

# **The Camel's Nose**

by Lydia Sigourney

**Once in his shop a workman wrought,  
With languid head and listless thought,  
When through the open window space,  
Behold, a camel thrust his face!**

**"My nose is cold," he meekly cried.  
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side!"  
Since no denial word was said,  
In came the nose, in came the head:**

**As sure as sermon follows text,  
The long and scraggly neck came next;  
And then, as falls the threatening storm,  
In leaped the whole ungainly form.**

**Aghast, the owner gazed around,  
And on the rude invader frowned,  
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,  
There was no room for such a guest;**

**Yet more astonished, heard him say,  
"If thou art troubled, go away,  
For in this place I choose to stay."**

***O, youthful hearts for gladness born,  
Treat not this Arab lore with scorn!  
To evil habits' earliest wile  
Lend neither ear, no glance, nor smile.  
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,  
Nor e'en admit the camel's nose.***