

LINE-INSPIRED BY A VISIT TO TRINIDAD.

I shall build a little island in the
middle of the sea,
And fill it up with people who've
been good to you and me;
It will have a splendid Club House
and a perfect dancing floor,
And I'll never grant admission to
the semblance of a bore.

There will be no need for money
and we'll never go to bed,
For fatigue will all be banished
and the "cats" will all be dead;
The music will be perfect and we'll
never want to rest,
In the light and love and laughter
of my "island of the Blest."

There will be no love or passion,
for we'll have no hearts to lose,
We shall never want to marry
for we won't know whom to
choose,
We shall feel no thirst or hunger,
there'll be no oppressive heat;
There will be no gin or cocktails
and we'll never want to eat.

The girls will all be beautiful;
our hearts will all be free,
And we'll sink all cares and
worries at the bottom of the sea.
Old age will never hamper us, we
shall have eternal youth;
There'll be no good or evil and
we'll always tell the truth.

The standard of existence will be
"Do just what you will,"
If you really want to kiss her,
well—our kisses will not kill,
And it's no one else's business if
you kiss her on the spot,
There will be no Ten Command-
ments that begin with "Thou
shall not."

But it's time to give up dreaming
and come back again to earth
My island is impossible, no age
will see its birth.
But we've found a close resemblance
in the happy days we've had,
And I'd like to live forever in
the heart of—TRINIDAD.

WRITTEN BY AN OFFICER
OF
H.M.S. "RENOUN" - 1919.



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