

CANTO VI.

Proudly rides and dives the loon;
Courtly breast forgot is soon;
 And tranquil waters grow not dis-
 traught,
 Just ripple like amusing thought
When up bobs the lord of June.

Helpless, alike, is human wrath
To leave its mark as aftermath
 On fighting cats' enthusiasm,
 As, provoked to nightly spasm,
It rears tempest with a lath.