Elegy on a Song Too

On that I land the bodacious pen
Whose words were write in blood and fire
Which were indelible, for then
I'd gratify my curmudgeon
And to all future ages show
The sorrow of my poor old toe

My poor old toe thou long have you
With sick and strong, and stone continued
Your track and travels have not been few
Thou well I wish that they were ended
But yet they seem and some can know
When they are ceased. My poor old toe

That how I knew that I should have
The pains and sufferings of this sort
I am no wiser than others are
For why should I be punished more
I know not why but it is done
And I can't leave my poor old toe

In doing they strange indeed to me
When one or more shall come
That in my path there'll always be
Some obstacle or block or stone
And thus you see where one I go
I come to them in my poor old toe

Adorer, folk's may with me walk
And each may have like experience
Yet shall in heart, they laugh and talk
As the hem in life the writing shows
Thinks every moment still with one
Remembered my poor old toe

If any fond heart now you come to know
The halt, the foal, which made known
And thus, this was with joy
Though mine, since mine is just the same
Though my foot now known with none it was my poor old toe

If one ever, for I have seen so many
In wood and stone, I love them true
May I be loud and truly show
The soul is in my poor old toe