

WILHELM BUSCH:
THE HUMORIST

Stuck fast in birdlime on his tree,
The bird flaps hard, but can't get free.
A big black cat comes creeping low;
His claws are sharp, his eyes aglow.
On up the tree and ever higher,
The murderous beast approaches nigher.
The bird thinks: "Well, since that is that—
I must be eaten by the cat—
I will not let a moment go,
I'll practice all the trills I know
And whistle merrily, undeterred."
I call that humor in a bird.