Seemed at play,  
The tender moon was shining bright, the barge at molesey lay.  
All in the balmy moonlight it lay rocking on the tide--  
And growltiger was disposed to show his sentimental side.  
His bucko mate, grumbuskin, long since had disappeared,  
For to the bell at hampton he had gone to wet his beard;  
And his bosun, tumblebrutus, he too had stol'n away-  
In the yard behind the lion he was prowling for his prey.  
In the forepeak of the vessel growltiger sate alone,  
Concentrating his attention on the lady griddlebone.  
And his raffish crew were sleeping in their barrels and their bunks--  
As the siamese came creeping in their sampans and their junks.  
Growltiger had no eye or ear for aught but griddlebone,  
And the lady seemed enraptured by his manly baritone,  
Disposed to relaxation, and awaiting no surprise--  
But the moonlight shone reflected from a thousand bright stars