



To mavis, merle and throstle,  
Bid them their betters jostle  
From day and its delights !  
But at night, brother howlet, over the  
woods,  
Toll the world to thy chantry ;  
Sing to the bats' sleek sisterhoods  
Full complines with gallantry :  
Then, owls and bats,  
Cows and twats,  
Monks and nuns, in a cloister's moods,  
Adjourn to the oak-stump pantry !

[After she has begun to undress herself.

Now, one thing I should like to really  
know :  
How near I ever might approach all these  
I only fancied being, this long day :

