

"A mouse, a mouse; run for your lives."  
The ladies gave a screech  
And uttered sundry sentences  
Which parsons never teach.

Some climbed upon the tables,  
Others on the chairs;  
Some crawled into the cupboards,  
Some hid beneath the stairs;  
Others bolted out the door,  
It was a sight to see,  
And this is how the "Ladies' Aid"  
Broke up their matinee.

This meeting may a moral teach,  
For it is very plain  
Scandal has ruined many lives  
And will do so again.  
Those who help to sow the seeds  
Of enmity and strife  
Are filled with fear at tiny things  
Which chance to cross their life.

