

A WELCOME TO JABEZ.

*Reprinted from the 'Eastbourne Chronicle.'*

GREAT Liberator, come again,  
Thy country needs thee sadly;  
In Scotland Yard they all complain  
They "want" thee, oh! so badly.

Thou canst not tell the signs and sobs  
That for thy presence yearn;  
And the great heart of England throbs  
With joy at thy return.

For many a year prolong thy stay  
By Portland's shady harbour;  
And all expenses we will pay—  
Especially the barber.

A change of work is rest, they say,  
So honest toil shall rest thee;  
No fears that thou must go away  
Need haunt thee and molest thee.

We pray a level-headed set  
Of fellow men, who know thee,  
In some small measure grateful yet,  
May pay thee what is owed thee.

The joys of single blessedness,  
And undisturbed seclusion,  
We envy for thee, we confess,  
Until thy final fusion.