

Morning Song

Pearls Before Swine

All along the cold and gross canal
The gray-walled dwarf leaps high
Dwelling dark victorious
Silent with a cry

Morning, morning

On the ledge the leper walks
Soft-pawed, cold, lean and crisp
Telling jokes the old Jew told
Laughing with a lisp

Morning, morning

At the door, I stand and sense
Each picture in its frame
Seeking out, in each glance
The hunchback with my name

Morning, morning