

As William mounted up the stair
A clanking well defined
Bespoke a meal of mixed hardware
When last his goatship dined.

Before the great front door he stopped,
'Twas held by triple bar,
Then instantly his head was dropped
And that door felt a jar.

The door passed into history
And William passed within.
Now might he solve the mystery;
His face lit with a grin.

He visited the cooking school
And from a handy shelf,
Like many a less and younger fool,
Old William helped himself.

'Twas but a biscuit, but alas!
It made Will pound his hoof,
For though he could eat nails and glass
He was not bullet-proof.

A sadder but a wiser goat
Went down the great front stairs.
The Institute may sink or float
For all that William cares.