

# The Silver Question

The Sun appeared so smug and bright,  
One day, that I made bold  
To ask him what he did each night  
With all his surplus gold.

# The Silver Question

He flushed uncomfortably red,  
And would not meet my eye.  
"I travel 'round the world," he said,  
"And traveling rates are high."

# The Silver Question

With frigid glance I pierced him through  
He squirmed and changed his tune.  
Said he: "I will be frank with you:  
I lend it to the Moon."

# The Silver Question

"Poor thing! You know she's growing old  
And hasn't any folk.  
She suffers terribly from cold,  
And half the time she's broke."

# The Silver Question

That evening on the beach I lay  
Behind a lonely dune,  
And as she rose above the bay  
I buttonholed the Moon.

# The Silver Question

"Tell me about that gold," said I.  
I saw her features fall.  
"You see, it's useless to deny;  
The Sun has told me all."

# The Silver Question

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "how *can* you try  
An honest Moon this way?  
As for the gold, I put it by  
Against a rainy day."

# The Silver Question

I smiled and shook my head. "All right,  
If you *must* know," said she,  
"I change it into silver bright  
Wherewith to tip the Sea."

# The Silver Question

"He is so faithful and so good,  
A most deserving case;  
If he should leave, I fear it would  
Be hard to fill his place."

# The Silver Question

When asked if they accepted tips,  
The waves became so rough;  
I thought of those at sea in ships;  
And felt I'd said enough.

# The Silver Question

For if one virtue I have learned,  
    'Tis tact; so I forbore  
To press the matter, though I burned  
    To ask one question more.

# The Silver Question

I hate a scene, and do not wish  
To be mixed up in gales,  
But, oh, I longed to ask the Fish  
Whence came their silver scales!

— *Oliver Herford*