

Mrs. Ranford, small and plucky,
Always feeling pretty lucky.

Her husband now has left her
here alone;

She's from the Emerald Island
'Cross the channel from the highland
Where everybody licks the
blarney stone.

Now here's one who's free from
slanders,

'Tis old Mrs. D. Gillanders;

Ask Albert, he can tell you what
she did;

How she lectured Mart and Maggie,
Spanking little Joe so shaggy,

Overlooking neither William,
Wes nor Mid.

Mrs. Nelson you'll remember

If you met her in December

Her smile would warm you nicely
through and through;

Although with years she's laden

She's as rosy as a maiden;

Apparently she's just as good as
new.

Now another of these dears—

Our Aunt Margaret, Mrs. Peers—

As good as gold, and always full
of jokes;

If you met her in the garden

She would never ask your pardon,

But treat you all to fruit and
artichokes.