39. The Things These Scribblers Write

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You can't imagine how stupid the world has grown nowadays. The things these scribblers write I am who I am and who I am and that's who I am. I am and that's who I am. Dowe ever achieve what our powers have ostensibly equipped us for? The things these scribblers write I am who I am and who I am and that's who I am. Always think of what is useful, and not what is beautiful. Beauty will come of its own accord. Countless as the sands of the sea are human passions not all them alike are at first obedient to a man. The future is unknown, and stands before a man like autumnal fogs rising from the swamps; and then, Gm+#3 birds fly up and down in it with flapping wings, never re-occurring each other, the dove not seeing the vulture, nor the vulture the dove. Oh the things that these scribblers write!

Always think of what is useful.
and not what is beau-ti-ful _
Beauty will come of its own ac-cord._
Count-less as the
sands of the sea are hu-man pas-sions not all them a-like are at first o-be-dient to a man_

The things these scrib-blers write__ I am who I am and who I am and that's who
I, I am, I am, I am!__