

THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

Tho' on your perch you may  
Dreadnought

For other birds don't care a jot,  
There's more than one bird in the sky  
That on your carcass has an eye;  
Wait till you hear the Eagle scream,  
He'll wake you up from your day-  
dream:

Perhaps you don't compron  
Francais?  
He smiled, and looked like Laurier.

In German next I ventured speech,  
Expecting 'twould produce a screech;  
Gut Gott in Himmell, Donner Wetter  
Why don't you run your business  
better,

Why do you stay up every night  
Trailing your feathers for a fight?  
Why do you screech and rend the air,  
And make things hum, and cause  
a scare?

Why not sleep quietly in your nest,

