

Nibbles

*“Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi’ the sun.
Yes, I will love thee still, my sweet,
My darling currant bun.”*

Wanted! Wife to clean and bake,
And sweet shop of his own.
Enamoured of a chocolate cake.
Enchanted by a scone.

“One more slice could never hurt,
And one more slice I’ll take!
One for the road, and just one more...
Oh! what a marvellous cake.”

*If you listen carefully,
You’ll hear the voices true.
Buns and cookies crying out,
“Oh! won’t you eat me too?”*

W. M. R. Simpson