

All because her small existence
 Over-pressed upon subsistence.
 Human numbers did n't need her;
 Human effort could n't feed her.

Little Janie didn't know
 The Geometric Ratio.

Poor wee Jane had never done
 Course Economics No I;

Never reached in education

Theories of Population,

Theories which tend to show

Just how far ^{OUR} food will go,
 Mathematically found

Just enough to go around.

This, my little Jane, is why

Pauper children have to die.

Pauper children underfed

Die delirious in bed;

Thus at Malthus's command

~~Match~~ supply with true Demand

Jane who should have scathed died
 started up and wildly cried, —

" " Look, mother, look he's there again
 I see him at the window pane
 Father - don't let him - he's behind
 That shadow on the window blind, -

Statis

Statis

The vain the anxious parents soothe
 What can await their warden love
 What 'Darling lie down again don't mind'
 His ~~and~~ branches are moving with the wind
 With panting breath, with eyes that stare
 Again she cries, "He's there, he's there!"

The

The frightened parents look, aghast,
 Is it that something really passed?
 What it is that they seem to scan
 Ghost or albatross, dream or man? -

That long drawn face, the ~~clown~~ ^{clown} like
 The crooked fingers all a-grip
 The sunken face, cadaverous,
 The cheer! ah God deliver us!
 What unwholesome ^{sacrilegious} is that
 The choker and the shovel hat
 The ^{costume} ~~costly~~ black and sinister,
 The cheer of God's own minister!
 What fiend could ever urge a man
 To perjure a clergyman!

The father strides with angry fist
 "Out, out! you damned economists!"

~~His striking wife restrains~~

His wife restrains his threatening paw,-

"William, it's economic law!

She shrieks, - "Oh William, don't you know

The geometric ratio,-

William, God means it for the best

Our darlings taken! we've transgressed -"

And crying "two ^{times} by two makes four,"

She crashes swooning to the floor.

And ~~then~~ when her senses came again
 Janie had passed from mortal pain

And scowling Malthus ~~was~~ ^{had moved on} ~~moving on~~

Later he came and took their son.

With Jane and John gone out of seven

They kept at five and just broke even

~~Mary the father said for five~~

"Mary" the chastened father said,

"I feel God's wisdom, 'two are dead

The ~~world has~~ ^{would have} ~~only~~ ^{two} for five

~~Let's hold it~~

Quintuplets are the thing that thrive.

She sobbed, - "We do it if we can!

But, oh that awful ~~handsome~~ ^{handsome} Malthus man!"

Remembering that one more infant gone
 To other windows one by one

Such is the tale we have it straight from
Wordsworth's poems few

He happened to be out, not late, just after sunset, when
He met a little cottage girl she was eight years old, ^{she said}
Her hair was thick, he saw, with curls that clustered on ^{her} head

And he recalls in poems verse the interview she gave
While ~~she sat and ate~~ ^{at} her porridge on her sister's lap,
^{sitting eating}

Reating with her baby voice and placid infant's breath,

The orthodox victorian ^{Thought on} ~~of~~ ^{the} haunter children's death;

And thus the plump and happy child, her belly full of
Food,

Drowsy with sunset porridge, felt the world was
pretty good,

But Willie, Willie Wordsworth if again you walk the
Street

Just meet a little college girl, and get the thing
complete

You'll find ~~her~~ ^{her just just-as-saucy} ~~as~~ ^{as} a child of an old
And her hair in curl in permanent with what
she calls a wave.

6

She needs no babbling innocence, no body words
to show

The danger spots for little tots in moving ratios.
That population is a thing that all the world
must stun,

She'd show you as a theorem in Economics One. —

At least until four years ago, when all the
world went crack

And all the world ~~just~~ got cracks, ~~with~~ and
all the world went slack,

~~And coffee w~~
~~that had not by work to do, — but stop we must~~
~~turn back~~

Turn back to ~~maths~~ ----- (do) this

~~etc etc etc~~

next page

Such is the tale we have it straight from
Wordsworth's poems how

He happened to be out, not late, just after sunset, when
He met a little cottage girl she was eight years old, ^{she said}
Her hair was thick, he saw, with curls that clustered on ^{her head}

And he recalls in poems verse the interview she gave
While ~~she sat and~~ ^{at} her porridge on her sister Janis'
^{sitting eating}

Reciting with her baby voice and plain infant's breath,

The orthodox Victorian ^{Thought on} ~~of~~ ^{all} haunter children's death;

And thus the plump and lumpy child, her belly food of
Tord,

Drowsy with sunset porridge, till the world was
pretty good,

But Willie, Willie Wordsworth if again you walk the
Street

Just meet a little college girl, and get the thing
complete

You'll find ~~her~~ ^{her just just - as saucy} ~~as a child of m & m~~
and her hair in curl in permanent with what
she calls a wave.

