

Whatever  
the pot,  
in the  
moon.  
t warm  
reply to

The moon in halos hid her head ;  
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,  
For see, a rainbow spans the sky ;  
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,  
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel ;  
The squalid toads at dusk were seen  
Slowly crawling o'er the green ;  
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,  
The distant hills are looking nigh ;  
Hark, how the chairs and tables crack !  
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;  
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,  
They imitate the gliding kite,  
Or seem precipitate to fall  
As if they felt the piercing ball ;  
How restless are the snorting swine !  
The busy flies disturb the kine ;  
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;  
The cricket too, how loud she sings !