

Of all the ways to win a heart
It is by vital suasion —
For appetite will never brook
Calmly the least evasion —
A hungry man's an angry man,
But when supplied is he
Love will assert its empire — and
Romance its mastery,—
So acting on this axiom we've
Spread delicious pickings
Refraining tho' from serving up —
Old Mother Carey's Chickens—
No sea fare will we offer you—
Supported by hard tack,
But you may share some merry thoughts
Over a "silenced Quack"—
Or, a biped that has been deprived
Of osseous formation
Viands of various calibre
Like the ships' guns on our Station
Adjusted to the nicest sense
A Luxury a delight
With loud reports of excellence
To win a grand Tea Fight.