

That hadn't sunk the way it should have sunk,  
But right in heaven was slowly being shrunk  
So small as to be virtually gone,  
Yet there to watch the darkness coming on -  
Like someone dead permitted to exist  
Enough to see if he was greatly missed.  
I didn't see the sun set. Did it set?  
Will anybody swear that isn't it?  
And will you give me shelter for the night?  
If not, a glass of milk will be all right.'

'Traveler, I'm glad you asked about that light.  
Your mind mistrusted there was something wrong,  
And naturally you couldn't go along  
Without inquiring if 'twas serious.  
'Twas providential you applied to us,  
Who were just on the subject when you came.  
There is a star that's Serious by name  
And nature too, but this is not the same.  
This light's been going on for several years,  
Although at times we think it disappears.  
You'll hear all sorts of things. You'll meet with them  
Will tell you it's the star of Bethlehem  
Above some more religion in a manger.  
But put that down to superstition, Stranger.  
What's a star doing big as a baseball?  
Between us two it's not a star at all.  
It's a new patented electric light,  
Put up on trial by that Jerseyite  
So much is being now expected of,  
To give developments the final shove  
And turn us into the next specie folks  
Are going to be, unless these monkey jokes  
Of the last fifty years are all a libel,  
And Darwin's proved mistaken, not the Bible.  
I s'pose you have your notions on the vexed  
Question of what we're turning into next.'