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TO A FAT PIG.

When I peruse that tranquil countenance,
When I behold you lying in the deep,
Calm torpor of your customary trance,
And smiling in your sleep;

When I compare the lives that men endure,
The hard hours treading on each others' heels,
With yours, an easy, drowsy sinecure,
Unbroken, save for meals;

Stirred to the limits of mine injured pride
By your outrageous *otium cum dig.*,
O Hog, if I could only reach you, "I'd
Larn ye to be a" pig!

O Hog, O fat, insufferable Hog,
The very barn-door hen must ply a leg
Or go unvictualled; even the household dog
Has to sit up and beg.

Judged by your smug complacency, you seem
To think yourself a strangely favoured beast,
But is there not a shadow on the dream,
A spectre at the feast?