She needs no babbling innocence, no body words
to show
The danger spots for little tots in moving ratios.
That population is a thing that all the world
must stun,

She'll show you as a theorem in Economics One. —

At least until four years ago, when all the
world went crack

And all the world ~~just~~ got cracks, ~~with~~ and
all the world went slack,

~~And coffee w~~
~~that had not by work to do, — but slop we must~~
~~turn back~~

~~Turn back to malthus~~ — — — — — (doing this

~~etc etc etc~~

not fair

And by the bump we call the slump ~~production~~
force was torn

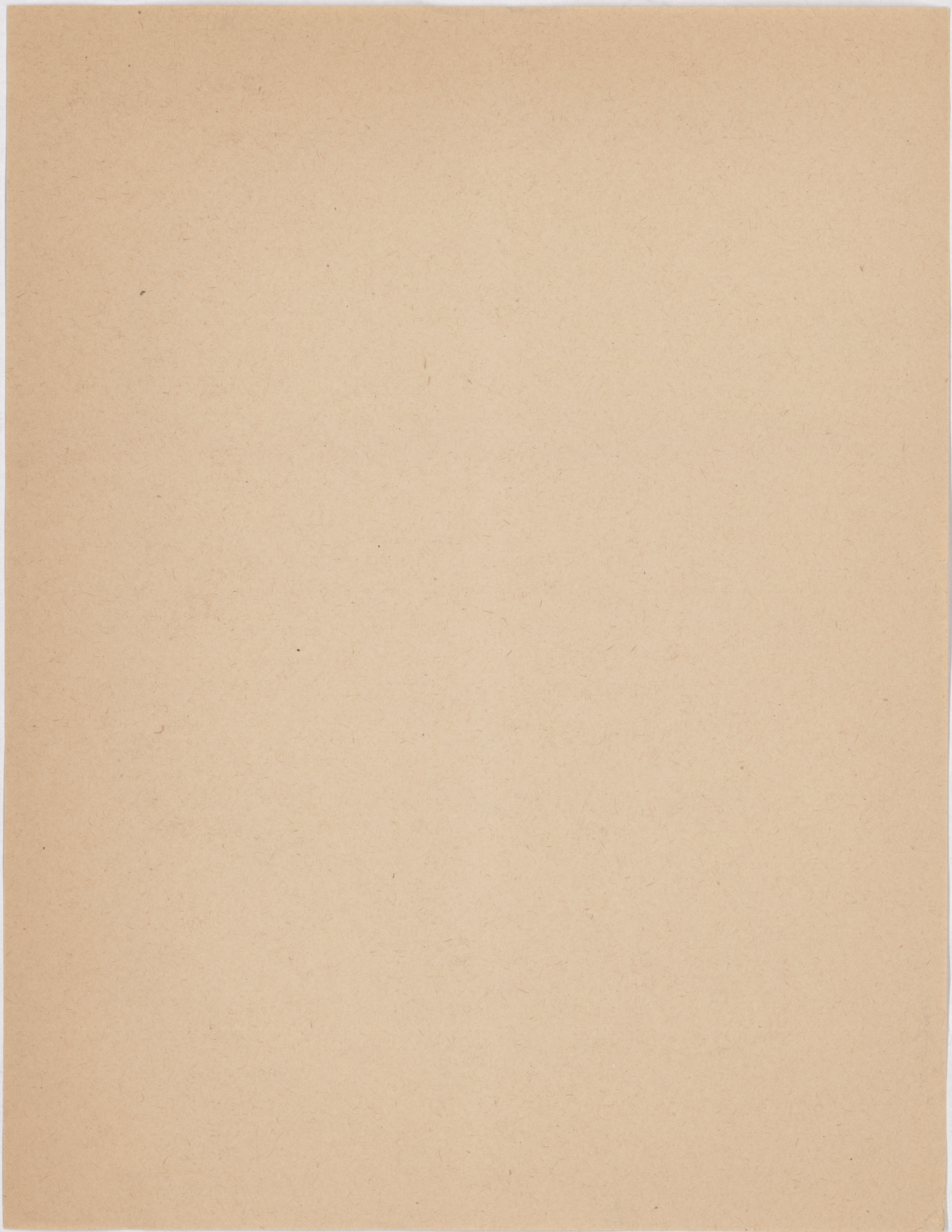
And coffee beans went up in flames beside ungathered corn
And melons floated out to sea and logs were ^{left} ~~seen~~ _{untorn}

