

The ARTLESS ANGLERS



Three little trots made up their minds
That they would fishing go,
For there were fish within the brook,
Their brothers told them so:
Some pins and thread and withes they took,
Likewise a lump of dough.

II

The eldest of these little trots
Was seven if a day,
And deem'd herself a trusty guide
Because she knew the way
That led down to the waterside
Where fish for catching lay.

III

Each quickly into proper shape
Bent up the fatal pin,
And tied it carefully with thread
Upon a withy thin.
Then little Bell the eldest said:
"We're ready to begin!"

