

Excelsior! You bet ye!

The shades below were gathering fast
As through their midst a porter passed,
Bearing aloft on a cake of ice
A package sent from Paradise,
 of Excelsior;
 You bet ye!

Straight to the throne the porter made
And, never stopping to kid a shade,
Until to Old Nick he had come,
He said, "I guess this will help some;
 'Tis Excelsior;
 You bet ye!"

"They told me above that your fires were low,
And needed something to make them glow;
So I hiked all over the bloomin' spot,
And picked this up in a vacant lot;
 This Excelsior;
 You bet ye!

"Say, Sate! Have your boarders made any kicks?
I started all right, but got stuck in the Styx;
I lost my balance up there on the brink,
And, trying to find it, dropped this in the drink,
 This Excelsior;
 You bet ye!"