

THE · BOOK · OF NONSENSE

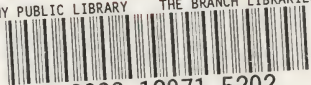


827 bear

REFERENCE Row
B396672

Book of nonsense, to which is
added more nonsense

NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES



3 3333 12071 5202

827


L

REF ID

B396672

THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM
DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER
20 WEST 53 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

f



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE BOOK OF NONSENSE

TO WHICH IS ADDED

MORE NONSENSE

BY

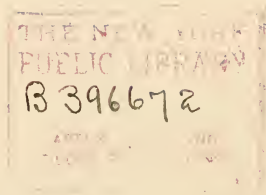
EDWARD LEAR

WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL PICTURES AND VERSES



NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



NOV 20 1904
YEARLY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

827
L

ORIGINAL DEDICATION

TO THE

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN, GRAND-NEPHEWS, AND GRAND-NIECES
OF EDWARD, 13TH EARL OF DERBY

THIS BOOK OF DRAWINGS AND VERSES

(The greater part of which were originally made and
composed for their parents)

IS DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR,

LONDON

EDWARD LEAR

1 3 6 3 5 4 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

THE
MUSEUM
OF
THE
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

ORIGINAL INTRODUCTION

ISSUED WITH THE FIRST EDITION OF

MORE NONSENSE

WHICH FORMS A PART OF THIS VOLUME

In offering this little Book to the Public, I am glad to take the opportunity of recording the pleasure I have received at the appreciation its predecessor has met with, as attested by its wide circulation, and by the universally kind notices of it from the Press. To have been the means of administering innocent mirth to thousands, may surely be a just motive for satisfaction, and an excuse for grateful expression.

At the same time, I am desirous of adding a few words as to the history of the previously published volume — viz., the first or original “Book of Nonsense,” relating to which many absurd reports have crept into circulation, such as that it was the composition of the late Lord Brougham, the late Earl of Derby, etc.; that the Rhymes and Pictures are by different persons; or that the whole have a symbolical meaning, etc., etc.; whereas, every one of the Rhymes was composed by myself, and every one of the Illustrations drawn by my own hand at the time the verses were made. Moreover, in no portion of

these Nonsense drawings have I ever allowed any caricature of private or public persons to appear; and throughout, more care than might be supposed has been given to make the subjects incapable of misinterpretation: "Nonsense," pure and absolute, having been by aim throughout.

As for the persistently absurd report of the late Earl of Derby being the author of the "First Book of Nonsense," I may relate an incident which occurred to me four summers ago, the first that gave me any insight into the origin of the rumour.

I was on my way from London to Guildford, in a railway carriage, containing, besides myself, one passenger, an elderly gentleman. Presently, however, two ladies entered, accompanied by two little boys. These, who had just had a copy of the "Book of Nonsense" given them, were loud in their delight, and by degrees infected the whole party with their mirth.

"How grateful," said the old gentleman to the two ladies, "all children and parents too ought to be to the statesman who has given his time to composing that charming book!"

(The ladies looked puzzled, as indeed was I, the Author.)

"Do you not know who is the writer of it?" asked the gentleman.

"The name is 'Edward Lear,'" said one of the ladies.

"Ah!" said the first speaker; "so it is printed, but that is only a whim of the real author, the Earl of Derby. 'Edward' is his Christian name, and,

as you may see, LEAR is only EARL transposed."

"But," said the lady, doubtfully, "here is a dedication to the great-grandchildren, grand-nephews, and grand-nieces of Edward, thirteenth Earl of Derby, by the author, Edward Lear."

"That," replied the other, "is simply a piece of mystification; I am in a position to know that the whole book was composed and illustrated by Lord Derby himself. In fact, there is no such person at all as Edward Lear."

"Yet," said the other lady, "some friends of mine tell me they know Mr. Lear."

"Quite a mistake! completely a mistake!" said the old gentleman, becoming rather angry at the contradiction, "I am well aware of what I am saying. I can inform you, no such a person as 'Edward Lear' exists!"

Hitherto I had kept silence, but as my hat was, as well as my handkerchief and stick, largely marked inside with my name, and, as I happened to have in my pocket several letters addressed to me, the temptation was too great to resist, so, flashing all these articles at once on my would-be extinguisher's attention, I speedily reduced him to silence.

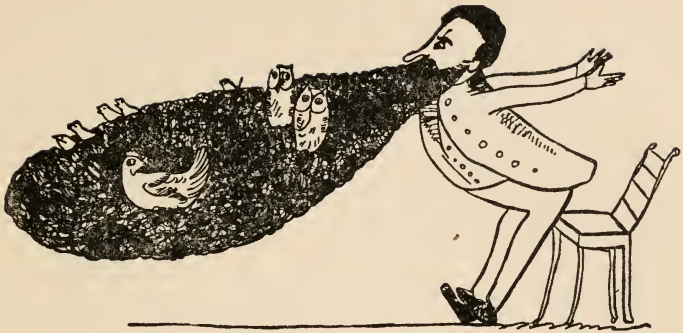
Long years ago, in days when much of my time was passed in a country house, where children and mirth abounded, the lines beginning, "There was an Old Man of Tobago," were suggested to me by a valued friend, as a form of verse lending itself to limitless variety for Rhymes and Pictures; and thenceforth the greater part of the original drawings and verses for the first "Book of Nonsense" were

struck off with a pen, no assistance ever having been given me in any way but that of uproarious delight and welcome at the appearance of every new absurdity.

Most of these Drawings and Rhymes were reproduced and issued in the original "Book of Nonsense." But many editions of that work having been exhausted, and the call for it still continuing, I added a considerable number of subjects to those previously published, and these form the present volume.

EDWARD LEAR.

VILLA EMILY, SAN REMO.



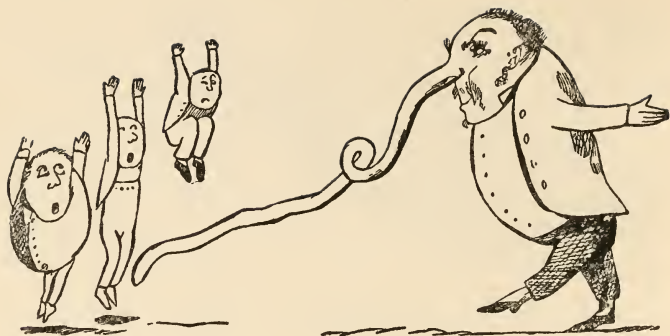
There was an Old Man with a beard, who said, " It
is just as I feared! —

Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard! "

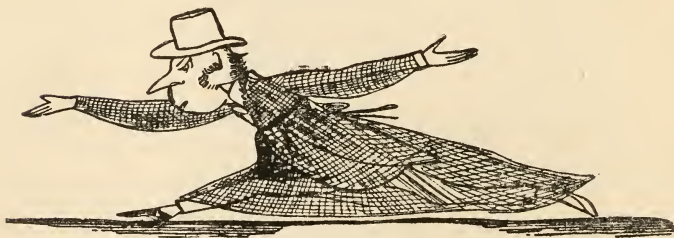


There was a Young Lady of Ryde, whose shoe-
strings were seldom untied.

She purchased some clogs, and some small spotted
dogs,
And frequently walked about Ryde.



There was an Old Man with a nose, who said, " If
you choose to suppose
That my nose is too long, you are certainly
wrong! "
That remarkable man with a nose.



There was an Old Man on a hill, who seldom, if
ever, stood still;
He ran up and down in his grandmother's gown,
Which adorned that Old Man on a hill.



There was a Young Lady whose bonnet came untied
when the birds sat upon it;

But she said, " I don't care ! all the birds in the air
Are welcome to sit on my bonnet ! "



There was a Young Person of Smyrna, whose grand-
mother threatened to burn her;

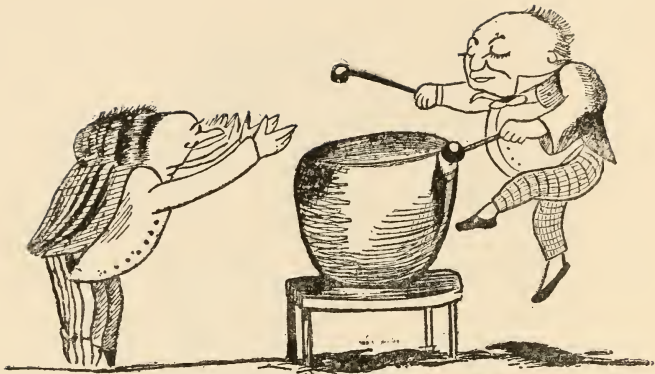
But she seized on the cat, and said, "Granny, burn
that!

You incongruous old woman of Smyrna!"



There was an Old Person of Chili, whose conduct
was painful and silly;

He sat on the stairs eating apples and pears,
That imprudent Old Person of Chili.



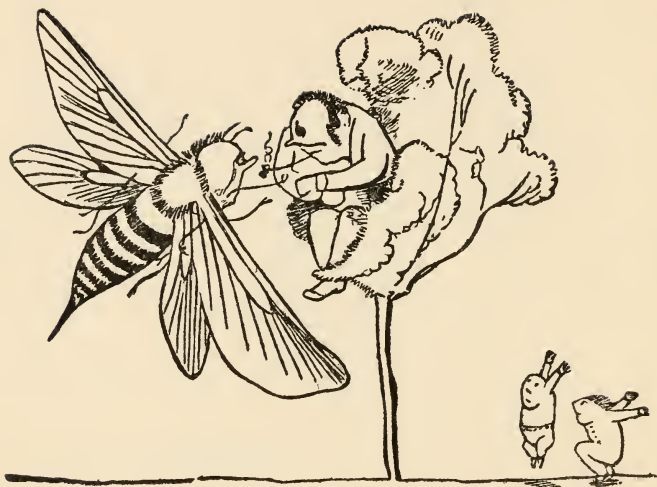
There was an Old Man with a gong, who bumped at
it all the day long;

But they called out " Oh, law! you're a horrid old
bore! "

So they smashed that Old Man with a gong.



There was an Old Lady of Chertsey, who made a remarkable curtsy;
She twirled round and round till she sank underground,
Which distressed all the people of Chertsey.



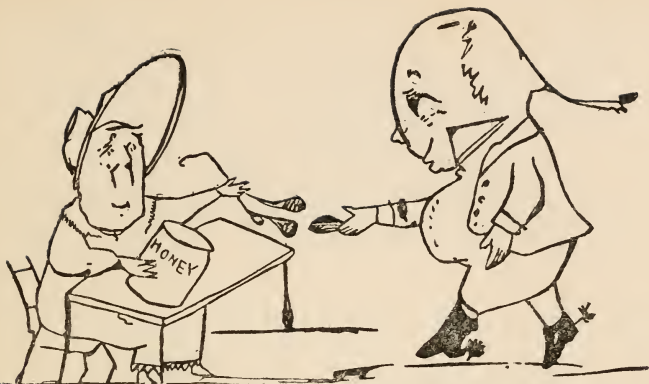
There was an Old Man in a tree, who was horribly
bored by a bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?" he replied,
"Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!"



There was an Old Man with a flute. A "sarpint"
ran into his boot;
But he played day and night, till the "sarpint"
took flight,
And avoided that man with a flute.



There was a Young Lady whose chin resembled the
point of a pin;
So she had it made sharp, and purchased a harp,
And played several tunes with her chin.



There was an Old Man of Kilkenny, who never had
more than a penny;
He spent all that money in onions and honey,
That wayward Old Man of Kilkenny.



There was an Old Person of Ischia, whose conduct
grew friskier and friskier;
He danced hornpipes and jigs, and ate thousands
of figs,
That lively Old Person of Ischia.



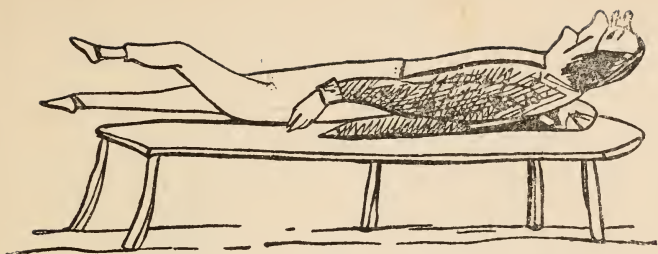
There was an Old Man in a boat, who said, "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"

When they said, "No you ain't!" he was ready to faint,
That unhappy Old Man in a boat.



There was a Young Lady of Portugal, whose ideas were excessively nautical;

She climbed up a tree to examine the sea,
But declared she would never leave Portugal.



There was an Old Man of Moldavia, who had the
most curious behaviour ;
For while he was able he slept on a table,
That funny Old Man of Moldavia.



There was an Old Man of Madras, who rode on a
cream-coloured ass ;
But the length of its ears so promoted his fears,
That it killed that Old Man of Madras.



There was an Old Person of Leeds, whose head was
infested with beads;

She sat on a stool and ate gooseberry-fool,
Which agreed with that Person of Leeds.



