



Ernest Hemingway

(1899-1961)

Sing a song of critics (1927)

first published in the *Little Review*
in response to a review by Lee Wilson Dodd
of his book *Men Without Women*

Sing a song of critics
pockets full of lye
four and twenty critics
hope that you will die
hope, that you will peter out
hope that you will fail
so they can be the first one
be the first to hail
any happy weakening or sign of quick decay.
(All are very much alike, weariness too great,
sordid small catastrophes, stack the cards on fate,
very vulgar people, annals of the callous,
dope fiends, soldiers, prostitutes,
men without a gallus [cock]).
If you do not like them lads
one thing you can do
stick them up your asses lads--
My valentine to you.