

# "HOW PLEASANT TO KNOW MR. LEAR!"

"How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!"

Who has written such volumes of stuff! Some think him ill-tempered and queer,  
But a few think him pleasant enough.

His mind is concrete and fastidious,  
His nose is remarkably big; His visage is more or less hideous,  
His beard it resembles a wig.

He has ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers,  
Leastways if you reckon two thumbs; Long ago he was one of the singers,  
But now he is one of the dumbs.

He sits in a beautiful parlor,  
With hundreds of books on the wall; He drinks a great deal of Marsala,  
But never gets tipsy at all.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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Edward Lear, the artist, Author of "Journals of a Landscape Painter" in various out-of-the-way countries, and of the delightful "Books of Nonsense," which have amused successive generations of children, died on Sunday, January 29, 1888, at San Remo, Italy, where he had lived for twenty years. Few names could evoke a wider expression of passing regret at their appearance in the obituary column; for until his health began to fail he was known to an immense and almost a cosmopolitan circle of acquaintance, and popular wherever he was known. Fewer still could call up in the minds of intimate friends a deeper and more enduring feeling of sorrow for personal loss, mingled with the pleasantest of memories; for it was impossible to know him thoroughly and not to love him. London, Rome, the Mediterranean countries generally, Ceylon and India,

are still all dotted with survivors among his generation who will mourn for him affectionately, although his latter years were spent in comparatively close retirement. He was a man of striking nobility of nature, fearless, independent, energetic, given to forming for himself strong opinions, often hastily, sometimes bitterly; not always strong or sound in judgment, but always seeking after truth in every matter, and following it as he understood it in scorn of consequence; utterly unselfish, devoted to his friends, generous even to extravagance towards any one who had ever been connected with his fortunes or his travels; playful, light-hearted, witty, and humorous, but not without those occasional fits of black depression and nervous irritability to which such temperaments are liable.

Great and varied as the merits of his pictures are, Lear hardly succeeded in achieving any great popularity as a landscape-painter. His work was frequently done on private commission, and he rarely sent in pictures for the Academy or other exhibitions. His larger and more highly finished landscapes were unequal in technical perfection,—sometimes harsh or cold in color, or stiff in composition; sometimes full of imagination, at others literal and prosaic,—but always impressive reproductions of interesting or peculiar scenery. In later years he used in conversation to qualify himself as a "topographical artist;" and the definition was true, though not exhaustive. He had an intuitive and a perfectly trained eye for the character and beauty of distant mountain lines, the solemnity of rocky gorges, the majesty of a single mountain rising from a base of plain or sea; and he was equally exact in rendering the true forms of the middle distances and the specialties of foreground detail belonging to the various lands through which he had wandered as a sketcher. Some of his pictures show a mastery which has rarely been equalled over the difficulties of painting an immense plain as seen from a height, reaching straight away from the eye of the spectator until it is lost in a dim horizon. Sir Roderick Murchison used to say that he always understood the geological peculiarities of a country he had only studied in Lear's sketches. The compliment was thoroughly justified; and it is not every landscape-painter to whom it could honestly be paid.

The history of Lear's choice of a career was a curious one. He was the youngest of twenty-one children, and, through a family mischance, was thrown entirely on the limited resources of an elderly sister at a very early age. As a boy he had always dabbled in colors for his own amusement, and had been given to poring over the ordinary boys' books upon natural history. It occurred to him to try to turn his infant talents to account; and he painted upon cardboard a couple of birds in the style which the older among us remember as having been called Oriental tinting, took them to a small shop, and sold them for fourpence. The kindness of friends, to whom he was ever grateful, gave him the opportunity of more serious and more remunerative study, and he became a patient and accurate zoölogical draughtsman. Many of the birds in

the earlier volumes of Gould's magnificent folios were drawn for him by Lear. A few years back there were eagles alive in the Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park to which Lear could point as old familiar friends that he had drawn laboriously from claw to beak fifty years before. He united with this kind of work the more unpleasant occupation of drawing the curiosities of disease or deformity in hospitals. One day, as he was busily intent on the portrait of a bird in the Zoölogical Gardens, an old gentleman came and looked over his shoulder, entered into conversation, and finally said to him, "You must come and draw my birds at Knowsley." Lear did not know where Knowsley was, or what it meant; but the old gentleman was the thirteenth Earl of Derby. The successive Earls of Derby have been among Lear's kindest and most generous patrons. He went to Knowsley, and the drawings in the "Knowsley Menagerie" (now a rare and highly-prized work among book collectors) are by Lear's hand. At Knowsley he became a permanent favorite; and it was there that he composed in prolific succession his charming and wonderful series of utterly nonsensical rhymes and drawings. Lear had already begun seriously to study landscape. When English winters began to threaten his health, Lord Derby started a subscription which enabled him to go to Rome as a student and artist, and no doubt gave him recommendations among Anglo-Roman society which laid the foundations of a numerous *clientèle*. It was in the Roman summers that Lear first began to exercise the taste for pictorial wandering which grew into a habit and a passion, to fill vivid and copious note-books as he went, and to illustrate them by spirited and accurate drawings; and his first volume of "Illustrated Excursions in Italy," published in 1846, is gratefully dedicated to his Knowsley patron.

Only those who have travelled with him could know what a delightful comrade he was to men whose tastes ran more or less parallel to his own. It was not everybody who could travel with him; for he was so irrepressibly anxious not to lose a moment of the time at his disposal for gathering into his garners the beauty and interest of the lands over which he journeyed, that he was careless of comfort and health. Calabria, Sicily, the Desert of Sinai, Egypt and Nubia, Greece and Albania, Palestine, Syria, Athos, Candia, Montenegro, Zagóri (who knows now where Zagóri is, or was?), were as thoroughly explored and sketched by him as the more civilized localities of Malta, Corsica, and Corfu. He read insatiably before starting all the recognized guide-books and histories of the country he intended to draw; and his published itineraries are marked by great strength and literary interest quite irrespectively of the illustrations. And he had his reward. It is not any ordinary journalist and sketcher who could have compelled from Tennyson such a tribute as lines "To E.L. on his Travels in Greece":—

"Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls  
Of water, sheets of summer glass,The long divine Peneïan pass,The vast  
Akrokeraunian walls,

"Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,  
With such a pencil, such a pen,You shadow forth to distant men,I read and felt that I  
was there."

Lear was a man to whom, as to Tennyson's Ulysses,

"All experience is an arch wherethrough  
Gleams that untravelled world."

After settling at San Remo, and when he was nearly sixty years old, he determined to visit India and Ceylon. He started once and failed, being taken so ill at Suez that he was obliged to return. The next year he succeeded, and brought away some thousands of drawings of the most striking views from all three Presidencies and from the tropical island. His appetite for travel continued to grow with what it fed upon; and although he hated a long sea-voyage, he used seriously to contemplate as possible a visit to relations in New Zealand. It may safely, however, be averred that no considerations would have tempted him to visit the Arctic regions.

A hard-working life, checkered by the odd adventures which happen to the odd and the adventurous and pass over the commonplace; a career brightened by the high appreciation of unimpeachable critics; lightened, till of late, by the pleasant society and good wishes of innumerable friends; saddened by the growing pressure of ill health and solitude; cheered by his constant trust in the love and sympathy of those who knew him best, however far away,—such was the life of Edward Lear.

—*The London Saturday Review*,

Feb. 4, 1888.

Among the writers who have striven with varying success during the last thirty or forty years to awaken the merriment of the "rising generation" of the time being, Mr. Edward Lear occupies the first place in seniority, if not in merit. The parent of modern nonsense-writers, he is distinguished from all his followers and imitators by the superior consistency with which he has adhered to his aim,—that of amusing his readers by fantastic absurdities, as void of vulgarity or cynicism as they are incapable of being made to harbor any symbolical meaning. He "never deviates into sense;" but those who appreciate him never feel the need of such deviation. He has a genius for coining absurd names and words, which, even when they are suggested by the exigencies of his metre, have a ludicrous appropriateness to the matter in hand. His

verse is, with the exception of a certain number of cockney rhymes, wonderfully flowing and even melodious—or, as he would say, *meloobious*—while to all these qualifications for his task must finally be added the happy gift of pictorial expression, enabling him to double, nay, often to quadruple, the laughable effect of his text by an inexhaustible profusion of the quaintest designs. Generally speaking, these designs are, as it were, an idealization of the efforts of a clever child; but now and then—as in the case of the nonsense-botany—Mr. Lear reminds us what a genuine and graceful artist he really is. The advantage to a humorist of being able to illustrate his own text has been shown in the case of Thackeray and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, to mention two familiar examples; but in no other instance of such a combination have we discovered such geniality as is to be found in the nonsense-pictures of Mr. Lear. We have spoken above of the melodiousness of Mr. Lear's verses, a quality which renders them excellently suitable for musical setting, and which has not escaped the notice of the author himself. We have also heard effective arrangements, presumably by other composers, of the adventures of the Table and the Chair, and of the cruise of the Owl and the Pussy-cat,—the latter introduced into the "drawing-room entertainment" of one of the followers of John Parry. Indeed, in these days of adaptations, it is to be wondered at that no enterprising librettist has attempted to build a children's comic opera out of the materials supplied in the four books with which we are now concerned. The first of these, originally published in 1846, and brought out in an enlarged form in 1863, is exclusively devoted to nonsense-verses of one type. Mr. Lear is careful to disclaim the credit of having created this type, for he tells us in the preface to his third book that "the lines beginning, 'There was an old man of Tobago,' were suggested to me by a valued friend, as a form of verse leading itself to limitless variety for Rhymes and Pictures." Dismissing the further question of the authorship of "There was an old man of Tobago," we propose to give a few specimens of Mr. Lear's Protean powers as exhibited in the variation of this simple type. Here, to begin with, is a favorite verse, which we are very glad to have an opportunity of giving, as it is often incorrectly quoted, "cocks" being substituted for "owls" in the third line:

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!'"

With the kindly fatalism which is the distinctive note of the foregoing stanza, the sentiment of our next extract is in vivid contrast:—

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

To the foregoing verse an historic interest attaches, if, that is, we are right in supposing it to have inspired Mr. Gilbert with his famous "Nonsense-Rhyme in Blank Verse." We quote from memory:—

"There was an Old Man of St. Bees,  
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.  
When they asked, 'Does it hurt?' he replied, 'No, it doesn't,  
But I thought all the while 'twas a Hornet!'"

Passing over the lines referring to the "Young Person" of Crete to whom the epithet "ombliferous" is applied, we may be pardoned—on the ground of the geographical proximity of the two countries named—for quoting together two stanzas which in reality are separated by a good many pages:—

"There was a Young Lady of Norway,  
Who casually sat in a doorway;  
When the doors queezed her flat, she exclaimed, 'What of that?'  
This courageous young person of Norway."

"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."

A noticeable feature about this first book, and one which we think is peculiar to it, is the harsh treatment which the eccentricities of the inhabitants of certain towns appear to have met with at the hands of their fellow-residents. No less than three people are "smashed,"—the Old Man of Whitehaven "who danced a quadrille with a Raven;" the Old Person of Buda; and the Old Man with a gong "who bumped at it all the day long," though in the last-named case we admit that there was considerable provocation. Before quitting the first "Nonsense-Book," we would point out that it contains one or two forms that are interesting; for instance, "scroobious," which we take to be a Portmanteau word, and "spickle-speckled," a favorite form of reduplication with Mr. Lear, and of which the best specimen occurs in his last book, "He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled the bell." The second book, published in 1871, shows Mr. Lear in the maturity of sweet desipience, and will perhaps remain the favorite volume of the four to grown-up readers. The nonsense-songs are all good, and "The Story of the Four little Children who went Round the World" is the most exquisite piece of imaginative absurdity that the present writer is acquainted with.

But before coming to that, let us quote a few lines from "The Jumblies," who, as all the world knows, went to sea in a sieve:—

"They sailed to the Western Sea, they did, To a land all covered with trees. And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart,  
And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,  
And a hive of silvery Bees. And they bought a Pig, and some green Jack-Daws,  
And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws,  
And forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,  
And no end of Stilton Cheese. *Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where the Jumblies live. Their heads are green, and their hands are blue, And they went to sea in a sieve.*

And in twenty years they all came back,  
In twenty years or more, And every one said, 'How tall they've grown!  
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore.'"

From the pedestrian excursion of the Table and the Chair, we cannot resist making a brief quotation, though in this, as in every case, the inability to quote the drawings also is a sad drawback:—

"So they both went slowly down,  
And walked about the town,  
With a cheerful bumpy sound,  
As they toddled round and round.  
And everybody cried,  
As they hastened to their side,  
'See, the Table and the Chair  
Have come out to take the air!'

"But in going down an alley  
To a castle in a valley,  
They completely lost their way,  
And wandered all the day,  
Till, to see them safely back,  
They paid a Ducky-Quack,  
And a Beetle and a Mouse,  
Who took them to their house.

"Then they whispered to each other,  
'O delightful little brother,

What a lovely walk we've taken!  
Let us dine on Beans and Bacon!  
So the Ducky and the leetle  
Browny-Mousy, and the Beetle  
Dined, and danced upon their heads,  
Till they toddled to their beds."

"The Story of the Four little Children who went Round the World" follows next, and the account of the manner in which they occupied themselves while on shipboard may be transcribed for the benefit of those unfortunate persons who have not perused the original: "During the day-time Violet chiefly occupied herself in putting salt-water into a churn, while her three brothers churned it violently in the hope it would turn into butter, which it seldom if ever did." After journeying for a time, they saw some land at a distance, "and when they came to it they found it was an island made of water quite surrounded by earth. Besides that it was bordered by evanescent isthmuses with a great Gulf-Stream running about all over it, so that it was perfectly beautiful, and contained only a single tree, five hundred and three feet high." In a later passage, we read how "by-and-by the children came to a country where there were no houses, but only an incredibly innumerable number of large bottles without corks, and of a dazzling and sweetly susceptible blue color. Each of these blue bottles contained a bluebottlefly, and all these interesting animals live continually together in the most copious and rural harmony, nor perhaps in many parts of the world is such perfect and abject happiness to be found." Our last quotation from this inimitable recital shall be from the description of their adventure on a great plain where they espied an object which "on a nearer approach and on an accurately cutaneous inspection, seemed to be somebody in a large white wig sitting on an arm-chair made of sponge-cake and oyster-shells." This turned out to be the "Co-operative Cauliflower," who, "while the whole party from the boat was gazing at him with mingled affection and disgust ... suddenly arose, and in a somewhat plundomphious manner hurried off towards the setting sun, his steps supported by two superincumbent confidential cucumbers ... till he finally disappeared on the brink of the western sky in a crystal cloud of sudorific sand. So remarkable a sight of course impressed the four children very deeply; and they returned immediately to their boat with a strong sense of undeveloped asthma and a great appetite."

In his third book, Mr. Lear takes occasion in an entertaining preface to repudiate the charge of harboring any ulterior motive beyond that of "Nonsense pure and absolute" in any of his verses or pictures, and tells a delightful anecdote illustrative of the "persistently absurd report" that the Earl of Derby was the author of the first book of "Nonsense." In this volume he reverts once more to the familiar form adopted in his original efforts, and with little falling off. It is to be remarked that the third division is



styled "Twenty-Six Nonsense Rhymes and Pictures," although there is no more rhyme than reason in any of the set. Our favorite illustrations are those of the "Scroobious Snake who always wore a Hat on his Head, for fear he should bite anybody," and the "Visibly Vicious Vulture who wrote some Verses to a Veal-cutlet in a Volume bound in Vellum." In the fourth and last of Mr. Lear's books, we meet not only with familiar words, but personages and places,—old friends like the Jumblies, the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo, the Quangle Wangle, the hills of the Chankly Bore, and the great Gromboolian plain, as well as new creations, such as the Dong with a luminous Nose, whose story is a sort of nonsense version of the love of Nausicaa for Ulysses, only that the sexes are inverted. In these verses, graceful fancy is so subtly interwoven with nonsense as almost to beguile us into feeling a real interest in Mr. Lear's absurd creations. So again in the Pelican chorus there are some charming lines:—

"By day we fish, and at eve we stand  
On long bare islands of yellow sand.  
And when the sun sinks slowly down,  
And the great rock-walls grow dark and brown,  
When the purple river rolls fast and dim,  
And the ivory Ibis starlike skim,  
Wing to wing we dance around," etc.

