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Poem: Frank P. Fox

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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, beflecked 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 Enitah