

MY PART

If all were kings or sages grave,
 Please whisper, sir, to me,
 Where'd be our laughter and our song?
 Where would our jesters be?

And so into this little book,
 To coax a smile I'll try;
 My task is but to play, the fool
 And thus waylay a sigh.

Let others play their parts so sad
 Upon this stage of life;
 But let my part be comedy
 With joy instead of strife.

MY LORD, THE CARRIAGE WAITS

"The carriage waits without, my lord."
 "Without what, gentle sir?"
 "Without the left hand running board,
 Without the French Chauffeur,

Without a drop of gasoline,
 Six nuts, a can of oil,
 Four pinions and the limousine,
 The spark plug and the coil.

Without the break, the horn, the clutch
 Without the running gear,
 One cylinder—It beats the Dutch
 How much there isn't here!

The car has been repaired, in fact
 And you may be right glad
 To find there is so much intact
 Of what your lordship had.

The garage sent it back, my lord,
 In perfect shape throughout,
 And so you'll understand, my lord,
 Your carriage waits without.