

III

Softly from its still lair in Plympton Street
It stole on silent pads, and, raping space,
Shot onward in a fierce infernal race,
And shivered townward on revolving feet,
Skidded, fortuitously indiscreet;
And now a lady doth its bosom grace,
And now the 'phone, tingling its wild disgrace,
Telleth that hearts be broke and time is fleet.

O Watson, born beneath a generous star,
Oft have I seen thee draped upon a bar;
Thou might'st have slain us with a bloody couteau
And,

O Watson, moriturus te saluto,

Infinite in thy fair beatitude;
But you could not do anything so rude.