



Known to all as Auntie Brigitte,  
Said, 'In Heaven's name, don't fidget,  
Or I'll push you through the floor,  
There to rot for evermore!'

Next, a youthful, slick and frantic  
Ombudsman from Willimantic,  
In a manner strange and antic,  
~~Pushed~~ Pushed his head up through the floor,  
When my uncle, Willard Runkel,  
Quite ignoring his carbuncle  
And adjusting his mono(n)cle,  
Spat three times upon the floor.  
(He was such a crashing bore!)

Then the sparrow on the barrow,  
Chilled into its very marrow,  
Sang a song to Mia Farrow  
And thirteen more to Eric Blore,  
'Tirra-lirra in the mirror,'  
As my handkerchief it tore.  
(I did not have any more.)

Next, a frozen cat named Rosen-  
blatts, ~~although~~ although chosen, sat there ~~dozing~~ dozing  
Dozin' on the kitchen ~~floor~~ floor.  
I said, 'Rosy, dear, though ~~so~~ cosy,  
It is time for you to mosey,  
Mosey back to Baltimore,  
Where the masses you adore.'

Now the moral of this story  
Is to fight for love and ~~glory~~ glory,  
Not ignoring Victor Jory,  
(If you do, he will get sore.)  
To record in hieroglyphics,  
Not misspelling any pryphics (prefix),  
All the wonders and terryphics (terrifics)  
That took place at Elsinore,  
Then ignore them evermore.