

And, when just asleep once more,  
Hove aloft by fiendish roar,  
    You succumb to helpless rage  
    A bed-slat to disengage  
And sit by the open door,

Would you not enjoy more sleep  
If a terrier you would keep  
    Which, at ten, or two, or seven,  
    Sees no difference under heaven,  
Long as cats are in a heap.

Kittens have no sweet school-  
    teachers;  
They are set upon by preachers  
    In the middle of the night—  
    Not with moral, hymn and rite—  
Holy anger wries their features.