There was an Old Person of Hurst, who drank when
he was not athirst;

When they said, "You'll grow fatter!" he an-
swered, "What matter?"

That globular Person of Hurst.



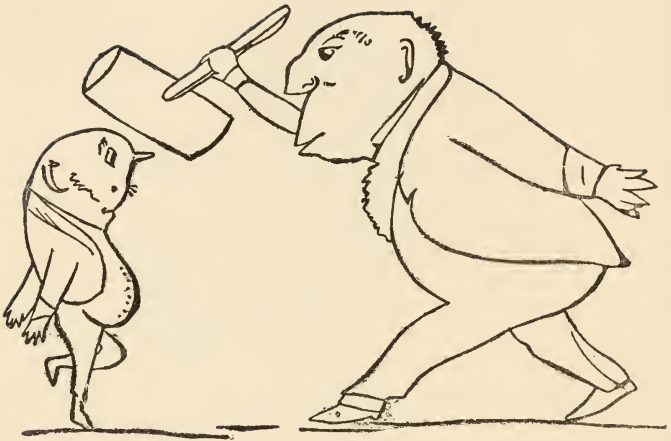
There was a Young Person of Crete, whose toilet
was far from complete;
She dressed in a sack spickle-speckled with black,
That ombliferous Person of Crete.



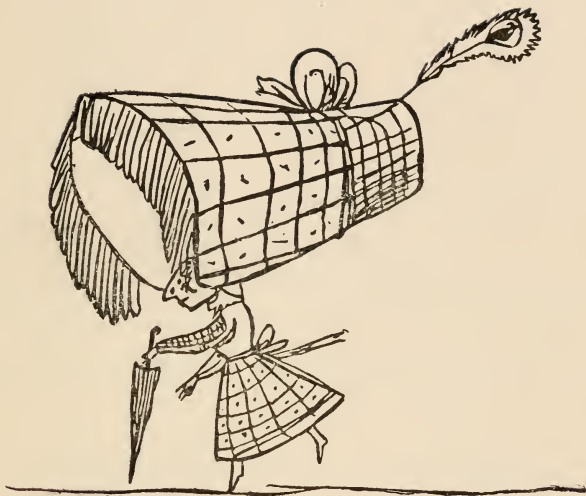
There was an Old Man of Columbia, who was thirsty
and called out for some beer!
But they brought it quite hot in a small copper
pot,
Which disgusted that Man of Columbia.



There was an Old Man of the Isles, whose face was
pervaded with smiles ;
He sung " High dum diddle," and played on the
fiddle,
That amiable man of the Isles.



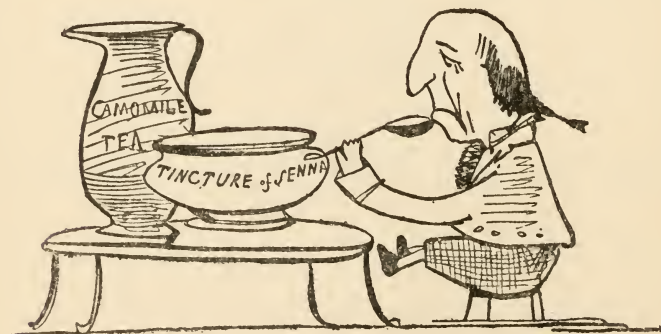
There was an Old Person of Buda, whose conduct
grew ruder and ruder,
Till at last with a hammer they silenced his
clamour,
By smashing that Person of Buda.



There was a Young Lady of Dorking, who bought a
large bonnet for walking;
But its colour and size so bedazzled her eyes,
That she very soon went back to Dorking.



There was an Old Man of the West, who wore a
pale plum-coloured vest;
When they said, "Does it fit?" he replied, "Not
a bit!"
That uneasy Old Man of the West.



There was an Old Man of Vienna, who lived upon
tincture of senna;
When that did not agree he took camomile tea,
That nasty Old Man of Vienna.



There was an Old Man who supposed that the street
door was partially closed;
But some very large rats ate his coats and his
hats,
While that futile Old Gentleman dozed.



There was an Old Man of the Wrekin, whose shoes
made a horrible creaking;
But they said, "Tell us whether your shoes are of
leather,
Or of what, you Old Man of the Wrekin?"



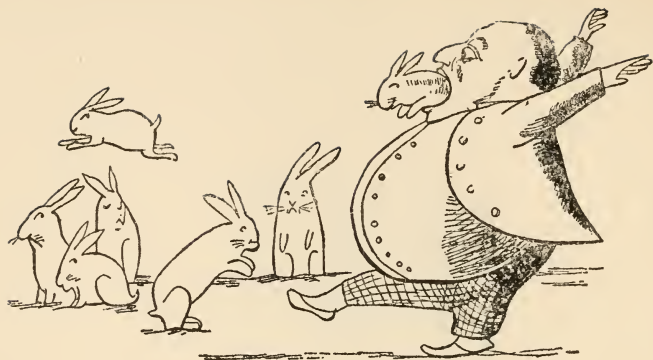
There was a Young Lady whose eyes were unique as
to color and size;
When she opened them wide, people all turned
aside,
And started away in surprise.



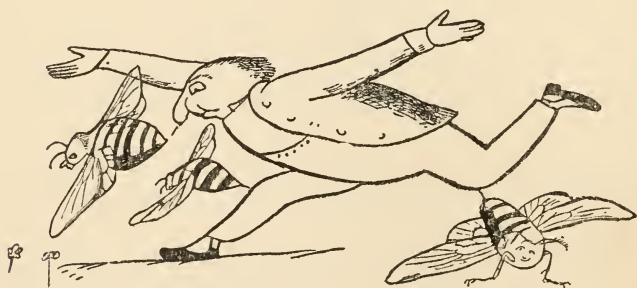
There was a Young Lady of Norway, who casually
sat in a doorway;

When the door squeezed her flat, she exclaimed,
“What of that!”

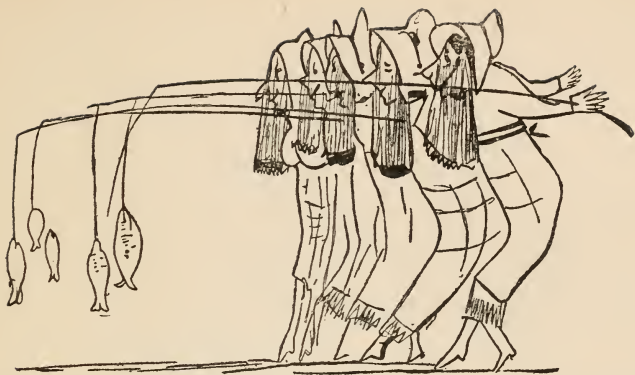
This courageous Young Lady of Norway.



There was an Old Person whose habits induced him
to feed upon rabbits;
When he'd eaten eighteen he turned perfectly
green,
Upon which he relinquished those habits.



There was an Old Person of Dover, who rushed
through a field of blue clover;
But some very large bees stung his nose and his
knees,
So he very soon went back to Dover.



There was an Old Man of Marseilles, whose daughters wore bottle-green veils;
They caught several fish, which they put in a dish,
And sent to their Pa at Marseilles.



There was an Old Person of Cadiz, who was always polite to the ladies;
But in handing his daughter, he fell into the water,
Which drowned that Old Person of Cadiz.



There was an Old Man of Quebec,— a beetle ran
over his neck;
But he cried, “ With a needle I’ll slay you, O
beadle ! ”
That angry Old Man of Quebec.



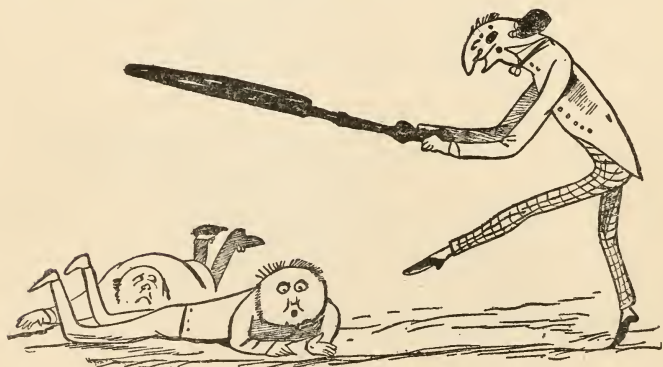
There was an Old Person of Basing, whose presence of mind was amazing;
He purchased a steed, which he rode at full speed,
And escaped from the people of Basing.



There was an Old Person of Philæ, whose conduct was dubious and wily;
He rushed up a palm when the weather was calm,
And observed all the ruins of Philæ.



There was a Young Lady whose nose was so long
that it reached to her toes;
So she hired an old lady, whose conduct was
steady,
To carry that wonderful nose.



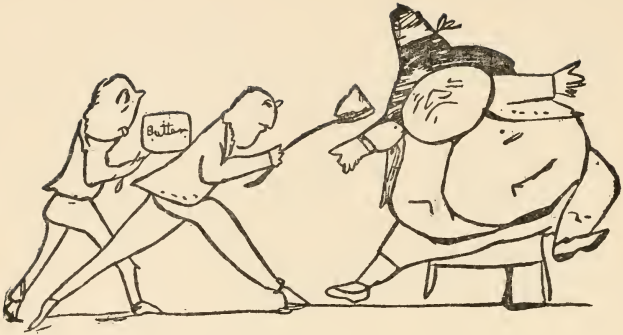
There was an Old Man with a poker, who painted
his face with red ochre;
When they said, "You're a Guy!" he made no
reply,
But knocked them all down with his poker.



There was a Young Lady of Bute, who played on a
silver-gilt flute;
She played several jigs to her uncle's white pigs,
That amusing Young Lady of Bute.



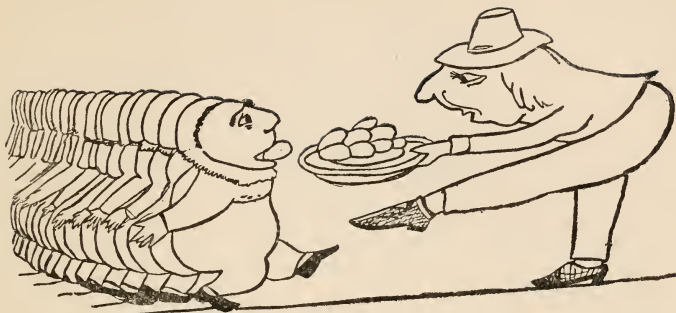
There was an Old Person of Mold, who shrank
from sensations of cold;
So he purchased some muffs, some furs, and some
fluffs,
And wrapped himself up from the cold.



There was an Old Person of Prague, who was suddenly seized with the plague;
But they gave him some butter, which caused him to mutter,
And cured that Old Person of Prague.

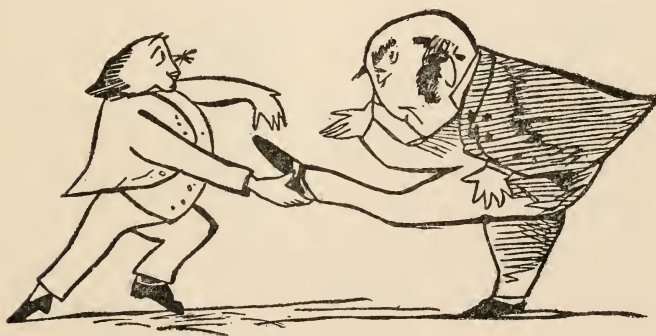


There was an Old Man of the North, who fell into a basin of broth;
But a laudable cook fished him out with a hook,
Which saved that Old Man of the North.



There was an Old Man of Apulia, whose conduct
was very peculiar;

He fed twenty sons upon nothing but buns,
That whimsical Man of Apulia.



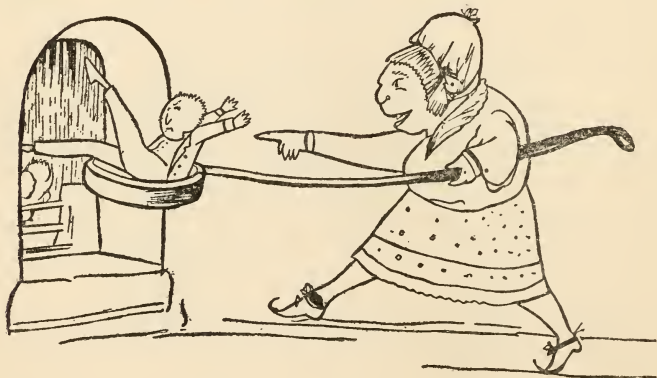
There was an Old Man of th' Abruzzi, so blind
that he couldn't his foot see;

When they said, "That's your toe!" he replied,
"Is it so?"

That doubtful Old Man of th' Abruzzi.



There was an Old Man of Vesuvius, who studied
the works of Vitruvius;
When the flames burnt his book, to drinking he
took,
That Morbid Old Man of Vesuvius.



There was an Old Man of Peru, who watched his
wife making a stew;
But once by mistake, in a stove she did bake
That unfortunate Man of Peru.



