

The Rubaiyat of Vacation=Time

By Silas Wegg Khayyam.

I.

Tom, Dick and Harry have returned to
Town,
With Freckled Faces and their Arms burnt
brown;
And they have asked Khayyam to sing a
song
Of Summer Pleasures,—which I now write
down.

II.

You know, my Friends, I sought betimes a
Nook
Where I might smoke my Pipe and read my
Book,—
But ever came some Picnic Party by
To give my Dreams of Paradise the Hook.

III.

The Lure of Nature and the Simple Life
Are things to long for in this World of
Strife.
We seek it and we find it doth consist
In eating Mashed Potatoes with a Knife.

IV.

Some to the Seaside go, and some betake
Themselves to find a Mountain-cradled Lake.
They all return to tell the self-same
Tale:—
“I found a Fly within my Currant-Cake.”

V.

I landed once upon a Hostellerie
Where they had never learned to Swat the
Fly.
I stayed a day, and on the morrow found
A new Design upon my best Necktie.

VI.

I sometimes think that never seems so red
The Red-backed Bug as in some summer
Bed,
While with a Candle in my hand I tread
The way to find a Shake-down in the Shed.

VII.

There was a door to which I found no
Key,—

The Bathroom Door it was,—and, after tea
I slipped inside to wash, and hard it was
To keep myself from having Company.

VIII.

They say that Lyon and O'Lizzard keep
The Best Hotel for those in need of Sleep.
I tried it once, and through the night I
heard
The mournful Baa-Baa of a stranded Sheep.

IX.

The Ram indeed is gone where no one knows,
But why should I be party to his woes?
The Leg of Lamb they served at Dinner-
time
Had naught to do with it,—but just sup-
pose!

X.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine,—and, lo, a rambling Cow
Came of a sudden on my Paradise,
And it was Wilderness enow.

XI.

O, Thou, who Pie of Rhubarb stalks didst
bake
And servedest it to me with One-Egg Cake,
Forgive me that I threw them at thy
head
And spoke of Pies that Mother used to
make.

XII.

I knew of one who fished for Trout and
Bass
In Hidden Streams along a Mountain Pass.
He caught a Sucker and a Mud-pout,—
then
He wrote an Article on Sport—alas!

XIII.

And I, who boarded at the Wayside Inn
And ate Tomatoes kept a year in Tin,
Will write, when Time allows, a Book or
two
On How Fresh Vegetables keep one Thin.