

BALLADE OF SUMMER JOYS

SOMEONE has foolishly observed
That everything is vanity,
Nor even mentally reserved
A possible exception. I
Propose to mention musically
The pleasures of a lazy laze
With aspic and with strawberry
And lots of Salmon Mayonnaise.

One's father may be much unnerved
When, like a pigeon (pigeon-pie !—
Smack, lips !) that elegant and curved
Comes homing through the summer sky,
The kitchen bill before his eye
Looms. Grammar ? Do you think to raise
Grammar on wines divinely dry
And lots of Salmon Mayonnaise ?

I was about to ask—Lunch served ?
Right ! I am coming—to ask why
These innocent delights deserved
From Solomon the old and sly
The epithet he certainly
Appears to have employed. He prays
No fizz, nor will to heaven apply
For lots of Salmon Mayonnaise.

ENVOI

King of the Israelites, lay by
Austere looks and ascetic ways !
You would condone polygamy—
I only ask for length of days
With lots of Salmon Mayonnaise.