A Regular Turk

1

I'll just tell your mother, young Timothy Snooks,
You're getting the plague of the court.
It aint any use to look 'aughty, and stamp,
You know very well you're a regular scamp,
And you ought to be smacked—so you ought.

2

You've lost your new 'at, with the ribbons be'ind,
(Ugh! don't you look ugly and bald!)
You've played with the matches, and swallered the pins,
And made ugly faces to frighten the twins,
And 'eartlessly smiled when they squalled.

3

You borrowed your sister's most scrumptious new doll,
And stove in her head with your boots:
You fought Johnny Jones, who is double your size,
And banged up his beautiful china-blue eyes,
And tore out his curls by the roots.

4

You—what's that you say?—"I had better shut up?"
I won't, then; I've only *begun*.
And just let me tell you, for all your proud looks,
I wouldn't be you, Mister Timothy Snooks,
When Mother hears what you have done.

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