The other nonsense-poems are all good, but we have no space for further quotation, and will take leave of our subject by propounding the following set of examination questions which a friend who is deeply versed in Mr. Lear's books has drawn up for us:—

1. What do you gather from a study of Mr. Lear's works to have been the prevalent characteristics of the inhabitants of Gretna, Prague, Thermopylae, Wick, and Hong Kong?
2. State briefly what historical events are connected with Ischia, Chertsey, Whitehaven, Boulak, and Jellibolee.
3. Comment, with illustrations, upon Mr. Lear's use of the following words: Runcible, propitious, dolomphious, borascible, fizzgiggious, himmeltanious, tumble-dum-down, spongetaneous.
4. Enumerate accurately all the animals who lived on the Quangle Wangle's Hat, and explain how the Quangle Wangle was enabled at once to enlighten his five travelling companions as to the true nature of the Co-operative Cauliflower.

5. What were the names of the five daughters of the Old Person of China, and what was the purpose for which the Old Man of the Dargle purchased six barrels of Gargle?

6. Collect notices of King Xerxes in Mr. Lear's works, and state your theory, if you have any, as to the character and appearance of Nupiter Piffkin.

7. Draw pictures of the Plum-pudding flea, and the Moppsikon Floppsikon Bear, and state by whom waterproof tubs were first used.

8. "There was an old man at a station  
Who made a promiscuous oration."

What bearing may we assume the foregoing couplet to have upon Mr. Lear's political views?—*The London Spectator*.

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# A Book of Nonsense

## by Edward Lear.

*With All the Original Pictures and Verses.*



There was an Old Derry down Derry, who loved to see little folks merry;  
So he made them a Book, and with laughter they shook At the fun of that Derry

1894

Originally published 1846

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## 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,

EDWARD LEAR.

London, 1862.

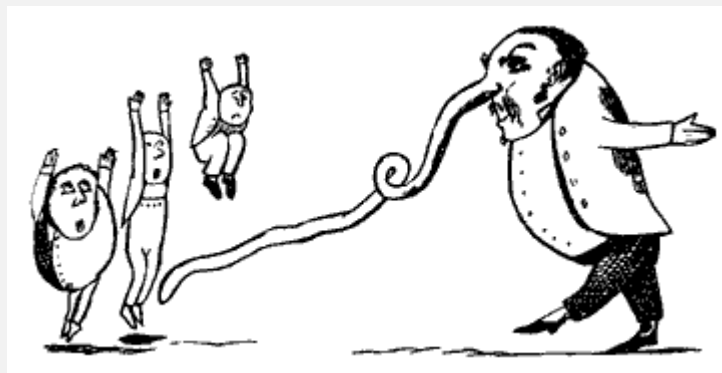
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## NONSENSE RHYMES AND PICTURES

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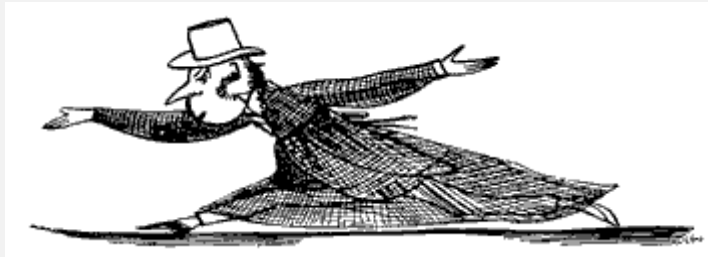
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There was an Old Man with a nose,  
Who said, "If you choose to suppose  
That my nose is too long, you are certainly wrong!"  
That remarkable Man with a nose.



There was a Young Person of Smyrna,  
Whose Grandmother 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 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.

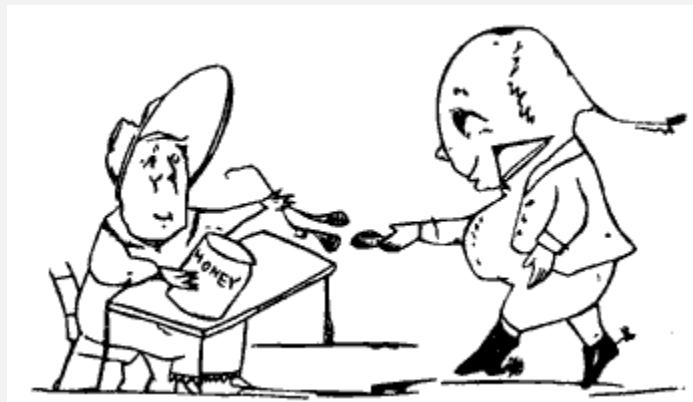


There was an Old Person of Chili,  
Whose conduct was painful and silly;

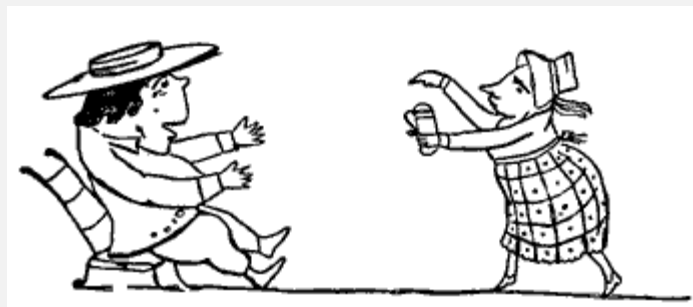
He sate on the stairs, eating apples and pears,  
That imprudent Old Person of Chili.



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 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 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.



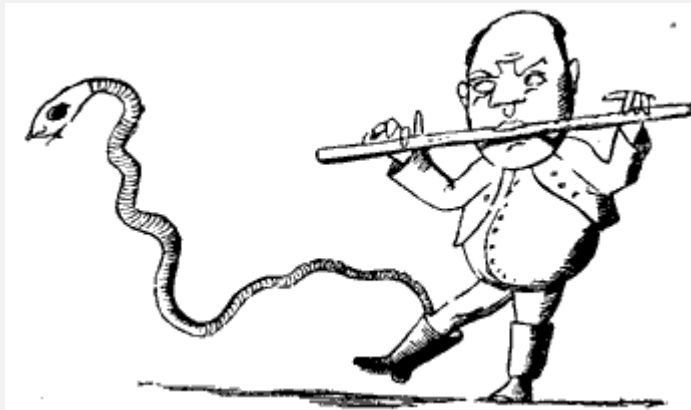
There was an Old Man in a tree,  
Who was horribly bored by a Bee;  
When they said, "Does it buzz?" he replied, "Yes, it does!  
It's a regular brute of a Bee."



There was an Old 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 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.



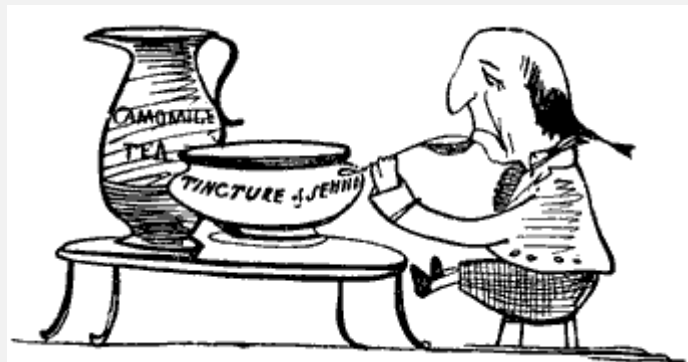
There was an Old Man with a flute,—  
A "sarpint" ran into his boot!  
But he played day and night, till the "sarpint" took flight,  
And avoided that Man with a flute.



There was a Young Lady 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 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



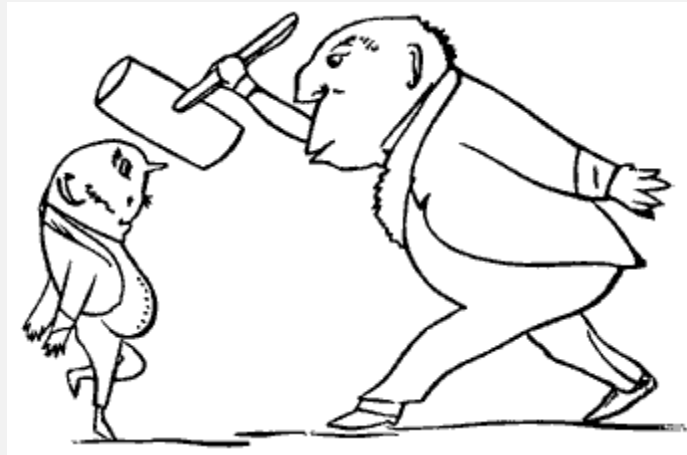
There was an Old Man of Vienna,  
Who lived upon Tincture of Senna;



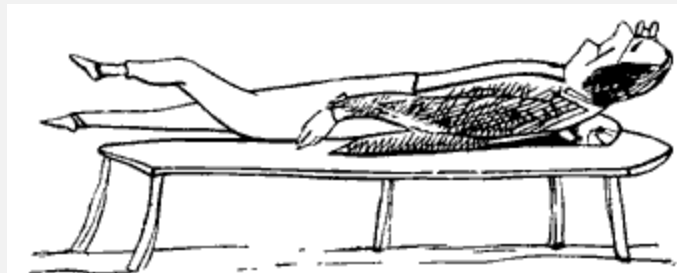
When that did not agree, he took Camomile Tea,  
That nasty Old Man of Vienna.



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



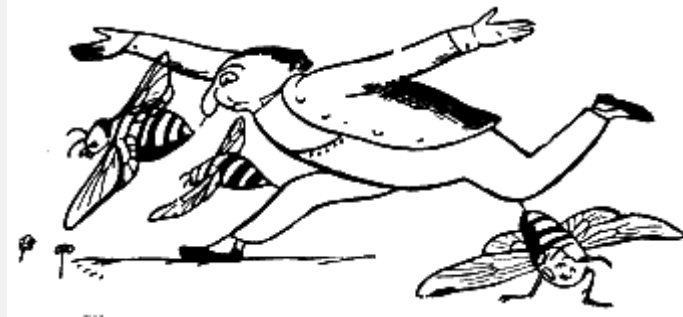
There was an Old Man of Moldavia,  
Who had the most curious behavior;  
For while he was able, he slept on a table,  
That funny Old Man of Moldavia.



There was an Old Person of Hurst,  
Who drank when he was not athirst;  
When they said, "You'll grow fatter!" he answered "What  
matter?"  
That globular Person of Hurst.



There was an Old Man of Madras,  
Who rode on a cream-colored 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 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 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 Cadiz,  
Who was always polite to all ladies;  
But in handing his daughter, he fell into the water,  
Which drowned that Old Person of Cadiz.



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

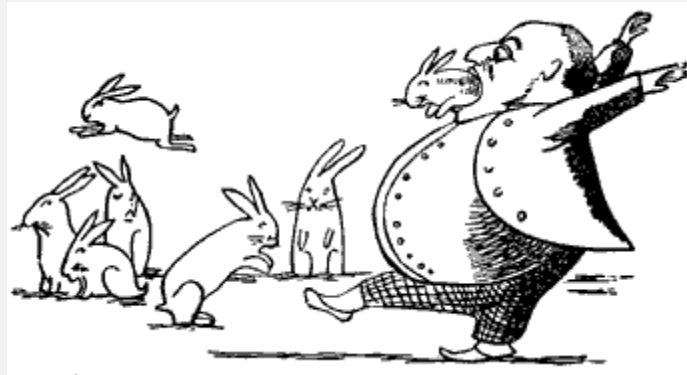


There was an Old Person of Basing,  
Whose presence of mind was amazing;  
He purchased a steed, which he rode at full speed,  
And escaped from the people of Basing.



There was an Old Man who supposed  
That the street door was partially closed;

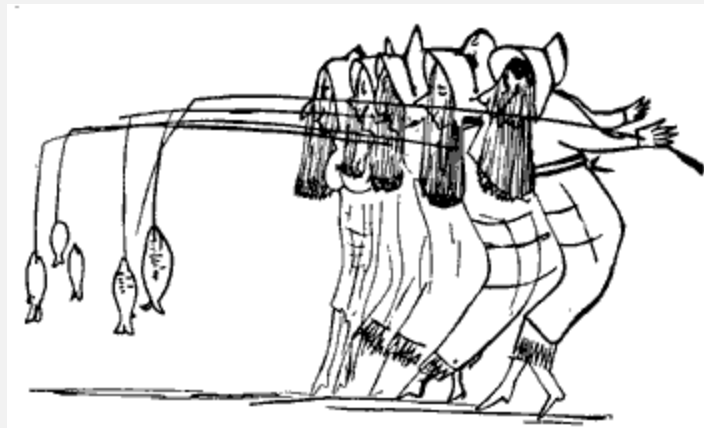
But some very large Rats ate his coats and his hats,  
While that futile Old Gentleman dozed.



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

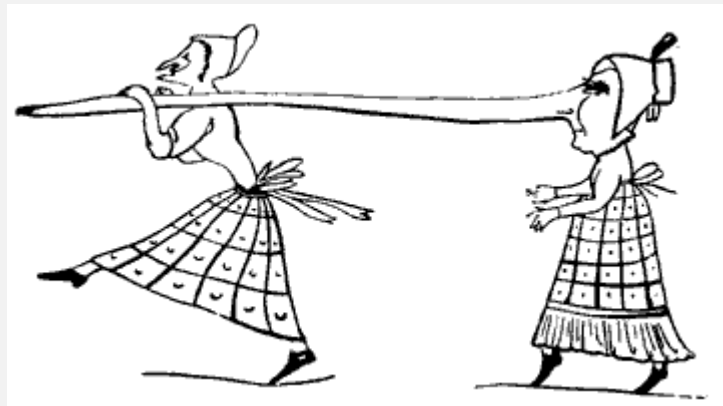


There was an Old Man of Marseilles,

Whose daughters wore bottle-green veils:  
They caught several Fish, which they put in a dish,  
And sent to their Pa at Marseilles.



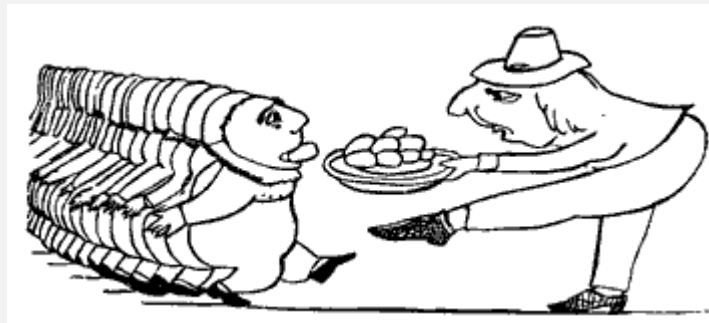
There was an Old Man of the Wrekin,  
Whose shoes made a horrible creaking;  
But they said, "Tell us whether your shoes are of leather,  
Or of what, you Old Man of the Wrekin?"



There was a Young Lady whose 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 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.

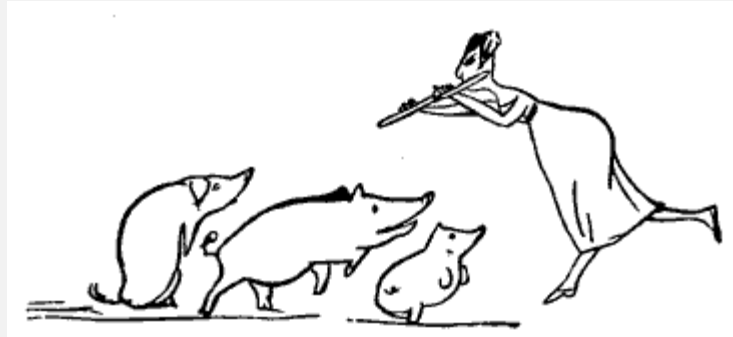


There was an Old Man of Apulia,  
Whose conduct was very peculiar;  
He fed twenty sons upon nothing but buns,  
That whimsical Man of Apulia.



