

One hundred males there are on board,  
 And largely Germans, who accord  
 Hochs and ja wohl's from throaty hoard,  
     And placid smoke.  
 Thirty sweet women look toward  
 The stronger sex, and thank the Lord  
     For average broke.

Only one adolescent treat  
 Delighted gaze in scanning feat  
 Makes out—the boyish form I greet,  
     And wish fair travel.  
 Alone I'll hold him very sweet.  
 Had he companions! fancies fleet  
     Their larks unravel?

My wife is with me on this trip,  
 She is a wife that scorns the whip,  
 We're both recovering from the grip,  
     And need a change.  
 We trust we mayn't too deeply dip  
 In purse, as we our pleasures sip  
     O'er Orient's range.

There's with us, too, a maiden fair,  
 Her eyes are dark and so's her hair,  
 Her nose, tip-tilted to the air,  
     I think is taking.  
 Her manner's somewhat debonnaire,  
 Her chin a bit inclined to pair,  
     A bright face making.