

For ills ther'll be before we've done ;  
 Ther'll be a deal too much of sun,  
 At times a dreary void of fun,  
     Before we leave the sea.  
 A very oft repeated pun,  
 Will prove the toughest, stalest bun.  
     Ere we old friends shall see.

But photos, you've become no joke ;  
 I love the ever grumbling croak,  
 And like the alway patient moke,  
     No usual burdens tire.  
 But when they Kodaks at me 'poke,  
 I envy each black visaged stoke  
     His furnace pyre.

E'en now, in cabin, *vis-à-vis*,  
 A crowd collects to gab, and see  
 A flash-light effort, doom'd to be  
     A sorry thing in vain.  
 'Twill not invoke the mildest glee,  
 On earth, in air, or on the sea,  
     Or be the merest gain.

Yet, judging from the tones of mirth,  
 It cannot be miscalled to earth,  
 And, perhaps, supplies a present dearth,  
     Of satired art.  
 Genius shows now a meagre girth,  
 The light is dim on humour's hearth,  
     Horsesless' wit's cart.