There was an Old Man of Quebec,—

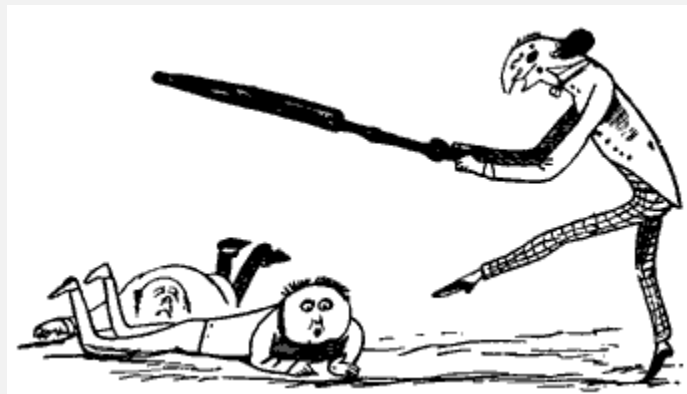
A beetle ran over his neck;  
But he cried, "With a needle I'll slay you, O beadle!"  
That angry Old Man of Quebec.



There was 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.



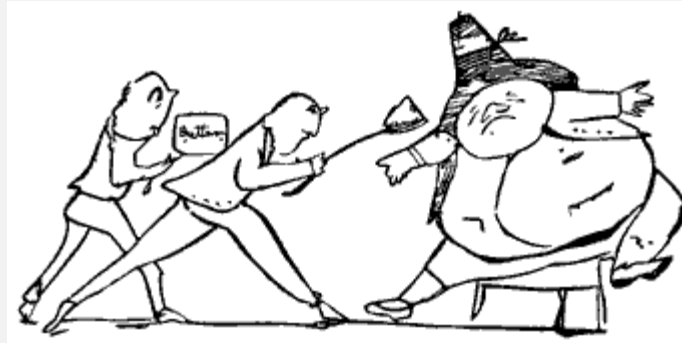
There was an Old Person of Philœ,  
Whose conduct was scroobious and wily;  
He rushed up a Palm when the weather was calm,  
And observed all the ruins of Philœ.



There was an Old Man with a poker,



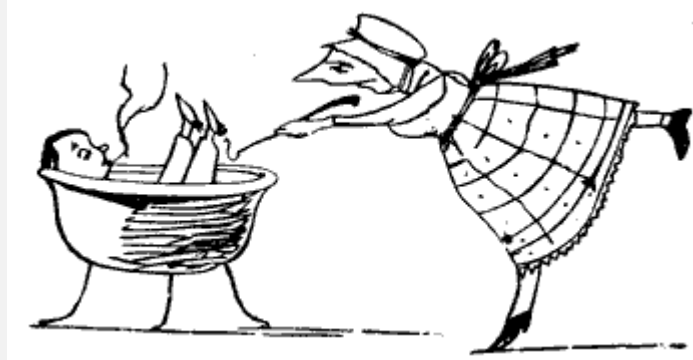
Who painted his face with red ochre.  
When they said, "You 're a Guy!" he made no reply,  
But knocked them all down with his poker.



There was 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 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 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.

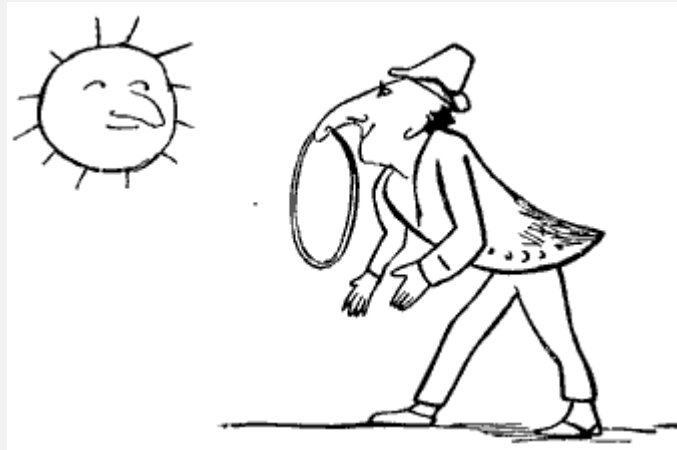


There was an Old Person of Troy,  
Whose drink was warm brandy and soy,  
Which he took with a spoon, by the light of the moon,  
In sight of the city of Troy.



There was an Old Person of Mold,  
Who shrank from sensations of cold;

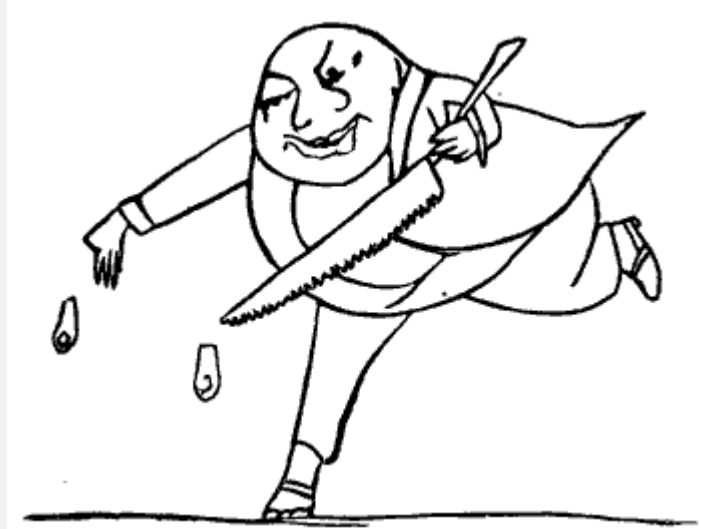
So he purchased some muffs, some furs, and some fluffs,  
And wrapped himself well from the cold.



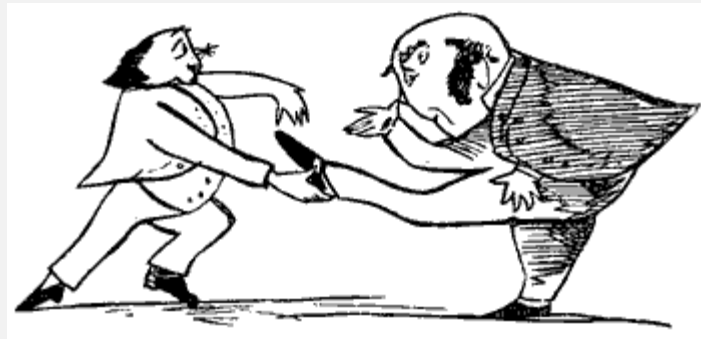
There was an Old Person of Tring,  
Who embellished his nose with a ring;  
He gazed at the moon every evening in June,  
That ecstatic Old Person of Tring.



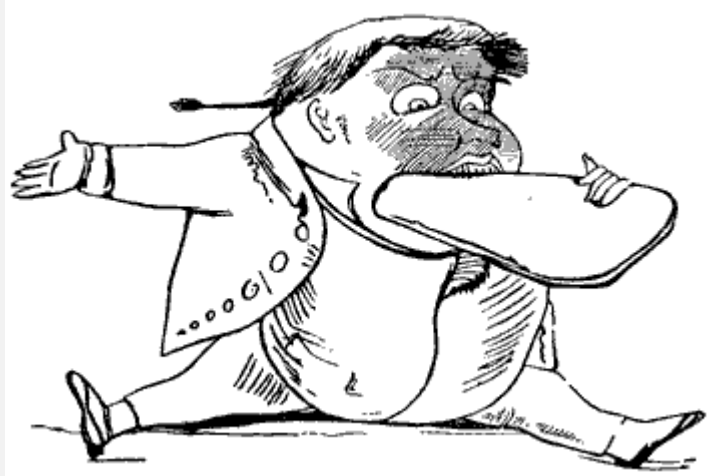
There was an Old Man of Nepaul,  
From his horse had a terrible fall;  
But, though split quite in two, with some very strong glue  
They mended that man of Nepaul.



There was an Old Man of 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 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 Calcutta,  
Who perpetually ate bread and butter;  
Till a great bit of muffin, on which he was stuffing,  
Choked that horrid Old Man of Calcutta.



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.

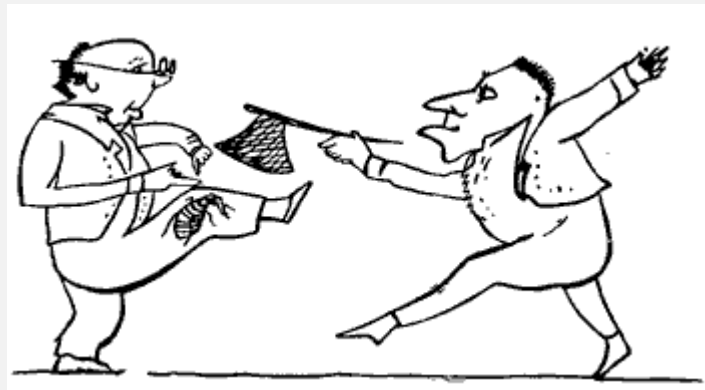


There was an Old Man of the South,

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 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 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 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 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 of Bohemia,  
Whose daughter 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 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 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 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 Lady whose folly  
Induced her to sit in a holly;  
Whereon, by a thorn her dress being torn,  
She quickly became melancholy.

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# Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets. By Edward Lear.



With One Hundred and Fifty Illustrations.



1894 Cover

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1894

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## NONSENSE SONGS.

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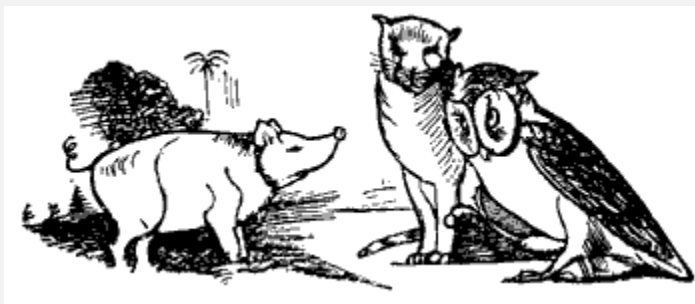
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

## 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.

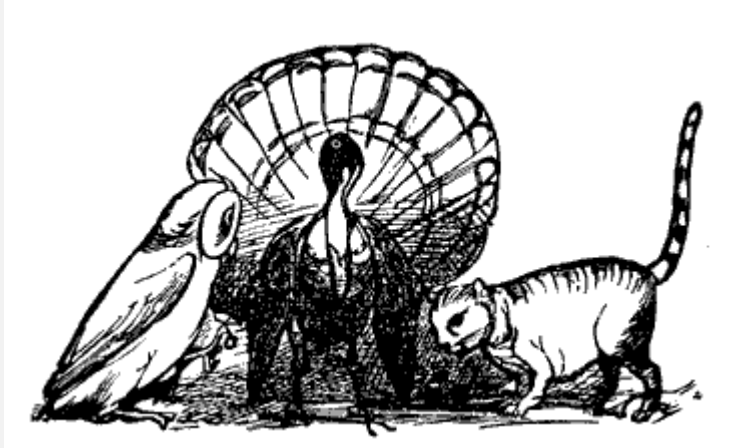
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,  
 How charmingly sweet you sing! Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:  
 But what shall we do for a ring?" They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
 To the land where the bong-tree grows; And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,  
 With a ring at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



THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

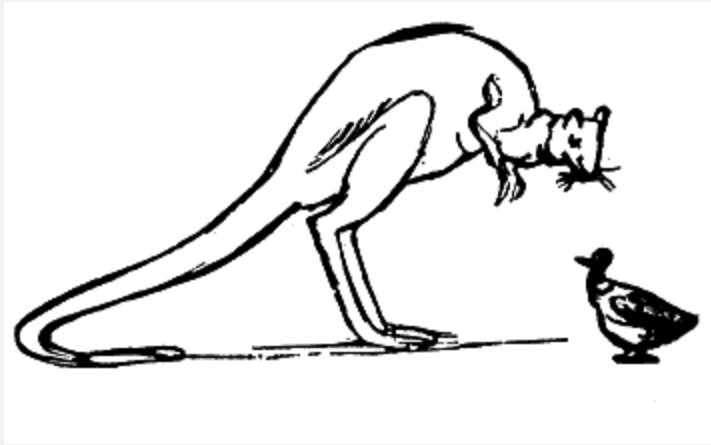
## I.

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,  
"Good gracious! how you hop Over the fields, and the water too,  
As if you never would stop! My life is a bore in this nasty pond;

And I long to go out in the world beyond:  
I wish I could hop like you,"Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

## II.

"Please give me a ride on your back,"  
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo:"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but 'Quack'  
The whole of the long day through;And we 'd go the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,  
Over the land, and over the sea:  
Please take me a ride! oh, do!"Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.



## III.

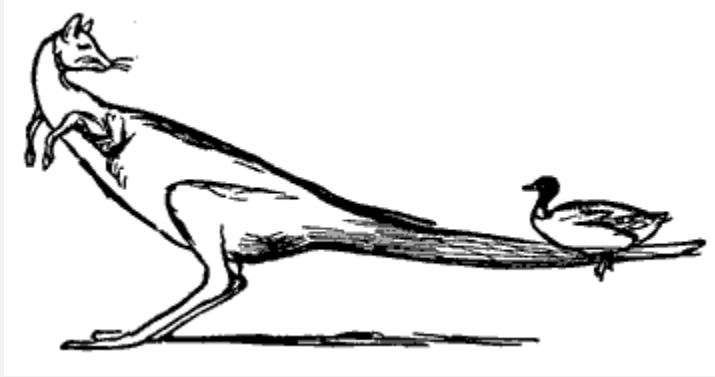
Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,  
"This requires some little reflection.Perhaps, on the whole, it might bring me luck;  
And there seems but one objection;Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,  
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,  
And would probably give me the roo-Matiz," said the Kangaroo.

## IV.

Said the Duck, "As I sate on the rocks,  
I have thought over that completely;And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,  
Which fit my web-feet neatly;And, to keep out the cold, I've bought a cloak;  
And every day a cigar I'll smoke;  
All to follow my own dear trueLove of a Kangaroo."

## V.

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready,  
All in the moonlight pale; But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,  
And quite at the end of my tail."



So away they went with a hop and a bound;  
And they hopped the whole world three times round.  
And who so happy, oh! who, As the Duck and the Kangaroo?



## THE DADDY LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

### I.

Once Mr. Daddy Long-legs,  
Dressed in brown and gray, Walked about upon the sands  
Upon a summer's day: And there among the pebbles,  
When the wind was rather cold, He met with Mr. Floppy Fly,  
All dressed in blue and gold; And, as it was too soon to dine,  
They drank some periwinkle-wine,  
And played an hour or two, or more,  
At battlecock and shuttledore.

### II.

Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs  
To Mr. Floppy Fly, "Why do you never come to court?  
I wish you 'd tell me why. All gold and shine, in dress so fine,  
You'd quite delight the court. Why do you never go at all?  
I really think you *ought*. And, if you went, you'd see such sights!  
Such rugs and jugs and candle-lights!  
And, more than all, the king and queen,—  
One in red, and one in green."

### III.

"O Mr. Daddy Long-legs!"  
Said Mr. Floppy Fly, "It's true I never go to court;  
And I will tell you why. If I had six long legs like yours,  
At once I'd go to court; But, oh! I can't, because *my* legs  
Are so extremely short. And I'm afraid the king and queen  
(One in red, and one in green)  
Would say aloud, 'You are not fit,  
You Fly, to come to court a bit!'"

### IV.

"Oh, Mr. Daddy Long-legs!"  
Said Mr. Floppy Fly, "I wish you 'd sing one little song,  
One mumbian melody. You used to sing so awful well



In former days gone by;But now you never sing at all:  
I wish you'd tell me why:For, if you would, the silvery sound  
Would please the shrimps and cockles round,  
And all the crabs would gladly come  
To hear you sing, 'Ah, Hum di Hum!'"

