

*Palindromic Fancies**

"ROSELMA"

When I wander in the country
 Where the cereals are growing,
 If I venture near a pasture
 I will hear the bovines lowing
 'OO, MOO, MOO.

When the evening shadows gather,
 Mournful turtledoves are spooning;
 Like forsaken lovers moaning
 Seems to me their distant crooning
 'OO, COO, COO.

And the owls, uncanny creatures,
 Gloomy wooded places haunting,
 Fill my soul with nameless terrors
 With their weird, unearthly taunting
 'OO, HOO, HOO.

And in chilly nights in autumn,
 When the faded leaves are flying,
 Then the wind is in the chimney
 Like a homeless spirit sighing
 'OO, WOO, WOO.

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