

## BALLADE OF SUMMER JOYS

SOMEONE has foolishly observed  
That everything is vanity,  
Nor even mentally reserved  
A possible exception. I  
Propose to mention musically  
The pleasures of a lazy laze  
With aspic and with strawberry  
And lots of Salmon Mayonnaise.

One's father may be much unnerved  
When, like a pigeon (pigeon-pie !—  
Smack, lips !) that elegant and curved  
Comes homing through the summer sky,  
The kitchen bill before his eye  
Looms. Grammar ? Do you think to raise  
Grammar on wines divinely dry  
And lots of Salmon Mayonnaise ?

I was about to ask—Lunch served ?  
Right ! I am coming—to ask why  
These innocent delights deserved  
From Solomon the old and sly

The epithet he certainly  
Appears to have employed. He prays  
No fizz, nor will to heaven apply  
For lots of Salmon Mayonnaise.

### ENVOI

King of the Israelites, lay by  
Austere looks and ascetic ways !  
You would condone polygamy—  
I only ask for length of days  
With lots of Salmon Mayonnaise.