

The "Chronic-Kicker "

It was at the town convention
Fur to nominate a mayor,
An' things had been progressin'
In a way both cool an' fair;
An' we thought that we had finished
In a manner mighty slick,
When up rose the chronic kicker
Fur to kick, kick, kick.

Then we felt our feathers fallin',
Nor we didn't laugh no more,
While some quite impatient fellers
Made a bee line fur the door;
An' we listened, an' we listened,
While the clock the hours ticked,
To that derved old chronic kicker
As he kicked, kicked, kicked.

Next we held a conf'rence meetin'
In our little mission church, —
Fur a cheap an' worthy pastor
We were in an earnest search;
We had jest made our agreement
(An' 'twas come to very quick),
When up rose the chronic kicker
Fur to kick, kick, kick.

An' we heard the birds a whistlin'
In the air so sweet an' cool,
While we all sat there a list'nin'
To that flambergasted fool;
But I'm sure the Lord was min'ful,
Fur no thorn our conscience pricked,
When we nodded while that kicker
Stood an' kicked, kicked, kicked.

Next 'twas in a baseball battle,
Overlooked by boys in trees,
Where no act of bat or baseman
Could this chronic kicker please,
Until weary with his yellin',
Some one hit him with a brick,
An' he lay down in the diamond
Fur to kick, kick, kick.

But Death, that great policeman,
By no frowns or kicks defied,
At last came up an' seized him,
An' so, with a kick, he died;
But he, jest before the fun'ral,
Made the undertaker sick,
As the coffin couldn't hold him
For that everlastin' kick.