There was an Old Man of Corfu, who never knew
what he should do;
So he rushed up and down till the sun made him
brown,
That bewildered Old Man of Corfu.



There was an Old Man of Melrose, who walked on
the tips of his toes;
But they said, "It ain't pleasant to see you at
present,
You stupid Old Man of Melrose."



There was a Young Lady of Lucca, whose lovers
completely forsook her;

She ran up a tree, and said, "Fiddle-de-dee!"
Which embarrassed the people of Lucca.

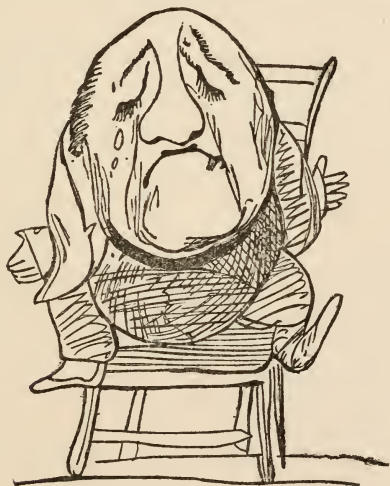


There was an Old Man of Bohemia, whose daugh-
ter was christened Euphemia;

But one day, to his grief, she married a thief,
Which grieved that Old Man of Bohemia.



There was an Old Man of Nepaul, from his horse
had a terrible fall;
But, though split quite in two, with some very
strong glue
They mended that Man of Nepaul.



There was an Old Man of Cape Horn, who wished
he had never been born;
So he sat on a chair, till he died of despair,
That dolorous Man of Cape Horn.



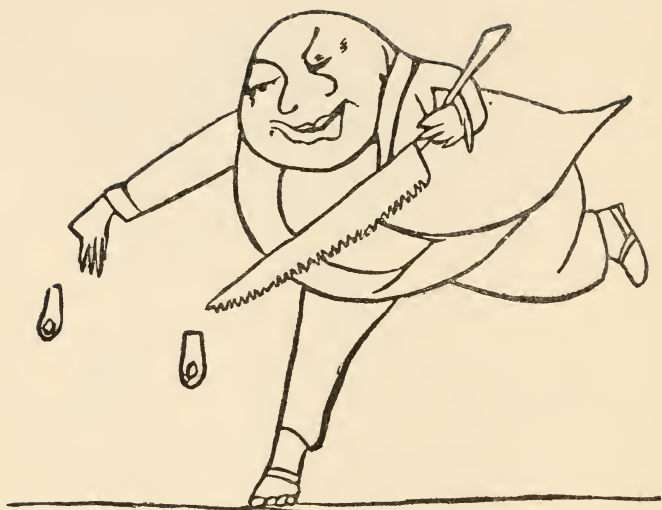
There was an Old Lady whose folly induced her to
sit in a holly;
Whereupon, by a thorn her dress being torn,
She quickly became melancholy.



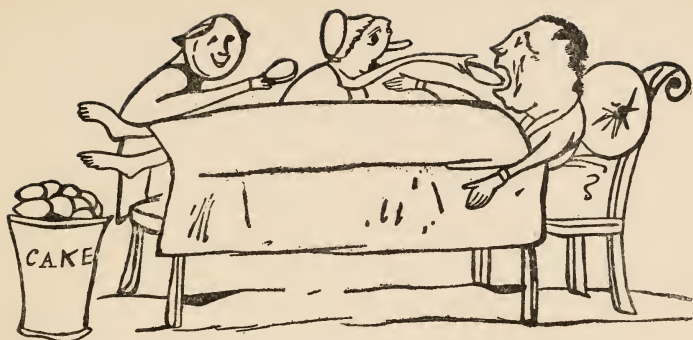
There was an Old Person of Rhodes, who strongly
objected to toads;
He paid several cousins to catch them by dozens,
That futile Old Person of Rhodes.



There was an Old Man of the South, who had an
immoderate mouth ;
But in swallowing a dish, that was quite full of
fish,
He was choked, that Old Man of the South.



There was an Old Man of the Nile, who sharpened
his nails with a file,
Till he cut off his thumbs, and said calmly, " This
comes
Of sharpening one's nails with a file! "



There was an Old Person of Rheims, who was
troubled with horrible dreams;
So, to keep him awake, they fed him on cake,
Which amused that Old Person of Rheims.



There was an Old Person of Troy, whose drink
was warm brandy and soy,
Which he took with a spoon, by the light of the
moon,
In sight of the city of Troy.



There was an Old Person of Cromer, who stood on
one leg to read Homer;
When he found he grew stiff, he jumped over the
cliff,
Which concluded that Person of Cromer.



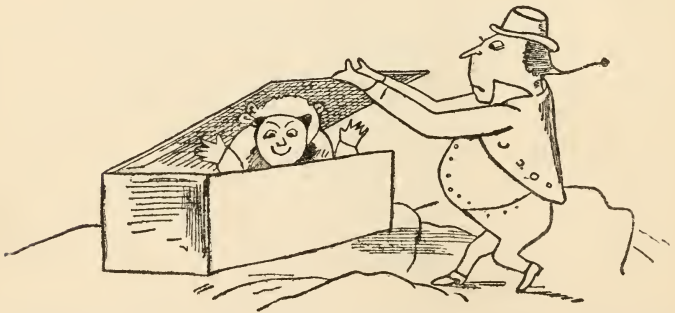
There was an Old Man of the Dee, who was sadly
annoyed by a flea;
When he said, "I will scratch it," they gave him
a hatchet,
Which grieved that Old Man of the Dee.



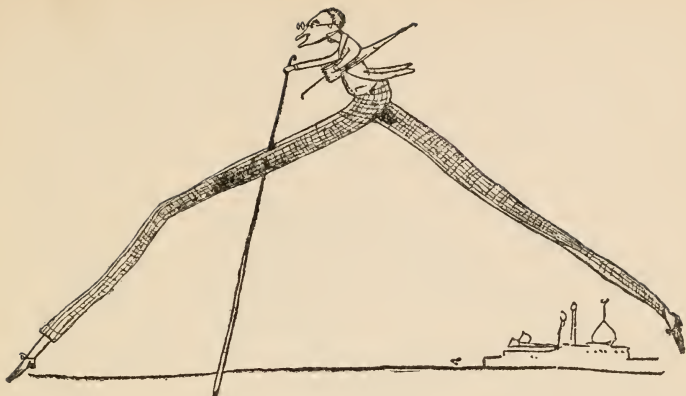
There was an Old Man of Dundee, who frequented
the top of a tree;
When disturbed by the crows, he abruptly arose,
And exclaimed, "I'll return to Dundee."



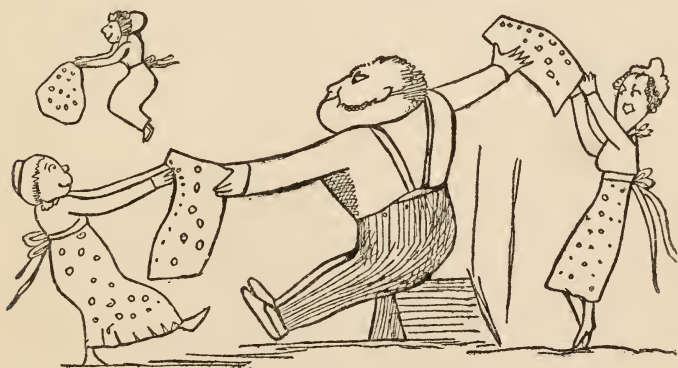
There was an Old Person of Tring, who embellished his nose with a ring;
He gazed at the moon every evening in June,
That ecstatic Old Person of Tring.



There was an Old Man on some rocks, who shut his wife up in a box;
When she said, "Let me out!" he exclaimed,
"Without doubt,
You will pass all your life in that box."



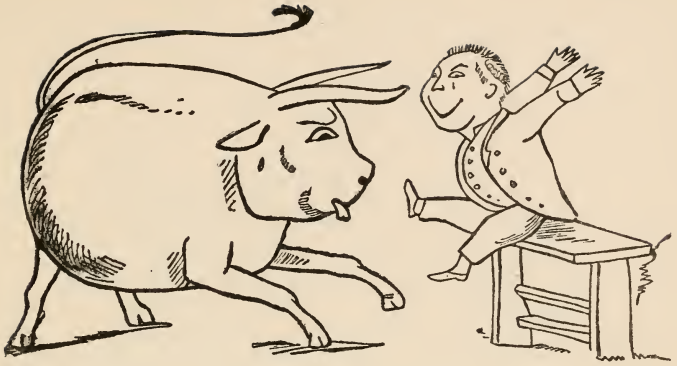
There was an Old Man of Coblenz, the length of
whose legs was immense;
He went with one prance from Turkey to France,
That surprising Old Man of Coblenz.



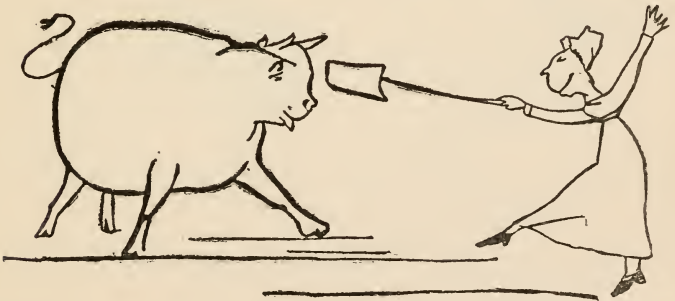
There was an Old Man in a pew, whose waistcoat
was spotted with blue;
But he tore it in pieces to give to his nieces,
That cheerful Old Man in a pew.



There was an Old Man of Calcutta, who perpetually
ate bread and butter,
Till a great bit of muffin, on which he was stuff-
ing,
Choked that horrid Old Man of Calcutta.



[There was an Old Man who said, "How shall I
flee from that horrible cow?
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that cow."



There was a Young Lady of Hull, who was chased
by a virulent bull;
But she seized on a spade, and called out, "Who's
afraid?"
Which distracted that virulent bull.



There was an Old Man of Whitehaven, who danced
a quadrille with a raven;

But they said, "It's absurd to encourage this
bird!"

So they smashed that Old Man of Whitehaven.



There was an Old Man of Leghorn, the smallest
that ever was born;

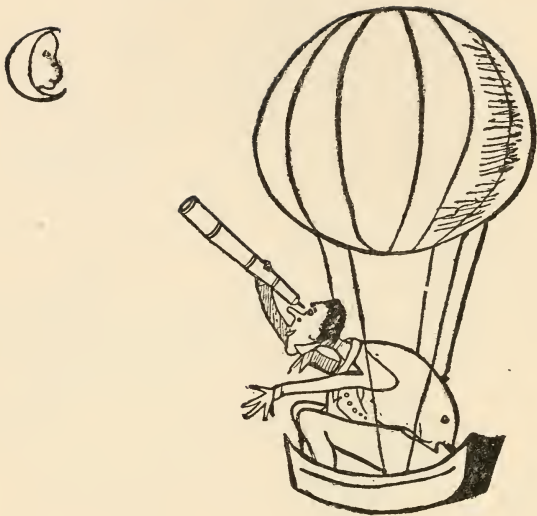
But quickly snapped up he was once by a puppy,
Who devoured that Old Man of Leghorn.



There was an Old Man of Jamaica, who suddenly
married a Quaker;

But she cried out, "Alack! I have married a
black!"

Which distressed that Old Man of Jamaica.



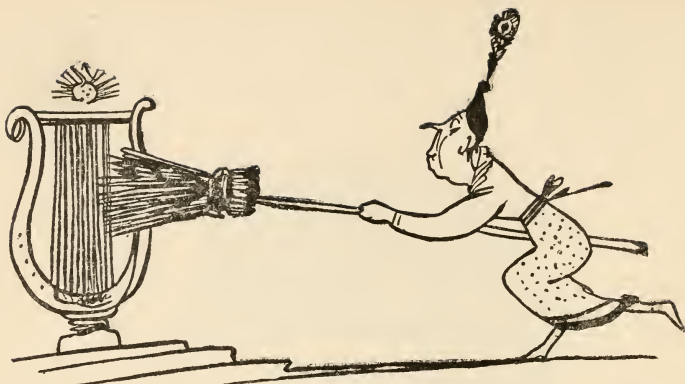
There was an Old Man of the Hague, whose ideas
were excessively vague;

He built a balloon to examine the moon,
That deluded Old Man of the Hague.



There was an Old Person of Dutton, whose head
was as small as a button;

So, to make it look big, he purchased a wig,
And rapidly rushed about Dutton.



