

So they ought to be forgiven
When, by love of trouble driven,
They take frequent satisfaction
Amplifying one exaction
In the struggle for cat-heaven.

There is order in creation,
And who'll say this visitation
May not temper by its beat
Joy of sleep that's over sweet
From good health—or wife's oration?

Just as humming bird an hour
Every day appoints to flower,
When his music driven bill
Honey burden will distill
In dewy bell and bower.