Smashed

1

How did it happen, you poor wee Joe?
Didn't you look where you had to go?
As you hurried home, full of eager zest,
With the jug clasped tight to your chubby chest.

2

Oh, you meant to prove such a useful boy!
You thought that Mother would beam with joy,
When back you came to the household group
With that steaming jug of sav'ry soup.

3

And now, alas! you are standing there,
With your head hung down in dumb despair,
While o'er the stones in a muddy tide,
That cherished soup flows far and wide.

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