

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers*, May 30, 1891 to February 6, 1892)

A Campaign Song of the Future

While orators blow of the mass of tin ore
Which holds up every mountain and hill,
And the wages which ooze through every pore
Of the miraculous new tariff bill;
And tars is Marines of the Federal ship
Shell out two per cent to the Campaign whip,
Ten thousand in unison roar,
In a Campaign song called "Two years more."

2

In the thundering chorus burst on high
The Pro hibs sneered, but the Demmies swore,
That the Scalps of Beggars And Low Should Lie
Thick as mud on the Salt River's shore.

But Hark! From a mumble it swells to a roar,
With the air 4 – 11 – 44.

From Customs and Post Office sounds out []
From chimney and window and cellar door
And this refrain which the chorus bore,
Four years more! (All together) Four years more.

3

"We ripened the crops, we held up the sky"
We put up the wheat, and broomed the Rye,
We created the tin, we doubled the grain,
We brought down the rain, and can do it again.
We're the only party, that never goes wrong,
The party that never stays out – very long,
We're the political mascot , that always wins
The permanent proper perennial "Ins".
And this is our song, our Election Shout,
As we row in the boat, and pull the stroke oar
Let the "Ins" be in – and the "Outs" be out,
"Four years more! Four years more!"

H. Hooper

W. C. Cochran, Editor

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