

THE CANADIAN AND THE CROCODILE.

I.

Where Egypt's river floods its bank, where streams the sacred Nile
Among the rushes tall and rank, there lived a crocodile.

Well read was he in all the lore of Pharaoh's ancient land,
He studied nature on the shore, and on the shining strand.

"Fetch me six hundred sturdy men," he heard Lord Wolseley say,
"From far Canadian rocky glen, from distant Saguenay."

"Six hundred boatmen tried and true, from 'neath Quebec's high walls,
From 'neath Canadian skies so blue, t' ascend the Nile's steep falls.

"This mighty river rushing free, past fields of waving corn,
With merry shouts of mirthful glee, my men shall laugh to scorn.

"By Egypt's ancient gods I swear, with men so true and tried,
The Sphinx will grin from ear to ear, as up the Nile we glide.

"No lazy Londoners for me, no Cockney watermen,
We'll sing along the banks so free, '*Vive la Canadienne*.'"

II.

From out his watery hiding place, forth looked the crocodile,
He saw Lord Wolseley's boastful face, he saw his boastful smile.

III.

Six moons had filled, six moons had waned, o'er Egypt's plain of sand,
And of six hundred, there remained but one of all that band.

For dire want, and scorching sun, and native tricks and wiles,
Had sent the victims one by one to feed the crocodiles.