THE DARWINIAN ERA OF FARMING.

AIR-Derry Down.

FARMING'S not merely an art of some skill;
It's a Science, or something more excellent still:
For the Farmer has such a command over nature,
You almost might call him a kind of Creator:

Singing down, down, down, derry down.

'Twas long ago found that a Horse and an Ass Breed a good kind of beast for a mountainous pass; But since Mules were invented, it never till now Was supposed you could breed from a Horse and a Cow:

Singing down, down, down, derry down.

But all nowadays to their lessons must look:
So the Farmer must read Mr Darwin's great book,
Who proves or asserts, and has credit from some,
That from all sorts of creatures all others may come:

Singing down, down, down, derry down.

If this theory holds, and we find the right way,
There's no end of the freaks that the Farmer may play:
Getting all sorts of products from all sorts of stocks,
He may ride on his Ram and clip wool from his Ox:

Singing down, down, down, derry down.

He may breed you a beast mingled just half and half, From a fortunate cross of a Pig and a Calf; When you'll cut without trouble, so neat and so nice, Both your ham and your veal in the very same slice:

Singing down, down, down, derry down.

As now well established beyond any question, Variety's good both for taste and digestion; And a Hybrid would prove a prodigious relief, With the fore-quarter *mutton*, the hind-quarter *beef*:

Singing down, down, down, derry down.

You must never lose heart if your mules seldom breed, Or if some of your mixtures at first don't succeed; Mr Darwin himself would exhort you to wait, As he draws his own bills at a very long date:

Singing down, down, down, derry down.

So, perhaps, when their practical worth you explore, There's not much in these notions we hadn't before; For they'll scarcely come true (what a subject for laughter!)

Till the great day of Judgment,—or say the day After:

Singing down, down, down, derry down.