

## TO THE OYSTER.

How I love you ! toothsome oyster  
Because at hunger's call  
You are at all times ready  
To fill our empty maw.

But still more do I love you  
For the odor that you waft  
Of seaside and sea-air you bring  
With memories of the past.

The past whene'er your advent  
In autumn's wintry weather,  
Was grandly hailed on every side,  
And brought all friends together.

When seated at a well-spread board,  
Full quite a score and more  
Of neighbors met to eat the food  
All must pronounce so very good.

So whether hot, or whether cold,  
In stew, or soup, or pie,  
We sing your praise, for very few  
Your excellence can deny.