

This first day out it isn't rough,
 So all the Teuton chaps feel tough,
 And 'tween their bocks can't gaze enough,
 At our young charge.
 When told of this, she says, "What stuff!"
 But furtive smile behind her cuff,
 Betrays complacent targe.

I do not think I like the grub,
 Tho' fairly cooked; you feel the rub
 Of peaches served with mutton cub,
 With chicken jam.
 But with the morn the briny tub
 Renews you like a spring shower'd shrub,
 For varied cram.

Three meals and little exercise
 The toughest liver scarce defies!
 The now-to-bed and now-to-rise
 Become a bore.
 But if life's soup contains no flies,
 Life's sunshine also quickly hies,
 Content's no more.

Now nods the head, eyes 'gin to blink,
 Quaff'd is the final night-cap drink,
 Gone the last remnant of a think,
 Till morning dawn;
 And into sleep we gently sink,
 Praying our dreams of hue be pink
 With final yawn.