

The Atheist And Acorn - song lyrics

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THE ATHEIST AND ACORN.

A Popular Recitation.

Methinks the world seems oddly made,
And everything amiss,
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
And instane'd it in this:

"Behold," quoth he, " that mighty thing
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportion'd grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung
The pumpkin on the tree,
And left the acorn slightly strung
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviller could say,
No further faults descry;
For upwards gazing, as he lay,
An acorn, loosen'd from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for that sin:
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies would have work'd no more,
Nor skull have kept them in.