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Y^e Ballad of Y^e Ancient "Knocker"

*Related in Tearful Tones by the "Knocker" Himself
Put Into Imperishable Verse by Will M. Maupin*

1

*The man was old and worn by care,
He wobbled in the joints;
His eyes were marked by rheumy stare,
His clothes were old and worn threadbare,
And he lacked many points.
But when he asked me to draw near,
I could not well decline;
And then he whispered in my ear,
With voice well mixed with woe and beer,
And cheeks well streaked with brine:
'You can't saw wood with a hammer!'*

2

*'I've seen,' he said, "full many a town
Whose future seemed quite bright,
Knocked galley west and done up brown,
By factions who would not lay down,
But scrapped both day and night.
When one would spring a bully plan
To steer clear from the rocks,
Along would come some envious man
With heart of cheese, head full of bran,
And give his little knocks.
'You can't saw wood with a hammer!'*

3

*"While some would plan to boom and build,
And push the town ahead,
Still more with spleen and envy filled
And in the art of knocking skilled,
Would strife and fighting spread,
When some would boost, then many more
Would wield their hammers hard,
And knock until their hands were sore.
Then rest a bit and knock some more,
And all good works retard.
'You can't saw wood with a hammer!'*

4

*"Observe in me," he softly wailed,
A knocker and his fate.
I'm on the bum, I'm one who failed,
I'm down and out and should be jailed--
A drag on town and state.
Take warning, son, by me and ne'er
The knocker's hammer wield.
Praise up your town in accents clear
And for all worthy boosters cheer;
Stand up and never yield.
'You can't saw wood with a hammer!'"*

*I left my friend of rheumy eye, of wobbly knees and sobbing yammer.
But I shall ne'er forget the fact that to saw wood, "don't use a hammer."
So to my friends in Lincoln I would this advice give, on the level:
'For God's sake lay your 'hammers' down and boost for Lincoln like the nation'*