

### THE THREE CLIMBERS.

Three climbers went camping out into the west,  
Out into the west as the rain came down ;  
Each kept his opinion concealed from the rest,  
But thought they'd far better have stopped up in town.  
But men must work and men must play,  
And hotels are expensive wherever you stay ;  
And tho' it be raining in torrents to-day,  
It may clear up in the morning.

Three climbers camped out in the watery west,  
And they tried to cook in the wind and the rain ;  
Each thought of the food which agreed with him best,  
And hoped he might live to enjoy it again.  
For men must work and men must eat,  
And to cook one's own food were surely a treat !  
Still there's much in the treatment and working of meat  
That cannot be learnt in a morning.

Three climbers lay out on the mountain steep,  
Three live-long nights while the rain came down ;  
They tried their hardest to get to sleep,  
And wished they had never set forth from the town.  
But men must work and men must play,  
Tho' storms be sudden and skies be gray ;  
And tho' it's been blowing a gale to-day,  
It may clear up in the morning.

Three climbers sat down by the smoking-room fire,  
By the smoking-room fire when dinner was o'er ;  
They looked at the squall and they looked at the storm,  
And they vowed that a-camping they'd go never more.  
For men must work ; but I needs must say,  
That an inn is a cosier place for play  
Than a tent on the hills on a pouring wet day.  
(But it *did* clear up the next morning !)

F. E. R.