

Freedom's View

A Commentary on Government from Atop the Capitol

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Okay everybody!
Take a deep
breath and sing
out real loud!

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TRUMP'S STATE OF THE UNION: SAME OLD SONG

Singing His Theme Song, "Coal, Coal, Beautiful Clean Coal!" Trump Leads GOP in SOTU Sing-Along

February 1, 2018

WASHINGTON, DC ~ *Armed Freedom*
According to *The Washington Post* (1-31-18), "The Trump administration is poised to ask Congress for deep budget cuts to the Energy Department's renewable energy and energy efficiency programs, slashing them by 72 percent overall in fiscal 2019 . . ."

This is only right. As all the world knows, human-influenced global climate warming is a complete hoax, fake science, and fake news. Distinguished political voices from America's past would support this. Even though in 1963 he was talking about segregation, the late Governor of Alabama, George Wallace, might have well said of global warming: "I draw the line in the dust and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny, and I say it's a hoax now, a hoax tomorrow, and a hoax forever;" it's the raving of those "pointy-headed intellectuals." Not to be outdone in the category of Distinguished and Elevated Political Rhetoric, a half-dozen years later, Nixon's Vice President, Spiro Agnew, might have spoken of climate change: "It's only supported by those 'nattering nabobs of negativism' who form an 'effete corps of impudent snobs.'"

Oh, for those thrilling days of yesteryear: when men were men, women were women . . . and Republicans such as those we have today were members of the Know-Nothing party. Vice President Millard Fillmore became President after Zachary Taylor died in office in 1850, having served but two years. In 1852, the Know-Nothings nominated Fillmore to his first full term. Although Fillmore lost the nomination his place in history was already secured for, in his brief tenure, Fillmore succeeded in becoming "one of the worst presidents in history" according to the consistent ranking of scholars.

It is against the backdrop of this proud tradition that Trump lifts his voice to sing his Bituminous Ballad.

We can think of better songs. Maybe like, "Air" from the 1968 musical, *Hair*:

Welcome! Sulphur dioxide
Hello! Carbon monoxide
The air, the air
Is everywhere

Breathe deep, while you sleep
Breathe deep

Bless you, alcohol bloodstream
Save me, nicotine lung steam
Incense, incense
Is in the air

Breathe deep, while you sleep
Breathe deep

Cataclysmic ectoplasm
Fallout atomic orgasm
Vapor and fume
At the stone of my tomb
Breathing like a sullen perfume
Eating at the stone of my tomb

I'm looking rather attractive,
Now that I'm radioactive
Just watch me spark,
I glow in the dark (She glows in the dark)

Breathe deep, while you sleep
Breathe deep, deep, deep, de-deep
(cough cough)



I'll Sing You One, Oh – Wilted All The Rushes Grow

America, the Dastardly

Armed Freedom

Oh, beautiful for vaporous skies
That fall as acid rain,
For bilious smog arising now
From politicians' blame.

America, America
'Though God's grace is raining free,
We're washing all our toxic soil
As slurry to the sea!



Oh, beautiful for coal-fired juice!
We care not for the stress
It puts upon the lungs of all!
What carcinogenic mess?

America, America
We'll burn coal until we thaw
That arctic ice – fool's paradise –
And drink it through a straw!

Oh, beautiful for anthracite!
It's a diamond in the rough.
If we but mine it day and night,
The world will have enough!

America, America
It's plain for all to see:
We'll Make America Great Again
From smoke stack to befouled sea!

What a Piece of Work is Man

Hair: The Musical

What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculties!
In form and moving how express and
admirable!

I have of late,
But wherefore I know not, lost all my
mirth.
This goodly frame,
The earth, seems to me a sterile
promontory.

In action how like an angel,
In apprehension how like a god -
The beauty of the world,
The paragon of animals,
This most excellent canopy!
The air - look you -
This brave o'er-hanging firmament
This majestical roof
Fretted with golden fire!
Why, it appears no other thing to me
Than a foul and pestilent congregation
Of vapors.

What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason!
How dare they try to end this beauty?
How dare they try to end this beauty?

Walking in space
We find the purpose of peace.
The beauty of life
You can no longer hide.

Our eyes are open
Our eyes are open
Our eyes are open
Our eyes are open
Wide, wide, wide!

One last song for good measure:

Psalm 8 *

O LORD, our Lord,
your greatness is seen in all the
world!
Your praise reaches up to the
heavens;
it is sung by children and babies.
You are safe and secure from all
your enemies;
you stop anyone who opposes
you.

When I look at the sky, which you
have made,
at the moon and the stars, which
you set in their places—
what are human beings,
that you think of (us);
mere mortals, that you care for
(us)?

Yet you made (us) inferior only to
yourself;
you crowned (us) with glory and
honor.
You appointed (us) rulers over
everything you made;
you placed (us) over all creation:
sheep and cattle, and the wild
animals too;
the birds and the fish
and the creatures in the seas.

O LORD, our Lord,
your greatness is seen in all the
world!



* *The Good News Translation*. NOTE: In order to render the psalm in a more personal manner, the pronoun "us" has been substituted for "them."