

“ BITTE, HERR, BEZAHLEN ! ”

“ There was a young fellow at Sulden
Possessed of a number of gulden.
He spent and expended
Until they were ended
And then he departed from Sulden ! ”

GOETHE.

IF e'er to Austrian or Swiss
(My plural's faulty) Thalen
You go, these words you cannot miss,
“ O, bitte, Herr, bezahlen ! ”

By night the “ gemsen ” you may hunt,
(The fleas, in common parlance),
and for your sport the bill confront-
Eth, “ Bitte, Herr bezahlen ! ”

And if you will call the waitress neat
“ Mein liebchen—little darlin' ! ”
Her pretty mouth will murmur sweet,
“ O, bitte, Herr, bezahlen ! ”

And when your guide, divinely drunk,
As helpless as a carline,
Deserts the party in a funk,
Yet “ Bitte, Herr, bezahlen ! ”

And when, your cash and patience gone,
You leave the valley snarlin',
The gleesome echoes chase you down,
With “ Bitte, Herr, bezahlen ! ”