



TO MYSTERY LAND

Oh, dear, how will it end?  
Peggy and Susie how naughty  
you are  
You little know where you are,  
Going so far, and so high,  
Nearly up to the sky.  
Perhaps it's a Giant who  
lives there,  
And perhaps it's a lovely  
Princess  
But you very well know  
You've no business to go,  
You'll get yourselves into a mess.

Oh, dear, I'm sure it is true;  
Whatever on earth can it matter  
to you?  
For you know it—oh, fie—  
That it's naughty to pry  
Into other's affairs—  
Into other folks houses to go,  
Where you know  
You're not asked  
So you'd better come back  
While there's time, it is plain.  
Go home—and be never  
So naughty again.