

THE HOUSE OF HENS.

(With compliments to the Senate.)

THERE'S a sound of agriculture on our hills and in our
glens,
So 'tis only meet and proper we should have a House of
Hens;
We've a grand old nag to whinney, we have seven cats
to mew,
Then the farm-yard were not decent with no cock-a-
doodle-doo.

Through the snowy months of winter all the hens do sit
and sit,
With an air of grave importance, but they never hatch
a bit;
And they scratch and cluck and grumble if one only
murmurs "Shoo!"
For they keep the yard a ringing with their cock-a-
doodle-doo.

They are pecking, ever pecking, at the nation's crib of
corn,
And of all the hens that cackle they're the fattest ever
born;
They are costly, but they're funny, so we'll see them
safely through,
For, like children, we are tickled with their cock-a-
doodle-doo.

People say a day is coming when the hens will cease
to be,
When the farm-yard will be silent, and the corn—ah,
me! ah, me!
When the nag has ceased to whinney, and the cats no
longer mew,
Will this nation be a nation with no cock-a-doodle-do?