

The Gossip

(Dedicated to a nameless acquaintance)

There's a grey old crone
Who wanders alone
Some scandal to collect;
Like the garbage man
Who empties our can,
She's instant to inspect
Some neighborhood tale
With which to regale
The ears of decent people.

Why should this crone
Flit from home to home,
In search of scandals there,
Is more than I know,
But this I'll trow
She's always sure to declare,
The neighborhood news
E'en to the folks in the pews
When at church she happens to go.

But as this garrulous crone
Goes wandering alone
Her scandals to collect,
I'll wager a dime
There's never a time
Her own she stops to inspect.
Avaunt then this danger,
This neighborhood ranger,
More ruthless than maverick.
Beware of this crone
Who wanders alone
She's a character assassin addict!

—1925