

With Apologies

The following stanzas are contributed with due apologies to the Irish Washerwoman:

Oh Townley Oh Townley
Why don't you come quick;
Drill a hole in the ground,
Put up a derrick

With camp meeting stunts
And your doodle bug too;
Collectors and drivers
And bat passing crew.

We still have six calves
And forty-three hens,
Seven-old cows
And a pig in the pen.

Some horses and harness
And other junk too,
I'll sell all of it
And raise money for you.

I'll mortgage the dog
And sell my one shirt;
I'll live for a year
On wheat straw and dirt.

I'll eat the old cat
And sell my old plow,
If only our Townley
Was back with us now.

So Townley, Oh Townley
Lay down your fiddle
And come back to us now
And answer this riddle:

How can we get
The oil from the ground
When your rotary drill
And your crew can't be found.

The frost is all out
And the pastures are green;
Where are you Townley,
With your drilling machine.

We have put in a crop
Till our head nearly split,
So now Mr. Townley
You do your bit.

Did he not tell you
And is it not true

That he owned nothing
In case you should sue?

But a couple of old suits
And a pair of old shoes.

Give thanks unto Heaven
He did not get yours.

But to you fellows
Feeling so blue,

Your fondest of wishes
May still become true.

With money to burn
And plenty in bank,

For all of those riches,
You Townley must thank.

But swallow your grief,
Be jolly and gay.

I promise you truly
You Townley will see

Before very long
With his bat passing crew,

Collectors, drivers
And doodle bug too.—

Copied by Chris J. Erlandson.