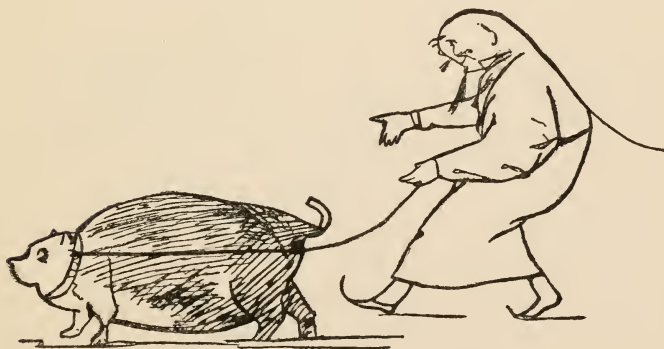
There was a Young Lady of Tyre, who swept the
loud chords of a lyre;
At the sound of each sweep she enraptured the
deep,
And enchanted the city of Tyre.



There was an Old Man who said, "Hush! I per-
ceive a young bird in this bush!"
When they said, "Is it small?" he replied, "Not
at all!
It is four times as big as the bush!"



There was an Old Man of the East, who gave all
his children a feast;
But they all ate so much, and their conduct was
such,
That it killed that Old Man of the East.

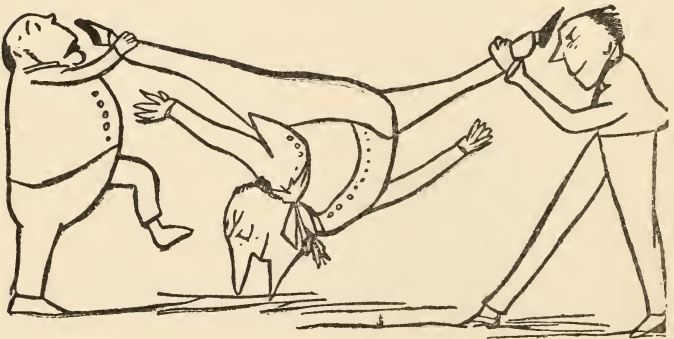


There was an Old Man of Kamschatka, who pos-
sessed a remarkably fat cur;
His gait and his waddle were held as a model
To all the fat dogs in Kamschatka.



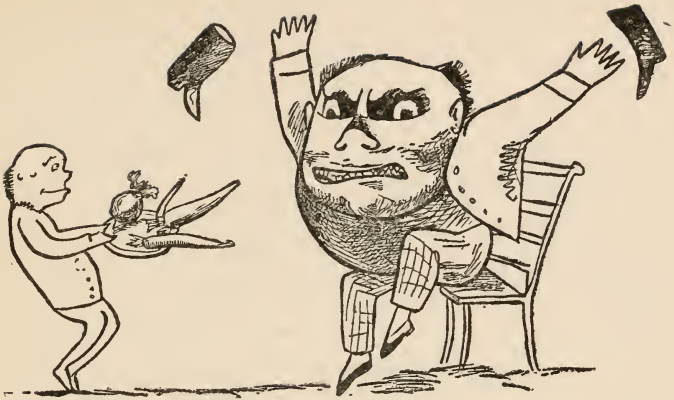
There was an Old Man of the coast, who placidly
sat on a post;

But when it was cold he relinquished his hold,
And called for some hot buttered toast.



There was an Old Man of the West, who never
could get any rest;

So they set him to spin on his nose and his chin,
Which cured that Old Man of the West.



There was an Old Person of Bangor, whose face
was distorted with anger!

He tore off his boots, and subsisted on roots,
That irascible Person of Bangor.



There was an Old Man with a beard, who sat on a
horse when he reared;

But they said, "Never mind! you will fall off
behind,

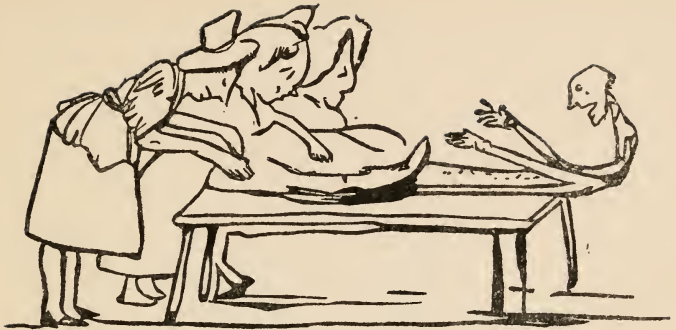
You propitious 'Old Man with a beard!"



There was an Old Person of Anerley, whose conduct was strange and unmannerly;
He rushed down the Strand, with a pig in each hand,
But returned in the evening to Anerley.

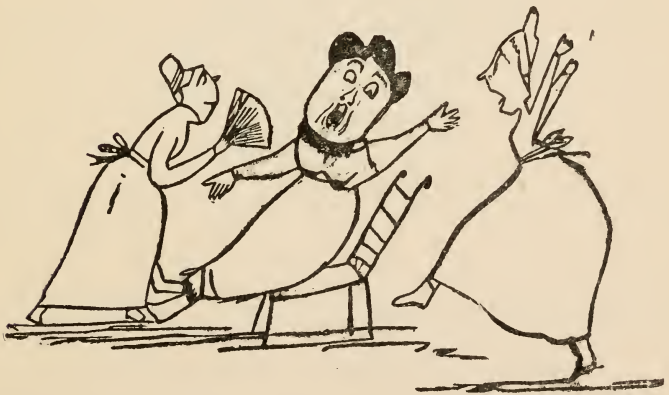


There was a Young Lady of Troy, whom several large flies did annoy;
Some she killed with a thump, some she drowned at the pump,
And some she took with her to Troy



There was an Old Man of Berlin, whose form was
uncommonly thin;

Till he once, by mistake, was mixed up in a cake,
So they baked that Old Man of Berlin.



There was a Young Lady of Russia, who screamed
so that no one could hush her;

Her screams were extreme,— no one heard such
a scream

As was screamed by that Lady of Russia.



There was an Old Person of Spain, who hated all
trouble and pain;

So he sat on a chair, with his feet in the air,
That umbrageous Old Person of Spain.



There was an Old Man who said, " Well! will *no-*
body answer this bell?

I have pulled day and night, till my hair has
grown white,

But nobody answers this bell! "



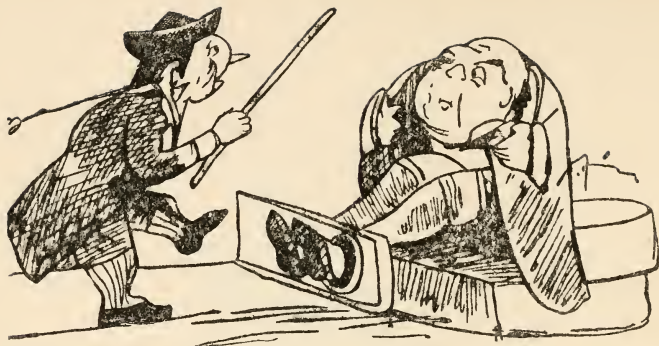
There was a Young Lady of Wales, who caught a
large fish without scales;

When she lifted her hook she exclaimed, "Only
look!"

That ecstatic Young Lady of Wales.



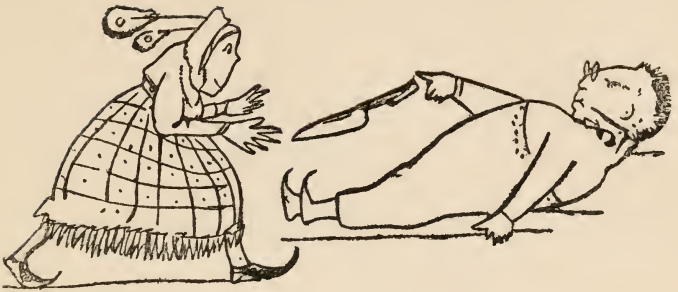
There was a Young Lady of Welling, whose praise
all the world was a-telling;
She played on a harp, and caught several carp,
That accomplished Young Lady of Welling.



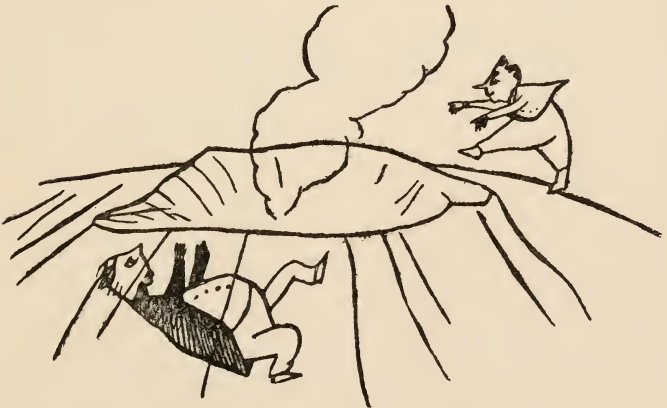
There was an Old Person of Cheadle, who was put
in the stocks by the beadle
For stealing some pigs, some coats, and some
wigs,
That horrible Person of Cheadle.



There was an Old Person of Chester, whom several
small children did pester ;
They threw some large stones, which broke most
of his bones,
And displeased that Old Person of Chester.



There was an Old Person of Tartary, who divided
his jugular artery;
But he screeched to his wife, and she said, " Oh,
my life!
Your death will be felt by all Tartary! "



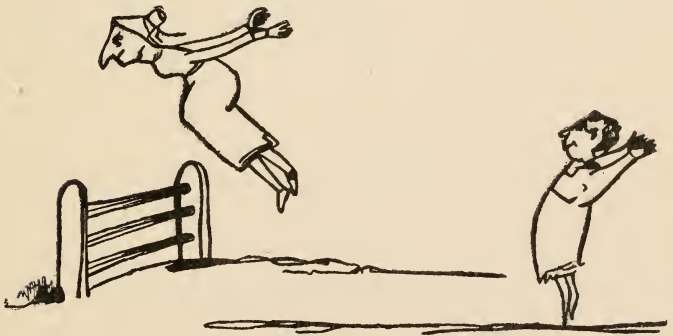
There was an Old Person of Gretna, who rushed
down the crater of Etna;
When they said, " Is it hot? " he replied, " No,
it's not! "
That mendacious Old Person of Gretna.



There was an Old Man with an owl, who continued
to bother and howl;
He sat on a rail and imbibed bitter ale,
Which refreshed that Old Man and his owl.



There was a Young Lady of Sweden, who went by
the slow train to Weedon;
When they cried, "Weedon Station!" she made
no observation,
But thought she should go back to Sweden.



There was a Young Girl of Majorca, whose aunt
was a very fast walker;
She walked seventy miles, and leaped fifteen
stiles,
Which astonished that Girl of Majorca.



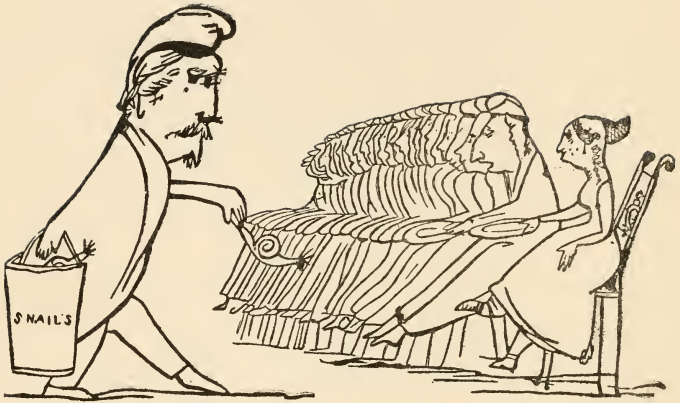
There was an Old Man of the Cape, who possessed
a large Barbary ape,
Till the ape one dark night set the house all
alight,
Which burned that Old Man of the Cape.



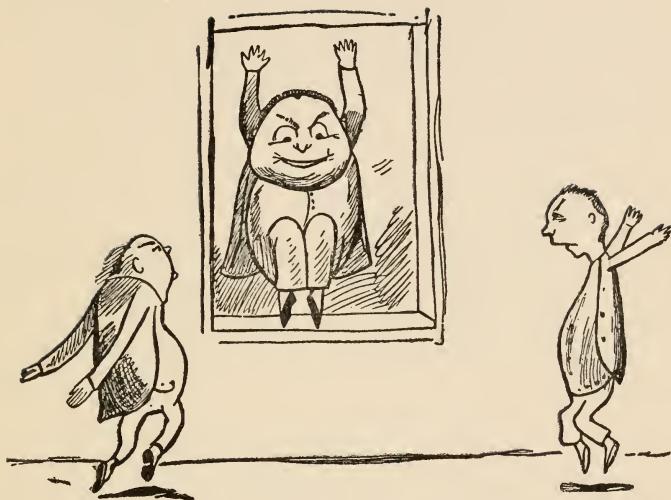
There was an Old Lady of Prague, whose language
was horribly vague;
When they said, "Are these caps?" she an-
swered, "Perhaps!"
That oracular Lady of Prague.



