

# THE POET

and  
Other  
Animals



E.C.2272





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THE POET  
AND OTHER  
ANIMALS

BY HAROLD ♪ ♪  
♪ ♪ RICHARDSON

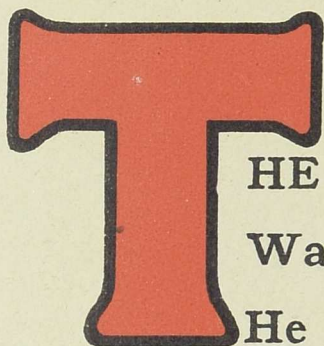
PICTURES ♪ ♪ ♪  
BY G·H·THOMPSON



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## The Unicorn.



HE strangest beast that ever lived

Was called the Unicorn;

He wore a prickle on his head

And died 'fore I was born.

I think that p'raps a clever man

Might resurrect the breed;

A gee-gee and an iron spike

Is all you really need;

You take the nail and hammer it

Right deep down in his head,

And if he lives the spike will grow,

But—p'raps he will be dead!





G.H. Thompson

## The Rhinoceros.

**R**

HINOCEROS he lives and grows  
In Africa, so far,  
But his intellect's so very weak  
"He don't know where he are."  
His rough and dirty-coloured hide  
Is not the best of fits,  
And looks as though his father  
Had put it on in bits.  
A close observer of this beast  
Will note upon his nose  
A big horn, what he uses  
To prod his hated foes.  
His habits are nocturnal,  
And you'd better give him room  
If you chance to come across him  
A'lumpin' through the gloom.  
Rhinoceros he weighs a lot,  
And proof of this is plain—  
No man what he has rested on  
Has e'er riz up again,  
Because he ain't a man no more,  
But just a sticky stain!