Ballad of Mae West's Bust

Ballad of Mae West's Bust
(Earl H. Emmons)

My eyes have seen upon life's screen the wreck of countless dreams,
Where e'er I turn 'tis but to learn that naught is as it seems,
And 'neath the sun I've found but one tradition I can trust,
One thing that's sure and does endure
Is Mae West's bust.

My many years are wet with tears as down my checkered way
All I held true went up the flue and perished day by day;
I've viewed with grief each pet belief go crumbling into dust
Till quite bereft there's nothing left
But Mae West's bust.

The world is nuts and filled with mutts who should have died at birth;
We're led by heels with no ideals and morons rule the earth;
Our ancient creeds are crushed by greed, by graft and bunk and
lust
Till naught remains that's sure and sane
But Mae West's bust.

Nor friends nor fame remain the same, and life's a hollow shell,
I'm betting odds there are no gods, nor Paradise nor Hell;
No lucid laws, no Santa Claus; injustice rules the just;
In all life's range all models change
But Mae West's bust.

Though void of hope, still on I grope for something staunch and real,
My slender faith a frazzled wraith, yet seeking some ideal,
till wracked by care and black despair and glutted with disgust
My heart would stop without the prop
Of Mae West's bust.

Then let us crown this matchless mound for the courage it instills;
Oh noble shrine! Oh domes divine! Eternal as the hills;
Serene and fair it rises there, one promise we can trust,
One changeless thing to which we cling;
Mae West's bust.
note: tune not supplied, but it sings well to Auld Lang Syne. RG
SW