As beer rolled down the Tenness and California wine
~~was fed to~~ ~~was dumped~~ ^{for} Hollywood
And just as blood ^{is} ~~the~~ Hollywood, and Rye ^{Thrown} ~~is~~ ⁱⁿ the Rhin

And sugar products in a stack, -

But stick, - ~~wait a bit~~, we must turn back

Turn back to matters - (doing this & that)



All because her small **E**xistence
Over-pressed upon subsistence
Human numbers didn't need her;
Human effort couldn't feed her.

Little Janie didn't know
The Geometric Ratio.
Poor Wee Jane had never done
Course Economics No. I;
Never reached in **E**ducation
Theories of Population, -
Theories which tend to show
Just how far our **F**ood will go,
Mathematically found
Just enough to go around
This, my little Jane, is why
Pauper **C**hildren have to die.
Pauper **C**hildren underfed
Die delirious in **B**ed;
Thus at Malthus's command
Match **S**upply with true Demand.

Jane who should have gently died

Started up and wildly cried, -

< space

"Look, mother, look he's there again
I see him at the window pane
Father, - dont let him, - he's behind
That shadow on the window blind, - "

In vain the anxious parents soothe
What can avail this useless $\frac{1}{2}$ love
"Darling lie down again, dont mind;
Branches are moving in the Wind."
With panting Breath, with Eyes that stare
Again she cries, "He's there, he's there!"

The frightened Parents look, aghast,
Is it that something really passed?
What is it that they seem to scan
Ghost or Abstraction, dream or man? -

That long drawn Face, the cloven Lip
The crooked Fingers all a-grip
The sunken Face, cadaverous,
The dress, Oh God deliver us!
What awful Sacrilege is that
The choker and the Shovel Hat,
The costume black and sinister,
the dress of God's own Minister!

What fiend could ever urge a Man
To personate a Clergyman!

The father strides with angry fist
"Out, out! you damned Economist!"
His wife restrains his threatening paw, -
"William, its economic Law!
She shrieks, - "Oh William! dont you know
The Geometric Ratio, -

William, God means it for the best
Our Darling's taken! we've transgressed - "
And crying, "two times two makes four,"
She crashes swooning ~~xx~~ to the Floor.

Shace

➤ And when her senses come again
Janie had passed from mortal Pain
And scowling Malthus has moved on
Murmuring "that's one more Infant gone".
To other Windows one by one.
Later he came and took their Son.
With Jane and John gone, out of seven,
They kept at five and just broke even.
"Mary", the chastened Father said,
"I feel God's wisdom", two are dead
The world has only food for five
Quintuplets are the thing that thrive.
She sobbed, - "We do it if we can!
But, oh that awful Malthus Man".

Shace

Such is the tale, we have it straight from Wordsworth's pious pen
He happened to be out, not late, just after sunset, when
He met a little cottage girl, she was eight years old, (she said,
Her Hair was thick, he saw, with Curles that clustered on her Head;
And he recalls in pious Verse the Interview she gave
While sitting eating Porridge on her Sister's Janie's Grave,

(To insert on page 5 of Th Mr Malthus

With her little belly fully
Satisfied, her ^mmind got woolly.
She was just like all the rest
Could it stand an acid test,
Took her Thoughts too nearly the ^{Place} ~~Place~~
Where Digestion had its base.
What the Child mistook for Knowledge
Just fresh air and lots of Porridge,—
Here is where Biology
Moves into Ontology

Reciting with her ^Baby Voice and placid ^Infant's ^Breath
 The orthodox ~~Victorian~~ ^{complacent} thought on pauper ^Children's ^DeatH;
 And thus the plump and happy ^Child, her belly ^{full} of food,
 Drowsy with sunset porridge, felt the world was pretty good.

