

A THRENODY.

A FLIMFLAM flopped from a fillamaloo
 Where the polly wog pinkled so pale,
 And the pipkin piped a petulant pooh
 To the garrulous gawp of the gale
 "Oh, woe to the swap of the sweeping swipe
 That booms on the bobbling bay,"
 Snickered the shark to the snoozing snipe
 That lurked where the lamprey lay!
 The glugling glinked in the glimmering gloam,
 Where the buz-buz bumbled his boe,
 Where the flimflam fletted, all flecked with foam,
 From the sozzling, succulent sea.
 "Oh, swither the swipe with its sweltering sweep!"
 She swore as she awayed in a swoon;
 And a doleful dank dumped over the deep
 To the lay of the limpid loon!

THE POOR WOMAN.

THE woman was poor
 And aged, and gray,
 And beat by the blasts
 Of a winter's day.
 And she wandered alone
 In the cheerless street;
 And the poor woman's shoes
 Were full of feet.

THE KICKING MULE.

THERE was a little horsey man,
 His name was Simon Slick;
 He owned a mule with dreamy eyes,
 And how that mule could kick.