

# MEDDLESOME MATTY

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Little Ann and Other Poems by Annnd Jane Taylor



One ugly trick has often spoiled  
The sweetest and the best:  
Matilda, though a pleasant child,  
One grievous fault possessed,  
Which, like a cloud before the skies,  
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the teapot lid  
To peep at what was in it;  
Or tilt the kettle, if you did  
But turn your back a minute.  
In vain you told her not to touch,  
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day  
And by mistake she laid  
Her spectacles and snuffbox gay  
Too near the little maid.  
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on  
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose  
The glasses large and wide;  
And looking round, as I suppose,  
The snuffbox too she spied:  
"Oh! what a pretty box is that;  
I'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know that grandmamma would say,  
'Don't meddle with it, dear';  
But then, she's far enough away,  
And no one else is near.  
Besides, what can there be amiss  
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work  
To move the stubborn lid,  
And presently a mighty jerk  
The mighty mischief did;  
For all at once, ah! woeful case.  
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes and nose and mouth, beside,  
A dismal sight presented;  
In vain, as bitterly she cried,  
Her folly she repented;  
In vain she ran about for ease,  
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away  
To wipe her tingling eyes,  
And as in twenty bits they lay,  
Her grandmamma she spies.  
"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"  
Says grandmamma with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,  
And tingling still, and sore,  
Made many a promise to refrain  
From meddling evermore.  
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,  
She ever since has kept her word.