A Little Comforter

1

I s'pose it came through eating sweets,
  This werry awful ache?
And yet I hadn't much—let's see
  How many did I take?

2

Ten butterballs; twelve caramels;
  A pair of choc'late mice;
Four lovely sticks of licorice;
  Three doughnuts, and an ice

3

Oh yes! and then some almond rock,
  And stickjaw, and a pie.
No, *'twasn't* much, yet—ow! that twinge!
  It nearly made me cry.

4

Here's Baby with an acid-drop—
  "For oo, becos oo's bad."
Oh, get away, you stoopid child;
  D'you want to drive me mad?

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