

Then it began to fill the air,
 The desk the table—every where.
 It reached the ceiling, blocked the door,
 And yet their still remained some more
 Excelsior.

Next morning I, of course was missed,
 And with the shade clasped in my fist,
 With hay below and hay above,
 They found me in a mountain of
 Excelsior,

Now when I order anything,
 A picture or a vase or ring,
 I always tell them at the store
 To please omit a ton or more
 Excelsior.