

THE TRAMCAR

Of Electricity I sing,
 And someone's useful notion
 To use this scientific thing
 For human locomotion.

I sing the fearless artisans
 Versed in its mystic action,
 A mixture of (one understands)
 Repulsion and attraction.

I sing (until my larynx fails)
 The fate of these aspiring
 To stand with one foot on the rails
 And one foot on the wiring.

In fact I'll sing (while I can stand)
 The tramcar, and the speed it
 Will bear me to my Guinness, and
 My Goodness, how I'll need it!

O Ampère, Volta, Watt and Ohm!
 No wonder you look gloomy —
 The Guinness that I have at home
 Sends stronger currents through me.

Guinness is good for you

*"What'll happen in a thunderstorm,
 I'd like to know?"*

