

# Southern Politics

**L**AY the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last,  
For the miracle has happened and the olden  
days are past;  
That which made Milwaukee famous does not foam in  
Tennessee,  
And the lid on old Missouri is as tight locked as can be;  
For the eggnogg now is noggless and the rye has  
gone awry,  
And the punch bowls hold carnations and the South,  
"By Gawd, Sir's dry.

**B**Y the still side on the hill side in Kentucky all is still,  
For the old damp refreshments must be dipped  
up from the rill.  
N'th C'lina's stately ruler gives his "Cola" glass a shove  
And discusses local option with the South C'lina Gov.  
For the mint bed makes a pasture and the corkscrew  
hangeth high,  
And the cocktail glass is dusty and the South,  
"By Gawd, Sir's dry.

**A**LL the nightcaps now have tassels and are worn upon  
the head;  
Not the night caps that were taken when nobody  
went to bed;  
When the Colonel and the Major and the Gen'l and the  
Jedge  
Meet to have a little nip to give their appetites an edge,  
Now each can walk a chalkline when the stars are in the  
sky,  
For the fizz glass now is fizzless and the South,  
"By Gawd, Sir's dry.

**T**HOUGH she still has pretty women and her horses  
still are fast,  
"Ole Kentucky's" crowning glory is a mem'ry of the  
past:  
Now the partisans of 'straight goods' and the 'Rectified'  
speak well,  
For what's the use of scrapping when the business's  
gone to h—;  
In those lovely tasseled cornfields al' he crows are living  
high,  
Each distillery's a graveyard, for the South,  
"By Gawd, Sir's dry.