

HERR SCHMIDT'S MISFORTUNE

THE LAY OF A LUNCHEON.

(From the German.)

Herr Schmidt, when to the chase he's bound,
Of nature's wants full careful,
His hunting bag so large and round
He takes, besides his "horn and hound"
With eatables choice and rare, full.

"Away, away to the woods we ride
'Tis well to be merry and free"
But 'tis well, more by token, to look you provide
Roast beef and tongue and Lord knows what
beside
In your game bag like him, don't you see

"Come hares and rabbits and partridges
I'm ready for one and all;
A man with a stock of provisions like this,
Cares little whether he hit or miss.
He'll not starve, let what may befall."

Mark where she goes. Hallo, prepare.
Piff, puff,—hi, Carlo find him.
Herr Schmidt jumps up, when, which, what,
where!
For all the world there's nothing there,
For Carlo points behind him.

Up starts the hare. In vain, in vain
Poor Schmidt shoots wild and frantic;
With panting tongue does Carlo strain
To burst his leash and scour the plain—
I'm growing quite romantic.

Now Carlo to the game bag's tied—
'Tis easy so to mind him—
A jerk, a wrench, a break, a slide,
Off goes the dog, and woe betide!
Off goes the bag behind him.

Smash goes the wine, "You"—(blank, in brief:
"You"—(language that won't bear repeat-
ing)
"Come back I say—oh, there's my beef,
My tongue is gone, my ham—you thief
I'll give you such a beating."

On goes the hound—immense the pace is—
The other dogs are wiser;
For while behind the hare he races,
They calmly follow in his traces
And hunt the roast beef and pie, sir.

MORAL.

A moral you must have, well I—er
Will try to find you one, my masters
Take this—and ask for nothing higher
"Too many irons in the fire
Bring unforeseen disasters."

