

The Caterpillar's on the march,

All green things fast devouring.

The Maori Bug perfumes the air

With bouquet overpowering.

As evening falls a tuneful note

Proclaims the Skeeter's coming;

His poisoned bite is bad enough,

But maddening is his humming.

"All Nature's now asleep, my dear,"

Exclaims the ardent Lover;

"I think we'd better go outside:

'Tis stifling under cover."

And so into the stilly night,

Beneath the starry glory,

Linked hand in hand they wander forth—

It is the old, old story.