## V.

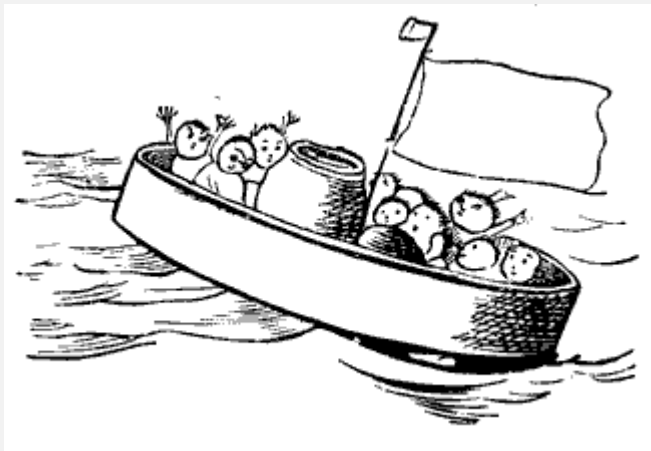
Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs,  
"I can never sing again;And, if you wish, I'll tell you why,  
Although it gives me pain.For years I cannot hum a bit,  
Or sing the smallest song;And this the dreadful reason is,—  
My legs are grown too long!My six long legs, all here and there,  
Oppress my bosom with despair;  
And, if I stand or lie or sit,  
I cannot sing one single bit!"

## VI.

So Mr. Daddy Long-legs  
And Mr. Floppy FlySat down in silence by the sea,  
And gazed upon the sky.They said, "This is a dreadful thing!  
The world has all gone wrong,Since one has legs too short by half,  
The other much too long.One never more can go to court,  
Because his legs have grown too short;  
The other cannot sing a song,  
Because his legs have grown too long!"

## VII.

Then Mr. Daddy Long-legs  
And Mr. Floppy FlyRushed downward to the foamy sea  
With one sponge-taneous cry:And there they found a little boat,  
Whose sails were pink and gray;And off they sailed among the waves,  
Far and far away:They sailed across the silent main,  
And reached the great Gromboolian Plain;  
And there they play forevermore  
At battlecock and shuttledore.



THE JUMBLIES.

## I.

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;  
In a sieve they went to sea: In spite of all their friends could say,  
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,  
In a sieve they went to sea. And when the sieve turned round and round,  
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"  
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;  
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:  
In a sieve we'll go to sea!" Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where the Jumbles  
live: Their heads are green, and their hands are blue And they went to sea in a sieve.

## II.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,  
In a sieve they sailed so fast, With only a beautiful pea-green veil

Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,  
To a small tobacco-pipe mast. And every one said who saw them go,  
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?  
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;  
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong  
In a sieve to sail so fast." Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where the Jumblies  
live: Their heads are green, and their hands are blue; And they went to sea in a sieve.

### III.

The water it soon came in, it did;  
The water it soon came in: So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet  
In a pinky paper all folded neat;  
And they fastened it down with a pin. And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;  
And each of them said, "How wise we are!  
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,  
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,  
While round in our sieve we spin." Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where the  
Jumblies live: Their heads are green, and their hands are blue; And they went to sea in  
a sieve.

### IV.

And all night long they sailed away;  
And when the sun went down, They whistled and warbled a moony song  
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,  
In the shade of the mountains brown. "O Timballoo! How happy we are  
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!  
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,  
We sail away with a pea-green sail  
In the shade of the mountains brown." Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where  
the Jumblies live: Their heads are green, and their hands are blue; And they went to sea  
in a sieve.

### V.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—  
To a land all covered with trees: And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,  
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,  
And a hive of silvery bees; And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,  
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,  
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,

And no end of Stilton cheese. Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where the  
Jumblies live: Their heads are green, and their hands are blue; And they went to sea in  
a sieve.

## VI.

And in twenty years they all came back,—  
In twenty years or more; And every one said, "How tall they've grown!  
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore." And they drank their health, and gave them a feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;  
And every one said, "If we only live,  
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,  
To the hills of the Chankly Bore." Far and few, far and few, Are the lands where the  
Jumblies live: Their heads are green, and their hands are blue; And they went to sea in  
a sieve.



THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS.

## I.

The Nutcrackers sate by a plate on the table;  
The Sugar-tongs sate by a plate at his side; And the Nutcrackers said, "Don't you wish  
we were able  
Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride? Must we drag on this stupid existence  
forever,  
So idle and weary, so full of remorse, While every one else takes his pleasure, and  
never  
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse?"

## II.

"Don't you think we could ride without being instructed,  
Without any saddle or bridle or spur? Our legs are so long, and so aptly constructed,  
I'm sure that an accident could not occur. Let us all of a sudden hop down from the  
table,  
And hustle downstairs, and each jump on a horse! Shall we try? Shall we go? Do you  
think we are able?"  
The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, "Of course!"

### **III.**

So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute;  
The Sugar-tongs snapped, and the Crackers said "Crack!" The stable was open; the  
horses were in it:  
Each took out a pony, and jumped on his back. The Cat in a fright scrambled out of the  
doorway;  
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay; The brown and white Rats, and the black  
ones from Norway,  
Screamed out, "They are taking the horses away!"

### **IV.**

The whole of the household was filled with amazement:  
The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about; The Plates and the Dishes looked out  
of the casement;  
The Salt-cellar stood on his head with a shout; The Spoons, with a clatter, looked out  
of the lattice;  
The Mustard-pot climbed up the gooseberry-pies; The Soup-ladle peeped through a  
heap of veal-patties,  
And squeaked with a ladle-like scream of surprise.

### **V.**

The Frying-pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"  
The Tea-kettle hissed, and grew black in the face; And they all rushed downstairs in  
the wildest confusion  
To see the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race. And out of the stable, with screamings  
and laughter  
(Their ponies were cream-colored, speckled with brown), The Nutcrackers first, and  
the Sugar-tongs after;  
Rode all round the yard, and then all round the town.

### **VI.**

They rode through the street, and they rode by the station;  
They galloped away to the beautiful shore; In silence they rode, and "made no  
observation,"  
Save this: "We will never go back any more!" And still you might hear, till they rode  
out of hearing,  
The Sugar-tongs snap, and the Crackers say "Crack!" Till, far in the distance their  
forms disappearing,  
They faded away; and they never came back!

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CALICO PIE.

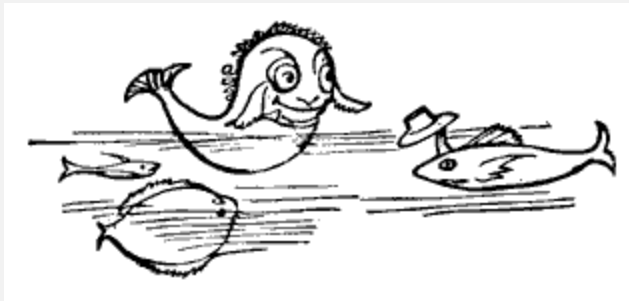


I.

Calico pie, The little birds fly  
Down to the calico-tree: Their wings were blue,  
And they sang "Tilly-loo!"  
Till away they flew;  
And they never came back to me! They never came back, They never came back, They  
never came back to me!

II.

Calico jam, The little Fish swam Over the Syllabub Sea.  
He took off his hat To the Sole and the Sprat, And the Willeby-wat:



But he never came back to me;  
He never came back, He never came back, He never came back to me.

### III.

Calico ban, The little Mice ran To be ready in time for tea;  
Flippity flup, They drank it all up, And danced in the cup: But they never came back to me;  
They never came back, They never came back, They never came back to me



### IV.

Calico drum, The Grasshoppers come, The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,  
Over the ground, Around and round, With a hop and a bound;



But they never came back,  
They never came back, They never came back. They never came back to me.



MR. AND MRS. SPIKKY SPARROW.

### I.

On a little piece of wood  
Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood:  
Mrs. Sparrow sate close by,  
A-making of an insect-pie  
For her little children five,  
In the nest and all alive;  
Singing with a cheerful smile,  
To amuse them all the while,  
"Twikky wikky wikky wee,Wikky bikky twikky tee,Spikky bikky bee!"

### II.

Mrs. Spikky Sparrow said,  
"Spikky, darling! in my head  
Many thoughts of trouble come,  
Like to flies upon a plum.  
All last night, among the trees,  
I heard you cough, I heard you sneeze;  
And thought I, 'It's come to that  
Because he does not wear a hat!'  
Chippy wippy sikky tee,Bikky wikky tikky mee,Spikky chippy wee!

### III.

"Not that you are growing old;  
But the nights are growing cold.  
No one stays out all night long  
Without a hat: I'm sure it's wrong!"



Mr. Spikky said, "How kind,  
Dear, you are, to speak your mind!  
All your life I wish you luck!  
You are, you are, a lovely duck!  
Witchy witchy witchy wee, Twitchy witchy witchy bee, Tikky tikky tee!

#### IV.

"I was also sad, and thinking,  
When one day I saw you winking,  
And I heard you snuffle-snuffle,  
And I saw your feathers ruffle:  
To myself I sadly said,  
'She's neuralgia in her head!  
That dear head has nothing on it!  
Ought she not to wear a bonnet?'  
Witchy kitchy kitchy wee, Spikky wikky mikky bee, Chippy wippy chee!

#### V.

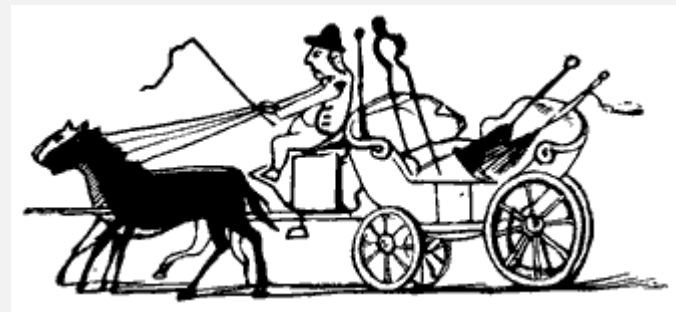
"Let us both fly up to town:  
There I'll buy you such a gown!  
Which, completely in the fashion,  
You shall tie a sky-blue sash on;  
And a pair of slippers neat  
To fit your darling little feet,  
So that you will look and feel  
Quite galloobious and genteel.  
Jikky wikky bikky see, Chicky bikky wikky bee, Twicky witchy wee!"

#### VI.

So they both to London went,  
Alighting on the Monument;  
Whence they flew down swiftly—pop!  
Into Moses' wholesale shop:  
There they bought a hat and bonnet,  
And a gown with spots upon it,  
A satin sash of Cloxam blue,  
And a pair of slippers too.  
Zikky wikky mikky bee, Witchy witchy mitchy kee, Sikky tikky wee!

## VII.

Then, when so completely dressed,  
Back they flew, and reached their nest.  
Their children cried, "O ma and pa!  
How truly beautiful you are!"  
Said they, "We trust that cold or pain  
We shall never feel again;  
While, perched on tree or house or steeple,  
We now shall look like other people.  
Witchy witchy witchy wee, Twicky mikky bicky bee, Zikky sikky tee!"



THE BROOM, THE SHOVEL, THE POKER, AND THE TONGS.

## I.

The Broom and the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs,  
They all took a drive in the Park; And they each sang a song, ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!  
Before they went back in the dark. Mr. Poker he sate quite upright in the coach;  
Mr. Tongs made a clatter and clash; Miss Shovel was dressed all in black (with a brooch);

Mrs. Broom was in blue (with a sash).Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!And they all sang a song.

## II.

"O Shovel so lovely!" the Poker he sang,  
"You have perfectly conquered my heart.Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong! If you're pleased with my song,  
I will feed you with cold apple-tart.When you scrape up the coals with a delicate sound,  
You enrapture my life with delight,Your nose is so shiny, your head is so round,  
And your shape is so slender and bright!Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!Ain't you pleased with my song?"

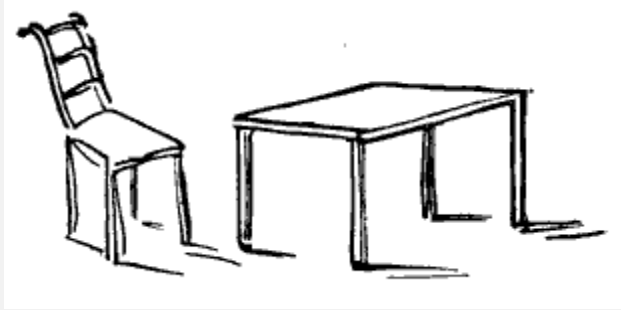
## III.

"Alas! Mrs. Broom," sighed the Tongs in his song,  
"Oh! is it because I'm so thin,And my legs are so long,—ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!—  
That you don't care about me a pin?Ah! fairest of creatures, when sweeping the room,  
Ah! why don't you heed my complaint?Must you needs be so cruel, you beautiful Broom,  
Because you are covered with paint?Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!You are certainly wrong."

## IV.

Mrs. Broom and Miss Shovel together they sang,  
"What nonsense you're singing to-day!"Said the Shovel, "I'll certainly hit you a bang!"  
Said the Broom, "And I'll sweep you away!"So the coachman drove homeward as fast as he could,  
Perceiving their anger with pain;But they put on the kettle, and little by little  
They all became happy again.Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!There's an end of my song.





THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR.

### I.

Said the Table to the Chair,  
"You can hardly be aware  
How I suffer from the heat  
And from chilblains on my feet.  
If we took a little walk,  
We might have a little talk;  
Pray let us take the air,"  
Said the Table to the Chair.

### II.

Said the Chair unto the Table,  
"Now, you *know* we are not able:  
How foolishly you talk,  
When you know we *cannot* walk!"  
Said the Table with a sigh,  
"It can do no harm to try.  
I've as many legs as you:  
Why can't we walk on two?"

### III.

So they both went slowly down,  
And walked about the town  
With a cheerful bumpy sound  
As they toddled round and round;

And everybody cried,  
As they hastened to their side,  
"See! the Table and the Chair  
Have come out to take the air!"

#### IV.

But in going down an alley,  
To a castle in a valley,  
They completely lost their way,  
And wandered all the day;  
Till, to see them safely back,  
They paid a Ducky-quack,  
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,  
Who took them to their house.



#### V.

Then they whispered to each other,  
"O delightful little brother,  
What a lovely walk we've taken!  
Let us dine on beans and bacon."  
So the Ducky and the leetle  
Brownny-Mousy and the Beetle  
Dined, and danced upon their heads  
Till they toddled to their beds.



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## NONSENSE STORIES.

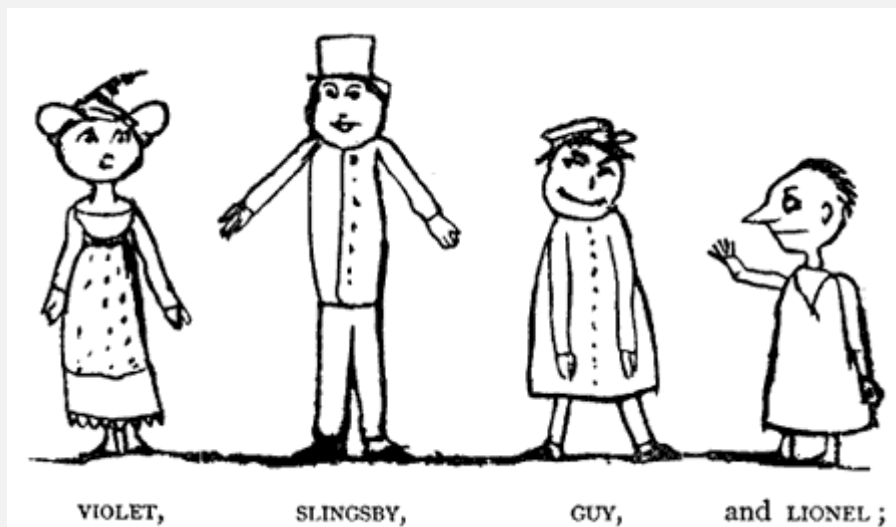
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[The Story of the Four Little Children who Went Round the World](#) [The History of the Seven Families of the Lake Pipple-Popple](#)

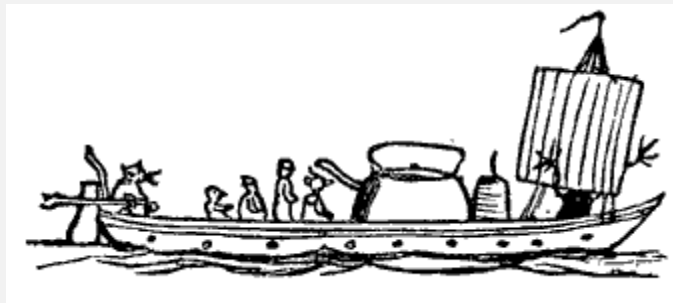
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THE STORY OF THE FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN WHO WENT ROUND THE WORLD.

