

Warning The Carpenter

Say, Mister Carpenter, you know, you got me spanked last night,
I guess your Pa and Ma forgot to teach you what was right;
An' I can't come here anymore to watch you build that fence,
Coz my Pa says a man like you ain't got a bit of sense.
You 'member yesterday, when you was nailing up a board
An' hit your thumb an awful whack the drefful things you swored,
Well, I felt sorry for you then, coz I am only three,
An' I supposed 'at what you said would be all right for me.

Las' night I was a-playin' wif my hammer an' a box
An' hit my thumb jus' like you did two terrible hard knocks;
My Ma an' Pa were standing near, an' bofe of 'em turned red
When I let loose an' said out loud the drefful things you said.
You never told me it was wrong; it seemed to comfort you,
An' when I hit my thumb I s'posed it was all right to do.
But you will never get to be an angel when you die
Becoz you used such wicked words an' let your temper fly.

My Pa, he took me on his knee an' spanked me for it, too,
An' Ma, she jus' sat down an' cried the whole long evenin' through;
She says there ought to be a law to keep bad men away
From decent neighborhoods like ours where little children play.
You let me get a wallopin'. An' I don't think it fair,
Say! Ain't you got no Pa an' Ma to teach you not to swear?

It's all your fault that I got licked, an' Ma says when you die
There ain't a-goin' to be no place for you up in the sky;
An' Pa says 'at you ought to know 'at little fellow's ears
Pick up the things that bad men say. An' if he ever hears
That I've been hangin' round this place he don't know what he'll do;
I guess he'll tell your Pa an' Ma, an' you'll get walloped, too.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)