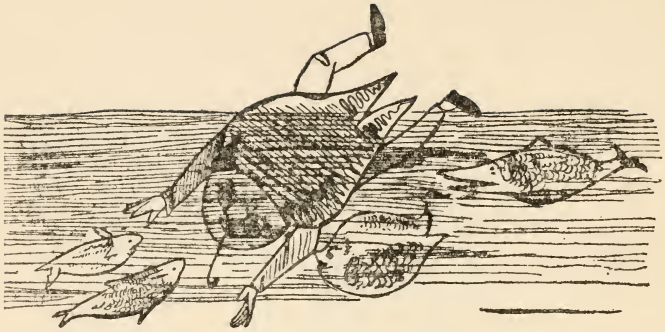
There was a Young Lady of Clare, who was sadly
pursued by a bear;
When she found she was tired, she abruptly ex-
pired,
That unfortunate Lady of Clare.



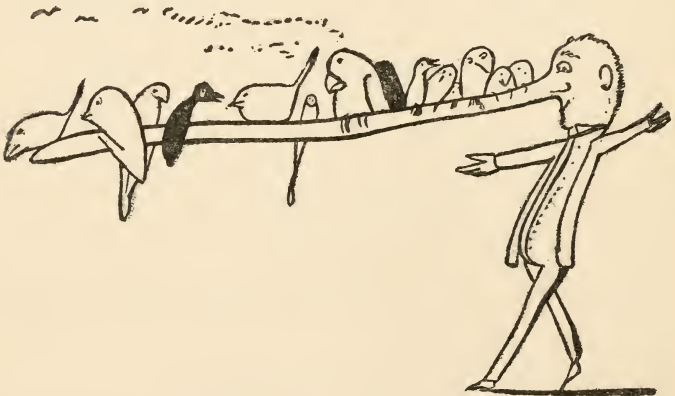
There was an Old Person of Sparta, who had
twenty-five sons and one “ darter ” ;
He fed them on snails, and weighed them in
scales,
That wonderful Person of Sparta.



There was an Old Man at a casement, who held up
his hands in amazement;
When they said, "Sir, you'll fall!" he replied,
"Not at all!"
That incipient Old Man at a casement.



There was an Old Person of Ems, who casually
fell in the Thames;
And when he was found they said he was
drowned,
That unlucky Old Person of Ems.



There was an Old Man on whose nose, most birds
of the air could repose;
But they all flew away at the closing of day,
Which relieved that Old Man and his nose.



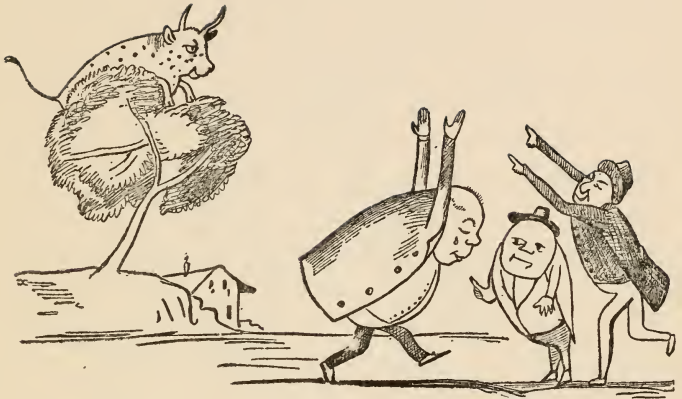
There was a Young Lady of Parma, whose conduct
grew calmer and calmer;

When they said, "Are you dumb?" she merely
said, "Hum!"

That provoking Young Lady of Parma.



There was an Old Person of Burton, whose answers
were rather uncertain;
When they said, "How d'ye do?" he replied,
"Who are you?"
That distressing Old Person of Burton.



There was an Old Man of Aosta, who possessed a
large cow, but he lost her;

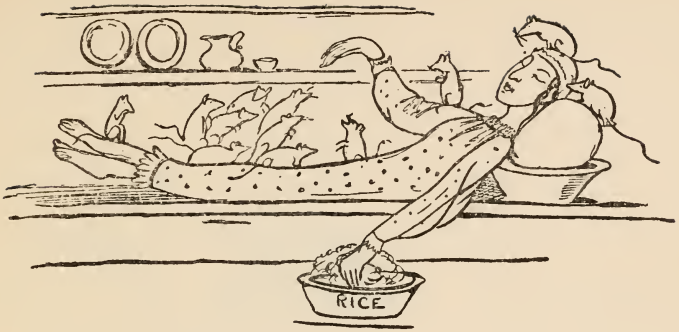
But they said, "Don't you see she has rushed up
a tree?"

You invidious Old Man of Aosta!"



There was an Old Person of Ewell, who chiefly
subsisted on gruel;

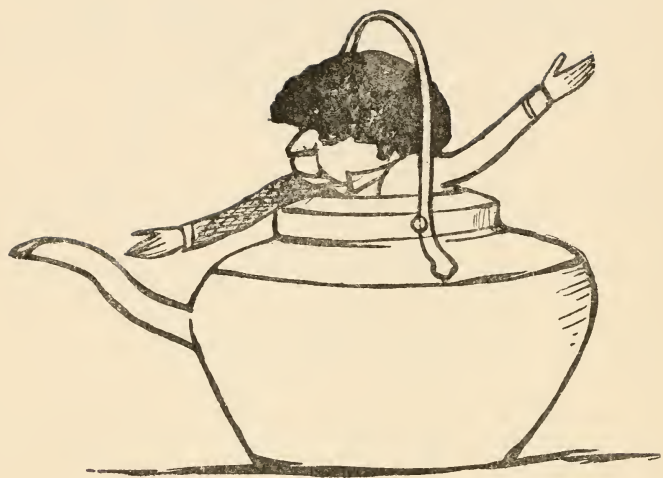
But to make it more nice he inserted some mice,
Which refreshed that Old Person of Ewell.



There was a Young Person of Bantry, who frequently slept in the pantry;
When disturbed by the Mice, she appeased them with rice,
That judicious Young Person of Bantry.



There was an Old Man at a Junction, whose feelings were wrung with compunction,
When they said, "The Train's gone!" He exclaimed, "How forlorn!"
But remained on the rails of the Junction.



There was an Old Man, who when little fell casually into a Kettle;

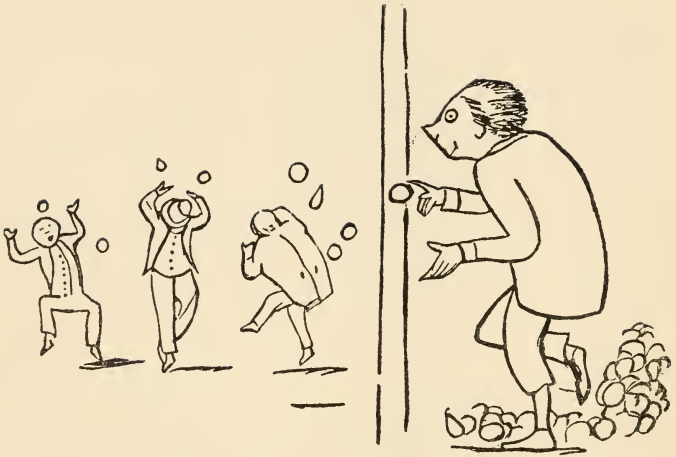
But, growing too stout, he could never get out,
So he passed all his life in that Kettle.



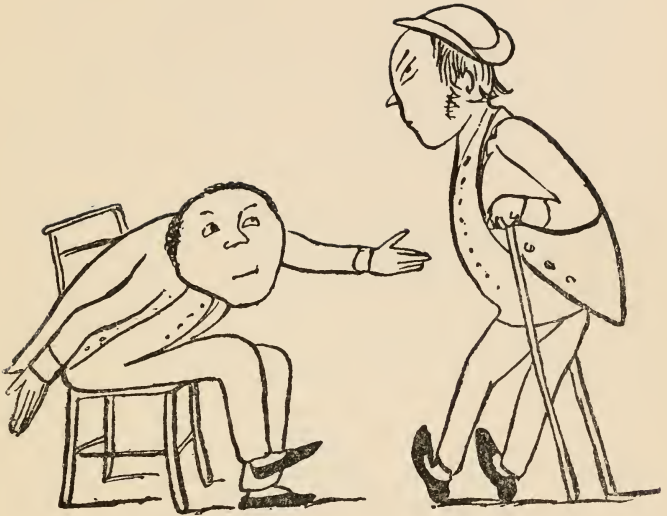
There was an Old Man whose despair induced him
to purchase a Hare;
Whereon one fine day, he rode wholly away,
Which partly assuaged his despair.



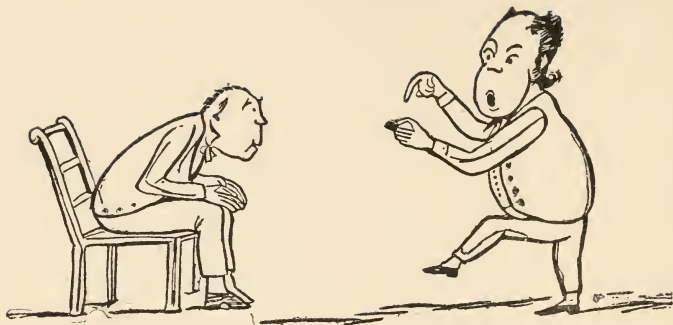
There was an Old Man of Thermopylæ, who never
did anything properly;
But they said, "If you choose to boil Eggs in
your Shoes,
You shall never remain in Thermopylæ."



There was an Old Person of Minety, who purchased five hundred and ninety;
Large apples and pears, which he threw un-
awares,
At the heads of the people of Minety.



There was an Old Person of Deal, who in walking
used only his heel;
When they said, "Tell us why?"— he made no
reply;
That mysterious Old Person of Deal.



[There was an Old Man on the Humber, who dined
on a cake of Burnt Umber;
When he said, "It's enough!"— they only said,
" Stuff!
You amazing Old Man on the Humber! "



There was an Old Man in a Barge, whose Nose was
exceedingly large;
But in fishing by night, it supported a light,
Which helped that Old Man in a Barge.



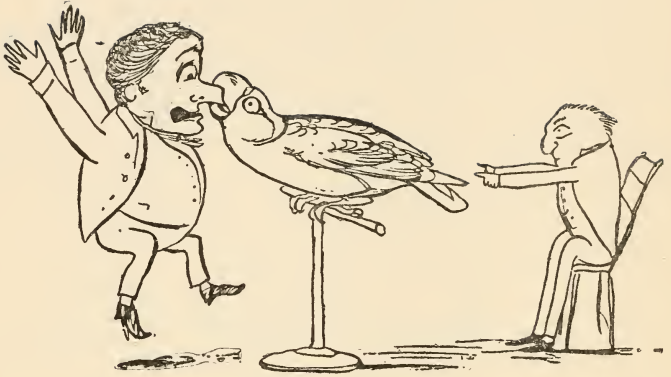
There was an Old Man of Blackheath, whose head
was adorned with a Wreath,
Of lobsters and spice, pickled onions and mice,
That uncommon Old Man of Blackheath.



There was an Old Person in Black, a Grasshopper
jumped on his back;
When it chirped in his ear, he was smitten with
fear,
That helpless Old Person in Black.



There was an Old Man of Toulouse, who purchased a new pair of Shoes;
When they asked, "Are they pleasant?"—he said, "Not at present!"
That turbid Old Man of Toulouse.



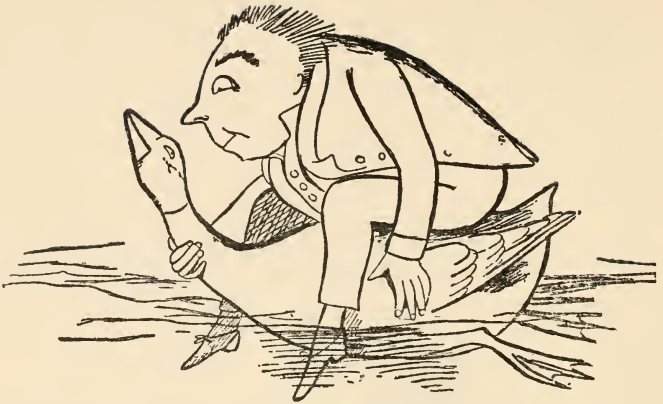
There was an Old Man of Dunrose; a Parrot
seized hold of his Nose.

When he grew melancholy, they said, "His
name's Polly,"

Which soothed that Old Man of Dunrose.



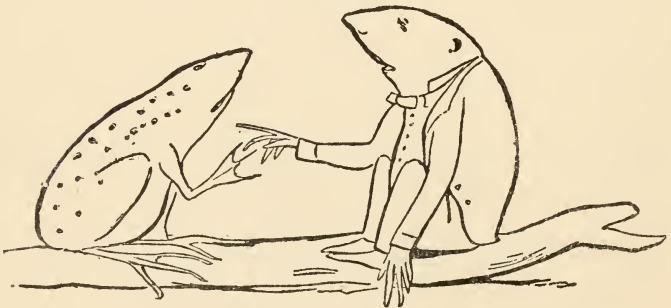
There was an Old Person of Bromley, whose ways
were not cheerful or comely;
He sate in the dust, eating Spiders and Crust,
That unpleasing Old Person of Bromley.



