

THE DEATH OF SIMON LE GREE.

"Fireman! Save my cheeild," she cried,
As the waiter brought the soup.
Out on the stern and rock bound coast,
The walrus looped the loop.
But father could not go that night,
As grandma had the croup.

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight.
The sun was shining brightly,
And it rained all day that night.

It was on a summer night in winter,
The rain was snowing fast.
A barefoot boy with shoes on,
Was sitting on the grass.

It was evening, and the rising sun,
Was setting in the west.
And the little fishes in the trees,
Were huddling in their nest.

The rain was pouring down,
The moon was shining bright,
And everything that you could see,
Was hidden out of sight.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir.
While the sexton rung the dish rag,
Some one set the church on fire.

"Holy smoke!" the preacher shouted,
In the rain he lost his hair.
Now his head resembles Heaven,
For there is no parting there.

