

Eighteen Hundred and Two

Once my father was poor but by prudence and care
He died just as rich as a Jew.
I was heir to his guineas, his cattle, his corn,
And the poor little cottage in which I was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two.

Then I soon built a mansion of splendour and style
With cornice and portico too,
And columns and porches the front to a dorm,
Not a whit like the cottage in which I was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two.

And when in my coach I rolled proudly along
—My escutcheon displayed to the view—
My neighbours exclaimed “he exalteth his horn,
“He forgets the poor cottage in which he was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two.”

And if ever I happened, at dinner or ball,
To o'er look some low fellow I knew,
“Ah! Ah!” he'd exclaim “I am treated with scorn,
“I remember the cottage in which he was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two.”

But fortune is fickle, and I've once more become poor,
And deserted by old friends and new;
Neglected, forsaken, forgotten, forlorn,
I shall die in the cottage in which I was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two.