There was an Old Man of Dunluce, who went out
to sea on a Goose;

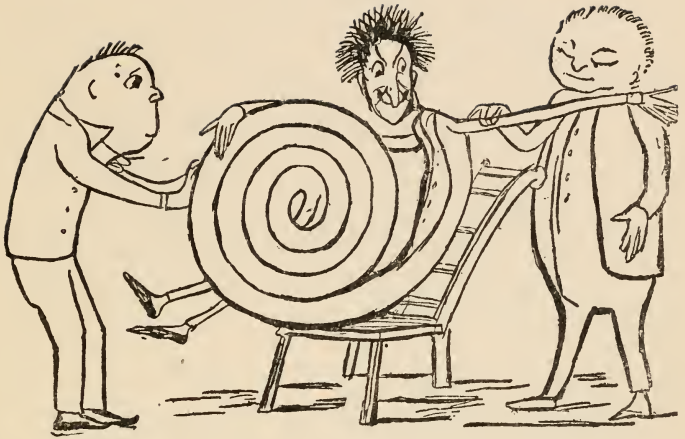
When he'd gone out a mile, he observ'd with a
smile,

“It is time to return to Dunluce.”



There was an Old Man in a Marsh, whose manners
were futile and harsh;

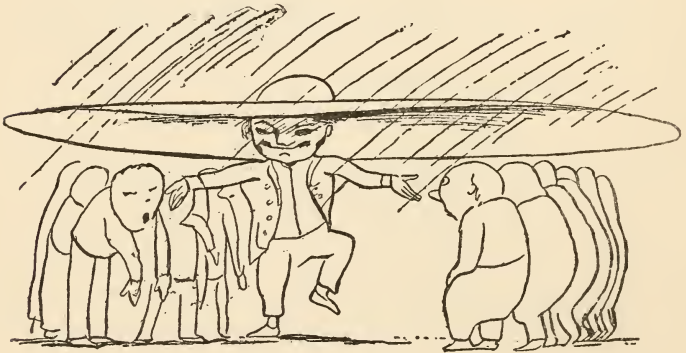
He sate on a Log, and sang Songs to a Frog,
That instructive Old Man in a Marsh.



There was an Old Person of Pinner, as thin as a
lath, if not thinner;
They dressed him in white, and roll'd him up
tight,
That elastic Old Person of Pinner.



There was an Old Person of Bree, who frequented
the depths of the Sea;
She nurs'd the small fishes, and washed all the
dishes,
And swam back again into Bree.



There was an Old Man of Dee-side, whose Hat was
exceedingly wide;
But he said, "Do not fail, if it happen to hail,
To come under my Hat at Dee-side!"



There was a Young Person in Green, who seldom
was fit to be seen;
She wore a long shawl, over bonnet and all,
Which enveloped that Person in Green.



There was an Old Person of Wick, who said,
“ Tick-a-Tick, Tick-a-Tick;
Chickabee, Chickabaw.” And he said nothing
more,
That laconic Old Person of Wick.



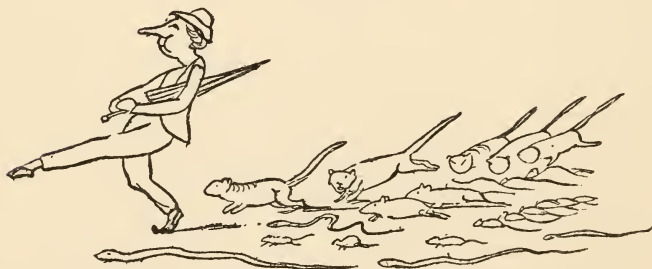
There was an Old Man at a Station, who made a
promiscuous Oration;
But they said, "Take some snuff! — You have
talk'd quite enough,
You afflicting Old Man at a Station!"



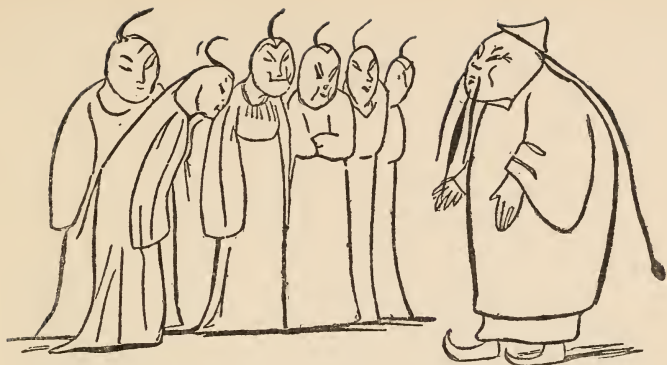
There was an Old Man of Three Bridges, whose
mind was distracted by Midges;
He sate on a wheel, eating underdone Veal,
Which relieved that Old Man of Three Bridges.



There was an Old Person of Fife, who was greatly
disgusted with life;
They sang him a ballad, and fed him on Salad,
Which cured that Old Person of Fife.



There was an Old Person of Shields, who fre-
quented the valleys and fields;
All the mice and the cats, and the snakes and the
rats,
Followed after that Person of Shields.



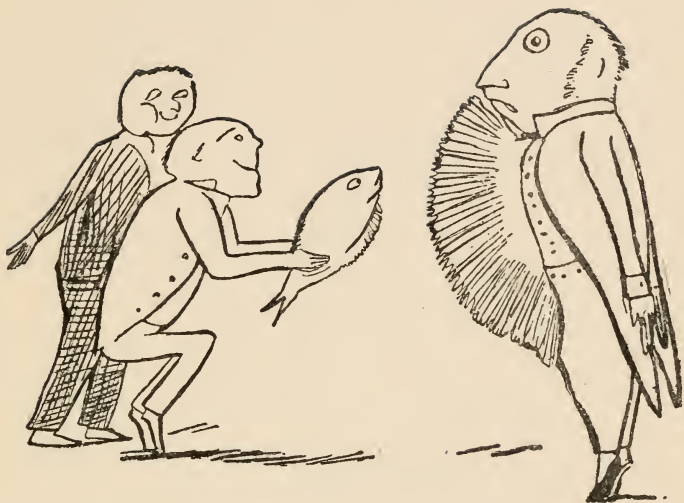
There was an Old Person of China, whose daughters were Jiska and Dinah,
Amelia and Fluffy, Olivia and Chuffy,
And all of them settled in China.



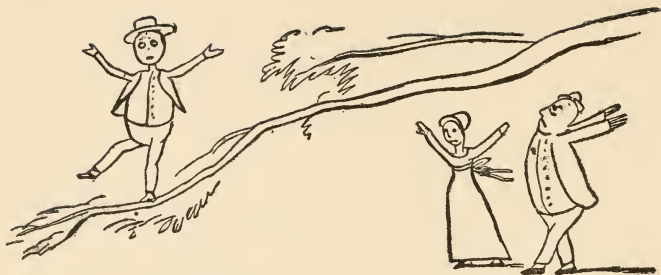
There was an Old Man of the Dargle, who purchased six barrels of Gargle;
For he said, "I'll sit still, and will roll them down hill,
For the fish in the depths of the Dargle."



There was an Old Man who screamed out when-
ever they knocked him about;
So they took off his boots, and fed him with
fruits,
And continued to knock him about.



There was an Old Person of Brill, who purchased a
Shirt with a Frill;
But they said, " Don't you wish you mayn't look
like a fish,
You obsequious Old Person of Brill? "



There was an Old Person of Slough, who danced at
the end of a Bough;
But they said, "If you sneeze, you might damage
the trees,
You imprudent Old Person of Slough."



There was a Young Person in Pink, who called out
for something to drink;
But they said, "O my daughter, there's nothing
but water!"
Which vexed that Young Person in Pink.



There was a Young Person in Red, who carefully
covered her Head,
With a bonnet of leather, and three lines of
feather,
Besides some long ribands of red.



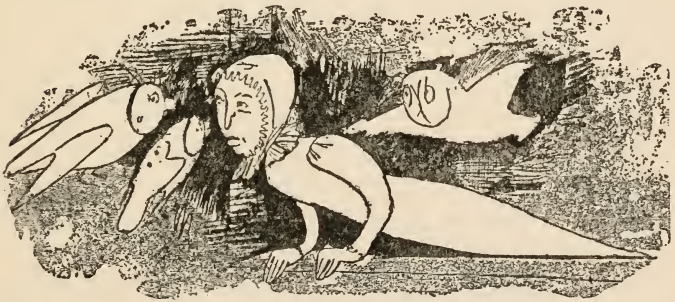
There was an Old Man of Hong Kong, who never
did anything wrong;
He lay on his back, with his head in a sack,
That innocuous Old Man of Hong Kong.



There was an Old Person of Woking, whose mind
was perverse and provoking;
He sate on a rail, with his head in a Pail,
That illusive Old Person of Woking.



There was an Old Lady of France, who taught little Ducklings to dance;
When she said, "Tick-a-tack!"— they only said,
"Quack!"
Which grieved that Old Lady of France.



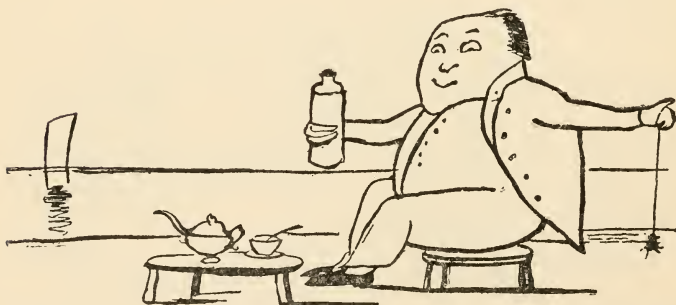
There was a Young Lady in White, who looked out
at the depths of the Night;
But the birds of the air, filled her heart with
despair,
And oppressed that Young Lady in White.



There was a Young Lady in Blue, who said, "Is it
you? Is it you?"

When they said, "Yes, it is,"—she replied only,
"Whizz!"

That ungracious Young Lady in Blue.



There was an Old Person of Putney, whose food
was roast spiders and chutney,

Which he took with his tea, within sight of the
sea,

That romantic Old Person of Putney.



There was an Old Man in a Garden, who always
begged every one's pardon,
When they asked him, "What for?"—he re-
plied, "You're a bore!
And I trust you'll go out of my garden."

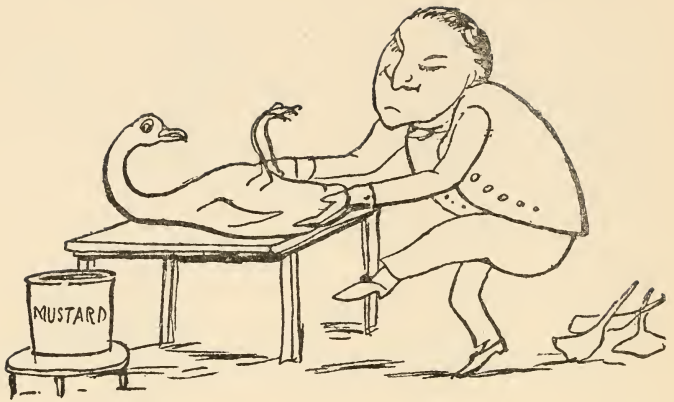


There was an Old Person of Loo, who said, "What
on earth shall I do?"

When they said, "Go away!"—she continued
to stay,
That vexatious Old Person of Loo.



There was an Old Person of Pisa, whose daughters
did nothing to please her;
She dressed them in gray, and banged them all
day,
Round the walls of the city of Pisa.



There was an Old Person of Florence, who held
Mutton Chops in abhorrence;
He purchased a Bustard, and fried him in Mus-
tard,
Which choked that Old Person of Florence.



There was an Old Person of Sheen, whose expres-
sion was calm and serene;
He sate in the water, and drank bottled porter,
That placid Old Person of Sheen.



There was an Old Person of Dean, who dined on
one Pea and one Bean;
For he said, "More than that would make me
too fat,"
That cautious Old Person of Dean.



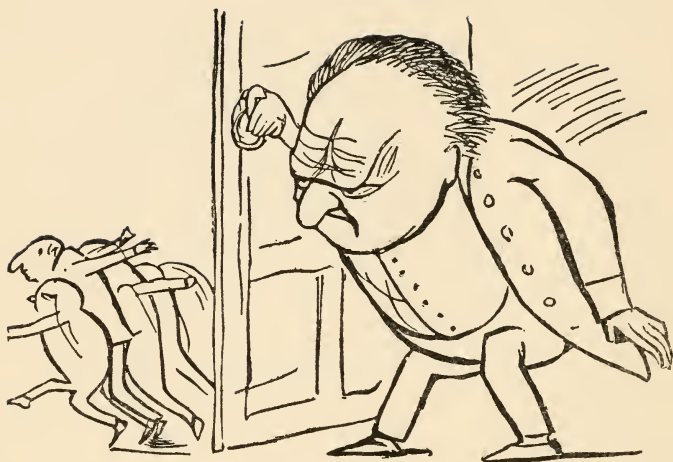
There was an Old Person of Ware, who rode on
the back of a Bear:

When they ask'd, "Does it trot?"—he said,
"Certainly not!

