

SLIDE, SLIDE.

VERSES and DRAWING by *George Willard Bonte.*

INTO PANAMA SLIDE

*A new dump has choked up Culebra,
And traffic is blocked for a spell;
Ships tug at the tether and, as for the weather,
It's hot as the hinges of Hell.
You hear the old sea dogs ahowling,
They threaten to lay down the law;
But ages ago ships were held up just so
At the Isthmus of Panama.*

*Oh, it's slide, slide, into Panama slide;
Dozens of ships at their anchors now ride;
Dozens of sailor men climb o'er the side
And slide, slide, into Panama slide.*

*Old Sir Henry Morgan, the pirate,
Could hold up an isthmus or two;
With his ruffianly gang he'd loot, shoot or hang
For the price of a throne or a chew.
Sometimes he bore privateer's papers;
More often he blew down the main
As a bold buccaneer, and his name shot a fear
Through the heart of the Spanish domain.*

*Then he'd slide, slide, into Panama slide.
Deep in the jungle the villain would hide;
Deep in his cups, a new lass for a bride,
He would slide, slide, into Panama slide.*

*A clipper ship headed for 'Frisco
With a cargo of spices and gum,
Held up by a fill at the foot of Gold Hill—
Short of rations and, worst of all, rum.
Growls her sturdy old Lancashire skipper,
Who has bronzed forty years on the sea,
"It ain't on the level, it's gone to the devil—
The Horn is the course for me."*

*Oh, it's slide, slide, into Panama slide;
Millions of cubic yards get a free ride;
Millions of dollars to clean up our pride,
We must slide, slide, into Panama slide.*



GXB