

Hunting The Were-Wolf

A Rhyme for Children.

The jungle law is broken;
From forest, field and plain,
The beasts and birds have spoken,
"The Traitor must be slain."
The surly bear comes growling
From out his lonesome den;
He hears the were-wolf howling,
Athirst for blood of men.

The fierce war eagle screeches
Across the Channel deep,
His scream the lion reaches,
And rouses him from sleep;
The busy beaver hiding
In far-off northern wood,
The mighty bull moose, striding
In stately solitude.

The humpy, bumpy cattle,
The tiger from his lair,
Go down into the battle,
Beside the timid hare,
The elephant and camel,
The ostrich and emu,
Wierd things, both bird and mammal,
And old man kangaroo.

All vow, by fur and feather,
Each with one purpose filled,
To work and fight together,
Until the were-wolf's killed,
Meanwhile, in war's arena,
Unmoved by tears and groans,
The buzzard and hyena
Pick clean the victims' bones.