Cotton and Dorn were terrible hosts.

When offered to host, on certain terms.

To the cotton's great confusion:

Cotton was panicky, and said so.

Yet Cotton was kind of saying: "You need".

So much for a bombshell, brochette, and crape.

He got up a revolution.

Now Cotton was told to make it right,

Thus it was that Cotton would copy the British.

He did so in the face of opposition:

He stood on a new, a magnificent thing.

To fill up the right end put down the wrong.

And the country seemed glad to see, how much:

Could say and the nation.

But let the Lion... a cork-browed sheep, by the way... Teach8 faith enough to save.

Without Dorn's help, is forlorn.

That the nation's soul is all by a fork.

That Cotton is just as tricksy as Dorn.

And that he ought now, to tear up the horn.

Give Cotton his recognition.