

### THE WISH THAT WENT ASTRAY

*"Oh, how I wish I were a bird!"  
Cried little Milly May;  
An old witch came along and heard;  
Alas! alas! the day!  
She turned poor Milly to a bird—  
Into an owl gray.*

*Now in the witch's cave, all day,  
Sits little Milly May;  
Sleeping the sunny hours away;  
Hunting all night for prey;  
How gladly she'd her wish unsay;  
But owl she must stay.*

*Now little girls content must be,  
And not like Milly May;  
A witch might pass along, you see,  
Unnoticed any day,  
And she your wish maliciously  
May cause to go astray.*

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### GOD MUST USE A LOT OF MATCHES

*God must use a lot of matches,  
Lighting up the stars at night;  
Burnt ones must fall down in batches,  
But next day none are in sight.*

*Where He throws them, now I wonder,  
Could it be into the sea,  
Where they have no chance to smoulder  
If some still should burning be.*