

*Klondyke Ballads*

Six men were sitting in a line and praying God for air ;  
They were Joaquin Miller and "Lumber" Lynch  
and "Stogey" Jack Ver Mehr,  
"Swift-water" Bill and "Caribou" Bill and a sick  
man from the hills,  
Who came to town to swap his dust for a box of liver  
pills.

I said they prayed for air, and yet perhaps I tell a lie,  
For none of them are holy men, and all of them  
were dry ;

And so I guess 'tis best for me to say just what I  
think—

They prayed the Lord to pity them and send them  
all a drink.

Then up spoke Joaquin Miller, as he shook his golden  
locks,

And picked the Dawson splinters from his moccasins  
and socks

(The others paid attention, for when times are out  
of joint

What Joaquin Miller utters is always to the point) :