

THE PENGUINS IS THE KWAZIEST PEOPLES GATE

Zeven dwarfz
Marched ♥ on Rome
Far from the dark Zchvartz-
Vald, far from home.
“Vatch out und hope!”
The Holy Zecret Zervice varned the Pope,
“They hunt und kill und zteal, peel und feel und grope.”
The zmall dwarfz ztood on chairz und huffed und zwayed
In tiny bitz of chortlez und guffawz to have an audienze made.
Zo the zwell old Pope laughed und azked them zo merrily unafraid
To kindly und happily tell him vhat on their zoulz veighed.
Qvite gun zudden up zpoke vun of the low kneeling zeven
Vith a grimm und profound und dark mental low leven,
“Mein dear kind bright illuztrious Poptz,” zaid he,
“Mein whole name iz und haz been, Krumpy.
I vish to ask a pained queztion of thee.
Of late I’m feeling Bazhful und Zlappy
Und Zleepy und Dopey und Happy.
I’m just a zhadow of my former zerf.
I zink in ignoranze thick as wet mould turf.
I am per plexed beyond mein bigg er vartz,
Do y ou have any Nunz who are very zh ortz?”
“Yes a,” the good Holy Father zaid, “A few wo.”
Fo ur a foot a three a or a four a foot a t
“Nein! Nein!” The dwarfz Krumpy gazped,
“Much zhorter! Two foot three?” He razped.
“No a, my a son,” The kindly Pope zweetly zaid,
“Ours are a on a light a much a too well a fed.”
The dwarfz trudged out of the Zistine Chapel
Facez ruby az vicked Qveen kizzed apple.
The entire Papal Zecret Zervice humble
Zwore they heard Zix of them grumble
Dark az gold under the Zpanish Main
Dark as the dark nig ht of a zoul in pain,
“Nyah! Nyah! Krumpy zchtuped a penguin!
Nyah! Nyah! Krumpy zchtuped a penguin!”
Und again und again und again und again und again und again und again und again und again und again und again und again
Ztarz zhine bright on zhatter light. Feathers black az night und white az znow makes az diverz a Znow Vhite as vee kan know.
Thee. The. The. The. The. The. The. That’s Nyah! Nyah! Nyah! Nyah! Lay not up feather here on earth.
Az the old kollozzal gotts, like the gweat Lew Lehr zhowed uz, vee getz too late zchmart und too zoon old, folkz.