

Weather or Not

'I'm having so many complaints,' said God,
'That the sun's too hot, or not there at all;
That the snow was too deep where Wenceslas trod,
That the rain's too heavy, or just doesn't fall;
That the West wind's too wet, the North turns your nose blue,
But the South wind's too hot, and the East wind brings snow.
But in Patagonia the opposite's true
For the North and the South winds. Well, I just don't know.'

'Then abolish the weather,' said the Old Devil,
'Sort of average it out all over the world:
Just damp grey skies, and dull light level,
And winds blowing everyways, mixed hot and cold.
God said, 'I'll leave it, they'll complain that's so dreary.
And creating the universe has made me quite weary.

Roy Chisholm