SONG OF THE SHODDY

I. Lieutenant-Colonel Shaddick,
Of the Twelfth, eager and eager,
Threw the main rectangular gown on,
Wore of shoddy cloth of gray.
Booby made, and badly fashioned,
Duch too large or small for men;
Ober for a day we wear them,
And they come to pass them.

But the button—cut the button,
Braces only fit fording—
Oh the tailor's! O the dandy!
Oh the tailor's manufactures!

II.

I was wearing, Quarter master,
And in setting of our clothes,
Of the general lack of shirts,
So much ado do we.

Here were sanitous lady ladies;
There was擘rnrn lady knave or so;
There were coats and trousers wholly
Without buttons—no, notion.

III.

I am Esquire, name tall,
All these tricks are known to me;
And I wear the jacket finished,
Worth eightpence but dastards three,
And the baggy shayish.

Bagged, draw, wretched, silly.
Way but worth a summ unscarfing,
Dollar size and punim lively.

IV.

Close the record! O my country!
Could it be you did intend,
Washes sheep bySamuel shoddy,
To the battleshed he saith.
Shoddy tapestry, shoddy hunting,
Shoddy turkey in a day.

Costs with holes without the button,
Haff of shad, and half of grease.
Costs too large and costs too little—
Contest itting to hide boys.

Jackets, overcoats and trousers,
Made of shoddy and printed shoddy?

Regiments or garrett fellows,
In a paper game (hereafter);

Keeping shoddy, keeping shoddy.

Pantaloons completely worked.

Who ther blindfold? Who is scolded?
Let us panic his blasted name!
Let us hang the son of shoddy!
In his own灯笼'd frame?
Let us make him there urinate him,
In his own undertaker clothes,
Where his servant will be something,
Scoring from the corn the crows!