

THE EXPLORER

Oh ! fit - a lodge on some vast plain,
With thee to share my joy and pain ;

What bliss !

But e'er our wedded life began
I'd give thee a tomato can,

And other jewels rare ;

No prairie belle should ever show
A costlier, more antique trousseau

Than thee !

You should have real Jamaica rum,
Tobacco, too, ad libitum,

To soothe thy soul !

I'd give thee baking powder, too,
And sardine boxes, quite a few,

With other gems ;

And then when stars shone out above,
We'd conjugate the verb to love,

You bet !

But when in after years I found
You getting wrinkled, old and browned,
I'd get.