

Rinosseros

J. A. Cooper

He don't know why a ju-grub grow
How a sky make rain so a stream be flow
He just like it in the wing-wang go—
How the muddo gone feel in his toe below
With a birdie up top for a sing-a-long-a-lo
And a dun-grass feast in a day-shine glow.

He don't care for a flea-fly show
And he tell you what-why when his tail he go
All a flicky-flacky-floo—and an ear who know
When the wind gone change his mind to blow
From a long-ways down, bring an ice-and-snow,
To an up-ways wind where the hijub flow.

He can't tell why it be just-so
For he don't say why what he can't not know—
How a world got made and a time get go
Why he all day follow where a ju-grub grow
With a horn up front. Where it point he go.

He just do it like the birdie-o
A-riding up top like he wing won't go
For he no much matter if a stream no flow
For the dun-grass feast, if a dun don't grow,
For the sad old smile of his eye be show
How he think for a-living in a day-shine glow.