Once upon a time, a long while ago, there were four little people whose names were



and they all thought they should like to see the world. So they bought a large boat to sail quite round the world by sea, and then they were to come back on the other side by land. The boat was painted blue with green spots, and the sail was yellow with red stripes: and, when they set off, they only took a small Cat to steer and look after the boat, besides an elderly Quangle-Wangle, who had to cook the dinner and make the tea; for which purposes they took a large kettle.



For the first ten days they sailed on beautifully, and found plenty to eat, as there were lots of fish; and they had only to take them out of the sea with a long spoon, when the

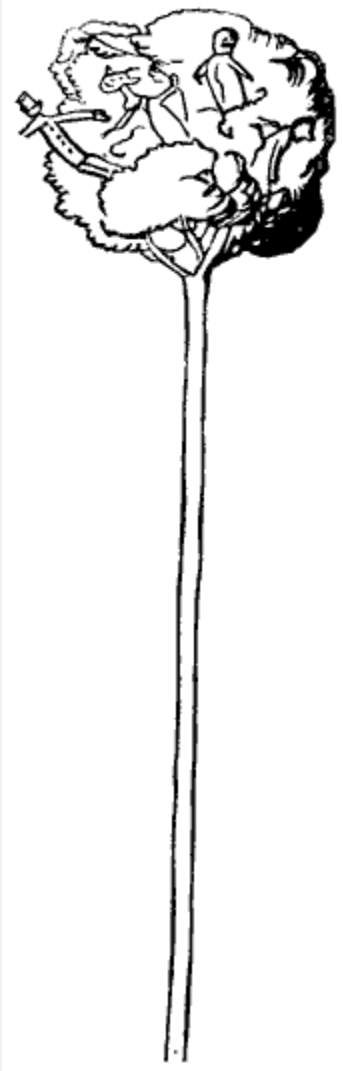
Quangle-Wangle instantly cooked them; and the Pussy-Cat was fed with the bones, with which she expressed herself pleased, on the whole: so that all the party were very happy.



During the daytime, Violet chiefly occupied herself in putting salt water into a churn; while her three brothers churned it violently, in the hope that it would turn into butter, which it seldom if ever did; and in the evening they all retired into the tea-kettle, where they all managed to sleep very comfortably, while Pussy and the Quangle-Wangle managed the boat.

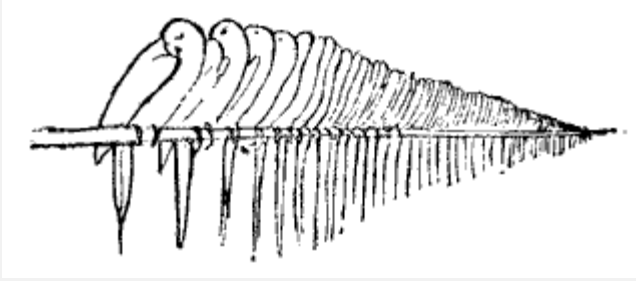


After a time, they saw some land at a distance; and, when they came to it, they found it was an island made of water quite surrounded by earth. Besides that, it was bordered by evanescent isthmuses, with a great gulf-stream running about all over it; so that it was perfectly beautiful, and contained only a single tree, 503 feet high.



When they had landed, they walked about, but found, to their great surprise, that the island was quite full of veal-cutlets and chocolate-drops, and nothing else. So they all climbed up the single high tree to discover, if possible, if there were any people; but having remained on the top of the tree for a week, and not seeing anybody, they naturally concluded that there were no inhabitants; and accordingly, when they came down, they loaded the boat with two thousand veal-cutlets and a million of chocolate-drops; and these afforded them sustenance for more than a month, during which time they pursued their voyage with the utmost delight and apathy.





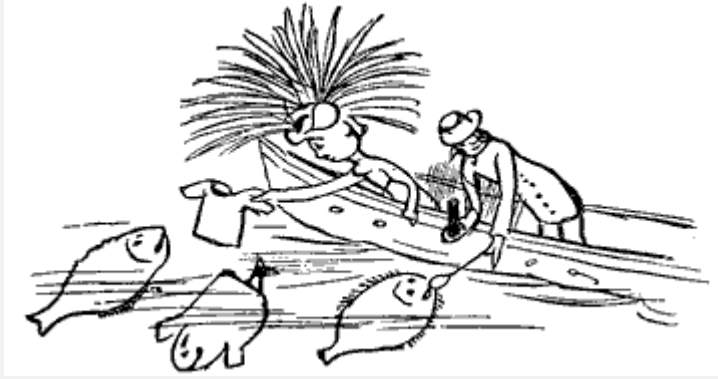
After this they came to a shore where there were no less than sixty-five great red parrots with blue tails, sitting on a rail all of a row, and all fast asleep. And I am sorry to say that the Pussy-Cat and the Quangle-Wangle crept softly, and bit off the tail-feathers of all the sixty-five parrots; for which Violet reproved them both severely.

Notwithstanding which, she proceeded to insert all the feathers—two hundred and sixty in number—in her bonnet; thereby causing it to have a lovely and glittering appearance, highly prepossessing and efficacious.



The next thing that happened to them was in a narrow part of the sea, which was so entirely full of fishes that the boat could go on no farther: so they remained there about six weeks, till they had eaten nearly all the fishes, which were soles, and all ready-cooked, and covered with shrimp-sauce, so that there was no trouble whatever.

And as the few fishes who remained uneaten complained of the cold, as well as of the difficulty they had in getting any sleep on account of the extreme noise made by the arctic bears and the tropical turnspits, which frequented the neighborhood in great numbers, Violet most amiably knitted a small woollen frock for several of the fishes, and Slingsby administered some opium-drops to them; through which kindness they became quite warm, and slept soundly.



Then they came to a country which was wholly covered with immense orange-trees of a vast size, and quite full of fruit. So they all landed, taking with them the tea-kettle, intending to gather some of the oranges, and place them in it. But, while they were busy about this, a most dreadfully high wind rose, and blew out most of the parrot-tail feathers from Violet's bonnet. That, however, was nothing compared with the calamity of the oranges falling down on their heads by millions and millions, which thumped and bumped and bumped and thumped them all so seriously, that they were obliged to run as hard as they could for their lives; besides that the sound of the oranges rattling on the tea-kettle was of the most fearful and amazing nature.



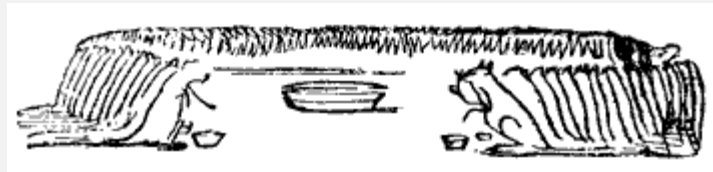
Nevertheless, they got safely to the boat, although considerably vexed and hurt; and the Quangle-Wangle's right foot was so knocked about, that he had to sit with his head in his slipper for at least a week.



This event made them all for a time rather melancholy: and perhaps they might never have become less so, had not Lionel, with a most praiseworthy devotion and perseverance, continued to stand on one leg, and whistle to them in a loud and lively manner; which diverted the whole party so extremely that they gradually recovered their spirits, and agreed that whenever they should reach home, they would subscribe towards a testimonial to Lionel, entirely made of gingerbread and raspberries, as an earnest token of their sincere and grateful infection.



After sailing on calmly for several more days, they came to another country, where they were much pleased and surprised to see a countless multitude of white Mice with red eyes, all sitting in a great circle, slowly eating custard-pudding with the most satisfactory and polite demeanor.



And as the four travellers were rather hungry, being tired of eating nothing but soles and oranges for so long a period, they held a council as to the propriety of asking the Mice for some of their pudding in a humble and affecting manner, by which they could hardly be otherwise than gratified. It was agreed, therefore, that Guy should go and ask the Mice, which he immediately did; and the result was, that they gave a walnut-shell only half full of custard diluted with water. Now, this displeased Guy, who said, "Out of such a lot of pudding as you have got, I must say, you might have spared a somewhat larger quantity." But no sooner had he finished speaking than the Mice turned round at once, and sneezed at him in an appalling and vindictive manner (and it is impossible to imagine a more scroobious and unpleasant sound than that caused by the simultaneous sneezing of many millions of angry Mice); so that Guy rushed back to the boat, having first shied his cap into the middle of the custard-pudding, by which means he completely spoiled the Mice's dinner.



By and by the four children came to a country where there were no houses, but only an incredibly innumerable number of large bottles without corks, and of a dazzling and sweetly susceptible blue color. Each of these blue bottles contained a Blue-Bottle-Fly; and all these interesting animals live continually together in the most copious and rural harmony: nor perhaps in many parts of the world is such perfect and abject happiness to be found. Violet and Slingsby and Guy and Lionel were greatly struck with this singular and instructive settlement; and, having previously asked permission of the Blue-Bottle-Flies (which was most courteously granted), the boat was drawn up to the shore, and they proceeded to make tea in front of the bottles: but as they had no tea-leaves, they merely placed some pebbles in the hot water; and the Quangle-Wangle played some tunes over it on an accordion, by which, of course, tea was made directly, and of the very best quality.



The four children then entered into conversation with the Blue-Bottle-Flies, who discoursed in a placid and genteel manner, though with a slightly buzzing accent, chiefly owing to the fact that they each held a small clothes-brush between their teeth, which naturally occasioned a fizzy, extraneous utterance.

"Why," said Violet, "would you kindly inform us, do you reside in bottles; and, if in bottles at all, why not, rather, in green or purple, or, indeed, in yellow bottles?"

To which questions a very aged Blue-Bottle-Fly answered, "We found the bottles here all ready to live in; that is to say, our great-great-great-great-great-grandfathers did: so we occupied them at once. And, when the winter comes on, we turn the bottles upside down, and consequently rarely feel the cold at all; and you know very well that this could not be the case with bottles of any other color than blue."

"Of course it could not," said Slingsby. "But, if we may take the liberty of inquiring, on what do you chiefly subsist?"

"Mainly on oyster-patties," said the Blue-Bottle-Fly; "and, when these are scarce, on raspberry vinegar and Russian leather boiled down to a jelly."

"How delicious!" said Guy.

To which Lionel added, "Huzz!" And all the Blue-Bottle-Flies said, "Buzz!"

At this time, an elderly Fly said it was the hour for the evening-song to be sung; and, on a signal being given, all the Blue-Bottle-Flies began to buzz at once in a sumptuous and sonorous manner, the melodious and mucilaginous sounds echoing all over the waters, and resounding across the tumultuous tops of the transitory titmice upon the intervening and verdant mountains with a serene and sickly suavity only known to the truly virtuous. The Moon was shining slobaciously from the star-bespangled sky, while her light irrigated the smooth and shiny sides and wings and backs of the Blue-Bottle-Flies with a peculiar and trivial splendor, while all Nature cheerfully responded to the cerulean and conspicuous circumstances.

In many long-after years, the four little travellers looked back to that evening as one of the happiest in all their lives; and it was already past midnight when—the sail of the boat having been set up by the Quangle-Wangle, the tea-kettle and churn placed in their respective positions, and the Pussy-Cat stationed at the helm—the children each took a last and affectionate farewell of the Blue-Bottle-Flies, who walked down in a body to the water's edge to see the travellers embark.



As a token of parting respect and esteem, Violet made a courtesy quite down to the ground, and stuck one of her few remaining parrot-tail feathers into the back hair of the most pleasing of the Blue-Bottle-Flies; while Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel offered them three small boxes, containing, respectively, black pins, dried figs, and Epsom salts; and thus they left that happy shore forever.

Overcome by their feelings, the four little travellers instantly jumped into the tea-kettle, and fell fast asleep. But all along the shore, for many hours, there was distinctly heard a sound of severely-suppressed sobs, and of a vague multitude of living creatures using their pocket-handkerchiefs in a subdued simultaneous snuffle, lingering sadly along the walloping waves as the boat sailed farther and farther away from the Land of the Happy Blue-Bottle-Flies.

Nothing particular occurred for some days after these events, except that, as the travellers were passing a low tract of sand, they perceived an unusual and gratifying

spectacle; namely, a large number of Crabs and Crawfish—perhaps six or seven hundred—sitting by the water-side, and endeavoring to disentangle a vast heap of pale pink worsted, which they moistened at intervals with a fluid composed of lavender-water and white-wine negus.

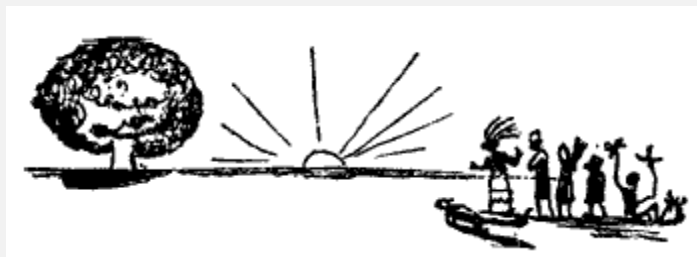
"Can we be of any service to you, O crusty Crabbies?" said the four children.

"Thank you kindly," said the Crabs consecutively. "We are trying to make some worsted mittens, but do not know how."

On which Violet, who was perfectly acquainted with the art of mitten-making, said to the Crabs, "Do your claws unscrew, or are they fixtures?"

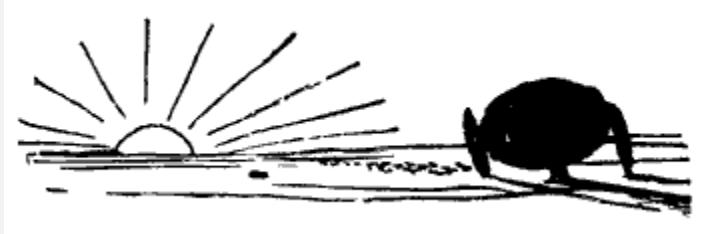
"They are all made to unscrew," said the Crabs; and forthwith they deposited a great pile of claws close to the boat, with which Violet uncombed all the pale pink worsted, and then made the loveliest mittens with it you can imagine. These the Crabs, having resumed and screwed on their claws, placed cheerfully upon their wrists, and walked away rapidly on their hind-legs, warbling songs with a silvery voice and in a minor key.

After this, the four little people sailed on again till they came to a vast and wide plain of astonishing dimensions, on which nothing whatever could be discovered at first; but, as the travellers walked onward, there appeared in the extreme and dim distance a single object, which on a nearer approach, and on an accurately cutaneous inspection, seemed to be somebody in a large white wig, sitting on an arm-chair made of sponge-cakes and oyster-shells. "It does not quite look like a human being," said Violet doubtfully; nor could they make out what it really was, till the Quangle-Wangle (who had previously been round the world) exclaimed softly in a loud voice, "It is the co-operative Cauliflower!"



And so, in truth, it was: and they soon found that what they had taken for an immense wig was in reality the top of the Cauliflower; and that he had no feet at all, being able to walk tolerably well with a fluctuating and graceful movement on a single cabbage-stalk,—an accomplishment which naturally saved him the expense of stockings and shoes.

Presently, while the whole party from the boat was gazing at him with mingled affection and disgust, he suddenly arose, and, in a somewhat plumdomphious manner, hurried off towards the setting sun,—his steps supported by two superincumbent confidential Cucumbers, and a large number of Waterwagtails proceeding in advance of him by three and three in a row,—till he finally disappeared on the brink of the western sky in a crystal cloud of sudorific sand.



So remarkable a sight, of course, impressed the four children very deeply; and they returned immediately to their boat with a strong sense of undeveloped asthma and a great appetite.

Shortly after this, the travellers were obliged to sail directly below some high overhanging rocks, from the top of one of which a particularly odious little boy, dressed in rose-colored knickerbockers, and with a pewter plate upon his head, threw an enormous pumpkin at the boat, by which it was instantly upset.



