

*Klondyke Ballads*

They only work in winter, when the days are short  
and cold,  
And then they heat their cabins, and talk and talk of  
gold ;  
They talk about provisions, and sometimes take a  
walk,  
But then they hurry back again and talk, and talk,  
and talk.

And the men who loaf in Dawson are superior to  
style,  
For the man who wears a coat *and* vest is apt to cause  
a smile ;  
While he who sports suspenders or a belt would be a  
butt,  
And cause ironic comment, and end by being cut.

The afternoon was sultry, as I said some time before ;  
'Twas fully ninety in the shade (in the sun a darn  
sight more),  
And the men who sat on the sidewalks were, one and  
all, so dry  
That only one perspired, though every one did try.