

Dowie at Hammond

Come hither, all ye Dowieites, and listen unto me,
A dreadful thing has happened—as dreadful as can be,
That grand old man—that Saint on earth—John Alexander D.
Was mobbed at Hammond, Indiand, and so he had to flee.

He fled so fast he fairly flew, thro' water, mud and rain,
I doubt if any chimney flue so fast as he to gain
The trolley car that on the track was waiting there for him.
It was a hymn of praise, you bet—his chances were but slim.

He jerked the bell rope and the car like lightning forward sped
Just as a Mother-Hubbard squash struck Dowie on the head.
To make things worse, the trolley broke—the car stood dark and still,
While brick-bats wandered through the gloom or struck the window-sill.

But you'll be glad, my friends, to learn how our High Priest escaped,
He just curled up beneath a seat, and while they stared and gaped
And wondered why he was'nt killed, he just lay there and smiled,
Although John Alexander was perhaps the least bit riled.

At last when all the bricks were thrown, and all the windows broken,
John Alexander rose and said: "I spake and I have spoken—
I do not like you Hammond folk—you're wicked and bad-hearted;
I'm full of window panes for you!"—thus spoke he and departed.