

IV.

You dear old brook, that from his Grace's park
Come bounding! on you run near my old town:
My Lord can't lock the water; nor the lock,
Unless he kills him, can my Lord keep down.
Up, is the long note!

I've tried it to: - for comfort & renown,
I rather pitched upon the wrong note.

V.

I'm not ashamed: not beaten still my boat:
Again I'll rouse the people up to strike.
But home's where different politics join most.
Respectability the women like.

This form, or that form -
The Government may be hungry pike,
But don't you mount a Chartist platform!

VI.

Well, Well! Not beaten - spite of them, I shout;
& my estate is suffering for the Cause. -
Now, what is your brown water-rat about,
Who washes his old poll with busy paws?

What does he mean by it?
It's like defying all our natural laws,
For him to hope that he'll get clean by it.

VII.

His seat is on a mud-bank, & his trade
Is dirt: - he's quite contemptible; & yet
The fellows all as anxious as a maid
To show a decent dress, & dry the wet.

Now it's his whisker,
And now his nose, & ear: he seems to get
Each moment at the motion bicker!

VIII.

To see him squat like little chaps at school,
I can't help laughing out with all my might.
He pees, hangs his fore-paws: bless the fool,
He's bobbing at his frill now! - what a sight!

Licking the dust up,
As if he thought to pass from black to white,
Like parson into lawny bishop.

IX.

The elms & yellow reed-flags in the sun,
Look on quite grave: - the sunlight flecks his side,
And links of bindweed-flowers round him run,
& shine up doubled with him in the tide.

I'm nearly splitting,
But nature seems like seconding his pride,
& thinks that his behaviour's fitting.