

LITTLE BILLY BUMBLE

*Little Billy Bumble
Took an awful tumble—
He tumbled far, he tumbled fast,
And reached the hill bottom at last;
There he brought up against a stump,
And, oh my! but he got a bump.*

*Said he to himself, "Tis quite plain,
I'll ne'er get up that hill again.
Oh! I wish my mummie were here
To carry me up; oh dear! oh dear!"*

*Billy Boy thought his death was nigh,
When swooped an eagle from the sky;
Picked him up, and away it flew;
What could poor little Billy do?*

*He sobbed and cried, "If I get home,
From my own yard I'll never roam;
I'll be as good as good can be:
Dear Lord! don't let the eagle eat me."*

*Just when the eagle, fierce and bold,
Stopped on a crag to get fresh hold,
Came Billy's mother to her door,
Saw her son's plight and out she tore.*

*Her screams an hunter, with a gun,
Brought to the rescue at a run;
He shot the eagle through the head,
And brought down Billy nearly dead.*

*"Now little dears; 'tis plain to see,
What happened Billy might happen thee,
If when your mother bids you stay
In your own yard, you disobey."*