

Things you have sung, but ah, not seen —
Things proper to the age of Saturn —
Shall greet you here ; for we have been
Wrought quaintly, on the Arcadian pattern.
Your poet's lips will break in song
For joy, to see at last appearing
The bulls and bears, a peaceful throng,
While a lamb leads them — to the shearing !

And metamorphoses, of course,
You'll mark in plenty, *à la* Proteus :
A bear become a little horse —
Presumably from too much throat-use !
A thousandfold must go untold ;
But, should you miss your farm-yard sunny,
And miss your ducks and drakes, behold
We'll make you ducks and drakes — of money !

Greengrocers here are fairly read.
And should you set your heart upon them,
We lack not beets — but some are dead,
While others have policemen on them.
And be the dewfall dear to you,
Possess your poet's soul in patience !