


THE 
WISDOM
OF THE
OWL



"He glared and looked like Roosevelt."

F. M. Little
with Compliments of
Alexander

23 Aug 1910

THE WISDOM OF



THE
WISDOM
OF THE

OWL



The owl was out of the house
In the morning when the sun
He started to be at work
As the bird flew out all night
I worked at him as I passed by
The basket and when I saw the eye

It's hard that owl was very wise
So I can't be clever to describe

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THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

A blinking owl sat on an oak,
He thought a lot but seldom spoke,
His hearing was not of the best,
His breathing wheezy on the chest,
He seemed to be in sorry plight
As if he had been out all night.
I winked at him as I passed by
He blinked and winked the other eye.

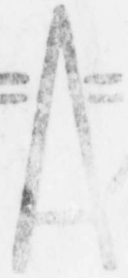
I'd heard that owls are very wise
So seized the chance to catechize,
Indeed, I thought 'twould be im-
mense,
To have a joke at his expense,
But as you'll gather from the sequel,



THE WISDOM OF
THE
OWL



As no owl sat on an
 oak,
 He thought a lot but
 seldom spoke.
 His hearing was not of the best,
 His breathing wheezy on the chest.
 He seemed to be in sorry plight
 As if he had been out all night.
 I winked at him as I passed by
 He blinked and winked the other eye.



I'd heard that owls are very wise
 So seized the chance to catch him
 Indeed, I thought 'I would be im-
 mense,
 To have a joke at his expense,
 But as you'll gather from the sequel,

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THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

The Owl proved better than my
equal,
The rooster never moved a muscle,
Just blinked, and waited for the
tussle.

In English, Irish, Welsh and Scotch
For forty minutes, by my watch,
I spouted to my heart's content,
As Members do in Parliament;
Reviewed the questions of the day,
On every subject had my say,
But, like the Speaker in the House,
The Owl sat quieter than a mouse;
Tho', when I spoke of taxing grain,
He winked, and looked like
Chamberlain.

In French I then addressed the bird,
The purest French you ever heard.
"Comment Vous portez Vous,"
said I,
He shrugged a wing, and winked
an eye.



THE ART TO WORSHIP

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THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

Tho' on your perch you may
Dreadnought

For other birds don't care a jot,
There's more than one bird in the sky
That on your carcass has an eye;
Wait till you hear the Eagle scream,
He'll wake you up from your day-
dream:

Perhaps you don't compron
Francais?
He smiled, and looked like Laurier.

In German next I ventured speech,
Expecting 'twould produce a screech;
Gut Gott in Himmell, Donner Wetter
Why don't you run your business
better,

Why do you stay up every night
Trailing your feathers for a fight?
Why do you screech and rend the air,
And make things hum, and cause
a scare?

Why not sleep quietly in your nest,



THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

The owl on your perch you may
Dreadnought

For other birds don't care a jot
There's more than one kind in the sky
That on your carcass has an eye;
Wait till you hear the Eagle screech,
He'll wake you up from your day-
dream:

Perhaps you don't compare
Francis?
He smiled, and looked like Lamer.

In German next I ventured speech,
Expecting 'twould produce
Guns, Cannon, Jamell, Doctor, Water
Why don't you run your business
better,

Why do you stay up every night
Tasting your feathers for a night?
Why do you screech and rend the air,
And make things hurt, and cause
a scare?
Why not sleep quietly in your nest.



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THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

And let your neighbors have a rest?
He frowned, and looked just like
the Kaiser,
But answered nothing, being wiser.

I then continued my harangue
With somewhat of a nasal twang;
I'd like to know for what good reason
You're always hunting out of season;
Why ride rough shod o'er friend
and foe,

Thirsting for blood where'er you go?
Why don't you put your trust in God,
And be content with birdie's food?
Oh yes, I guess in God you'll trust
When every other Trust is bust;
He did not seem to like the lingo,
Roughed all his feathers up, by jingo,
And then, to show just how he felt,
Heglared, and looked like Roosevelt.

To try and rouse the bird to speech,
I gave a most unearthly screech,
A screech resembling the yell



THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

And let your neighbors have a test,
He howled, and looked just like
the Kaiser,
But answered nothing, being wisest.



I then continued my harangue
With somewhat of a nasal twang;
I'd like to know for what good reason
You're always hunting out of season;
Why not rough shod o'er land
and sea,

Thirsting for blood where'er you go,
Why don't you put your trust in God,
And be content with birdie's food?
Oh yes, I guess in God you'll trust
When every other Trust is bust.



He did not seem to like the jingo,
Roughed all his feathers up by jingo,
And then, to show just how he felt,
He glared, and looked like Roosevelt.
To try and rouse the bird to speech,
I gave a most unearthly screech,
A screech resembling the yell

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THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

That imps of darkness give in hell
Where pain and woe are uncon-
fined;
The bird remained both deaf and
blind.

A careful study of his face,
And diagnosis of his case,
Showed plainly why he never spoke
While perched up on that ancient
oak,

His croppie was too full for words,
Containing rabbits, mice and birds,
And in my mind there was no
question,
He suffered much from indigestion;
There seemed no lack of education,
What he required was inspiration.

Wearied, I sat me down to think,
And incidentally take a drink,
I scarcely had produced the bottle,
And, 'ere the Whisky wet my
throttle,



THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

That maps of darkness give in hell
Where pain and woe are uncon-
fined;
The bird remained both best and
blind.

A careful study of his face,
And diagnosis of his case,
Showed plainly why he never spoke
While perched up on that ancient
oak.

His cropic was too full for words,
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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 skirling 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;





THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

The wise old rooster on the watch,
Had recognized the brand of Scotch.
Too hoot! said he; Hoot man!
I said,
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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THE WISDOM OF THE OWL

The owl which I had thought so
dense,
Had ne'er got rich at my expense,
If I'd attended to my biz
As close as he had done to his,
In future I'll adopt his plan,
A sadder but a wiser man.