← insert

But Willie, Willie Wordsworth, if again you walk the ^Street
 Just meet a little college girl, and get the thing complete
 You'll find her just as saucy as a ^Child upon a ^Grave,
 And her ^Hair in ^Curl in permanent with what she calls a ^Wave
 She needs no babbling ^Innocence, no baby ^Words to show,
 The danger spots ^{of} little ^Tots in moving ^Ratio.
 That population is a ^Thing that all the world must shun,
 She'll show you as a ^Theorem in Economics One -

Bump

At least until four years ago, when all the ^World went crack
 And all the world got overfed, and all the ^World went slack
 And by the ^Bump we call the ^Slump ^{productions force} was torn
 And coffee beans went up in ^Flames beside ungathered ^Corn
 And ^Melons floated out to ^Sea and ^Hogs were left unborn
 And ^Bee^r rolled down the ^Tennessee and ^California ^Wine
^{was used as} ~~Used just as~~ ^Blood for ^Hollywood, and ^Rye thrown in the ^Rhine
 And ^Super ^Products in a stack, -
 But stop, - a bit, we must turn back

(Turnback to Malthus -)

(1)

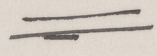
(F)

Turn back to Malthus as he ^{walked} walks over English fields
and Downs

And walked at night the crooked ^{Streets} of crooked
English towns,

Lifless, undying, ^{Shade} Shade a Man, as one that could not die

A hundred years his Shadow fell, a hundred years to lie,
The shadow on the Window ^{Pane} Pane when Malthus ^{ghost} ^{went by}



He chuckled as he passed ^{at} night Gods Acre filled with ^{deed} dead.
The little graves were packed as tight as ^{Rampers} ^{in a} ^{bed.}

But he never heard the little whips that rustled overhead,

Nor heard the voices in the air
Of unborn souls lamenting there.



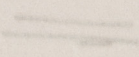
(F)

(1)

Turn back to Madison on the Washington English fields
and down

And walked through the woods streets of crossed
English trees

Likely, walking, Street a Man, on the that was in the
A hundred years in the garden, a hundred years in the
The garden on the side of the garden
game



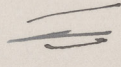
It checked on the house of night of the garden
The little garden were packed on light on garden in a
lot.

But to move toward the little way that walked
The house the house, water for
of garden and garden, there
garden



He wandered in the Summer Lanes when all the World was green,
And he never heard the Wedding Bells of Brides that might have
been,

All English Flowers that drooped and fell and withered on the Stem,
Victims of Malthus' evil Spell, - what should he know of them?
In rustled Silk and Lavender the Garden Path they trod
And listened where the Hollyhocks and tall Delphiniums nod,
And whispered to the blushing Face behind the Bonnet hid,
Of Wedding Bells that were to ring, - that were, but never did.



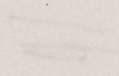
And he never knew the ^{Empty} ~~blighted~~ Homes with angry Quands
sent,
He never knew the blighted Souls, out of their Nature bent,
The blighted Life of Man & Wife where Children are not
sent,

And Love's Illusion wears away
And Single Self comes back to stay



The... in the... when... the... was...

Ball... shown that... and... in the...
Richard... and... - what... a...?
He... the... the...
and... the... and...
of... that... - that... but...



And... from the...
the... the... out of...
the... of... when... the...

And... the...
and... comes back to stay



He scowled to see The Working Class were disordered
still,

The teaching that The Gentry granted ~~was~~ ^{was} lost on
Jane and Bill,

And round the Slum

The Children come

As Children ever will

In vain upon The brain of Jane and Bill ~~the~~ was cast the
Thought

That Hope of social Gain was nil & horrid their lot,

That social Betterment could not
Permit a Baby in The Cot.

"All right," says Bill, "we'll have them still,
And Jane she said "why not?"

"I likes to see 'em, reverend sir,

A crawling round, and so does her;
We're not like Gentry Folks, you see,
There aint much else for her & me"

(5)

(F)

And all the while the World roared on, each decade passing by
Machine and Power and glowing Sun to Malthus gave the lie.

The silly Pedants would not see
Maus Ford grows faster than the lie.

The Wheat Plant easily can grow
A hundred grains per seed
~~Three~~ times a year, what Baker, Ho!
How much it you need?

One Buckwheat Pancake, only one,
Swells in three months to half a ton

The Barley of a single Year
Would turn the Rhine to Lager Beer.

