

# Collections

## The 1900s

"All the world's a stage,"  
A friend of mine, he sometimes said,  
And though he tried to show the way,  
They only care about his name.

"Love is for the fool,"  
A blind old man, he always said,  
But of its joys he sometimes spoke  
And then it seemed, he could see.

"Life is for the strong,"  
A travelling monk, he told me once  
But of the weak, he never spoke  
Though their cries beat on his ears.

I stood my gun in hand  
The swallow flew to meet his love  
And as they touched, I shot him down  
But now it's me that can't fly.

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