

'T was hardly missed in such a store,
With wonders fairly running o'er;
To something else about the place
The happy Brownie turned his face,
And only feared the sun would call
Before he'd had his sport with all.

Thus, through the shop in greatest glee,
They rattled 'round, the sights to see,
Till stars began to dwindle down,
And morning crept into the town.
And then, with all the speed they knew,
Away to forest shades they flew.

