



Reuben Reuben

I took a trip to North Dakota—
I to the great big harvest went—
Being a greenhorn at stud-poker
I didn't save me a dog-gone cent.

Cold was the wind that soon was sighing;
I took a hand in sighing too;
But when the snowflakes took to flying
I and my nose took on some blue.

I wasn't dressed what you call the warmest
Time and again I thought I'd freeze—
Whereas was I—but slightly harnessed,
Dressed in a pair of B. V. D.s

How to exist I was uncertain—
Didn't know how to beg or steal—
Wondering deep down in my person
How would a pair of pork-chops feel.

Night manifests a baneful drawback
So does a frost November morn—
When I arise—in a farmer's straw stack,
I didn't pause to express my scorn.

—Got Stuck.