

OUR TABBY.

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Oh for the sparkling sun,  
Oh for the bracing breeze,  
Oh for the sweet wild flowers,  
And the budding maple-trees.

Oh for the happy spring,  
Oh for the month of May,  
All the light and warmth and flowers,  
I would they were here to-day.

OUR TABBY

Tawny paws of airy lightness,  
Silken breast of snowy whiteness,  
Emerald eyes of gleaming brightness—  
That's our Tabby.

Always talking, purring, mewing,  
Always asking what you're doing,  
Always there when dinner's brewing—  
Yes, that's Tabby.