

I do not really think that I could be a dunce,  
 If you and I can so agree ;  
 I knew the difference 'twixt twice and once,  
 And could repeat my A. B. C.

At length good news to me were brought,  
 And I again from school was free ;  
 'Twas now the home that I had sought,  
 Was with my father on the sea.

I loved to roam on a foreign beach,  
 And listen to the breakers roar ;  
 Where I could hear the sea mews screech,  
 As upward through the clouds they soar.

I love to rock upon the waves,  
 That sparkled 'neath a southern sky ;  
 And cross the line, where "Neptune" shaves  
 New comers that are sailing by.

For years I sailed 'neath a southern sky,  
 Where plants and trees are always green ;  
 'Twas where the Pelican and Flamingo fly,  
 And stupendous works of God are seen.

'Tis "there" you see the snow-capped mount,  
 And hear the Penguin's doleful cry ;  
 Where whales you could in numbers count,  
 Beneath yon balmy southern sky.

'Twas there the Dolphin and Bonita played,  
 And the tropic birds in flocks abound ;  
 'Twas there the crystal waters sprayed  
 And cast there phosphorescent sparks around.

I roamed in Afric's sandy soil,  
 And gathered her lucious fruits ;  
 Then climbed the trees that yield her oil,  
 And hear the roaring of her forest brutes.

I viewed that sterile Alpine chain,  
 With its snow-clad peaks above the clouds ;  
 'Twas there the sons of France were slain,  
 And the snow became their final shrouds.

I have roamed on St. Helena's Isle,  
 And seen the place where Napoleon died ;  
 Where Cronje now with rank and file,  
 Will sorely have their patience tried.

It is not once or twice, but three times three  
 That I have rounded old Cape Horn ;  
 'Twas there I did some hardships see,  
 And wish that I had ne'er been born.

I loved to watch yon foaming crested wave,  
 And the petrei as it glides along ;  
 It has to me a lesson gave,  
 Which makes my faith and hope more strong.