

81 SONG OF THE CROAKER

An old frog lived in a dismal swamp.
In a dismal kind of way;
And all that he did, whatever befell,
Was to croak the livelong day.
Croak, croak, croak,
When darkness filled the air,
And croak, croak, croak,
When the skies were bright and fair.

"Good Master Frog, a battle is fought,
And the foeman's power is broke."
But he only turned a greener hue,
And answered with a croak.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the clouds are dark and un,
And croak, croak, croak,
In the blaze of the noontide sun.

"Good Master Frog, the forces of right
Are driving the hosts of wrong."
But he gave his head an ominous shake,
And croaked out, "*Nous verrons!*"
Croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

To poison the cup of life,
By always dreading the worst,
Is to make of the earth a dungeon damp,
And the happiest life accursed.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the noontide sun rides high,
And croak, croak, croak,
Lest the night come by and by.

Farewell to the dismal frog;
Let him croak as loud as he may,
He cannot blot the sun from heaven,
Nor hinder the march of day,
Though he croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

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