Jan 1st 1935

Poem: Frank P. Fox

Unidentified

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/kendall_albums

Part of the Agricultural and Resource Economics Commons, and the United States History Commons

Restrictions and additional information contact Special Collections Department, University of Maine 5729 Fogler Library, Orono, ME 04469-5729 or call (207) 581-1686.

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/kendall_albums/1930s/1935/21
FRANK P. FOX

This poem was suggested by the death of a famous old horseman known and loved wherever horses hoofs were heard.

The grand old man of the Kingdom of Horse,
   Ever striving to better his "place,"
In the final event he lost the "heat,"
   But he gloriously won the race.

He was a King in the Equine World,
   And his throne was a sulky seat;
He was ever kind to his subjects,
   Whether victory or in defeat.

And beat of their hoofs was his music,
   And music to them was his "Cluck,"
And in the battle of racing course,
   His colors were never "struck."

He left his horse in the paddock,
   Neighing, bespattered with foam,
Laid down his sceptre with Kingly mien,
   To prepare for the journey home.

The grand old man of the Kingdom
   Has got to the end of the "Heat";
God bless him and may his requiem be
   The music of horses' feet.
OLD JUST A GOINTA

The biggest family in our town
Ain't called Smith or Jones or Brown,
But when it comes to propagation,
The man who had the most relation,
Not Dad Abraham of Old
Or Brigham Young with Wives untold;
But when it came to Vast Creation
Of men and women o'er the Nation,
From Maine way out to Arizona,
'Twas that old Cuss called Just A. Gointa.

Just a gointa mind his mother,
Just a gointa try be good,
Just a gointa help his brother,
Just a gointa bring in wood,
Just a gointa learn his lesson,
Just a gointa say his prayer,
Just a gointa wash his ear;
Just a gointa comb his hair,
Just a gointa help his neighbor,
Just a gointa take a bath,
Just a gointa pay his bills,
Just a gointa curb his wrath,
Just a gointa write the letter,
Just a gointa praise his wife,
Just a gointa try be better,
Just a gointa change his life.

* * * * * *

Just a gointa (here's a lesson),
Just a gointa, oh, what chaff!
Just a gointa the devil
Was his Epitaph.