The oyster with a million lives,
If each potential oyster thrives,
As with encouragement they do,
Can turn the world to oyster stew.

Our social future only wants
Bigger and Brighter Restaurants

(7)

And all the while the world turned on, each head passing
Marking up time and space, but a million years ago.

The little footprint would not see
The first print from the ho.

The little print could not see
The hundred years for good

Three times over, what, what, what, Ho!
How much it would?

The footprint for each one
Swells in the memory, half a ton

The border of a single year
It could turn the brain to paper

The paper with a million lines
Of each printed page, thin

As with measurement the so
Can turn the world to paper thin.

Our social future only grows
Bigger and bigger, Robinson's

(4)

Thus from a hundred dusty Chairs in dusty Schools of
Thought;
Professor's talks with Boards & Chalks the Word of Mathews
Taught,
Explained the social Danger hid
In each superfluous *Atia* *Ki* *S*
Each Decade as it moved along
Rehearsed the wearisome Sing Song, —

When Numbers on Subsistence press then Wages cannot rise,
Humanity is in Distress because it multiplies
No hope of social Betterment can ever be made good
Because the wicked Working Class will eat up all the Food
So if the Poor are here to stay
We need not worry anyway.
And Patati et Patala
~~— *Atia* *Ki* *S* Quack, quack, quack and~~
There you are!

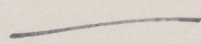
Thus from a hundred dead days in every 200 of
trough
Professors talk with boards & checks the work & make
trough
Following the second dinner his
in each separate this 10:0
Each board as it moves along
Recommends the new system
When the member indicates from the table cannot rise
movement is in motion because it multiplies
No hope of social betterment can ever be made good
Because the wicked working class will eat up all the food
So if the poor can have their
We need not worry
The potato of potato
~~The poor black, black, black, black and~~
There you are!

With every Decade more and more two Giant Forms were seen
To stride across the Universe as Power and as Machine,
And little Man beside them ran, knee high to the seat between

All ignorant ^{he was of why,} ~~what he had done~~
Or what these Things might mean.
Their Eyes of Brass, their Arms of

Steel
That Grip and Drive the ^{plunging} Wheel
That tear the Forest, burst the Soil
And make the cloven Ocean boil
Turn the white torrents foaming
To strike with Death or ^{blaze} ~~blaze~~ with light

— What is the meaning, Little Man,
And have you got your little Plan?
'Ask Teacher?' my dear sir, alack!
Your Teacher only says, 'Quack, Quack'



6

Thus forward drove the World, divorced from any one Control
Each Man might grasp a little Part, no man could view
the Whole

The Giants drove it like the Wind
And Little Man clung on behind,
Picture of Terror and Despair
His Coat Tails flying in the Air

Faster and faster, on they sped
Machine of Power went mad, saw red,

On Little Man fell their Attack
And smashed his World to
bric-a-brac.

~~Turned all their Wrath on Little Man~~
~~Turned all their Wrath on Little Man~~
~~They broke his Car~~
And ~~then made his world a gasp~~

It Broke it with War and at its cease,
They limed & broke it ~~into~~ worse with Peace;
Broke it with overwork, and then, with Myriads of Workmen
Starved it with Want, then changed their clutch & choked the
World with
Overmarch

And when their Rage had spent its Shocks,
Left Little Man upon the Rocks
Of Economic Paradox.

~~Around his thro' Disconsolate~~
~~He sees the Angry Flood abate~~
~~And~~

(5)

Thus forming over the world, divided from any one point
Each man might pick a little part, no man could view
The whole

The point over it, like the wind
And little men clasp or define,
Picture of James and his pair
The foot trails keep in the air

Teach us faster, on the speed
Machine of Power work, hand, saw, cog
Turned all their wheels in the air
The whole world, divided from any one point

On little man, full the world
And a small part, divided from any one point

Of broke it with pain and of its gear
The turning wheels, it is worse with gear
Broken it with sorrow, by the, with the hands of workers
Stained it with sweat, the clasp the date, the date
The whole world, divided from any one point

And under this page, but what is it?
Left little men when the rocks
Of economic progress.

