THE MAIDEN'S DREAM AFTER EATING TOO MUCH BOILED CABBAGE
(As if anybody would ever eat too much boiled cabbage)

I
The skies are blue, the air is sweet
The winds caress my face and feet
The robins sing to me and say
That I shall meet a prince to-day.

II
He'll ride upon a snow-white mule
A snow-white mule, a snow-white mule
He'll ride upon a snow-white mule
A curious picture that will be,
And he will offer me a lift.

III
Sing to me, my turtle dove
In your nasal baritone.
Let me know that you are mine
That I'm the one for whom you pine
For whom you'd swim the salty brine
For I have been so long alone.

IV
The old church bell will peal with joy
Oh, what a wedding that will be.
Old lady Simpson's found a man
She'll surely land him if she can.

- Elmer Zank - '38