

TOMMY'S TROUBLES

ONCE I ran away, you know,
Jus' about a year ago.
Didn't do it to be bad.
Did it jus' because I 's mad
At my nurse, an' she at me
'Cause I didn't mind, you see.
Mama wasn't home that day.
She an' Papa went away
On the choo-choo cars somewhere.
Left me home, which wasn't fair.
Then my cross old nurse Irene,
Treated me jus' *awful* mean.
Wouldn't let me do a thing.
Wouldn't even give me string,
When I wished to tie up tight
Boaf the cats an' see 'em fight.
Wouldn't let me drive a nail
Froo the bottom of a pail.
Wouldn't even let me play
Wiv a pitch-fork in the hay.
Wouldn't let me chop down trees.
Wouldn't let me bring some bees
In the house an' turn 'em loose.
Wouldn't let me ride the goose.
Least, she said I mustn't try,
'Cause I'd hurt him, nen he'd die.
But I tried it jus' the same,
'Cause he looked so nice an' tame.
Strutted right up to my side,
'Nough to say—"Please have a ride."
So I gave one dandy jump,
Landed on the ground kerplump,
'Cause the goosie he jumped too,
Meanest thing that he could do).