

THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

The wise old rooster on the watch,
Had recognized the brand of Scotch.
Too hoot! said he; Hoot man!
said I,
It's White Horse Cellar, and I'm
dry.

He flapped his wings and much
excited,
Flew off some distance ere he lighted,
Paused for a moment 'mong the
branches,
No doubt to calculate his chances,
Then with a skilful screech he
swooped,
The Whisky bottle up he scooped;
Hoot man! said I, Too hoot!
said he,
And now my bottle's up a tree.

When I recovered from my fright,
I had to own it served me right;



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