

Adam's ale and ginger pop—he
Much prefers to good old Rump-unch.

Torr-wrence-dub-ell-yew, the banker,
Pitches well the osawabeeks.
Chummy chappie knows good Rump-unch.

Eff-dub-ell-yew-han-rite-law-yah,
Always puts in two full games, to
Hold on fast to Stud-lee play-list,
Otherwise he'd be a non-com.

Aye-aye-mic-mac-k-a-law-limb
Gave big cup to tribe of Stud-lee,
(Which they put in com-pe-tition),
Called the Dag-lish-mac-k pitcher,
Won by Jay-dub-ell-n-logan,
As Hyde this time, and not Jekyl.

Now, Boss-wildum, I will tell you
Of some saw-bones of this great tribe
Who have joined since ninety-five year,
Medicine men of great renown, sir.

First comes Gee-em-cam-bell-em-dee,
Winner of the Aber-deen prize
Last year in the month of August.
Throws the Discs with great precision,
Says Rump-unch is not at all bad.

Then there's saw-bones Ell-em-silveer,
Captured "Cummings Cup" with great score
From the old men, from the young men
Of the tribe of Stud-lee warriors.

And the little medicine doctor,
Jim-ee-ros-em-dee, the winner
Of the Aber-deen prize this year.
New man, lately joined the great tribe.

And young double-u-aich-at-tee,
Late of Old Chebucto cit-ee,
Wigwam now across the water,
Medicine doctor to the poor ones
At the far off Mount Hope wigwam.

Also, saw-bones See-dee-mur-aye,
From the north-end of the cit-ee,
Once was keen on winning wood-spoon,
Now he's showing up to front rank,
Tho' quoits slightly in suspenso.

The Service braves are men of muscle,
Belonging to the tribe of Stud-lee,
Pitching quoits with all the great men
Sipping Rump-unch, splitting sodas

Kur-nel-koll-hard-dee-aye-aye-gee,
Soldier of our good Queen mother,
Looks well after Tommy-Atkins
In the forts of this old station.
Likes this station called Chebucto,
Likes the tribe of Stud-lee warriors,
Whom he rejoined, on returning
From G. B., o'er pitchec-gumee,
After a long absence from them,
And was welcomed at the Quoit ground,
Welcomed by the band of Red-men.
Koll-hard pow-wows with the Tribesmen
At the good old feast of Hodge-podge.

Dee-mac-phare-soon-grant-of Dockyard
(Not R. N., but next thing to it),