Fine Feathers

1

Look! there goes Louisa, with Algernon-Fred,
How proud is her mien, and how stately her tread!
She's not in the mood for a frolic or chat,
You see, she is wearing her Sunday-best hat.

2

The Burkes and the Murphys, who live in the lane,
She treats with a truly insulting disdain,
"Don't notice 'em, Algernon-Freddy," says she,
"Jest turn up your nose and purtend you can't see."

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