

IRELAND

BY
GERTRUDE STEIN

*Peas porridge hot
Peas porridge cold
Peas porridge in the pot
Nine days old.
Have soldiers there
Have niggers here
Have suppers everywhere
We forbid fear.
Have butter hot
Have sugar cold
Have water in the pot
To love the bold.
Have nieces squeak
Have voices thin
Have girls have a horse
Have a day win.
Have a viscount for me
Have a release
Have a suggestion then
Of a betise.
Have a real odor
And the respect
Have a collection then
Of the way that,
Of the way that you know
How to rule me
Have a way to say now
We are what then.
You are it is a muss
You are polite.
I dont say this of you
No not to-night.
And it is true indeed
That we can sing.
We of our country dear
Liberating.*

*