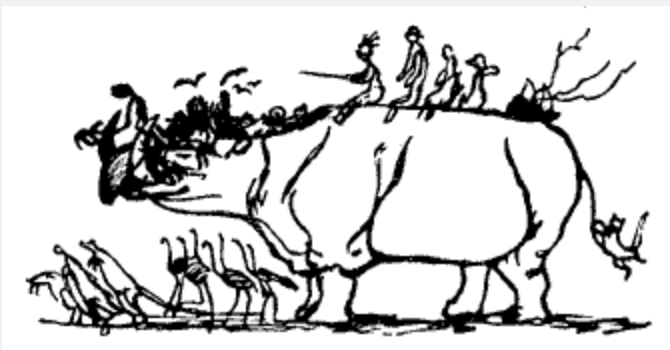
But this upsetting was of no consequence, because all the party knew how to swim very well: and, in fact, they preferred swimming about till after the moon rose; when, the water growing chilly, they sponge-taneously entered the boat. Meanwhile the Quangle-Wangle threw back the pumpkin with immense force, so that it hit the rocks where the malicious little boy in rose-colored knickerbockers was sitting; when, being quite full of lucifer-matches, the pumpkin exploded surreptitiously into a thousand bits; whereon the rocks instantly took fire, and the odious little boy became unpleasantly hotter and hotter and hotter, till his knickerbockers were turned quite green, and his nose was burnt off.

Two or three days after this had happened, they came to another place, where they found nothing at all except some wide and deep pits full of mulberry-jam. This is the property of the tiny, yellow-nosed Apes who abound in these districts, and who store up the mulberry-jam for their food in winter, when they mix it with pellucid pale periwinkle-soup, and serve it out in wedgewood china-bowls, which grow freely all over that part of the country. Only one of the yellow-nosed Apes was on the spot, and he was fast asleep; yet the four travellers and the Quangle-Wangle and Pussy were so terrified by the violence and sanguinary sound of his snoring, that they merely took a small cupful of the jam, and returned to re-embark in their boat without delay.

What was their horror on seeing the boat (including the churn and the tea-kettle) in the mouth of an enormous Seeze Pyder, an aquatic and ferocious creature truly dreadful to behold, and, happily, only met with in those excessive longitudes! In a moment, the beautiful boat was bitten into fifty-five thousand million hundred billion bits; and it instantly became quite clear that Violet, Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel could no longer prelimate their voyage by sea.



The four travellers were therefore obliged to resolve on pursuing their wanderings by land: and, very fortunately, there happened to pass by at that moment an elderly Rhinoceros, on which they seized; and, all four mounting on his back,—the Quangle-Wangle sitting on his horn, and holding on by his ears, and the Pussy-Cat swinging at the end of his tail,—they set off, having only four small beans and three pounds of mashed potatoes to last through their whole journey.



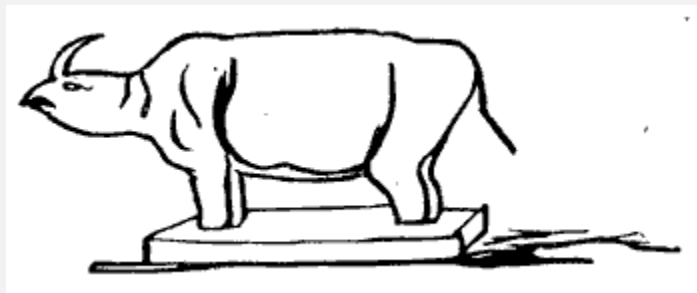
They were, however, able to catch numbers of the chickens and turkeys and other birds who incessantly alighted on the head of the Rhinoceros for the purpose of



gathering the seeds of the rhododendron-plants which grew there; and these creatures they cooked in the most translucent and satisfactory manner by means of a fire lighted on the end of the Rhinoceros's back. A crowd of Kangaroos and gigantic Cranes accompanied them, from feelings of curiosity and complacency; so that they were never at a loss for company, and went onward, as it were, in a sort of profuse and triumphant procession.

Thus in less than eighteen weeks they all arrived safely at home, where they were received by their admiring relatives with joy tempered with contempt, and where they finally resolved to carry out the rest of their travelling-plans at some more favorable opportunity.

As for the Rhinoceros, in token of their grateful adherence, they had him killed and stuffed directly, and then set him up outside the door of their father's house as a diaphanous doorscraper.



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THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN FAMILIES OF THE LAKE PIPPLE-POPPLE.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

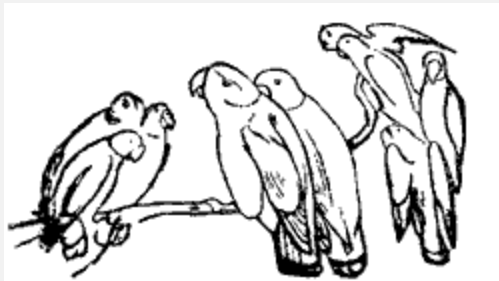
In former days,—that is to say, once upon a time,—there lived in the Land of Gramble-Blamble seven families. They lived by the side of the great Lake Pipple-Popple (one of the seven families, indeed, lived *in* the lake), and on the outskirts of the city of Tosh, which, excepting when it was quite dark, they could see plainly. The names of all these places you have probably heard of; and you have only not to look in your geography-books to find out all about them.

Now, the seven families who lived on the borders of the great Lake Pipple-Popple were as follows in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SEVEN FAMILIES.

There was a family of two old Parrots and seven young Parrots.



There was a family of two old Storks and seven young Storks.



There was a family of two old Geese and seven young Geese.



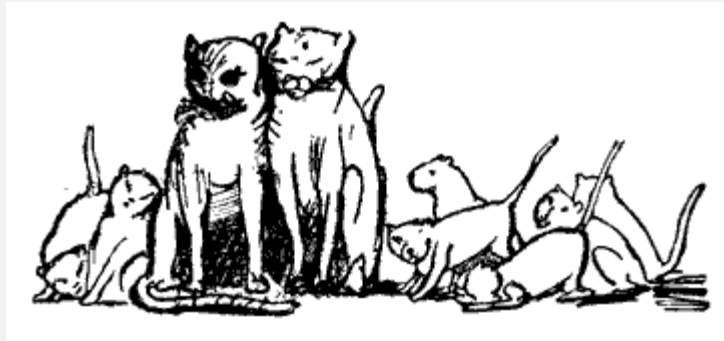
There was a family of two old Owls and seven young Owls.



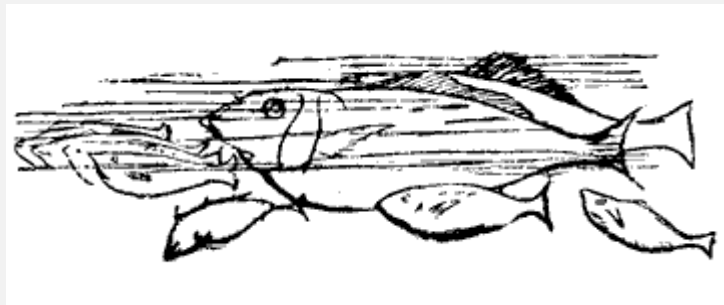
There was a family of two old Guinea Pigs and seven young Guinea Pigs.



There was a family of two old Cats and seven young Cats.



And there was a family of two old Fishes and seven young Fishes.



### **CHAPTER III.**

#### **THE HABITS OF THE SEVEN FAMILIES.**

The Parrots lived upon the Soffsky-Poffsky trees, which were beautiful to behold, and covered with blue leaves; and they fed upon fruit, artichokes, and striped beetles.

The Storks walked in and out of the Lake Pipple-Popple, and ate frogs for breakfast, and buttered toast for tea; but on account of the extreme length of their legs they could not sit down, and so they walked about continually.

The Geese, having webs to their feet, caught quantities of flies, which they ate for dinner.

The Owls anxiously looked after mice, which they caught, and made into sago-puddings.

The Guinea Pigs toddled about the gardens, and ate lettuces and Cheshire cheese.

The Cats sate still in the sunshine, and fed upon sponge biscuits.

The Fishes lived in the lake, and fed chiefly on boiled periwinkles.

And all these seven families lived together in the utmost fun and felicity.

## **CHAPTER IV.**

### **THE CHILDREN OF THE SEVEN FAMILIES ARE SENT AWAY.**

One day all the seven fathers and the seven mothers of the seven families agreed that they would send their children out to see the world.

So they called them all together, and gave them each eight shillings and some good advice, some chocolate-drops, and a small green morocco pocket-book to set down their expenses in.

They then particularly entreated them not to quarrel; and all the parents sent off their children with a parting injunction.

"If," said the old Parrots, "you find a cherry, do not fight about who should have it."

"And," said the old Storks, "if you find a frog, divide it carefully into seven bits, but on no account quarrel about it."

And the old Geese said to the seven young Geese, "Whatever you do, be sure you do not touch a plum-pudding flea."

And the old Owls said, "If you find a mouse, tear him up into seven slices, and eat him cheerfully, but without quarrelling."

And the old Guinea Pigs said, "Have a care that you eat your lettuces, should you find any, not greedily, but calmly."

And the old Cats said, "Be particularly careful not to meddle with a clangle-wangle if you should see one."

And the old Fishes said, "Above all things, avoid eating a blue boss-woss; for they do not agree with fishes, and give them a pain in their toes."

So all the children of each family thanked their parents; and, making in all forty-nine polite bows, they went into the wide world.

## **CHAPTER V.**

### **THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN YOUNG PARROTS.**

The seven young Parrots had not gone far, when they saw a tree with a single cherry on it, which the oldest Parrot picked instantly; but the other six, being extremely hungry, tried to get it also. On which all the seven began to fight; and they scuffled, and huffed, and ruffled, and shuffled, and puffed, and muffled, and buffled, and duffed, and fluffed, and guffed, and bruffled, and screamed, and shrieked, and squealed, and squeaked, and clawed, and snapped, and bit, and bumped, and thumped, and dumped, and flumped each other, till they were all torn into little bits; and at last there was nothing left to record this painful incident except the cherry and seven small green feathers.

And that was the vicious and voluble end of the seven young Parrots.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN YOUNG STORKS.

When the seven young Storks set out, they walked or flew for fourteen weeks in a straight line, and for six weeks more in a crooked one; and after that they ran as hard as they could for one hundred and eight miles; and after that they stood still, and made a himmeltanious chatter-clatter-blattery noise with their bills.

About the same time they perceived a large frog, spotted with green, and with a sky-blue stripe under each ear.

So, being hungry, they immediately flew at him, and were going to divide him into seven pieces, when they began to quarrel as to which of his legs should be taken off first. One said this, and another said that; and while they were all quarrelling, the frog hopped away. And when they saw that he was gone, they began to chatter-clatter, blatter-platter, patter-blatter, matter-clatter, flatter-quatter, more violently than ever; and after they had fought for a week, they pecked each other all to little pieces, so that at last nothing was left of any of them except their bills.

And that was the end of the seven young Storks.



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN YOUNG GEESE.

When the seven young Geese began to travel, they went over a large plain, on which there was but one tree, and that was, a very bad one.

So four of them went up to the top of it, and looked about them; while the other three waddled up and down, and repeated poetry, and their last six lessons in arithmetic, geography, and cookery.

Presently they perceived, a long way off, an object of the most interesting and obese appearance, having a perfectly round body exactly resembling a boiled plum-pudding, with two little wings, and a beak, and three feathers growing out of his head, and only one leg.

So, after a time, all the seven young Geese said to each other, "Beyond all doubt this beast must be a Plum-pudding Flea!"

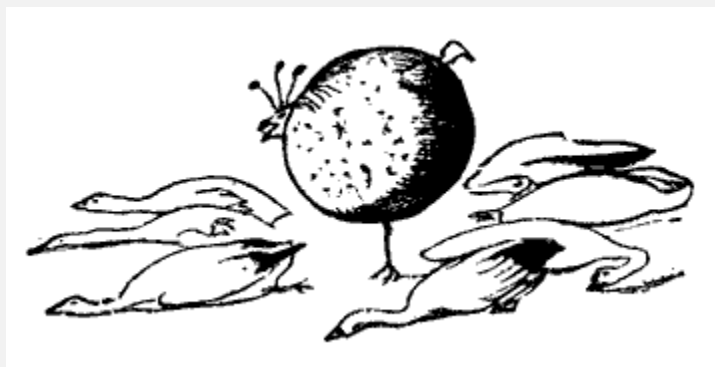
On which they incautiously began to sing aloud,

"Plum-pudding Flea, Plum-pudding Flea, Wherever you be, Oh! come to our tree, And listen, oh! listen, oh! listen to me!"

And no sooner had they sung this verse than the Plum-pudding Flea began to hop and skip on his one leg with the most dreadful velocity, and came straight to the tree, where he stopped, and looked about him in a vacant and voluminous manner.

On which the seven young Geese were greatly alarmed, and all of a tremble-bemble: so one of them put out his long neck, and just touched him with the tip of his bill; but no sooner had he done this than the Plum-pudding Flea skipped and hopped about more and more, and higher and higher; after which he opened his mouth, and, to the great surprise and indignation of the seven Geese, began to bark so loudly and furiously and terribly, that they were totally unable to bear the noise; and by degrees every one of them suddenly tumbled down quite dead.

So that was the end of the seven young Geese.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN YOUNG OWLS.

When the seven young Owls set out, they sate every now and then on the branches of old trees, and never went far at one time.

And one night, when it was quite dark, they thought they heard a mouse; but, as the gas-lamps were not lighted, they could not see him.

So they called out, "Is that a mouse?"

On which a mouse answered, "Squeaky-peeky-weeky! yes, it is!"

And immediately all the young Owls threw themselves off the tree, meaning to alight on the ground; but they did not perceive that there was a large well below them, into which they all fell superficially, and were every one of them drowned in less than half a minute.

So that was the end of the seven young Owls.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN YOUNG GUINEA PIGS.

The seven young Guinea Pigs went into a garden full of goose-berry-bushes and tiggory-trees, under one of which they fell asleep. When they awoke, they saw a large lettuce, which had grown out of the ground while they had been sleeping, and which had an immense number of green leaves. At which they all exclaimed,—

"Lettuce! O lettuce

Let us, O let us,



O lettuce-leaves,  
O let us leave this tree, and eat  
Lettuce, O let us, lettuce-leaves!"

And instantly the seven young Guinea Pigs rushed with such extreme force against the lettuce-plant, and hit their heads so vividly against its stalk, that the concussion brought on directly an incipient transitional inflammation of their noses, which grew worse and worse and worse and worse, till it incidentally killed them all seven.

And that was the end of the seven young Guinea Pigs.



## CHAPTER X.

### THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN YOUNG CATS.

The seven young Cats set off on their travels with great delight and rapacity. But, on coming to the top of a high hill, they perceived at a long distance off a Clangle-Wangle (or, as it is more properly written, Clangel-Wangel); and, in spite of the warning they had had, they ran straight up to it.

(Now, the Clangle-Wangle is a most dangerous and delusive beast, and by no means commonly to be met with. They live in the water as well as on land, using their long tail as a sail when in the former element. Their speed is extreme; but their habits of life are domestic and superfluous, and their general demeanor pensive and pellucid. On summer evenings, they may sometimes be observed near the Lake Pipple-Popple, standing on their heads, and humming their national melodies. They subsist entirely on vegetables, excepting when they eat veal or mutton or pork or beef or fish or saltpetre.)

The moment the Clangle-Wangle saw the seven young Cats approach, he ran away; and as he ran straight on for four months, and the Cats, though they continued to run, could never overtake him, they all gradually *died* of fatigue and exhaustion, and never afterwards recovered.

And this was the end of the seven young Cats.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE HISTORY OF THE SEVEN YOUNG FISHES.

The seven young Fishes swam across the Lake Pipple-Popple, and into the river, and into the ocean; where, most unhappily for them, they saw, on the fifteenth day of their travels, a bright-blue Boss-Woss, and instantly swam after him. But the Blue Boss-Woss plunged into a perpendicular, spicular, orbicular, quadrangular, circular depth of soft mud; where, in fact, his house was.

