

workingman with hand so hairy-sturdy
you may turn O turn that airy hurdysturdygurdy
but when will turn backward O backward Time in your nothy flight
and make me a child, a pretty dribbling child, a little child.

ONE

IV

In thy your ear:
en amerique on ne boit que de Jingyale.
things are going rather kaka
over there, over there.
yet we scarcely fare much better—

what's become of (if you please)
all the glory that or which was Greece
all the grandja
that was dada?

make me a child, stout hurdysturdygurdyman
waiter, make me a child. So this is Paris.
i will sit in the corner and drink thinks and think drinks,
in memory of the Grand and Old days:
of Amy Sandburg
of Algernon Carl Swinburned.

Waiter a drink waiter two or three drinks
what's become of Mæterlink
now that April's here?
(ask the man who owns one
ask Dad, He knows).