

The Eagle

They have him in a cage
And little children run
To offer him well-meant bits of beer
And very common people say "My word!
Aint he a horrible bird!
And the smart - "how absurd!
Poor, captive, draggled, downcast Lord
of the Air"
Steadfast in his despair
He doth not rage
But with unconquerable eye
And soul aflame to fly
Considers the gun
