

# THE OWL

There sat an owl in an old oak tree  
Whooping very merrily  
He was considering as well he might  
Thyings and means for a supper that night  
He looked about with a solemn scowl  
Yet ~~so~~ ~~very~~ ~~so~~ ~~very~~ was the owl  
In the hollow of that oak tree  
There sat his wife and his children three

She was ringing over to rest  
Another hinged her downy breast  
To hear his voice to learn her song  
The third a hungry owl was he  
Peeped slyly out of the old oak tree  
And peeped for his dad and said You long  
But he hooted for joy when presently he saw  
His wife with a fulgeous measure in his claw  
Oh what a supper they had that night  
All were parting and ~~at~~ ~~with~~ ~~delight~~ ~~delight~~  
Who most can chatter or crane they strive

They were the messiest owls alive

What then did the old owl do  
Oh not so gay was his waltz to whom  
It was very sadly said  
After his children had gone to bed  
Strange wild fears perplexed his head  
He did not sleep with his children there  
For truly a gentleman owl was he  
Who would not see his wife intrude  
When she was nursing his infant brood  
So not to invade the nursery  
He slept outside the hollow tree  
So when he awoke at the fall of the dew

The colic his wife with a long to who  
Awake dear wife it is evening gray  
And our boys live soon the death of day  
He called over ~~massa~~ he ~~shuddered~~ when  
His voice replied to her again  
Yet still unwilling to believe  
That owl's savor wing was spread  
Hovering over his quill's head  
And shutting out you from hollow tree  
Ha ha they fear are a' this & quoth he  
They will not speak well well at night  
They'll talk enough I'll take a flight  
But still he went not in nor out  
But popped uneasily about

What then said the father owl  
He sat still until below  
He heard cries of pain and woe  
And saw his wife and children there  
In a young boy's captivity

Married Oct 4 1853 Miss Mary Ann Bull to Mr Sanford  
Wilcox. also at the same time Miss Nancy Jane Evers  
to Mr Whitcomb

Sydney W  
Wilke

Two Girls at a time  
Is equal to a time.

So says I.

For I am by.

For Mr Wilcox.

Is worth one Post.

Miss Mary Ann <sup>But</sup> ~~will~~ live in it

Will live in a hut

Miss Nancy Jane Evers  
Will live in the heavens.

Mr Whitcomb

Is and says His com