

But he who would travel to sun-rise
To find out a spot to keep cool,
Must have had some gold-dust thrown in his eyes,
Or else he must be a born fool ;
Well, I wont say he's foolish, but surely he didn't learn much
while at school.

Let us have a good park—we won't rue it—
But then, let it be in a place
Where we'll all have a chance to get to it,
As it should be in every such case ;
The men who get this excel Darwin and do far more good
to their race.

Sam Lover—and he was no churl,
And none will deny he knew best,
When he said “ there's no *land* in the world
Like the *land* of the beautiful West.”
Then get us a park in the West end, and set this vexed
question at rest !