

# Stump Speech - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

STUMP SPEECH

Delivered by Ned Turner.

Feller Citizens and Human:-Lend me your ears, for I am about to let her slide. Dis am a great country, full ob toil nud troubles, sin and sorrow, sickness and deff. We spring up like a hoppergrass and we are cut down like a peppergrass, as Speelshake says in his works ob human ewents. I tell yea, feller citizens, a crisis hab aribben and sumthiu's bust; our hy-per-bol-i-cal and majestic uniwer3e ob creation hab unshipped her rudder and de captain's ded drunk in dat renowned and ncber to be forgotten place called de oder side ob Jordan; de chambermaid hab jumped overboard and div down to de depths ob do mighty deep in serch ob crabs and odder small insects. Our wigwams am torn to pieces like an old shirt on a brush fence. We hab purloined de huntin' grounds ob de poor aborigines, and druv dern iu desparation to de plains ob Caucasus on de Kentuck ribber, near Sheedunk Territory. Dis am a time to be looked up to like a bobtail shanghai on a rickety henroost; am such tings to be did? I ax you in de name ob dat proud majestic bird ob Liberty, which hab smelt de smoke ob mauy hard fought battles, and hab now flown ober de cloud-capt summit ob de Rockgany Mountins, and sets perched on dc staff ob de Star Spangled Smasher, am such things gwine to be conglomerated? Oh answer me, somebody! and " let me not bust wid iguorance," as Caesar said when Gimblet stabbed him in de house ob Re-pre-sent-a-tives. I'se sprung a leak! I'm spilen! I'm gwine to let her rip. and yelp like a hungry bar wid a sore head, or n big yaller dog wid a wheel-barrow tied to his tail. Den flock togedder, feller humans, like a flock ob turkey buzzards round do carcass ob a defunct mule, or a drove ob shad in fly time, and rib me out wid a mill grab, if I don't stick to you like brick dust to a bar ob soft soap, or a lot ob hungry niggers to a bowl ob clam soup. Times aint as dey used to was, and things in general hab got to cum to a stop, so my friend Jecms says, and what he says am ile from de can. Howsumever, his absence prevents his hemispherical orgunisational optical illusional powers. Look to it, feller humans, or I will, for I am spilin'. I'm worried, and dere will be trouble in de house, and when I do rise up, de whole Yankee nation from de East to dc Wes', from dc Norf to de South, will exclaim in de loud and terrific, sublime and unnatural language as Paul de Soap Fat Man used when preachin' in de wilderness to de aborigiues oh Hosh Koch, when he said unto dem, " You dat am last shall be fust, and you dat am fust shall be last, and follow in de foot-steps of de odders," when Gabriel blows his horn or stay behind till de day ob Jug-her-not and Root little Hog or die.