He's a Moppsikon Floppsikon Bear!"



There was a Young Person of Janina, whose Uncle
was always a-fanning her;
When he fanned off her head, she smiled sweetly,
and said,
“ You propitious Old Person of Janina ! ”



There was an Old Person of Down, whose face was
adorned with a frown;
When he opened the door, for one minute or
more,
He alarmed all the people of Down.



There was an Old Person of Cassel, whose Nose
finished off in a Tassel;

But they call'd out, " Oh well! — don't it look
like a bell! "

Which perplexed that Old Person of Cassel.



There was an Old Man of Cashmere, whose move-
ments were scroobious and queer;
Being slender and tall, he looked over a wall,
And perceived two fat Ducks of Cashmere.

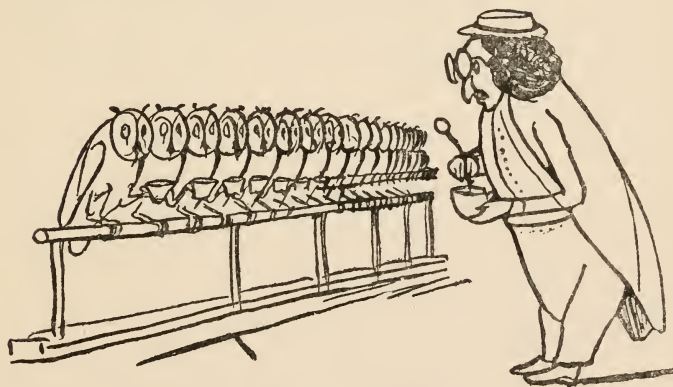


There was an Old Person of Hove, who frequented
the depths of a grove;
Where he studied his Books, with the Wrens and
the Rooks,
That tranquil Old Person of Hove.



There was an Old Man of Spithead, who opened
the window, and said,—

“ Fil-jumble, fil-jumble, fil-rumble-come-tumble! ”
That doubtful Old Man of Spithead.



There was an Old Man of Dumbree, who taught
little Owls to drink Tea,

For he said, “ To eat mice is not proper or nice, ”
That amiable Man of Dumbree.



There was an Old Man on the Border, who lived
in the utmost disorder;
He danced with the Cat, and made Tea in his
Hat,
Which vexed all the folks on the Border.



There was an Old Person of Dundalk, who tried to
teach Fishes to walk;
When they tumbled down dead, he grew weary,
and said,
“ I had better go back to Dundalk ! ”



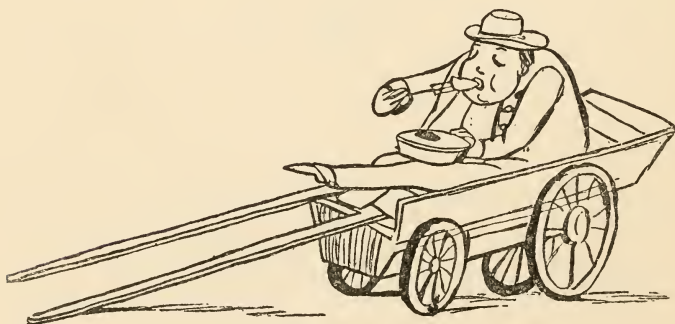
There was an Old Person of Jodd, whose ways were
perplexing and odd;
She purchased a Whistle, and sate on a Thistle,
And squeaked to the people of Jodd.



There was an Old Person of Shoreham, whose
habits were marked by decorum;
He bought an Umbrella, and sate in the cellar,
Which pleased all the people of Shoreham.



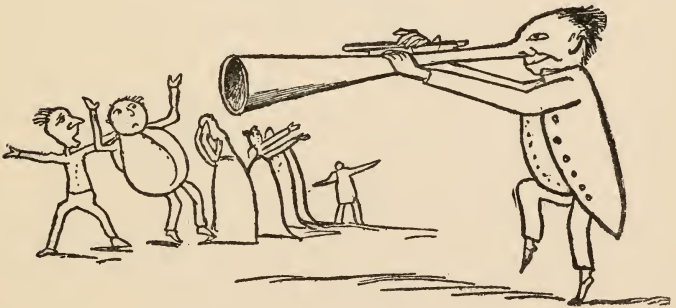
There was an Old Man whose remorse, induced him
to drink Caper Sauce;
For they said, " If mixed up with some cold claret-
cup,
It will certainly soothe your remorse ! ”



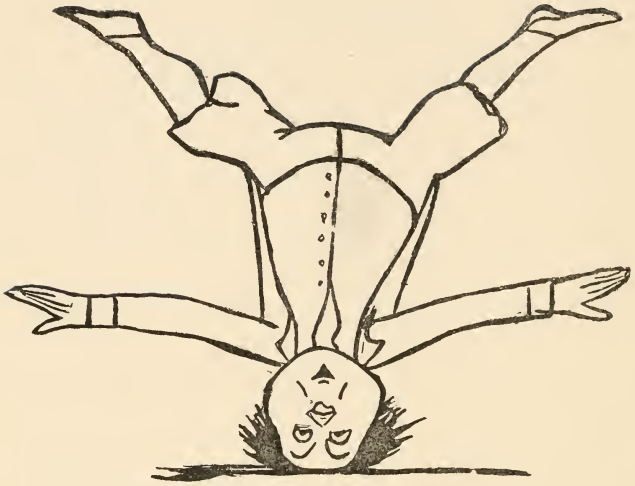
There was an Old Person of Pett, who was partly
consumed by regret;
He sate in a cart and ate cold Apple Tart,
Which relieved that Old Person of Pett.



There was an Old Person of Wilts, who constantly
walked upon Stilts;
He wreathed them with lilies and daffy-down-
dillies,
That elegant Person of Wilts.



There was an Old Man of West Dumpet, who pos-
sessed a large Nose like a Trumpet;
When he blew it aloud, it astonished the crowd,
And was heard through the whole of West Dumpet.



There was an Old Man of Port Grigor, whose ac-
tions were noted for vigour;
He stood on his head, till his waistcoat turned
red,
That eclectic Old Man of Port Grigor.



There was an Old Person of Bar, who passed all her
life in a Jar,
Which she painted pea-green, to appear more
serene,
That placid Old Person of Bar.



There was an Old Person of Grange, whose man-
ners were scroobious and strange ;
He sailed to St. Blubb, in a Waterproof Tub,
That aquatic Old Person of Grange.



There was a Young Person of Kew, whose virtues
and vices were few;
But with blameable haste, she devoured some hot
Paste,
Which destroyed that Young Person of Kew.



There was an Old Person of Nice, whose associates
were usually Geese.

They walked out together, in all sorts of weather.
That affable Person of Nice!



There was an Old Person of Filey, of whom his ac-
quaintance spoke highly;

He danced perfectly well, to the sound of a bell,
And delighted the people of Filey.



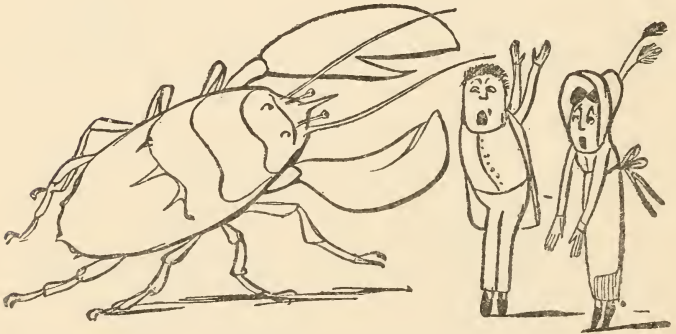
There was an Old Person of Sark, who made an unpleasant remark;

But they said, "Don't you see what a brute you must be!"

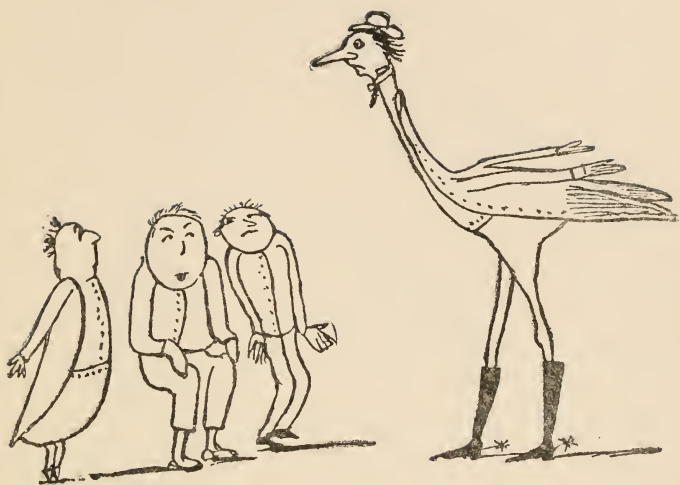
You obnoxious Old Person of Sark.



There was an Old Man of El Hums, who lived upon
nothing but Crumbs,
Which he picked off the ground, with the other
birds round,
In the roads and the lanes of El Hums.



There was an Old Person of Hyde, who walked by
the shore with his Bride,
Till a Crab who came near, fill'd their bosoms
with fear,
And they said, "Would we'd never left Hyde!"



There was an Old Man of Dunblane, who greatly
resembled a Crane;

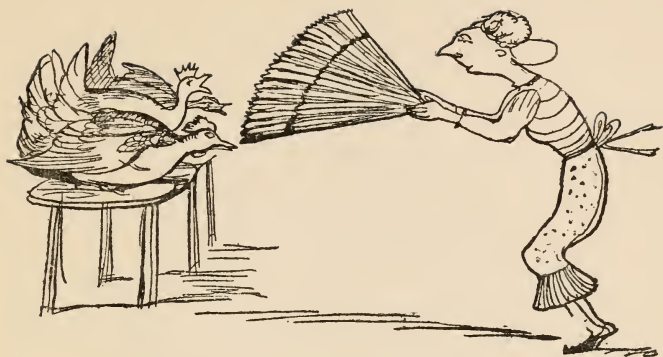
But they said,—“ Is it wrong, since your legs are
so long,

To request you won't stay in Dunblane? ”

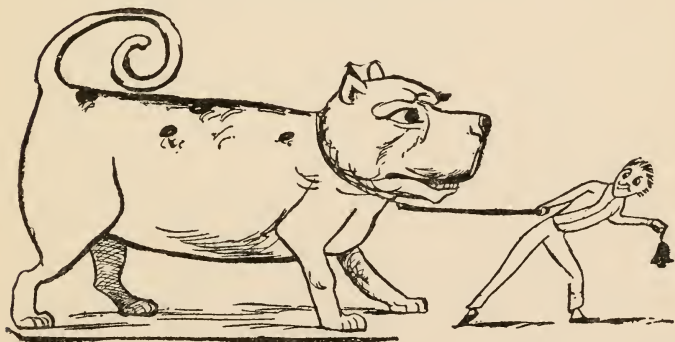


There was an Old Person of Rimini, who said,
“Gracious! Goodness! O Gimini!”

When they said, “Please be still!” she ran down
a Hill,
And was never more heard of at Rimini.



There was an Old Person of Cannes, who purchased three Fowls and a Fan;
Those she placed on a Stool, and to make them feel cool
She constantly fanned them at Cannes.



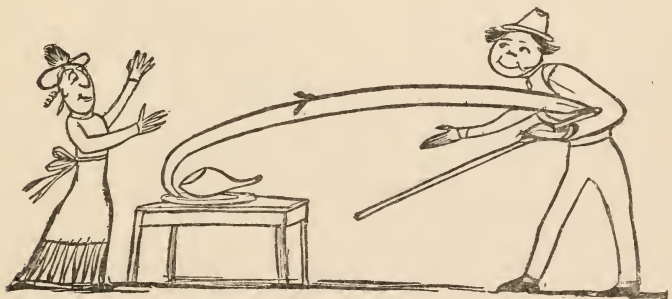
There was an Old Man of Ancona, who found a small Dog with no Owner,
Which he took up and down all the streets of the town;
That anxious Old Man of Ancona.



There was an Old Person of Bude, whose deport-
ment was vicious and crude ;
He wore a large Ruff, of pale straw-coloured
stuff,
Which perplexed all the people of Bude.



There was an Old Person of Ickley, who could not
abide to ride quickly;
He rode to Karnak, on a Tortoise's back,
That moony Old Person of Ickley.



There was an Old Person of Blythe, who cut up his
Meat with a Scythe;
When they said, "Well! I never!"—he cried,
"Scythes for ever!"
That lively Old Person of Blythe.



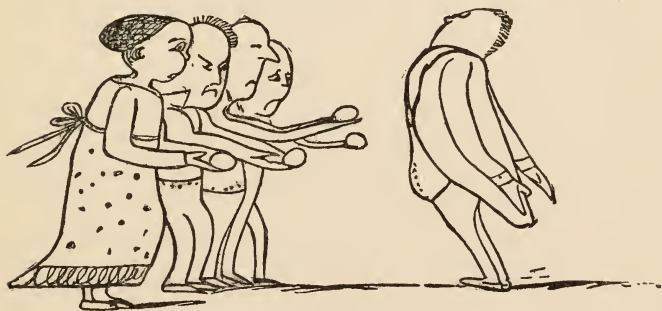
There was an Old Person of Barnes, whose Garments were covered with Darns;
But they said, "Without doubt, you will soon wear them out,
You luminous Person of Barnes!"



