

No "Landsharks" and no "Breakers"  
Shall engulf you, I declare —  
So come along and navigate  
Discoverable seas —  
And brace yourself for purchasing  
Whatever you may please,  
You may linger near the Capstan, —  
If courageously you feel, —  
May address you to the Lady  
That standeth at the Wheel,  
Who'll present for current capital  
A fair "exchange" device  
A pound weight package winningly  
Secure it in a trice,  
It may contain "belaying pins" —  
Perchance, a vaporous puff  
A match and its contingents  
Or some flumigatory stuff  
A pound of starch for collaring  
Or a pound of Cheshire cheese  
Or a pound of moving paragraphs  
On "Love sick memories,"  
Such yarns are spun and woven oft  
And all "old chums admire"  
These fabrics of fond fancy's Loom  
Beside the Galley fire.

There are Islands, in the Ocean  
That have been styled "the Blest"  
But the ancient site of Kandi —  
Is the little childrens' hest,  
There they are always smiling sweet  
Returning there in haste