

Song of the Sugar Bowl.

What scenes and changes thro' we pass,
Ere we come to our end at last,
Scenes and changes and chances strange,
As through this mundane sphere we range
Had a friend, a saucer old,
That a single lady prized as gold,
And kept and cherished long and dear,
For there was none with it to pair,
Single it was, and single was she,
And her care for it we all could see.
Now it fell on Thanksgiving day,
As all were happy and blithe and gay,
A little girl with bright black eyes,
Broke the saucer so highly prized.
Oh sad mishap, 'twas China's fall,
'Twas China's saucer broken in pieces small.
Then let me grieve and let me cry,
And let me with the saucer die.
For 't fell on that very day,
Mortification was in my way;
A gentleman looked at me much,
He laughed at me, and made me blush,
He told the guests that round him sit,
That I had been by someone hit.

That with the sugar my edges went,
But off by one on sugar bent,
I felt as though I had lost my head,
And better were, if I were dead,
For every one then looked at me,
And laughed at me quite heartily,
Laughed at me an aged pair,
And laughed at me the young and fair.
I thought it was a very sin,
For them to look at me and grin.
But I have one who is my friend,
Who will come from my foes defend,
Who will not let that bright eyed girl,
Me break, or from my office hurl.
For my good friend is kind to all
To small and great to great and small
And may she live and ever be
The friend to all the family & me

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