

You will find Kilkenny cats,
Bored by winning common spats,
 Hanging by their knotted tails
 On a clothesline, teeth and nails
Mixing praise with caveats.

Only two were in the Ark;
Yet, at the charge to disembark—
 Every commentator notes
 That—from throwing off their
 coats,
They were naked—naked stark.

They'll be fighting at the tomb
Of great Caesar, leaving room
 For the passage of the ghost,
 As it stalks to shine or roast
At the rousing crack of Doom.