

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 croppie 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  
throttle,

