

PRINCE DOLLAR

PART III

At last the great day came, Prince Dollar seized his grip,
And hurried off to catch the train, but gave his friends the slip.
Leaving-taking, tears, hand-shaking, and loud-voiced lamenta-
tion,

Upset his nerves and left him in a miserable fermentation.
Alas! the best laid schemes of mice and men sometimes mis-
carry.

For gathered on the platform was all the world—by Harry!
Waiting with grave expectancy, and Jones it was who led,
“Dam’me!” said he, “there is no time for talk, we’ll sing a
song instead.”

A hundred voices rose, bells and whistles made refrain.
The Prince was moved. He howed and smiled, and smiled and
howed again.

The author of the song, a most talented young lady,
Sang and wept all ber herself in corner somewhat shady;
But modest worth in pastorals has always foremost place,
The touching song is given here—the author I embrace.

Dear Prince, adieu!
We bid thee fond farewell.
Would that our tongues could tell
Our love for thee.

Dear Prince, to thee,
Would it were good morrow.
Then would our deep sorrow
Most quickly flee.