

Poor boy, his mother says, he is not well.
 Must walk for air and visit by the way
 The pleasant place he calls his *Toujours prêt*.

At college for a year becomes quite famous,
 For social ways and singing *Gandeamus*.
Uxorem quærit, then a millionaire,
 The story goes, gives him a lady fair;
 A brilliant wedding and they go to board,
 For keeping house is vulgar, 'pon my word.
 But honey moons like other moons must wane,
 He asks a question which is asked in vain.
 The words were simple just what I rehearse,
 My dear, "I am going out, lend me your purse."
 She looks surprised, but hands it in a minute,
 With "yes, my dear, and please put something in it."
 The truth then told, is followed by a swoon.
 And other variations of the tune.
 One will suffice by way of explanation,
 The empty purses have a separation.
 Thus on the stream of life such broken reeds,
 By thousands float among the drifting weeds.
 We see them on some golden morn depart,
 Joy in the face, but sorrow in the heart;
 The storm foreshadowed breaks along the coast,
 And soon a wreck reveals the bark is lost.
 How vain the show that's made of wealth and power,
 In worldly praise to spend life's fleeting hour;
 When little things false notions oft' despise,