

Storenci's Reply
to
The lay of the Sunnyside ducks.

Much beloved Mr Irving
I received your charming letter
All about the Indian Streamlet
All about the top knot ducklings
How my Papa, very selfish
Tried to dam up all the water
Tried to keep more than he ought to
But his efforts all were fruitless
Thought could stop that knowing water
Oh it would insist on going
Who could blame it for its action
Who resist such great attraction
Was not Sunnyside before it?
Was not Wolpert's Roost inviting?
Was not he whom all look up to
The whom all admire and cherish
Drawing that sweet brooklet onward?
Not for top knot ducks was running
Not for water fowl or fishes
Not to make sweet water fallings
Not to course through rustic windings
turn over.

Not to spite my dearest Papa
But to get to you - was hastening
You, whom all the Dus are calling
Of the present age of writers' Peoples!
You're the Dus, the streamlet under
And we all desire to follow
And to go down hill to 'Wesfert'
Undismayed by any dammings
Sinking down by gentle moonlight
Or in darkness with a lantern -
Should you ask me how my Papa
Tried to stop the stream and couldn't
I should answer I should tell you
In the drought of bye gone summer
People came with carts and horses
Very early in the morning
And they stole away the water!
Our Adam (which Papa calls Longfellow)
Author of the "Higher water"
Heard a sigh and stopped his ramblings
Much to all our consternation.
Papa said with indignation
"Send for *Tull, and send for Schalmers
I will build a wall and stop it."
But without his host he reckoned
Little did the streamlet tarry

* The mason. † The plumber.

But through crack, and leak, and cranny,
Found its way, and ran on coolly
Laughing in its sleeve at Schalmers
Laughing loud at Tull's efforts
Minnetaha! Laughing water!
Laughing at their foolish planning.

By the bye that just reminds me
That to visit me you promised
And to go with me to Chiblo's
Will you come to us on Friday?
Will you come and with us tarry?
Will ~~kind~~ ^{sweet} regards to your ~~kind~~ ^{sweet} nieces,
I am your friend, the little
Florence.

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