I'm a Stranger Here Myself

OGDEN NASH

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
TO HELEN AND RAYMOND EVERITT,
WHOSE FIVE YEARS OF STEADFAST FRIENDSHIP,
LAVISH CAJOLERY, AND VITUPERATIVE ENCOURAGEMENT HAVE BROUGHT IT ON THEIR OWN HEADS,
THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY ASCRIBED.
Captain John Smith
Didn't belong to the B'nai B'rith,
He was a full-blooded Briton,
The same as Boadicea and Bulwer-Lytton,
But his problem . . . theirs were not quite the same,
Because they didn't have to go around assuring everybody that that was their real name,
And finally he said, This business of everybody raising their eyebrows when I register at an inn is getting very boring,
So I guess I'll go exploring,
So he went and explored the River James,
Where they weren't as particular then as they are now about names,
And he went for a walk in the forest,
And the Indians caught him and my goodness wasn't he embarrassed!
Yes, his heart turned to plasticene
Because he certainly was the center of a nasty scene,
And he was too Early-American to write for advice from Emily Post,
So he prepared to give up the ghost,
And he prayed a prayer but I don't know whether it was a silent one or a vocal one,
Because the Indians were going to dash his brains out and they weren't going to give him an anaesthetic, not even a local one,
But along came Pocahontas and she called off her father's savage minions,
Because she was one of the most prominent Virginians,
And her eyes went flash flash,
And she said, Scat, you po' red trash,
And she begged Captain John Smith's pardon,
And she took him for a walk in the gyarden,
And she said, Ah reckon ah sho' would have felt bad
if anything had happened to you-all,
And she told him about her great-uncle Hiawatha and
her cousin Sittin' Bull and her kissin' cousin King Philip, and I don't know who-all,
And he said you'd better not marry me, you'd better
marry John Rolfe,
So he bade her farewell and went back to England,
which adjoins Scotland, where they invented golt