And the seven young Fishes, swimming with great and uncomfortable velocity, plunged also into the mud quite against their will, and, not being accustomed to it, were all suffocated in a very short period.

And that was the end of the seven young Fishes.



## CHAPTER XII.

## CHAPTER XII.

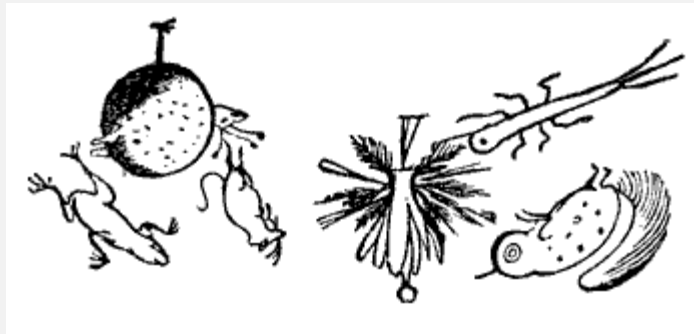
### OF WHAT OCCURRED SUBSEQUENTLY.

After it was known that the

seven young Parrots, and the seven young Storks,  
and the seven young Geese,  
and the seven young Owls,

and the seven young Guinea Pigs,  
and the seven young Cats,  
and the seven young Fishes,

were all dead, then the Frog, and the Plum-pudding Flea, and the Mouse, and the Clangle-Wangle, and the Blue Boss-Woss, all met together to rejoice over their good fortune. And they collected the seven feathers of the seven young Parrots, and the seven bills of the seven young Storks, and the lettuce, and the cherry; and having placed the latter on the lettuce, and the other objects in a circular arrangement at their base, they danced a hornpipe round all these memorials until they were quite tired; after which they gave a tea-party, and a garden-party, and a ball, and a concert, and then returned to their respective homes full of joy and respect, sympathy, satisfaction, and disgust.



### CHAPTER XIII.

OF WHAT BECAME OF THE PARENTS OF THE FORTY-NINE CHILDREN.

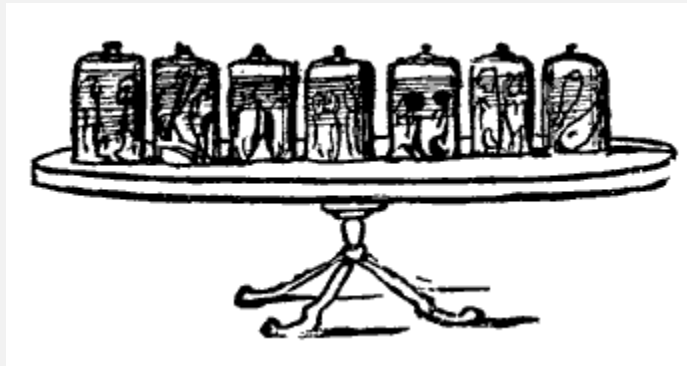
BUT when the two old Parrots,  
and the two old Storks, and the two old Geese, and the two old Owls, and the two old Guinea Pigs, and the two old Cats, and the two old Fishes, became aware, by reading in the newspapers, of the calamitous extinction of the whole of their families, they refused all further sustenance; and, sending out to various shops, they purchased great quantities of Cayenne pepper and brandy and vinegar and blue sealing-wax, besides seven immense glass bottles with air-tight stoppers. And, having done this, they ate a light supper of brown-bread and Jerusalem artichokes, and took an affecting and formal leave of the whole of their acquaintance, which was very numerous and distinguished and select and responsible and ridiculous.

### CHAPTER XIV.

## CONCLUSION.

And after this they filled the bottles with the ingredients for pickling, and each couple jumped into a separate bottle; by which effort, of course, they all died immediately, and became thoroughly pickled in a few minutes; having previously made their wills (by the assistance of the most eminent lawyers of the district), in which they left strict orders that the stoppers of the seven bottles should be carefully sealed up with the blue sealing-wax they had purchased; and that they themselves, in the bottles, should be presented to the principal museum of the city of Tosh, to be labelled with parchment or any other anti-congenial succedaneum, and to be placed on a marble table with silver-gilt legs, for the daily inspection and contemplation, and for the perpetual benefit, of the pusillanimous public.

And if you ever happen to go to Gramble-Blamble, and visit that museum in the city of Tosh, look for them on the ninety-eighth table in the four hundred and twenty-seventh room of the right-hand corridor of the left wing of the central quadrangle of that magnificent building; for, if you do not, you certainly will not see them.



---

## NONSENSE COOKERY.

---

[Amblongus Pie](#) [Crumbobblious Cutlets](#) [Gosky Patties](#)

---

Extract from the *Nonsense Gazette*, for August, 1870.

"Our readers will be interested in the following communications from our valued and learned contributor, Prof. Bosh, whose labors in the fields of culinary and botanical science are so well known to all the world. The first three articles richly merit to be added to the domestic cookery of every family: those which follow claim the attention of all botanists; and we are happy to be able, through Dr. Bosh's kindness,

to present our readers with illustrations of his discoveries. All the new flowers are found in the Valley of Verrikwier, near the Lake of Oddgrow, and on the summit of the Hill Orfeltugg."

---

THREE RECEIPTS FOR DOMESTIC COOKERY.

---

*TO MAKE AN AMBLONGUS PIE.*

Take 4 pounds (say 4½ pounds) of fresh Amblongusses, and put them in a small pipkin.

Cover them with water, and boil them for 8 hours incessantly; after which add 2 pints of new milk, and proceed to boil for 4 hours more.

When you have ascertained that the Amblongusses are quite soft, take them out, and place them in a wide pan, taking care to shake them well previously.

Grate some nutmeg over the surface, and cover them carefully with powdered gingerbread, curry-powder, and a sufficient quantity of Cayenne pepper.

Remove the pan into the next room, and place it on the floor. Bring it back again, and let it simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Shake the pan violently till all the Amblongusses have become of a pale purple color.

Then, having prepared the paste, insert the whole carefully; adding at the same time a small pigeon, 2 slices of beef, 4 cauliflowers, and any number of oysters.

Watch patiently till the crust begins to rise, and add a pinch of salt from time to time.

Serve up in a clean dish, and throw the whole out of window as fast as possible.

---

*TO MAKE CRUMBOBBLIOUS CUTLETS.*

Procure some strips of beef, and, having cut them into the smallest possible slices, proceed to cut them still smaller,— eight, or perhaps nine times.

When the whole is thus minced, brush it up hastily with a new clothes-brush, and stir round rapidly and capriciously with a salt-spoon or a soup-ladle.

Place the whole in a saucepan, and remove it to a sunny place, —say the roof of the house, if free from sparrows or other birds,— and leave it there for about a week.

At the end of that time add a little lavender, some oil of almonds, and a few herring-bones; and then cover the whole with 4 gallons of clarified Crumbobblious sauce, when it will be ready for use.

Cut it into the shape of ordinary cutlets, and serve up in a clean table-cloth or dinner-napkin.

---

*TO MAKE GOSKY PATTIES.*

Take a pig three or four years of age, and tie him by the off hind-leg to a post. Place 5 pounds of currants, 3 of sugar, 2 pecks of peas, 18 roast chestnuts, a candle, and 6 bushels of turnips, within his reach: if he eats these, constantly provide him with more.

Then procure some cream, some slices of Cheshire cheese, 4 quires of foolscap paper, and a packet of black pins. Work the whole into a paste, and spread it out to dry on a sheet of clean brown waterproof linen.

When the paste is perfectly dry, but not before, proceed to beat the pig violently with the handle of a large broom. If he squeals, beat him again.

Visit the paste and beat the pig alternately for some days, and ascertain if, at the end of that period, the whole is about to turn into Gosky Patties.

If it does not then, it never will; and in that case the pig may be let loose, and the whole process may be considered as finished.

---

**NONSENSE BOTANY.**

---

[Baccopipia Gracilis](#) [Bottlephorkia Spoonifolia](#) [Cockatooca Superba](#) [Fishia Marina](#) [Guittara Pensilis](#) [Manypeeplia Upsidownia](#) [Phattfacia Stupenda](#) [Piggiwiggia Pyramidalis](#) [Plumbunnia Nutritiosa](#) [Pollybirdia Singularis](#)

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*Saccopipia Gracilis*.

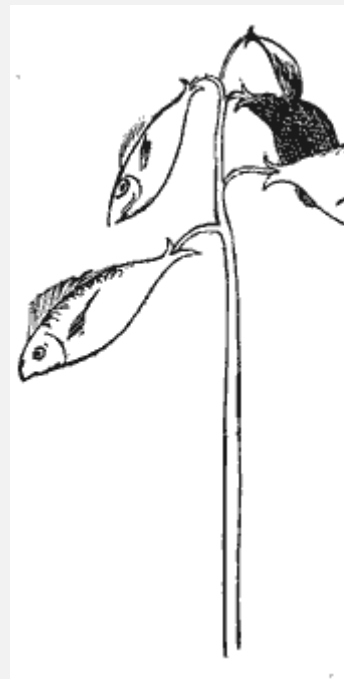


*Bottlephorkia Spoonif*

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Cockatoooca Superba.



Fishia Marina.







Guittara Pensilis.

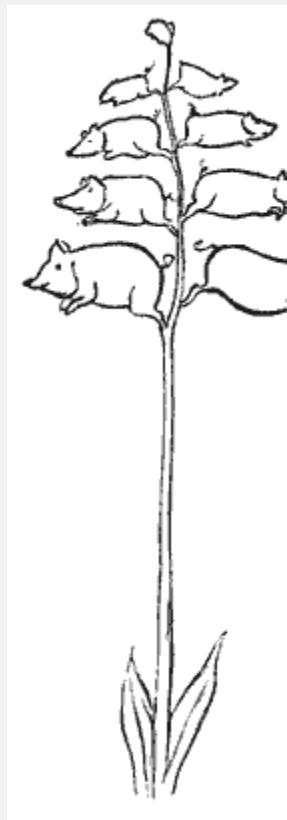


Manypeeplia Upsidow

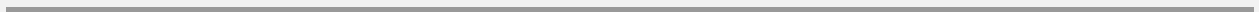
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hattfacia Stupenda.



Piggiwiggia Pyramida





mbunnia Nutritiosa.



Pollybirdia Singular

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## NONSENSE ALPHABETS.

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[No. 1](#) [No. 2](#) [No. 3](#)

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[a](#) [b](#) [c](#) [d](#) [e](#) [f](#) [g](#) [h](#) [i](#) [j](#) [k](#) [l](#) [m](#) [n](#)

---

A



A was an ant  
Who seldom stood still,  
And who made a nice house  
In the side of a hill.

a

Nice little ant!

---

C

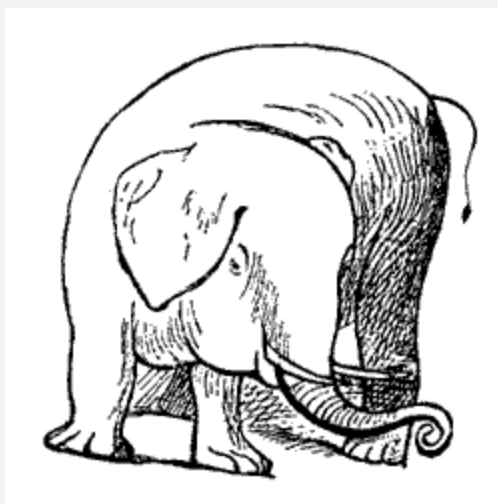


C was a cat  
Who ran after a rat;  
But his courage did fail  
When she seized on his tail.

C  
Crafty old cat!

---

E



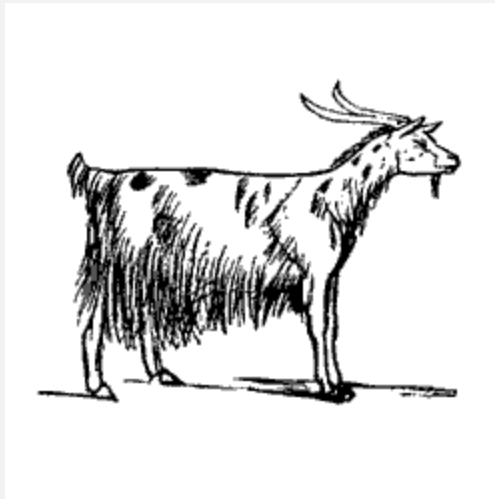
E was an elephant,  
Stately and wise:  
He had tusks and a trunk,  
And two queer little eyes.

e

Oh, what funny small eyes!

---

G



G was a goat  
Who was spotted with brown:  
When he did not lie still  
He walked up and down.

g

Good little goat!

---

I



I was some ice  
So white and so nice,  
But which nobody tasted;  
And so it was wasted.

i

All that good ice!

---

K



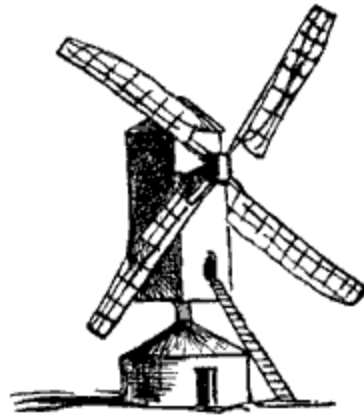
**K** was a kite  
Which flew out of sight,  
Above houses so high,  
Quite into the sky.

**k**

Fly away, kite!

---

**M**



**M** was a mill  
Which stood on a hill,  
And turned round and round  
With a loud hummy sound.

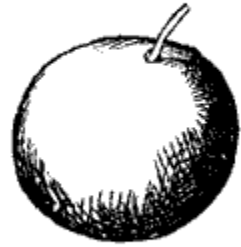
**m**

Useful old mill!

---

**O**





O was an orange  
So yellow and round:  
When it fell off the tree,  
It fell down to the ground.

O

Down to the ground!

---

Q



Q was a quail  
With a very short tail;  
And he fed upon corn  
In the evening and morn.

q

Quaint little quail!

---

S



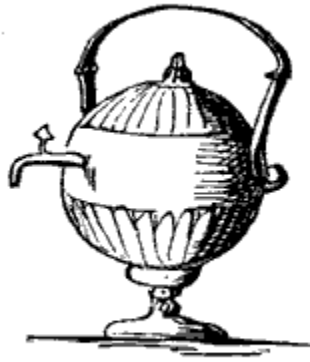
S was the sugar-tongs,  
Nippity-nee,  
To take up the sugar  
To put in our tea.

S

Nippity-nee!

---

U



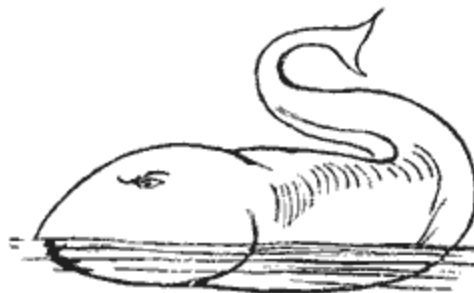
U was an urn  
All polished and bright,  
And full of hot water  
At noon and at night.

u

Useful old urn!

---

W



W was a whale  
With a very long tail,  
Whose movements were frantic  
Across the Atlantic.

W

Monstrous old whale!

---

Y



Y was a yew,  
Which flourished and grew  
By a quiet abode  
Near the side of a road.

y

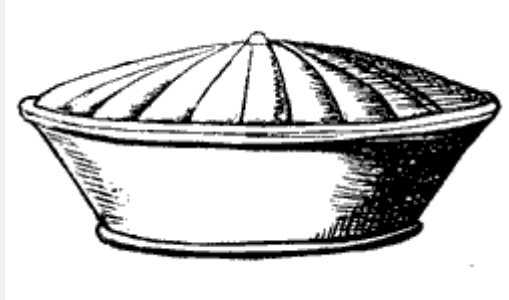
Dark little yew!

