

Lady, you are my peace of mind  
Were I to seek your par none I could find  
You delicately went to curry land  
And left a lonely man, ah me, yogi blue

He thought to himself as he sat before  
His stocks and shares a dreadful bore  
If I'm to live another happy day  
I best make haste and be on my way

He at his desk did write and indicate  
To lawyer, friend and intimate  
His lamentable grief did necessitate  
The need for one swift bird to sail the ocean o'er

A sailing schooner was soon seen sailing,  
Swift and silent, around the sound  
Salutating seagulls heralding  
The wonderous transport upon the wing

Twenty days from Goa they did espire  
A wealthy merchant bound for Arabi-iy  
Echanging greetings, had he heard the news  
The Lady Hall had drowned, the price of Ninevah rose

Storms and tempests his shattered mind beset  
Hurricanes of pains raged and tore  
Truly drowned in grief, he did repair  
To haunted trinkets and gross despair

All in white 'neath shade in bamboo chair  
Military discipline has replaced despair  
Anchored in the bay of innocence  
Is left a lonely man, lonely through and through  
Through and through  
Through and through