

Boil It Down - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty or grave or gay-
Condense it as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way.
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice-boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do.
Your butter is spread so much, you see.
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend, boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp And dry;
And when it is finished, And you suppose
It is done exactly brown.
Just look it over again, And then boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown.
And every time you write, my friend, boil it down.