

THE PRODIGAL

WAN tam I am de boss beeg man
Down on de ole Long Soo,
An' haf' ma plaintee employee
For all de work to do.
Sapree! I lef' de good ole place
Ma fortune for to sik,
An' sail away to distan' lan's
W'ere stranger voices spik;
But O de fren' dey are so scarce!
An' O ma heart is sore!—
She long an' long for Canadaw,
Blue sky an' lac once more.

De great Nor' lan' she jeer at me:
"A tenderfoot," she said.
Dose beeg saloon git all ma gole,
An' I git—jus' beeg head.
De women laf, de men dey sneer,
De lights flare up an' die,
An' I am sit upon de groun'
Beneat' de frozen sky;
An' me—I mak de beeges' fight
Was never seen befor',
Den off I walk for distan' part
To come dat way no more.