## E. W. Hyde

http://digitalmaine.com/men\_of\_the\_hour/37

Transcription:

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?"

*Transcription produced by the DigitalMaine Transcription Project*