There was an Old Person of Bray, who sang through the whole of the Day
To his Ducks and his Pigs, whom he fed upon Figs.
That valuable Person of Bray.



There was an Old Person of Ealing, who was wholly
devoid of good feeling;
He drove a small Gig, with three Owls and a
Pig,
Which distressed all the People of Ealing.



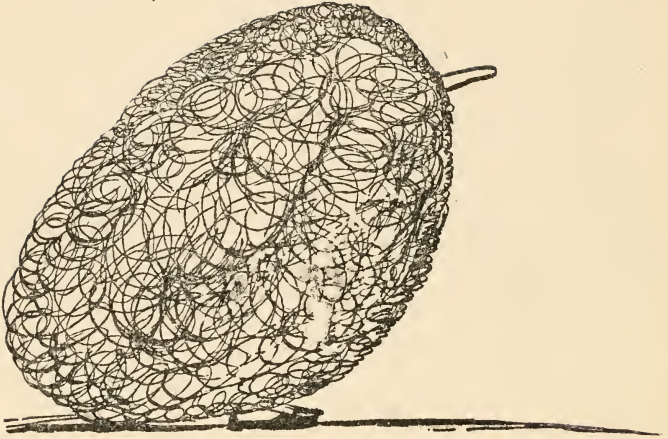
There was an Old Person of Bow, whom nobody
happened to know;
So they gave him some Soap, and said coldly,
“We hope
You will go back directly to Bow!”



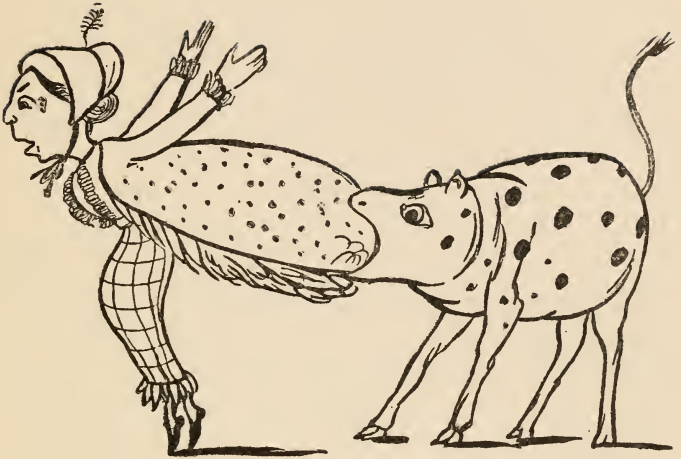
There was an Old Person in Gray, whose feelings
were tinged with dismay;
She purchased two Parrots, and fed them with
Carrots,
Which pleased that Old Person in Gray.



There was an Old Person of Crowle, who lived in
the Nest of an Owl;
When they screamed in the nest, he screamed out
with the rest,
That depressing Old Person of Crowle.



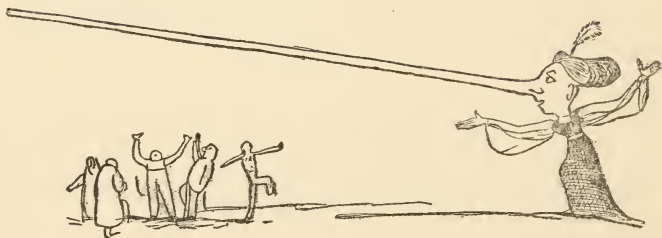
There was an Old Person of Brigg, who purchased
no end of a Wig;
So that only his Nose, and the end of his Toes,
Could be seen when he walked about Brigg.



There was a Young Lady of Greenwich, whose garments were border'd with Spinach;
But a large spotty Calf, bit her Shawl quite in half,
Which alarmed that Young Lady of Greenwich.



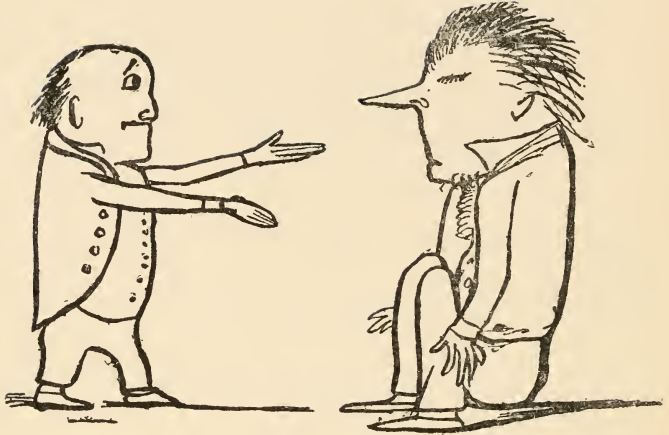
There was an Old Person of Rye, who went up to
town on a Fly;
But they said, "If you cough, you are safe to fall
off!
You abstemious Old Person of Rye!"



There was a Young Lady, whose Nose, continually
prosperes and grows;
When it grew out of sight, she exclaimed in a
fright,
"Oh! Farewell to the end of my Nose!"



There was an Old Man of Messina, whose daughter
was named Opsibeenā ;
She wore a small Wig, and rode out on a Pig,
To the perfect delight of Messina.



There was an Old Person of Sestri, who sate him-
self down in the vestry;

When they said, "You are wrong!"— he merely
said, "Bong!"

That repulsive Old Person of Sestri.



There was an Old Man in a Tree, whose Whiskers
were lovely to see;
But the Birds of the Air pluck'd them perfectly
bare,
To make themselves Nests in that Tree.



There was a Young Lady of Firle, whose Hair was
addicted to curl;
It curled up a Tree, and all over the Sea,
That expansive Young Lady of Firle.



There was a Young Person whose History was al-
ways considered a Mystery;
She sate in a Ditch, although no one knew which,
And composed a small treatise on History.



There was a Young Lady of Corsica, who purchased a little brown Saucy-cur;
Which she fed upon Ham, and hot Raspberry
Jam,
That expensive Young Lady of Corsica.



There was an Old Lady of Winchelsea, who said,
“ If you Needle or Pin shall see,
On the floor of my room, sweep it up with the
Broom! ”—
That exhaustive Old Lady of Winchelsea!



There was an Old Man of Boulak, who sate on a
Crocodile's back;
But they said, " Tow'rds the night, he may prob-
ably bite,
Which might vex you, Old Man of Boulak! "



There was an Old Man of Ibream, who suddenly
threaten'd to scream;
But they said, " If you do, we will thump you
quite blue,
You disgusting Old Man of Ibream! "



There was an Old Person of Stroud, who was hor-
ribly jammed in a crowd;
Some she slew with a kick, some she scrunched
with a stick,
That impulsive Old Person of Stroud,

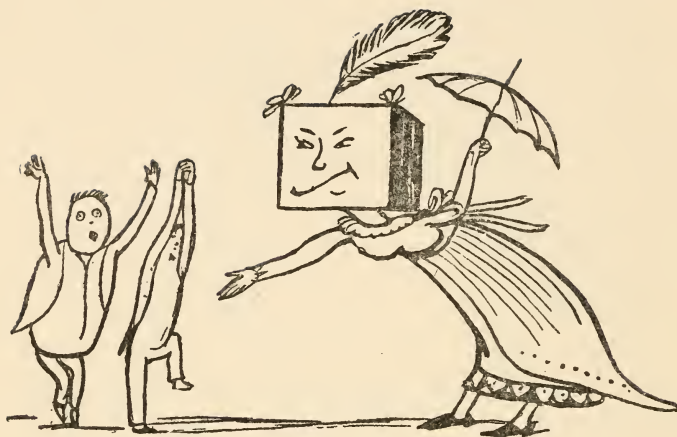


There was an Old Man of Thames Ditton, who
called out for something to sit on;
But they brought him a Hat, and said, " Sit upon
that,
You abruptious Old Man of Thames Ditton! "



There was an Old Person of Skye, who waltz'd with
a Bluebottle Fly.

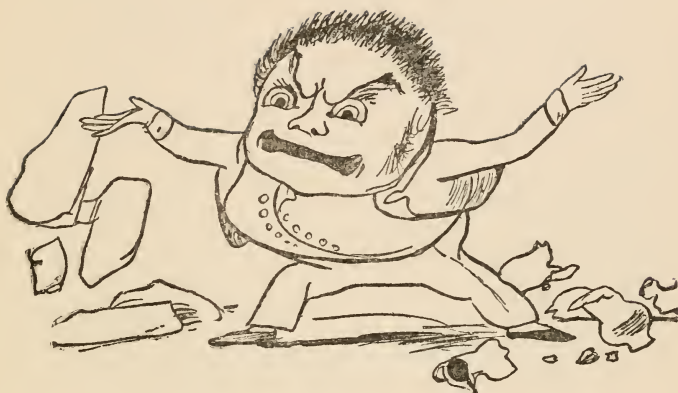
They buzz'd a sweet tune, to the light of the
moon,
And entranced all the people of Skye.



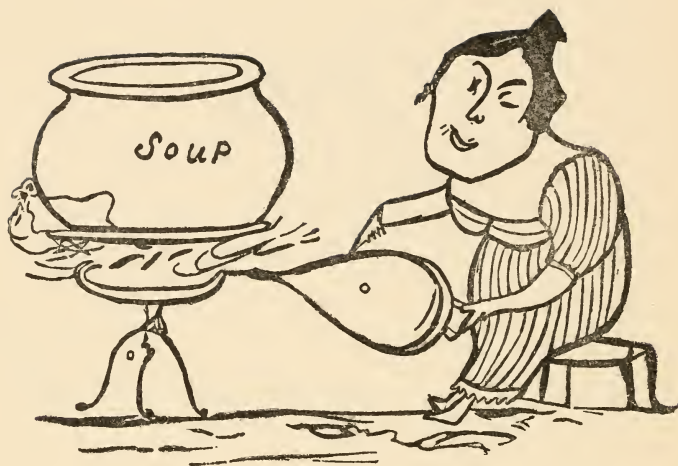
There was a Young Person of Ayr, whose Head
was remarkably square :

On the top, in fine weather, she wore a Gold
Feather ;

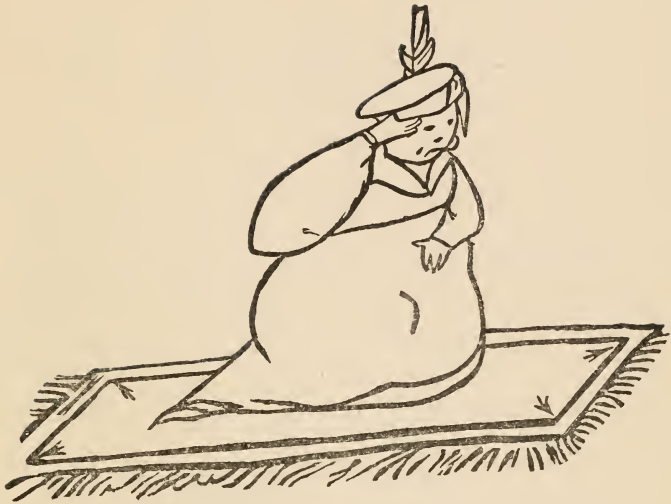
Which dazzled the people of Ayr.



There was an Old Person of Newry, whose man-
ners were tinctured with fury;
He tore all the Rugs, and broke all the Jugs,
Within twenty miles' distance of Newry.



There was a Young Lady of Poole, whose Soup
was excessively cool;
So she put it to boil by the aid of some Oil,
That ingenious Young Lady of Poole.



There was a Young Lady of Turkey, who wept
when the weather was murky;
When the day turned out fine, she ceased to re-
pine,
That capricious Young Lady of Turkey.



There was an Old Man of Peru, who never knew
what he should do;
So he tore off his hair, and behaved like a bear,
That intrinsic Old Man of Peru.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

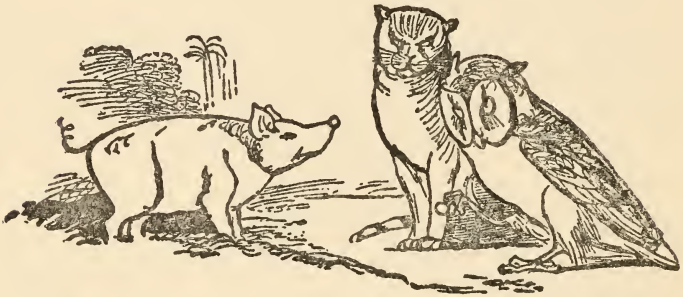
I

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”



II

Pussy said to the Owl, " You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring? "
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,



His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

III

" Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring? " Said the Piggy, " I will. "
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.



GENERAL CIRCULATION.
CHILDREN'S ROOM

