To James C. Clark.
The Poet Tourist

THE Superfluous Man
A HUMOROUS SONG
Poetry by
John C. Saxe.

MUSIC BY
A.A. HOPKINS.
Author of HOME AGAIN BEAR HIM MISSING &c.

ROCHESTER
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THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

NOTE. It is ascertained by inspection of the registers of many countries that the uniform proportion of Male to Female births is as 21 to 20, accordingly in respect to marriage every 21st Man is naturally superfluous.

SMITH'S TREATISE ON POPULATION.

POETRY BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Allegretto.

Music by A. A. HOPKINS.

1. I long have been puzzled to guess, And so I have frequently said, What the
2. Tho' clever statistical chaps, Declare the numerical run, Of
   reason could really be That I never have happened to wed; But
women and man in the world Is twenty to twenty and one; And
now it is perfectly clear, \( \text{I am under a natural ban} \)

hence in the pairing, you see, \( \text{Since wooing and wedding began,} \)

For girls are all ready assigned \( \text{And I'm a superfluous man!} \)

every conjugal score \( \text{They've got a superfluous man!} \)

For a tempo

\( \text{roll:} \)

now it is perfectly clear, \( \text{I am under a natural ban} \)

hence in the pairing, you see, \( \text{Since wooing and wedding began,} \)

For girls are all ready assigned \( \text{And I'm a superfluous man!} \)

every conjugal score \( \text{They've got a superfluous man!} \)
3.

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of a conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To Nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me,
For I'm a superfluous man.||

4.

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude ever inclined;
It isn't that I am at fault
In morals, or manners, or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I am still with the bachelors clan?
I merely was numbered a miss—
And I'm a superfluous man.||

5.

It isn't that I am in want,
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face;
Indeed among elegant men,
I fancy myself in the van,
But what is the value of that
When I'm a superfluous man?:|

6.

Although I am fond of the girls
For ought I could ever discern
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return;
'Tis idle to quarrel with fate,
For struggle as hard as I can
They're mated already, you know,
And I'm a superfluous man.||

7.

No wonder I grumble at times,
With women so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born,
To figure as one of the twenty;
But yet when the average lot,
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be for the best
That I'm a superfluous man.:|