

Griselda

Furunkulus

Griselda is greedy, I'm sorry to say.
She isn't contented with four meals a day,
Like breakfast and dinner and supper and tea
(I've had to put tea after supper-you see
 Why, don't you?)
Griselda is greedy as greedy can be.
She snoops about the larder
 For sundry small supplies,
She breaks the little crusty bits
 Off rims of apple pies,
She pokes the roast-potato-dish
 When Sunday dinner's done,
 And if there are two left in it
 Griselda snitches one;
Cold chicken and cold cauliflower
 She pulls in little chunks-
 And when Cook calls:
 "What are you doing there?"
 Griselda bunks.

Griselda is greedy. Well, that's how she feels,
She simply can't help eating in-between meals,
And always forgets what it's leading to, though

The Doctor has frequently told her: "You know
 Why, don't you?"

When the stomach-ache starts and Griselda says:
 "Oh!"

She slips down to the dining-room
 When everyone's in bed,
For cheese-rind on the supper-tray,
 And buttered crusts of bread,
 A biscuit from the biscuit-box,
 Lump sugar from the bowl,
 A gherkin from the pickle-jar,
 Are all Griselda's toll;
She tastes the salted almonds,
And she tries the candied fruits-
 And when Dad shouts:
 "Who is it down below?"

Griselda scoots.
Griselda is greedy. Her relatives scold,
And tell her how sorry she'll be when she's old,
She will lose her complexion, she's sure to grow fat,
She will spoil her inside-does she know what she's at?-
(Why do they?)
Some people are greedy. Leave it at that.

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