

“out of the pants which cover me  
 frostbitten limbs from pole to pole  
 I thank whatever tailors be  
 for this unconquerable hole.  
 A little Porter tingaling  
 is pleasant even for Sweeney in the Spring.”

And at these words a sullen murmur ran  
 out of the University of Pennsylvania.  
 “However which may be;  
 I grow old,I grow old,

I shall tell the tailor what he should be told.”—  
 And as he spake Lars Porcelain  
 struck his bathtub  
 exclaiming,in words of one syllable,Eheu fugaces Postume.  
 (and nobody knew what daisy knew

for all men kill the thing they love:

Some does it with a turn of the screw....  
 and go wilde afterwards he adding settled  
 his frustrated celluloid collar.