

The Moon was shining brilliantly  
Shining clear and bright;  
She did her best to wake the wolves  
In lairs far from light-  
And this was right, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The owls were hooting mightily  
And flitting past the moon  
The birds were singing loudly  
With the dawn expected soon  
And this was odd, because it was  
Twelve hours or more 'til noon.

The Pict and the Professor  
Were snoring close at hand  
TK wept like anything to hear  
That awful, awful sound.  
"If it were only stilled" he thought,  
"now, that would be grand!"

"If twenty mice with eighty teeth  
nibbled them for half the night,  
do you suppose", he thought to himself  
"that might relieve my plight?"  
"I doubt it." he thought gloomily  
And waited for first light.

"Now here's some tea!" the Professor  
said  
Proffering a steaming mug.  
"The weather's bright, the day is young,  
Please don't be like a slug!  
"Hrrrrmph!" came from the depths  
Of down-bag warm and snug.

"O TK come and walk with us!"  
The Doctor made her prayer;  
"A moderate walk, a pleasant talk  
in the clear mountain air.  
It cannot be, much more than for  
ty k." she did declare.

The sleepy climber looked at her  
But never a word he said;  
The sleepy climber rubbed his eyes  
And shook his sleepy head-  
Meaning to say he did not wish  
To leave his comfy bed.

But up he rose and came to life  
Long after most had risen;  
The rest had left their beds at times  
More often found in prison.  
He breakfasted and made his lunch  
For a long expedition.

So off they went at breakneck pace  
And climbing all the while;  
And summits came, and summits went  
And miles and miles and mile-  
For this was only a moderate walk  
That must be done in style.

The Pict and the Professor  
Walked on five miles or more;  
And then they rested on a Top  
Thus adding to the score.  
"You cannot see the car" they said  
"from this great summit tor."

"The time has come" the Doctor said  
"To talk of many things:  
Of compost, dung and digestate  
Of dragons, fierce- and stings-  
And why the sun is freezing cold-  
And whether crabs have slings."

"But wait a bit," the others cried,  
"Before we have our chat;  
For both of us are out of breath,  
Though none of us are fat!"  
"No hurry!" said the Doctor-  
They thanked her much for that.

The sun was shining redly as  
It sank into the sea.  
And then it dawned on all the team  
That they'd be late for tea.  
"We could be down in no time flat  
If snow there was to ski!"

The Moon was shining brilliantly  
Shining clear and bright;  
As tired climbers stumbled home  
By glow of their torch-light-  
And this was right, because it was  
The middle of the night.