

LINES ON BEING INVITED TO MEET THE
PREMIER IN WALES, SEPTEMBER '92.

I WILL not shake thy hand, old man,
I will not shake thy hand ;
You bear a traitor's brand, old man,
You bear a liar's brand.
Thy talents are profound and wide,
Apparent power to win ;
It is not everyone has lied
A nation into sin.

And look thou not so black, my friend,
Nor seam that hoary brow ;
Thy deeds are seamier, my friend,
Thy record blacker now.
Your age and sex forbid, old man,
I need not tell you how,
Or else I'd knock you down, old man,
Like that extremist cow.

You've gained your every seat, my friend,
By perjuring your soul ;
You've climbed to Downing Street, my friend,
A very greasy poll.
You bear a traitor's brand, old man,
You bear a liar's brand ;
I will *not* shake thy hand, old man,
I will *not* shake thy hand.

[*And I didn't.*]