

THE WOODPECKER

SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING

There's somebody knocking;
Hark! who can it be?
It's not at the door! no, it's in the elm tree.
I hear it again; it goes rat-a-tat-tat!
Now, what in the world is the meaning of that?

I think I can tell you. Ah, Yes! it is he;
It's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free.
He's dressed very handsomely (rat-a-tat-tat),
Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat.

He's making his visits this morning, you see;
Some friends of his live in that elm tree;
And, as trees have no doorbells (rat-a-tat-tat),
Of course he must knock; what is plainer than that?

Now old Madam Bug hears him rap at her door;
Why doesn't she come? Does she think him a bore—
She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still.
I guess she's afraid that he's bringing a bill!

"I've seen you before, my good master," says she;
"Altho I'm a bug, sir, you can't humbug me.
Rap on, if you please! at your rapping I laugh,
I'm too old a bug to be caught with your chaff."

—Anon.