~~of man for the world~~
~~the man the world~~
~~the world~~

—

His mournful Face and weeping Eyes
Look on his World in mild Surprise,
See Milk on the Potomac roll
And milkless Children on the Dole,
A crazy World it seems, grotesque
Where all his Theory is Burlesque,

All jig-saw Bits,
Where nothing Fits
So there he sits
Dereft of Wits,—

And murmurs through his little Hat,
"Will some one tell me where I'm at?"

Start once again, O Little Man!
Remember, when you first began
What a determined Cuss you were
And how your efforts made a ~~star~~ stir
Recall again through Time's dim haze
The dear old Neolithic Days;
With bed-room Exercise your Shake
You raised above the Common Ape
You muttered to yourself, "They'll see!
There's no ourang-outang in me."

see page
7-a

His wonderful Face and weeping Eyes
 Look on his World in wild Surprise,
 See Milk on the Potatoes roll
 And milkless Children on the Dole,
 A wailing Wretch it seems, distorted
 When all his Team is broken,
 All lip-seam split,
 Where nothing fits
 So true he sits
 Doff of Wife —

And murmurs through his little throat
 "Will some one tell me where I'm at?"

Start once again, O little Man!
 Remember, when you first began
 What a determined Guss you were
 And how your efforts made a stir
 Recall again through Times Old Days
 The day of the Neolithic Days!
 With bed-room exercise you shake
 You tossed above the Cannon App
 You wretched yourself, "I'll sell
 There's no ground-water in me!"

20/1/2

7a

You practised every manual Trick, -
Like how to use a pointed stick
Bent down a Bough and let it go
And grasped the ^{position} ~~theory~~ of a bow
Moved into Theory, went higher,
And saw that heat was got from fire.

A Deep scald in a Cotton-tree
You learned to count as
Ten on three

You did not know it, but you were
The first Research Professor, sir,
Contained, within your hairy Body,
A noble Rutherford or Soddy.

Nay, - what is more, - your ^{lot} was rude
But showed the College attitude.

You made it ~~not~~ an unswerving Rule
To disregard the Common Fool
You ~~heeded not~~ ^{overlooked} the silly chat
Of laughing Jackass, gay giraffe,
You heeded not the caustic smile
Of Dinosaur or Crocodile,
Passed undisturbed the Ridicule
Of comic crow or haw-haw mule, -

D

In short, in Culture's earliest span
You acted like an Oxford Man.
Their illness soon proved their Loss;
You made yourself Creation's Boss.
Do it again, - see what I mean, -
Come Little Man! Beat the Machine

2

Don't look in a corner -
at you coming for a
look

You forecasted even warring Trick -
Like how to use a pointed stick
Bent down a handle and let it go
And dropped the ^{factor} of a lever

Moved into theory, work habits,
And saw that heat was got from fire.
You did not know it, but you were
The first Research Professor, sir,
Convinced with your brain body,
A noble Rutherford or Soddy.

Now - what is more - you had made
But showed the College attitude.

You made it ~~not~~ an interesting Rule
To disregard the Common Foot
You ~~had~~ ^{overlooked} not the silly staff
Of hanging backs, pay pinoffs,
Now looked at the comat smile

Of ^{the} Museum or Crocodile,
Passed unvisited the Rickets
Of comic rows or hour-glass only -

In short, in Culture's exact after
You acted like an Oxford Man.
Their ^{flames} soon found their loss;
You made none of Greater Boss.
Do it again - see what I mean?
Come Little Man! Test the Machine

You that the Pterodactyl slew, —
Show this new Demon who is who, —

⑧

And, first, you have to throw away
The stuff that led you all astray.

Numbers are not the Bane of Man
& And numbers never get out of hand.

Go think about it; I'm sure you can
Just mark as Poverty may come to imply ^{crowded} ~~Cramped~~
Slum,

Enough, enough, — its quite enough,
Get rid of all the Malthus Stuff. —

~~... ..~~
~~... ..~~
~~... ..~~

In a sharp landscape all grotesque
where all his theory is burlesqued
~~where nothing is ^{its} other half~~

Alfred Sharp Jr. - I have, I have
the same in all the other things

the same in all the other things
the same in all the other things
the same in all the other things
the same in all the other things
the same in all the other things
the same in all the other things
the same in all the other things
the same in all the other things
the same in all the other things
the same in all the other things

I - and I have seen it all
- I have seen it all

9

Let's seek the Shade of Malthus out from where he
walks at Night

And bring him up for Punishment, - It certainly seems right:

He that misled a hundred Years Man's Footsteps from
his Path, -

That turned our Household Joy to Tears, - how shall he feel our Wrath?
Shall boiling Oil reduce his flesh to Chicken à la King,
Would molten Lead upon his Head be pretty much the Thing?
Ah, no! not bye-gone Cruelty his erring soul shall harry,
We'll fit the Punishment to Crime, make Mr Malthus marry,

Ho! Reverend Robot, come and doff
That cleric suit; yes, take it off, -
Nay, never mind the ~~harsh~~ ^{leather} Face
The faded parchment skin,
Come, stand up Robot, chuck a brace
Another life begin!

