Flying from Justice

1

"Fly, Jacky, fly," the children cry
"Here comes your Aunty Jane.
And oh! she looks so fierce and grim,
And carries *such* a cane!"

2

"On, Jacky, on! don't look behind!"
He needs no warning sound.
So fast he speeds, his little feet
Seem scarce to touch the ground.

3

A guilty conscience spurs him on;
He knows the cane is due.
For why? Because he popped a snail
In Aunty's Irish stew.

4

UB Braunschweig http://www.digibib.tu-bs.de/?docid=00000392