

To James G. Clark.

The Poet Vocalist

THE Superfluous Man

A Humorous Song

Poetry by

John G. Saxe.

MUSIC BY

A. A. HOPKINS.

Author of HOME AGAIN BEAR HIM. MISSING & C. & C. & C.

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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.

MUSIC BY A. A. HOPKINS.

Allegretto.

1. I long have been puzzled to guess, And so I have frequently said, What the
 2. These 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 perfect·ly clear, I am un·der a nat·u·ral ban — The
 hence in the pair·ing, you see, Since woo·ing and wedding be·gan, For

girls are all read·y as·signed And I'm a su·per·flu·ous man! But
 ev·ery con·nu·bi·al score They've got a su·per·flu·ous man! And

rall:

do - - lor - o - so.

now it is perfect·ly clear, I am un·der a nat·u·ral ban — The
 hence in the pair·ing, you see, Since woo·ing and wedding be·gan, For

a tempo.

girls are all ready as·signed And I'm a su·per·flu·ous man!
 ev·ery con·nu·bi·al score They've got a su·per·flu·ous man!

dim:

f



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.:||

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?:||

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.:||

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 allready, 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.:||