

When the dawn is softly breaking,
 And you're sleepy as can be,
 And your collar and your shirt front
 Are an awful sight to see;
 When the cabby wants his money,
 And your headache needs a balm,
 Then you call yourself a lobster
 And you damn the *Junior Prom*.

The one who thinks these jokes are poor
 Would straightway change his views,
 Could he compare the jokes we print
 With those we do not use.

Of all the sorry sights to the masculine view,
 There is one inexplicably shocking,
 It's a short skirted girl, with a neat low cut shoe,
 With a hole in the heel of her stocking.

What! You say I use slang, do you?
 Well, come on now, we'll just see!
 I'd like to know what right you've got
 Handin' such things to me.

Guess the bats are in your belfry,
 Or your brain is on the blink,
 P'raps there's bubbles in your brain tank—
 'Least that's what you make me think.

Guess I use good high-brow English!
 My vocabulary's swell!
 And I don't use all that soft stuff,
 Nor "hot air," you know it well.

Now you understand me, don't you?
 Don't pull off that stuff, sir, then.
 Do you think you get my drift, now?
 If you don't I'll snow again.