THE RHYME OF THE RESTLESS ROVER

By John T. McCallum

As I sit at my desk in the fading light
Of a shivery, wintry day,
I think of the places I'd like to go,
If I only could get away.

It might take more than a couple of weeks
For such an extensive tour,
For some of the places are far away
And connections might be poor.

I'd leave a call for seven o'clock,
I'd sleep with my clothing on,
I'd do my packing the night before,
And start in the cool of the dawn.

I'd then go aboard of a clipper ship
Engaged in the China trade,
We'd clear the bar by the morning star
As soon as the anchor's weighed.

I'd tell the skipper the course to steer,
He'd pipe all hands abrift,
And away we'd go for Borneo,
Lunching at Trincomalee.

Through creamy seas, breath-sparkling skies,
I'd follow the Spanish Main,
I'd touch Stamboul and Stanley Pool,
If it didn't begin to rain.

Perhaps I'd dock at the Inchepe Rock,
Perhaps at the Farillones—
We'd raise Lanzar in the sun dawn
While the lazy trade wind drones.

I'd dance to the tune of the rigging,
And if the canvas fills,
We'd eat our oysters at Amambaite,
In the shade of the Simla Hills.

The Persian Gardens at Isphahan,
The Reef of Norman's Woe,
Sierra Leone and San Antone
Are places I would go.

The Friendly Isles and Barbizon,
Regent and the River Plate,
Cockburn Land and the Rio Grande,
Gaboon and the Golden Gate.

I'd glide a canoe in the Great Karroo,
I'd pollick in Bany Bay,
By the golden moon, from old Rangoon,
I'd journey to Mandalay.

And Malabar Hill is not too far
If you go by the Andaman Isles,
I'd sniff the breeze from the Celebes
Where the Indian Ocean smiles.

Van Diemen's Land and Samarkand,
St. Albans and Singapore—
You may easily reach on Rockaway Beach
From Bingen to Bengal.

For it's always fair off Timbucto—
A Barney pilot knows—
And it's not too far to Karolinar.
If a steady moon blows.

It's never too late to pull your freight
For Rio and Chili Argentine,
With a favoring breeze off the Hebrides,
You can dock at the English.

The Barbery Coast I like the best,
But the Ivory Coast is fine—
I'd shed my cares in the Aborigines
And dine on the Brandywine.

We'd leave the leaf at Diamond Head,
And if the holding's good,
We'd visit the shore "to look them over,"
As all good sailors should.

We'd drop the hook in the Zuyder Zee,
We'd touch at the Camerones,
We'd drink a toast on the Congo coast,
To the Inishmillen Dragoons.

Mohamadou and Xanadu,
Shiraz and the Hindu Kush
Are places where I would surely go
To escape the tourist push.

The Orkney Isles and Lockerbie Street,
Peshawar and Muscowexte—
While Far Cashmere and Hudson Bay
I'd view from the mizen peak.

Grindelwald and Brandenburg,
Savannah and Orleans,
Conoromas and London Town,
Bombay and the Shanghai Bung.

Zanzibar and the Chilcot Pass,
Glenagarry and Broken Hill,
The Ballyshannon and County Clare,
Calgary and Bouchival.

And Lapland too—It sounds to me
Like a place of rare delight—
I'd study the moon with Lorna Doone,
Dining at Chevy Chase.

Majorey, Malakka and Malvern Hill,
Memphis and Fiji Sun,
The County Tyrone and the Arctic Zone,
Carrickfergus and Turkestan.

The Isle of Pines and the Dardanelles,
Kowloon and the Burda Sea,
Cape Hope, Khiva, the Khyber Pass,
Crimea and Kimberley.

We'd follow the tide on the Hong Kong side,
By a rickety canal towed—
I'd walk chop-chop to a curio shop
Which I know in the Queen's High Road.

From Abyssinia down the coast—
Barbados to old Bahia—
Then up and away to Botany Bay,
With a day in Barranquilla.

I'd look at the gams in Limousin Pass,
And if the weather's fine,
We'd steer for the Don and Cauca-source
By way of the River Rhine.

Delagon, Samos and Shandong
Are names that please the ear;
Victoria Nyanza strikes my fancy
And so does Moso-ni.

Hyderabad is never so bad
If you travel by way of Poona
Peshawar, the Caspian Sea, and far Kashgar
Are places I'd visit again.

On the Wanganui I'd eat chop suey—
With a swizzle in Cartagena,
I'd cheerfully steer to Anadyr,
Sleeping at Magdalenas.

A little detour from Kuala Lumpur,
To the market place in Huancayo,
I'd reach the tumbu in Mombassa,
By plane from Dayton, Ohio.

I'd tarry awhile on a cannibal isle—
An excellent place to sleep—
I'd take a dip from a sailing ship
In the Tuscara Deep.

Wind Rivers, the Tana, the Yangtze-Kiang,
And the Plains of Abraham,
Siberia, India, Amazon, Orontes,
Bavaria and Bethlehem.

The Alps, Andes and Andijan,
Indies and Tennessee,
The River Rhine and the Torrid Zone
Are spots that appeal to me.

I'd sing a song as we drift along
The Volga to Astrakhan,
I'd linger longer in Ratonga
And visit Afghanistan.

I'd finish the cruise at Newport News,
I'd wish no longer to roam;
I'd settle down—for a couple of weeks—
Contentedly at home.

Now, such a trip, I honestly think,
Would benefit any man,
He'd put more force in his work, of course,
And have a beautiful tan.