

THE FOUR BARSTARDS. By Ogden Nash.

First Bastard: I'm an autocratic citizen in these democratic states
I'm a dandy demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the baker bake the most delicious bread,
And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds,
As the Barrymores and Roosevelts and others I could name,
Inherited the talents that perpetuate their fame,
My position in the structure of society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
My papy was a gentleman - and musical to boot -
He used to play the piano in a house of ill repute,
The madam was a lady - a credit to her cult.
She enjoyed my father's playing and I was the result.
So my mammy and my father are the ones I have to Thank
That now I am the chairman of the National City Bank.

Second Bastard: In a cosy little farmhouse in a cosy little dell,
A dear old fashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell.
She was pretty, she was tender, she was gentle, she was mild,
And her sympathy was such she was frequently with child.
The year her hospitality attained a record high,
She became the happy mother of an infant - which was I.
Whenever she was gloomy I could always make her grin,
By childishly inquiring who my pappy could have been
The hired man was favoured by the girls of mother's set,
And the traveller from Brotto was an even money bet.
But such were mother's morals, and such was her allure,
That even Roger Babson wasn't altogether sure.
Well I took my mother's morals and I took my father's crust
And I grew to be the founder of the Chase Investment Trust.

Third Bastard: In a hard worked little chain gang on a dusty southern road
My late lamented pappy had his permanent abode.
Now some were there for murder but Pappy's only fault
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault.
His philosophy was simple and free from moral tape,
Seduction is for sissies - a man ~~can't~~ have his rape.
Daddies total list of victims was embarrassingly rich
And though one of them was mammy, he just couldn't tell me which.
Now I never went to college but I got me a degree
I reckon I'm a model of a perfect B.O.B.
I'm a debit to my country but a credit to my dad,
I'm the most expensive Senator the country's ever had.
I remember Daddy's warning that raping is a crime
Unless you rob the voters a million at a time.

Chorus of 3 Bastards: Oh our parents forgot to get married,
Oh our parents forgot to wed,
Did wedding bells chime, it was always some time
That our parents were somewhere in bed.
Oh thanks to our kind loving parents
We are kings in the land of the free,
Your banker, your broker, your Washington joker,
Three prominent bastards are we, tra la la.
Three prominent bastards are we.

The Self Appointed Bastard: I'm an ordinary citizen in these democratic states
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the cops possess the flattest feet
And the daughter of a Hussie has a waggle in her seat.
My position at the bottom of Society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
My father was a married man - and what is even more
He was married to my mother - a fact which I deplore.
I was born in Holy wedlock, consequently bye and bye
I was robbed by every bastard with plunder in his eye.
I invested, I deposited, I voted every fall
And if I made a dollar the bastards took it all,
But at last I learned my lesson and I'm on the proper track,
I'm a self-appointed bastard and I'm out to get it back!.....

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