



C. Magnus 12 Frankfort St. New York.

# THE SHODDY CONTRACTOR.

*Air: Fine old Irish Gen'leman.—By E. T. JOHNSTON.*

I'll sing to you a little song, made by a modern pate,  
 About a shoddy cloth-contractor, who owns a fine estate:  
 In a street called Fifth avenue, where big bugs congregate  
 And bears a good character though his hours are somewhat late.  
 This shoddy cloth contractor of the present time.

Before "this cruel war" broke out, he was what's termed a "beat,"  
 And kept a small hand-me-down store in Chatham Street.  
 His neighbors they all marked him down, as an arrant cheat  
 But now he'll pass his poor friends by when e'er they chance to meet,  
 This shoddy cloth contractor, one of the present time.

Now he keeps a stud of horses, the fast-st in the town,  
 Determined to outshine, his neighbors Smith, and Brown,  
 In Broadway you may see him daily driving up and down  
 And often at Delmonico's sipping champagne he is found,  
 This shoddy cloth contractor, one of the present time.

He keeps his shoddy factory in a bye street near Broadway  
 Employs several hundred hands but gives them little pay:  
 And if a poor soldier's wife works hard, she can gain fifty cents a day  
 To support her little ones at home, while her husbands far away.  
 From this shoddy cloth contractor one of the present time.

At the Sanitary fair, his name is on the list,  
 Of subscribers for one hundred dollars, but of course that won't be  
 missed:

He rents the finest pew in church and a'ways stands the grist,  
 For the next government contract puts fifty thousand in the fist.  
 Of this shoddy cloth contractor, one of the present time.

At every war meeting, he is sure to be seen there,  
 On the speaker's plat-form, sometimes he takes the chair.  
 Tho' he can no more make a speech than Barnum's grizzly bear,  
 But he pays a man to write one, which he studies with great care  
 This shoddy cloth contractor, one of the present time.

You can tell him in a thousand by his lofty mien and tread  
 This shoddy cloth contractor who has his country bled;  
 But tho' justice may be sleeping, still she is not dead,  
 And soon will her avenging sword fall upon the heads—  
 Of all shoddy contractors, of the present time.

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