

"Little Fly, why do you weep?"
asked Little Broom.

"Ought I not to weep?"
asked Little Fly.

"Lady Bird is dead."

"Oh," said Little Broom,
"then I'll sweep."



And so Little Broom swept the garden.

Now there was a Little Fence
out in the garden,
and Little Fence asked,

"Little Broom, why do you sweep?"

"Ought I not to sweep?"
asked the Broom.

"Lady Bird is dead,
Little Fly weeps,
And so I sweep."

