

And, perchance, even I may have tasted the bliss
That is found in the warmth of the soul-inspired kiss;
And it may have been mine—But I travel too fast.
It is time that the cobbler returned to his last.

But your silence has been philosophic and deep,
And I hope you've enjoyed—why, the man is asleep!
Only closing your eyes? Well, perhaps that will do
To tell the marines, but it's grossly untrue.

I was speaking of England? Undoubtedly so,
So I was, but it's just twenty minutes ago.
I've been talking since then in a serious strain,
And perhaps 'tis as well that I've spoken in vain.

Don't apologise. What, is it time for your train?
Well, Douglas, then here's to our meeting again
And meanwhile, old man, don't forget the pedantic
And long-winded fellow across the Atlantic.

