

THE RHYME OF THE RESTLESS ROVER

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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 set;
He'd pipe all hands aloft,
And away we'd go for Borneo,
Lunching at Tranby Croft.

Through creamy seas, 'neath spar-
kling 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 Incheape
Rock,
Perhaps at the Farallones—
We'd raise Luzon in the rosy dawn
While the lazy trade wind drones.

I'd dance to the tune of the riga-
doon,
And if the canvas fills,
We'd eat our tiffin at Annandale
In the shade of the Simla Hills.

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

I'd guide a canoe in the Great
Karoo,
I'd rollick in Bantry Bay;
By the golden moon, from old Ran-
goon,
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 Dieman's Land and Samarkand,
St. Alban's and Singapore—
You may easily reach on Rock-
away Beach
From Bingen to Bangalore.

For it's always fair off Finisterre—
A Barrier pilot knows—
And it's not too far to Kandahar
If a steady monsoon blows.

It's never too late to pull your freight
For Rio and Argentin;
With a favoring breeze off the
Hebrides
You can dock at the Engadine.

The Barbary Coast I like the most,
But the Ivory Coast is fine;
I'd shed my cares in the Aberdares
And dine on the Brandywine.

We'd heave the lead at Diamond
Head
And if the holding's good,
We'd visit the shore "to look them
o'er,"
As all good sailors should.

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

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

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



The Orkney Isles and Lockerbie
Street,
Peshawar and Mozambique—
While Far Cathay and Hudson Bay
I'd view from the mizzen peak.

Grindelwald and Brandenburg,
Savannah and Ootacamund,
Connemara and London Town,
Bombay and the Shanghai Bund.

Zanzibar and the Chilkoot Pass;
Glengarry and Broken Hill;
The Ballyshannon and County
Clare,
Calgary and Bougainville.

And Lapland too—it sounds to me
Like a sociable sort of place;
I'd study the moon with Lorna
Doone,
Dining at Chevy Chase.

Majorca, Malacca and Malvern
Hill,
Manila and Fuji San,
The County Tyrone and the Arctic
Zone,
Carnarvon and Turkestan.

The Isle of Pines and the Darda-
nelles,
Kowloon and the Banda Sea,
Cawnpore, Khiva, the Khyber Pass,
Crimea and Kimberley.

We'd follow the tide on the Hong-
kong side—
By a rickety sampan 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 glass in Limoon Pass,
And if the weather's fine,
We'd steer for the Don and Carcas-
sonne
By way of the River Rhine.

Delagoa, Samoa and Shenandoah
Are names that please the ear;
Victoria Nyanza strikes my fancy
And so does Monastir.

Hyderabad is never so bad
If you travel by way of Pnom
Penh.
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 Magdalena.

A little detour from Kuala Lumpur
To the market place in Huancayo,
I'd reach the tambo in Moyabamba
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 Tuscarora Deep.

Wind River, the Tana, the Yangtze-
Kiang,
And the Plains of Abraham;
Siberia, India, Amazon, Oude,
Benares and Bethlehem.

The Azores, Antilles and Andijan,
Indiana and Tennessee,
The River Rhone 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 Raratonga
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.