

Don Christopher

Bishop Allen

The day the great explorer came
The countess slapped the kitchen maid
And snapped at her: Bring the plates out faster!
The count sneered down as he surveyed
The table flush and fully laid
He always was a mean and vicious master

And all of Barcelona, quick and heaving, thick with throng
Stretched to see Columbus as his train just inched along
The day the great explorer came, they shouted out his blessed name, hurrah!

He dined between the king and queen
The admiral of the ocean seas
I do believe they named him governor
He spoke of spice and sweet perfume
Of golden flowers, heavy bloom
Jealously, the count and countess hovered

With every new delight described, the count was seen to wince
"In my own house, he dares to spout his brazen arrogance"
He dined between the king and queen, the viceroy of Indians, hurrah!

"Don Christopher, do tell me please,
Was it really such a feat?"
The count spit out to look with wonder
"A voyage of, what, five short weeks?
One any man could lead with ease
For this, these trinkets and this plunder"

He tried to hide his greedy eyes that sparkled cruel and cold
For he, like all of Spain, could only see that fate of gold
"Don Christopher, do tell me please, do tell me," hurrah!

The great explorer shook his head
And called out for a pantry egg
The challenge, make it stay upright
When all had tried and all had failed
He lopped the tip right off the shell
And stood it as the table roared out in delight

But now that I've showed you exactly how it's done,
Any fool could manage easily enough
The great explorer shook his head; he shook his head, hurrah