(17)

Let's see the Stock of Mr. Weston out from where he
wishes at night

And bring him up to presentment, the certain amount
of that involved a number of years ago, the fact is from
his part.

That turned out the whole lot of them - has still to be on that?
I shall be glad to reduce his stock to what is the kind
of what matter lead when in that to be the thing?
At, no! that is the point, his error and other things
Who'll hit the presentment to him, make Mr. Weston many

Ho! Reverse that, come and go off
That clinic suit, yes, take it off.
Now, you miss the presentment for
The Federal presentment skin,
Come, stand up, Robert, check a case
Whether the paper!

We'll dress him all in love attire ~~that~~ ^{our} great grandfathers
Knew

As one who led a Bride to wed The Year of Waterloo
Behold the Sandy Beaver Hat, the sandy-coloured Suit
The Gorgeous Vest, the high Cravat, the glowing Hessian
Boot

Enormous Buttons made of Horn
Our Wedding Bridegroom shall adorn

O! Hear the bells that ring, Ding, Dong,
~~Here~~ For Malthus Euthalameon.

shall

~~Population for~~
Pop-u-la-tion for the Na-tion
shells and tells its long sal-va-tion

shall

Now hold the chime a little Time,
Malthus The ringers stand beside
And let us go and bring the Bride

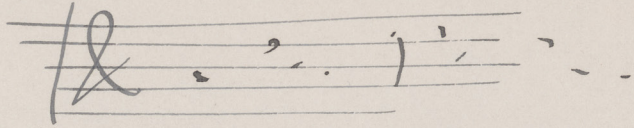
Well known him all in (or better than) great quantities
then
As one who had a Bird to send the few of water
to the water, the bird, the bird, the bird, the bird
the water, the bird, the bird, the bird, the bird

Provisionary for the birds of the
the water, the bird, the bird, the bird, the bird
the water, the bird, the bird, the bird, the bird

Population for the Na-tion
Pop-u-lar-tion for the Na-tion
shells and tells its pop-u-lar-tion

Now what the China a little time
the water, the bird, the bird, the bird, the bird
the water, the bird, the bird, the bird, the bird

[Wedding Song]



Bring on the same old Thesis
Of how Man Increases
As the Clover Blossoms Glow.

And we'll sing such Pieces
Till we get Paradox^{is}
And we go where Ratios Go

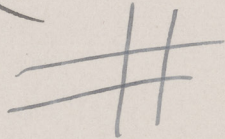
For if Man increases
If he never, never ceases
If he never never says, 'Go Slow'
If he will not let the Pop. stop
Why Then, ergo, there's a drop-stoh
But it's all right - Let. ergo

~~For if man increases
If he never ceases~~

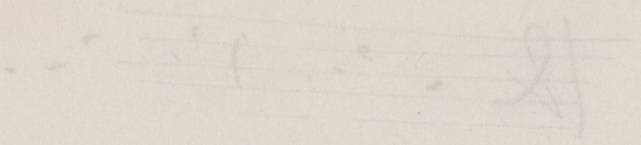
~~If he never never says Go Slow
If will not let the pop. stop
there is bound to be a drop-stoh
But it's all right - let~~

(music dies away)

~~(music dies away)
ergo~~



[Molecular 202]



Bring on the same old these
Of your Man Intrans
As the Clover Blossoms glow.

And we'll sing and piece
Till we get ~~to~~ ^{the} ~~place~~ ^{place}
And we go where Rattos go

For if Man Intrans
He never never ceases
He never never stops, no stop!
If he will not let the pop. stop
Why then, ergo, there's a pop. stop
But it's all right - let er go

If he never never stops
If will not let the pop. stop
Then, ergo, there's a pop. stop
But it's all right - let er go

(In our piece song)

