

THE TRANSFOR
MATION OF THE JEW
ISH CEMETERY AT NEW
PORT INTO THE PRO
TESTANT CEMETERY
AT CAMBRIGE
GATE HMM!

hOW STRANGe
It SEEMS! THEse

White ANGLO SAXons,

Dancing IriSH ON THEIr graves,

Close by the roADWAYS OF this restless,

Hibernian town sileNT UNDER the ever humping

BoyoS, at rest under all the moving up and down! For lo! The moving fingers having ritzed now ritz no moah.

I see the love goo-ed saran wrap used for prophylactic! (Has the sinewy village whoha shut her doah?)

Where are all the mills, the frills, The fishing fleet, (And who could ask for anything Moor?)

That ruled the waves? The iron hooked Chinese opium

Slaves? An d where are the humpless Brahmin cows?

Hak! They frock not dak nub of liquid bak in the pak!

Cabits and Lahges ah sinnahs. Kennahdies ah winnahs.

The Celts a t Barry's Corner, Russ, Tip, Chief? Call up

M. Baker E ddy on her coffin telephone all you want,

She will not answer. Call up Cotton Mather staked

To his burnt schitz all you want. He will not answer.

Gone are the half-intelligent but the totally dumb

Remain. So don't feel so sorry for the Jew! Sure

Pride and humiliation walked with them hand in

Hand throughout the world of their wandering,

Trampled and beaten were they as the sand!

And yet now a wild new Israel rises from terror

Ashes screaming fire mist, again a nation striving

Fearlessly with a full God loved mental excellence.

Butt searching for long lost white elephant and whale

And the forest primeval and the shot drunk round the

world by the woman of hidden cunt, free screwing the

Little minister, lo yankee vagabando sprezzando risque

Affonda l'anchora all'avventura. Amerigaaaa forevaaaa!!

Yet enow walks within the White Anglo Saxon Protestant

Graveyard in Cambridge, MA, H. W. Longfellow dreaming

Of laughing waters and groping for his long estranged

Short fellow. But ah! Wh at once has been shall be

No more! The groaning God of goy in travail and

Pain brings forth his ra ces, but does not restore!

Cold, constrained penal peoples never rise again.

Stars shine bright on shat ter light as Henry Wads-

Worth Longfellow walks at midnight, let us listen

As he asks what has ha ppened to all that west-

Ward goes the course of white empire crap?

With the dinner nut cup, the so oily head

Doiley has it all re turned to Jap slap?

Is next week al ways East Lynn?

Thee.The.The. The Saw Mill?

That's al ways count

Your dead Indians, dead

Jews, dead golden harps,

Rip-ed silk wings after you're dead wasps.

!
Go Next
Young Man