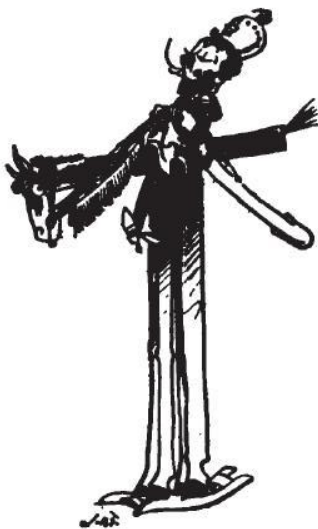




## THE BALLAD OF SAGAMORE HILL



IS morning, and King Theodore  
 Upon his throne sits he  
 As blithely as a King can sit  
 Within a free countree,  
 And now he thinks of submarines,  
 And now of peace and war.  
 His royal robe he handeth Loeb,  
 Then wireth to the Czar: —

“Come off, come off, thou Great White  
 Czar,

Come off thy horse so high!  
 Send envoys straight and arbitrate  
 Thy diplomatic pie.”

Then straightway to the Mik-a-doo  
 This letter he doth limn,

“Come off thy perch, thou Morning Sun,  
 And do the same as him!”

Then straightway from the Rising Sun  
 Come envoys three times three,  
 Komura neat and Sato sweet,  
 (An Irish Japanee).

## The Ballad of Sagamore Hill

Small men are they with domy brains,  
And in their fingers gaunt  
A list of seven hundred things  
They positively want.

Then straightway from St. Petersburg  
Come envoys six times two,  
De Witty grand and Rosen bland  
And Nebotoffkatoo —

Volkyrieoffskygrandovitch —  
(Here see the author's note,  
"The balance of that noble name  
Came on another boat.")

'Twas on the royal yacht *Mayflower*,  
They met, that noble crew.

"De Witty grand, shake Sato's hand —  
Komura, how-dee-do!"

While forty thousand gun-salutes  
Concuss on Oyster Bay.

A proud man is King Theodore,  
Upon that trysting day!

To Portsmouth town, to Portsmouth town,  
The sweating envoys puff,

To speak of tin and Saghalien  
And eke to bluff and bluff —

But Theodore at Oyster Bay  
Doth while the times between  
By taking trips and dives and dips  
Within his submarine.

For many a day the Japanees  
Uphold their fingers gaunt,

## The Ballad of Sagamore Hill

And mention seven hundred things

They positively want —

For many a day the Muscovites

Down-plant their Russian shoes,

And mention seven hundred things

They positive refuse.

Till haply from his submarine

King Theodore doth peep

And stops a wireless telegram

That buzzeth o'er the deep:

*“O Theodore, O goodly King,*

*The envoys call our bluff —*

*Despite the fuss the stubborn Russ*

*Disgorgeth not the stuff.”*

“Come hither, Mr. Serge de Witt!”

King Theodore doth say,

“Now tell me quick by the Big Stick

Why dost refuse to pay?”

“Come hither, Baron Kom-u-ra,

And sit upon my lap —

Why dost thou cuss and make a fuss

Thou naughty, naughty Jap?”

To Portsmouth back, to Portsmouth back,

The envoys then do flee,

And each is sad and mild and meek

As an envoy ought to be,

And as they speak of Terms of Peace

Politeness doth ensue —

Like Prince Alphonze and Duke Gaston,

'Tis ever “After you!”

## The Ballad of Sagamore Hill

So soon the terms of Peace are signed  
And put upon a shelf,  
And Theodore doth straightway take  
Great credit to himself —  
The bugles call and roses fall  
On good King Theodore,  
As round the Stick the kodaks click  
Full twelve times thirty-four.

\* \* \* \*

And now when ancient grandsires sit  
Within the evening gray,  
And oysters frolic noisilee  
All over Oyster Bay,  
The graybeard tells his little niece  
How Theodore did trek  
To drag the gentle Bird of Peace  
To Portsmouth — by the neck.

