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*XIII—Idleness*

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*XIII—Idleness*

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A SONG FOR THE LONG VACATION

Let me sing a song for summer, when the college days  
are done,

In the drowsy long vacation underneath the torrid sun,  
Let me summarize the knowledge that the student gains  
at college,

Let me sing to you the Vanity of Life.

Let me lie among the daisies, with my stomach to the  
sky,

Making poses in the roses, in the middle of July,  
Let me nestle in the nettles, let me there absorb the dew  
On a pair of flannel breeches with the stitches worked  
in blue.

Let me set me,

Just to pet me,

Where the college cannot get me,

Won't you let me, O Yes, do!

Let me sing to you the Nothingness, the Vanity of Life,

Let me teach you of the effort you should shirk,

Let me show you that you never ought to make the least  
endeavour,

Or indulge yourself in any kind of work.

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*College Days*

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You never ought to tire yourself with trying to be good,  
Or to waste yourself with wishing to be wise,  
For a man of low capacity whose head is made of wood,  
Never, never can be clever if he tries.

O, the Wickedness of Working, and the Sin of being  
Strong,  
O, the folly of distinguishing between the Right and  
Wrong,  
O, the Evilness of Effort, and the Sorrow of Succeeding,  
O, the risk of Early Rising and the Shame of Under-  
feeding ;—

O, there's nothing in sincerity,  
And inspiration's bad,  
Asperity, austerity,  
Are nothing but a fad,  
Morality and charity  
Are only for the sick,  
Fixed conviction,  
Earnest Diction,  
Merely Rhetoric :—  
Piety,  
Sobriety,  
All of that I vow  
Is just a lot  
Of Tommy Rot  
That won't do now :—

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## *Idleness*

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When the Politicians' Politics are written out in ink,  
And their true convictions set in black and white,  
Then a chemical analysis of what they really think  
Would leave nothing but a vacuum in sight.

'Tis the standing proposition of an honest opposition  
A perpetual corruption to imply,  
And the steady obligation of a just administration  
To consider every statement is a lie.

When the Orator enrages in a speech of fifty pages,  
He does not really mean to use a gun,  
When the candidate enlarges on the vigour of his charges  
It is only just his little bit of fun.

O, there's nothing on the platform,  
And there's nothing in the press,  
Give it this or that form,  
Its neither more nor less,  
Liquefied loquacity,  
Ink in torrents shed,  
Copious Mendacity,  
But really, nothing said.

When the business man is busy with the buzzing of his  
brain  
And his mind is set on bonds and stocks and shares,

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*College Days*

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While he's building up the country with his utmost might  
and main,  
Do you think it's for the country that he cares ?

When he's making us a railroad, when he's digging us  
a mine  
Every philanthropic benefit he flaunts,  
When he says that he has blest us with his output of  
asbestos,  
It is nothing but our money that he wants.

Why bother then to fake it, why not knock us down and  
take it ?  
Let the jobber be a robber if he must,  
Let the banker tell the teller to go down into the cellar,  
And then hash the cash and swear the bank is bust.

O, there's only Sin in Syndicates,  
And who can trust a Trust ?  
The Golden Cloth  
Conceals the Moth  
And cankers into Rust.  
The truly wise  
Will lift his eyes  
Towards a higher goal.  
Will steal a pile  
That's worth the while  
And get out whole.

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*Idleness*

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Then gather in the meadows all, as quickly as you can,  
The pompous politician and the bulky business man,  
Let the lawyer in the lilies lie becalmed in *statu quo*,  
And the broker break off broking just for half an hour  
or so :

Let the politician prattle to the periwinkle blue,  
Covered over with the clover let him play at Peek-  
a-Loe,  
Let the clergy in the cowslips cuddle down and double  
up,  
And there imbibe the buttermilk from out the butter-  
cup.

Let us gambol,  
Let us ramble,  
O'er the flower-embowered lea,  
O'er the meadow  
In the shadow  
Of the elderberry tree.  
Let us dress us  
As may bless us,  
With no public there to see,  
Care not which is  
Proper breeches  
For a summer negligee,  
Or array us  
To display us

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*College Days*

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In a pair of flannel pants,  
Taking chances  
On advances  
From the enterprising ants.  
Then at even  
When the heaven  
Reddens to the western sky,  
All together  
In the leather  
Sing a summer  
Lullaby.