



A DONKEY STORY.

WITH A MORAL.

In summer time the folks from town
To Feldberg flock, one with another,
They climb it, up one side, and down
The other.

On donkey back the mother sits,
"Warranted free from vice" her steed is;
The others march, as best befits,
Per pedes.

A little brook obstructs the way,
They urge the steed with reasons various;
The donkey much prefers to stay
Just where he is.

In vain they urge: in donkey fashion
He grunts—his meaning undisputed—
"It's no use getting in a passion,
I'm rooted."

With sticks and stones, and noisy roar,
Determined to o'ercome the creature,
The tourists charge, of vict'ry or
Defeat sure.

The gov'nor pulls in front, while Miss
And Mrs. strive to make the mare go
By studiously applying vis
A tergo.

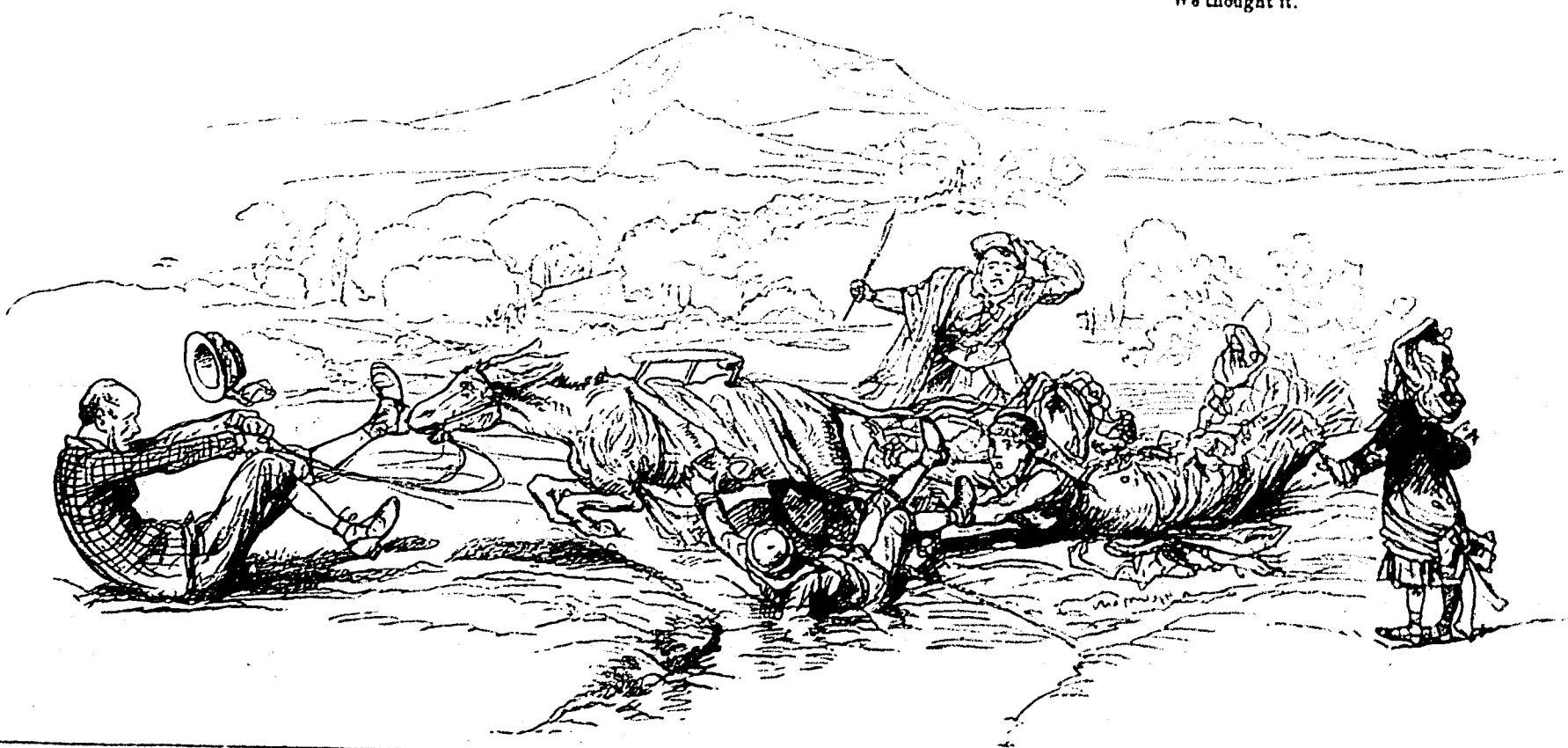


The guide boy yells, the babies cry,
When suddenly, as if for fun
Off goes the ass, and victory
Is won.



MORAL.

We ever seek some wished-for lot,
And when in time Dame Fortune's brought it,
We're apt to find it isn't what
We thought it.



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