

# ***THE STOMPER***

Elsie J. (Titus) Martin

This little boy I knew about  
Was a stomper without a doubt

His little feet went up and down  
As he stomped his way about the town

He would stomp when he was glad  
Stomped some more when he was mad

Little did he know the trouble he would meet  
The day he went stomping without shoes on his feet

This day he stomped upon a bee  
Jumped, fell and scraped his knee

What I get from all the talk  
He changed his stomp into a walk

