

THE THREE-FOOT RULE.

A SONG ABOUT STANDARDS OF MEASURE.

Air—"The Poacher."

I.

WHEN I was bound apprentice, and learned to use
my hands,
Folk never talked of measures that came from
foreign lands :
Now I'm a British Workman, too old to go to
school ;
So whether the chisel or file I hold, I'll stick to
my three-foot rule.

II.

Some talk of millimetres, and some of kilogrammes,
And some of decilitres, to measure beer and drams ;
But I'm a British Workman, too old to go to school ;
So by pounds I'll eat, and by quarts I'll drink, and
I'll work by my three-foot rule.

III.

A party of astronomers went measuring of the earth,
And forty million metres they took to be it's girth ;
Five hundred million inches, though, go through
from pole to pole ;
So let's stick to inches, feet, and yards, and the
good old three-foot rule.

IV.

The great Egyptian pyramid's a thousand yards about ;
And when the masons finished it, they raised a
joyful shout ;

The chap that planned that building, I'm bound he
was no fool ;
And now 'tis proved beyond a doubt he used a
three-foot rule.

V.

Here's a health to every learned man that goes by
common sense,
And would not plague the workman on any vain
pretence ;
But as for those philanthropists who'd send us back
to school,
Oh, *bless* their eyes, if ever they tries to put down
the three-foot rule !