

### The Ship Long Overdue.

To a girl who's troubled up,  
Across the ocean she's come.  
You say you're looking for a ship,  
Now many long weeks, too.  
With a few weeks more, we'll be home.  
I know, have anxious fears;  
But all my vessel has been due  
For many, many years!

I sent the pretty venture out  
From youth's sweet nest; now,  
Her bark is well, her hull is here,  
Her sail's even white as snow.  
With not a few drops still to stem,  
She's safe, and now, my friend,  
We have right reason to be glad.  
Upon the peaceful seas.

Well, I'll wait for many more hours,  
Of which there is no lack.  
I had best bring me precious fruit,  
And some good wine, too; but first,  
I'll have a walk, now, by the road,  
To see if there be news here.  
They may not tell you, my friend,  
A poor service and all.

### In Bohemia.

It's the world outside that's exciting!  
As the wind that comes and goes,  
Or the setting of the moon,  
Or the morning in the morn!  
We are touched with a red divine;  
Who care for the world of fashion?

We have much, and wear, and wise;

Here we are from sunlight,  
As the winds that come and go;  
Or the setting of the moon,  
Or the morning in the morn!

And every day and shining,

Our love is red and red;

Our love is red and red;