

## PRIMARY PIECES

### THE BURIAL OF DICK

My own little birdie, my dear precious Dick!

So yellow and pretty and fat:

What killed you I wonder, I wish 'at I knew;

I s'pose it was Thomas the Cat.

You're lying so quiet, you make me feel sad.

Dick, how does it feel to be dead?

Once 'so sweetly you sang; your happy "Cheep—  
cheep!"

Still rings in my sad, sorry head.

Puss, Puss! just come quickly and see what you've  
done,

You've deaded my poor little Dick.

Are you sorry? Well *look* it? P'tend 'at you are.

Stop purring! You des make me sick.

Puss, let's have a funeral! S'posing we do?

Now, stay here! don't you up and run!

We will bury poor Dick in some cool, shady spot;

Wouldn't that be the greatest of fun?

And when we have buried him deep in the ground,

Above him the earth we'll smooth flat.

And I'll print on a board, "In memory of Dick,

Who was slain by Thomas the Cat."