MR. AND MRS. SPIKKY SPARROW.

"To myself I sadly said,
"She's neuralgia in her head!
"That dear head has nothing on it!
"Ought she not to wear a bonnet?
"Witchy kitchy kitchy wee?
"Spikky wikky mikky bee?
"Chippy wippy chee?

V.

"Let us both fly up to town!
"There I'll buy you such a gown!
"Which, completely in the fashion,
"You shall tie a sky-blue sash on.
"And a pair of slippers neat,
"To fit your darling little feet,
"So that you will look and feel
"Quite galloobious and genteel!
"Jikky wikky bikky see,
"Chicky bikky wikky bee,
"Twicky witchy wee!"

VI.

So they both to London went,
Alighting on the Monument,
Whence they flew down swiftly—pop,
Into Moses' wholesale shop;