

THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

That imps of darkness give in hell
Where pain and woe are uncon-
fined;
The bird remained both deaf and
blind.

A careful study of his face,
And diagnosis of his case,
Showed plainly why he never spoke
While perched up on that ancient
oak.

His cropic was too full for words,
Containing rabbits, mice and birds,
And in my mind there was no
question.

He suffered much from indigestion;
There seemed no lack of education,
What he required was inspiration.

Wearied, I sat me down to think,
And incidentally take a drink,
I scarcely had produced the bottle,
And ere the Whisky wet my
throatle.



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