



HON. E. W. HYDE, EX-MAYOR OF BATH.

UNDER the Anvil's spreading tree
The Anvil's smithy sits;
The Smith a mighty man is he
In Sagady's politics.
And when he pulls his hammer out
It generally hits.

You see him in his sanctum here
A sitting, at his ease,
A thinking of whose scalp he'll take—
The Anvil on his knees.
Whose will it be? I do not know,
Unless it be Charles E's.

The Hyde men coming up to chat
Drop in and stay to lunch;
They love to hear the Anvil ring
And hear the bellows crunch;
And read the red hot stuff that serves
To mutilate the Bunch.

For it sounds to them like "His Master's Voice"
"E. W.," thru and thru;
And they needs must think with conscious pride
What each of them can do
To boost him in a proper way
With bigger things in view.

Thanks, thanks to you, our worthy friend
For the good work you have done;
No conscious thought but's been for Bath,
Since life for you begun.
Why cavil if I think I hear
This whisper—"Washington?"