

# Mike Batt, A Delicate Combination

The Beaver confessed, with affectionate looks  
More eloquent even than tears,  
It had learned in ten minutes far more than all books  
Would have taught it in seventy years.

Such friends, as the Beaver and Butcher became,  
Have seldom if ever been known;  
In winter or summer 'twas always the same-  
You could never find either alone.

And when quarrels arose- as one frequently finds  
Quarrels will spite of every endeavour-  
The song of the Jubjub recurred to their minds,  
And cemented their friendship for ever!

(Butcher Beaver)

Oh it's hard to believe we could end up friends,  
By a delicate combination

(Butcher)

Of fear of the dark,

(Beaver)

Belief in the Snark,

(Both)

And intelligent conversation.

Who would have guessed on this windswept night,

We would balance the whole equation?

(Butcher)

Who would have foreseen, friendship between,

(Beaver)

Female Beaver

(Butcher)

And male caucasian?