I'm down, and precious stiff, and I admire King Ned,
I'd sooner just be Harry, with his follies on his head.

We four may meet together—stranger folk have met, I ween,
Than a rhymer and a monarch and a lady and a queen,
Ned and I might talk it over on the terrace, frank and free,
With cigars, while Alexandra and the Lady's having tea.

Anyway, we'll never quarrel while we're hanging on the wall—
Friends! we all have had our troubles—we are human, one and all!
If by chance we hang together—hang together on the line,
And the thing should shock the gentry—then it's Longstaff's fault,
not mine.

Henry Lawson

Janatha /
He's at it again!

An extra copy for
Eleanor.

Love /
Dad.