

TO D. R. P.

(In imitation of A. Lindsay Gordon.)

Well, Douglas, I'm sorry you've got to be homing,
Though I grant it's unwise to continue your roaming,
But the evening's to spare ere you drop me astern,
So come up to my room and indulge in a yarn.

Here's tobacco in plenty—"Gold Flake," very good ;
No "Birdseye," or "Honeydew," that's understood.
But this isn't bad, though a stranger to you—
(Here is Dick : Bring up ginger and whiskey for two).

And now take a seat, there are two, as you see,
The red rocker for you and the other for me.
Don't demur, for no guests will arrive, I am sure ;
If they do, why there's room on the bed or the floor.

So you're going to England again. Well, your visit
Has nigh made me homesick—no miracle, is it ?
I was born there, and there I was nurtured and bred,
And I love the old land. (There's a match overhead).