"Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong! If you're pleased with my song,
" I will feed you with cold apple tart!
"When you scrape up the coals with a delicate sound,
" You enrapture my life with delight!
"Your nose is so shiny! your head is so round!
"And your shape is so slender and bright!
"Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
"Ain't you pleased with my song?"

III.

"Alas! Mrs. Broom!" sighed the Tongs in his song,
" O is it because I'm so thin,
"And my legs are so long—Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
" That you don't care about me a pin?
"Ah! fairest of creatures, when sweeping the room,
" Ah! why don’t you heed my complaint!
"Must you needs be so cruel, you beautiful Broom,
" Because you are covered with paint?
"Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
"You are certainly wrong!

IV.

Mrs. Broom and Miss Shovel together they sang,
" What nonsense you’re singing to-day!"
Said the Shovel, "I’ll certainly hit you a bang!"
Said the Broom, "And I’ll sweep you away!"