

I'm sick of the hired women--I'll kiss my girl on her lips!
I'll be content with my fountain, I'll drink from my own well,
And the wife of my youth shall charm me--an' the rest can go to Hell!
(Dickie, he will, that's certain.) I'll lie in our standin'-bed,
An' Mac'll take her in ballast--and she trims best by the head....
Down by the head an' sinkin'. Her fires are drawn and cold,
And the water's splashin' hollow on the skin of the empty hold--
Churning an' choking and chuckling, quiet and scummy and dark--
Full to her lower hatches and risin' steady. Hark!
That was the after-bulkhead ... she's flooded from stem to stern....
Never seen death yet, Dickie?... Well, now is your time to learn!

SESTINA OF THE TRAMP-ROYAL.

Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all,
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.
Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them good
For such as cannot use one bed too long,
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,

So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it all--
The different ways that different things are done,
An' men an' women lovin' in this world--
Takin' our chances as they come along,
An' when they ain't, pretendin' they are good?

In cash or credit--no, it ain't no good;
You 'ave to 'ave the 'abit or you'd die,
Unless you lived your life but one day long,
Nor didn't prophesy nor fret at all,
But drew your tucker some'ow from the world,
An' never bothered what you might ha' done.

But, Gawd, what things are they I 'aven't done?
I've turned my 'and to most, an' turned it good,
In various situations round the world--
For 'im that doth not work must surely die;
But that's no reason man should labour all
'Is life on one same shift; life's none so long.

Therefore, from job to job I've moved along.
Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was done,
For something in my 'ead upset me all,
Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good,
An', out at sea, be'eld the dock-lights die,
An' met my mate--the wind that tramps the world.

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long,
But presently you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
An' turn another--likely not so good;
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done--
Excep' when awful long--I've found it good.
So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took--the same as me!

The market-girls an' fishermen,