

GOAT MILTON

1608 — 1674

Weep no more, woeful Goat, weep no more,
For Goat Ass your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though it be beneath the watery floor,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet, anon repairs his woolly head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So the goat sunk low but Minnied high,
Through the deer might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With Nectar pure his Goofoozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the magik kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Daisies above,
In Silly Symphonies, and candy Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the Donalds forever from his eyes.
Now the goat the Goatherds weep no more
Henceforth though art the Ducky of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood
Thus sang the uncouth swan to th'Oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray;
He quacked the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his toontonable lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the animorphic bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blew:
Tomorrow to fresh Woods, and cans to chew new.

FART MILTON

1608 — 1674

Weep no more, woeful Fart, weep no more,
For Gas Ass your vapour is no t d e a d,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry flo a r,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean b e d,
And yet, anon repairs his smellish he a d,
And tricks his odor, and with new spangled O r e,
Flames in he forehead of the morni n g s i g h:
So the Fart sunk low but rockete d h i g h,
Through the haze might of him that walk'd the wave s
Where other groves, and other streams alo n g,
With Nectar pure his oozy shlock's h e l a v e s,
And hears the uninhalable nuptiall Go n g,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and lo v e.
There entertain him all the Saints abo ve,
In solemn blurps, and sweet Societi e s
That fart, and farting in their glory mo v e,
And swipe the tears forever from his ey e s.
Now the Fart the Farheads weep no mo r e
Though art the splendored methane of the shor e
In thy large recompense, and shalt be g o o d
To all that wander in t hat perilous cl u d
Thus sang the uncouth Gas to th'Oaks and rill s,
While the still morn we nt o ut with Sandals gr a y;
He touched the tender st ops of various ai r s,
With eager thought warb ling his thin spread l a y:
A n d now the Sun had s tretch'd out all the ai r s,
A n d now was dropped into the porcelain bo w l;
A t last he rose, and twi tched his mantle bl e w:
T o morrow to fresh Woo ds, and windsmells gro w l.

COW MILTON

1608 — 1674

W eep no more, woeful Cow, weep no more,
Fo r Cow Ass your dairy is not dead,
Sun k though she be beneath the watry floar,
So si nks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet, anon repairs his wooling head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in he forehead of the morning sky:
So the Cow sunk low but fountained high,
Through the deer might of her that walk'd the flaves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With Nectar pure her oozy squeezers she laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain her all the Saints above,
In solemn milkmaids, and sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now the Cow the Cowmilks weep no more
Henceforth though art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that lactine flood
Thus sang the uncouth can to th' Oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray;
She touched the tender st o ps of various nipples,
With eager thought war b ling her pale dairied lay:
And now the Sun had s tretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the cowshed bay;
At last she rose, and twi tched: Her udders blew:
Tomorrow to fresh Fiel ds, and Pastures new.

JOHN MILTON

1608 — 1674

Weep no more, woeful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet, anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in he forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With Nectar pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now Lycidas the Shepherds weep no more
Henceforth though art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood
Thus sang the uncouth swain to th'Oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the Western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blew:
Tomorrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

NOTES:

<http://www.bartleby.com/101/317.html>