

ANOTHER ONE INTERNED.

I met a German sausage and I took it by the neck,
I seized it firmly in my fist and said to it, By
heck!

At last I have you by the throat; no more shall
you mislead me;

You've met your fate. I calmly state, and you
will have to feed me.

I jabbed that sausage with a fork to see what
was inside it,

And then I slapped it on the stove and cheerfully
I fried it;

I turned it over once or twice, until I nearly
burned it,

And then I got a knife and plate, and—well, folks,
I interned it.