

# LITTLE FOLKS



## Tick, Tick.

(By H. E. Hunter.)

I am no necromancer.

If critics ask how I, a watch,  
write rhyme?

Why, I have hands, I answer;

I keep right measure, and I keep  
good time.

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

And as for my capacity,

Behold the wonderful works my  
case contains;

My little wheels' vivacity—

Do these not look akin to life  
and brains?

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

My wheels revolve untiring

Like those of thought. But mine  
with useful aim

Are evermore conspiring

To show forth truth. Are hu-  
man thoughts the same?

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Observe my works' perfection

Could human heads be opened by  
a touch,

Would theirs bear like inspection?

I've nought to hide. Can mor-  
tals say as much?

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

My course is straight and steady,

Whether I am in public or alone;

Are human watches ready

To have their course of private  
action known?

Tick, tick. Tick, tick.

Or say, is not humanity

On some points frailer than the  
clock-work classes?