A Rational Anthem

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of felony,

of thee I sing. Land where my fathers fried young witches

and applied whips to the Quaker's hide and made him spring.

My knavish country, thee, land where the thief is free, thy laws I
love; I love thy thieving bills that tap the
people's tills; I love thy mob whose will's all laws a-
bove. Let federal employees and rings rob all they please,
the whole year long. Let office holders make
their piles and judges rake our coin for Jesus’s sake,

let’s all go wrong!

circa 1’45”