

Nursery Rhymes

This is the story of a dear, little Ray,
A youth without sweethearts, 'tis dreadful to say;
A lecture was on, Ray wanted to go,
He asked several girls, but they all said, "No."
But don't cry, little boy, some day we believe,
Success in this line you are bound to achieve.

Lean, long, lank, slim Dutch,
To escape your classes we all try so much;
With your cynical smile
You give each a trial,
Lean, long, lank, slim Dutch.

Little Bill Ellor,
He is a queer feller,
He is so exceedingly, fearfully small!
But when once he sings,
The whole atmosphere rings,
And 'tis no trouble to hear him at all.

O, dear Edie Thomas!
She soon will go from us,
And then how sad we will be!
For no one can walk,
And no one can talk
Nearly as blithely as she.