

The Saxon's Sentimental Journey

In pessimistic mood I cried,
 Ah woe is me, my native isle!
I will not in this land abide
 Of craft and guile.

To choler moved by what I felt,
 I journeyed northward to the Scotch;
But when I crossed the Tweed, a Celt
 Purloined my watch.

To Ireland at night I bent my way,
 Seeking for honest men in vain;
Ere I had sojourned there a day
 I lost my chain.

To France I turned: flung care away;
 Marseilles fair town I entered in
But missed within the first café
 My diamond pin.

For Switzerland I left next morn;
 Said "now, no more I need police"
Yet ere I saw the Matterhorn,
 Lost my valise.

To Vallombrosa's leafy shade,
 I strayed, poetic thoughts to nurse;
A score of Lazzaroni strove
 To steal my purse.

To sail on Adria's summer tide
 I hired a boat man and—his boat;
And while we sailed, the villain tried
 To cut my throat.

To Classic Greece I steered anon,
 And was there artistically trepanned
Near the old field of Marathon
 By a brigand.

When kept in durance for a year,
I paid my ransom and returned,
My moral vision made more clear
By what I'd learned.

Of North, or South or East or West
Of men and things in all the round,
We have as good—perhaps the best—
That can be found!