



Old Woman, Old Woman

There was an old woman tossed in a basket,  
Seventeen times as high as the moon;  
But where she was going no mortal could tell,  
For under her arm, she carried a broom.

“Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,  
“Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?”  
“To sweep the cobwebs from the sky;  
And I’ll be with you by-and-by.”