

# MAINE STATE LEGISLATURE

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SEVENTY-NINTH LEGISLATURE

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HOUSE

NO. 529

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In House of Representatives, April 2, 1919.

Ordered, that five hundred copies of Dr. Phillips poem be printed for use of the House.

Read and passed.

CLYDE R. CHAPMAN, Clerk.

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STATE OF MAINE

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IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND  
NINE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN

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SQUARE AND ROUND.

There's a man in among us that can never be square

No matter how hard he tries;

But so far as I know no man ever lived

Who accused him of stealing or lies.

He's ready for fight at the drop of the hat,

He's ready at once for more rounds,

But whatever he does or whatever he says

We all of us love to hear Rounds.

His weapons of war are big and are square  
But have in them the roar of a hound ;  
But whatever he does and whatever he says  
We all of us love to hear Rounds.

But I think we shall find when the books are all signed  
That the watchdog that's been hanging around  
Has saved us a lot of questionable rot,  
This man that is square and is Round.

He will take sides with right with all his might,  
As sure as the sun on its rounds ;  
But whatever he says and whatever he does  
We all of us love to hear Rounds.

When sometime in the future there steals to our door  
That taker of life on his rounds,  
How glad we shall be wherever we go  
To hear that big voice of old Rounds.

He'll growl for us all, he'll fight to the line,  
He never will yield them a pound ;  
Too cold or too hot, whichever it is,  
You will hear the big voice of our Rounds.

Whichever the gate we shall enter at last,  
    Be it hot as the scorching of old,  
Or the place where the music of angels appear,  
    To open the way to the fold, how glad we shall be  
To hear the deep roar of our watchdog—our sterling old  
    hound—  
    That splendid old big-hearted Rounds;  
For whatever he does or whatever he says,  
    We all of us love to hear Rounds.

We have measured our man with a yardstick that's sound,  
    We have hunted the wool just as square,  
And when we had finished with Honest Old Rounds  
    The yard and the wool were all there.

And still it is true, between me and you,  
    No matter how queerly it sounds,  
That whatever he does and whatever he say  
    We all of us love to hear Rounds.

(Prolonged applause; the members rising and cheering.)

A true copy,

Attest:

CLYDE R. CHAPMAN, Clerk.