---

[a](#) [b](#) [c](#) [d](#) [e](#) [f](#) [g](#) [h](#) [i](#) [j](#) [k](#) [l](#) [m](#) [n](#)

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# A

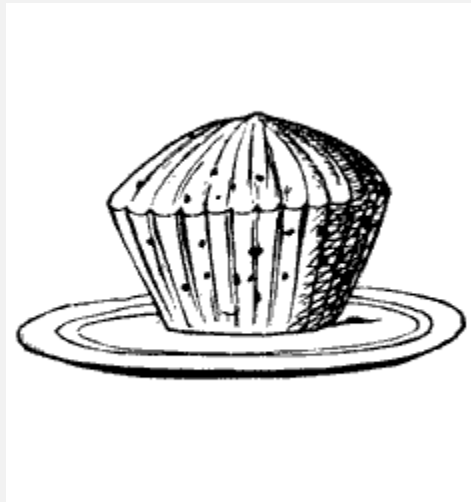


## a

A was once an apple-pie,  
Pidy,Widy,Tidy,Pidy,Nice insidy,Apple-pie!

---

# C



## c

C was once a little cake,  
Caky,Baky,Maky,Caky,Taky caky,Little cake!

---

# E

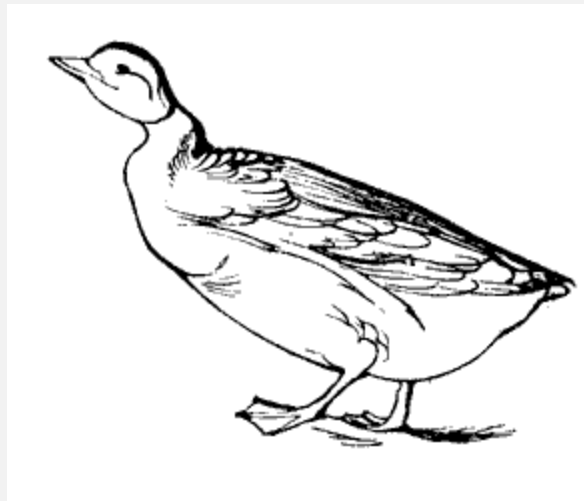


e

E was once a little eel,  
Eely, Weely, Peely, Eely, Twirly, tweely, Little eel!

---

# G



g

G was once a little goose,  
Goosy, Moosy, Boosey, Goosey, Waddly-woosy, Little goose!

---

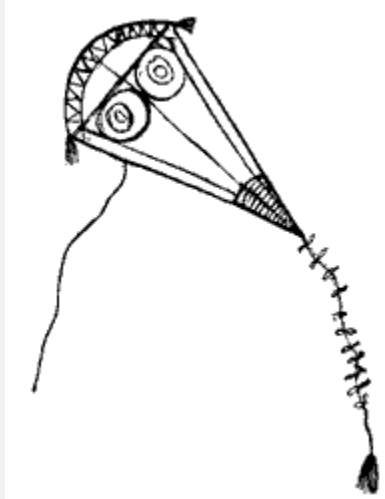
I



i

I was once a bottle of ink  
Inky, Dinky, Thinky, Inky, Blacky minky, Bottle of ink!

K



k

**K** was once a little kite,  
Kity,Whity,Flighty,Kity,Out of sighty,Little kite!

**M**



m

**M** was once a little mouse,  
Mousy,Bousy,Sousy,Mousy,In the housy,Little mouse!

---



# O

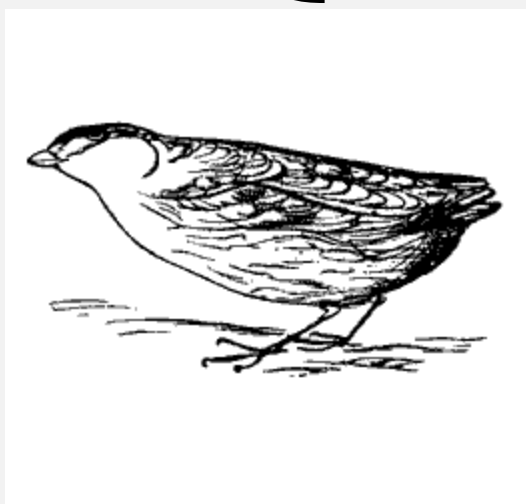


## O

O was once a little owl,  
Owly,Prowly,Howly,Owly,Brownny fowly,Little owl!

---

# Q

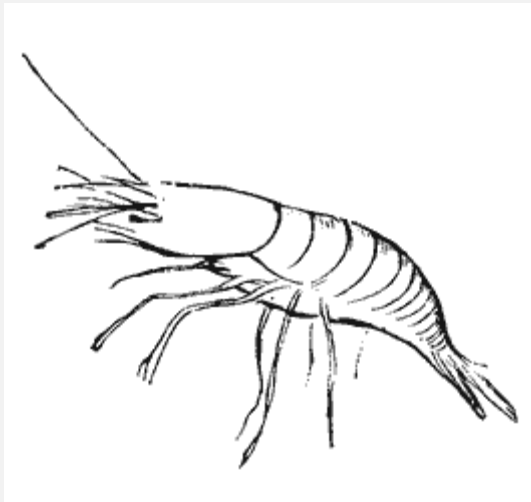


q

Q was once a little quail,  
Quaily,Faily,Daily,Quaily,Stumpy-taily,Little quail!

---

S



S

S was once a little shrimp,Shrimpy,Nimpy,Flimpy,Shrimpy.Jumpy, jimpy,Little shrimp!

---

U



u

U was once a little urn,  
Urny,Burny,Turny,Urny,Bubbly, burny,Little urn!

---

W



W

W was once a whale,  
Whaly,Scaly,Shaly,Whaly,Tumbly-taily,Mighty whale!

---

# Y



## y

Y was once a little yew,  
Yewdy,Fewdy,Crudy,Yewdy,Growdy, grewdy, Little yew!

---

---

[a](#) [b](#) [c](#) [d](#) [e](#) [f](#) [g](#) [h](#) [i](#) [j](#) [k](#) [l](#) [m](#) [n](#)

---

# A



A was an ape,  
Who stole some white tape,  
And tied up his toes  
In four beautiful bows.

a!

Funny old Ape!

---

C



C was a camel:  
You rode on his hump;  
And if you fell off,  
You came down such a bump!

c!

What a high camel!

---

E



E was an eagle,  
Who sat on the rocks,  
And looked down on the fields  
And the-far-away flocks.

e!

Beautiful eagle!

---

G



G was a gooseberry,  
Perfectly red;  
To be made into jam,  
And eaten with bread.

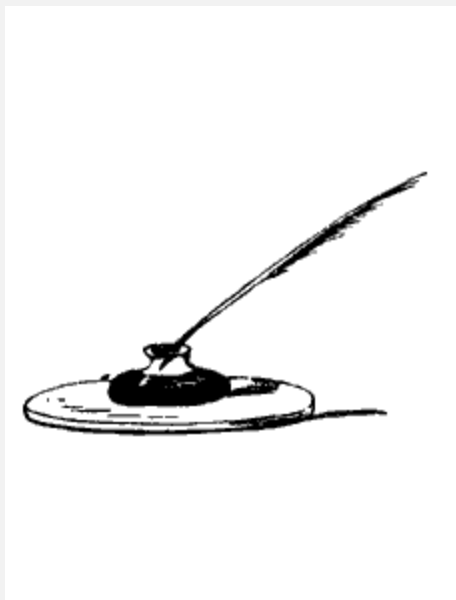
g!

Gooseberry red!

---

I





I was an inkstand,  
Which stood on a table,  
With a nice pen to write with  
When we are able.

i!

Neat little inkstand!

---

K



K was a kingfisher:  
Quickly he flew,  
So bright and so pretty!—  
Green, purple, and blue.

k!

Kingfisher, blue!

---

M



M was a man,  
Who walked round and round;  
And he wore a long coat  
That came down to the ground.

m!

Funny old Man!

---

O



O was an oyster,  
Who lived in his shell:  
If you let him alone,  
He felt perfectly well.

o!

Open-mouthed oyster!

---

Q



Q was a quill  
Made into a pen;  
But I do not know where,  
And I cannot say when.

q!

Nice little Quill!

---

S



S was a screw  
To screw down a box;  
And then it was fastened  
Without any locks.

S!

Valuable screw!

---

U



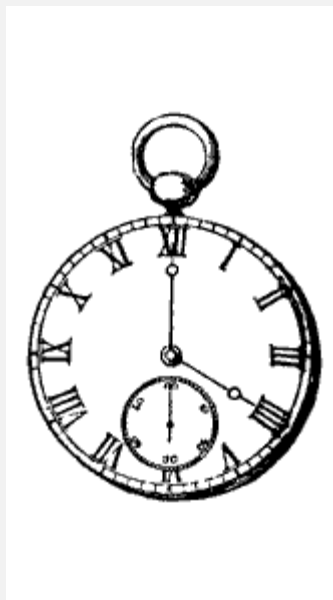
U was an upper-coat,  
Woolly and warm,  
To wear over all  
In the snow or the storm.

u!

What a nice upper-coat!

---

W



W was a watch,  
Where, in letters of gold,  
The hour of the day  
You might always behold.

W!

Beautiful watch!

---

Y





Y was a yak,  
From the land of Thibet:  
Except his white tail,  
He was all black as jet.

y!

Look at the Yak!

---

---

# More Nonsense Pictures, Rhymes, Botany, etc. By Edward Lear.



1894 Cover

Click for larger version.

- [Introduction](#)
- [Nonsense Botany](#)
- [One Hundred Nonsense Pictures And Rhymes](#)
- [Twenty-Six Nonsense Rhymes And Pictures](#)



1894

Originally published 1872

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## INTRODUCTION.

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In offering this little book—the third of its kind—to the public, I am glad to take the opportunity of recording the pleasure I have received at the appreciation its predecessors have met with, as attested by their wide circulation, and by the universally kind notices of them 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 two previously published volumes, and more particularly of 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.; 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 my 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 rumor.

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, doubtingly, "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 a 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.

The second volume of Nonsense, commencing with the verses, "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat," was written at different times, and for different sets of children: the whole being collected in the course of last year, were then illustrated, and published in a single volume, by Mr. R.J. Bush, of 32 Charing Cross.

The contents of the third or present volume were made also at different intervals in the last two years.

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 transferred to lithographic stones in the year 1846, and were then first published by Mr. Thomas McLean, of the Haymarket. But that edition having been soon exhausted, and the call for the "Book of Nonsense" continuing, I added a considerable number of subjects to those previously-published, and having caused the whole to be carefully reproduced in woodcuts by Messrs. Dalzell, I disposed of the copyright to Messrs. Routledge and Warne, by whom the volume was published in 1843.

**EDWARD LEAR.**

VILLA EMILY, SAN REMO,  
*August, 1871.*

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**NONSENSE BOTANY.**

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[Barkia Howlalousia](#) [Enkoopia Chickabiddia](#) [Jinglia Tinkettlia](#) [Nasticreechia](#)  
[Krorluppia](#) [Arthbroomia Rigida](#) [Sophtsluggia Glutinosa](#) [Minspysia Deliciosa](#) [Shoebootia](#)  
[Utilis](#) [Stunnia Dinnerbellia](#) [Tickia Orologica](#) [Washtubbia Circularis](#) [Tigerlillia Terribilis](#)

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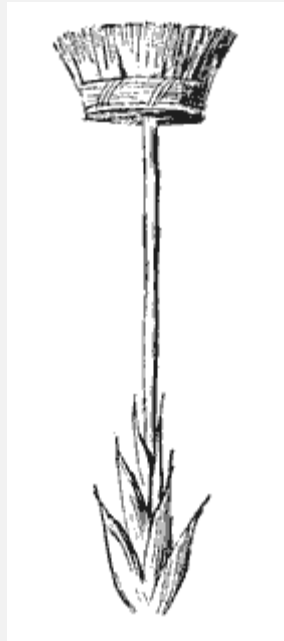
Barkia Howlalousia.

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Jinglia Tinkettlia.

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Arthbroomia Rigida.

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Minspysia Deliciosa.



Stunnia Dinnerbellia.

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Washtubbia Circularis.

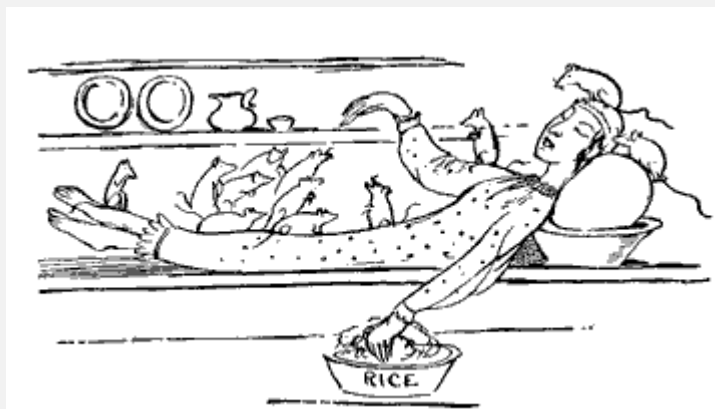
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## ONE HUNDRED NONSENSE PICTURES AND RHYMES.

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[1](#) [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](#)

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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 person of Minety,  
Who purchased five hundred and ninety  
Large apples and pears, which he threw unawares  
At the heads of the people of Minety.



There was an old man of Thermopylae,  
Who never did anything properly;  
But they said, "If you choose to boil eggs in your shoes,  
You shall never remain in Thermopylae."



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.

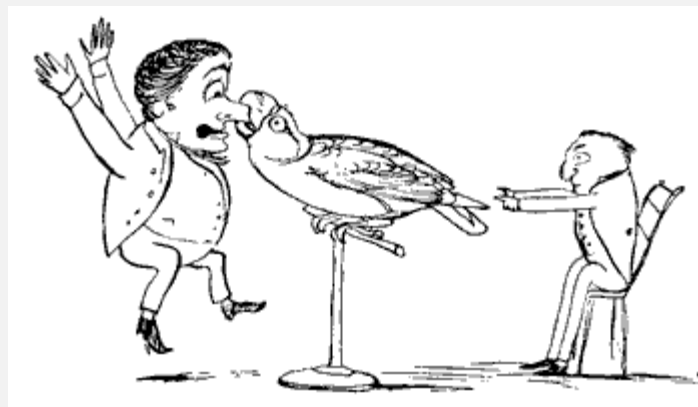


There was an old man on the Humber,  
Who dined on a cake of Burnt Umber;

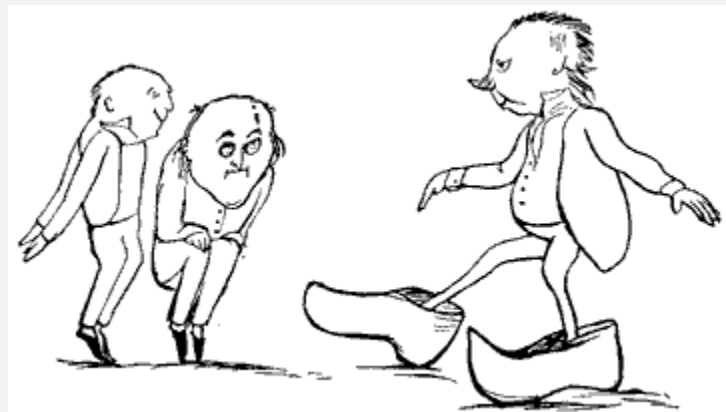
When he said, "It's enough!" they only said, "Stuff!  
You amazing old man on the Humber!"



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 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 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 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.



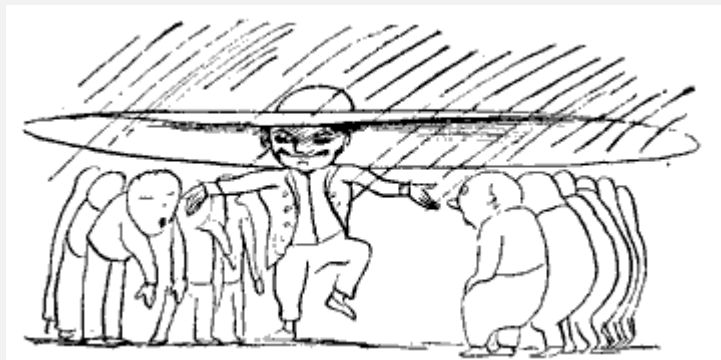
There was an old person of Bromley,  
Whose ways were not cheerful or comely;  
He sate in the dust, eating spiders and crust,  
That unpleasing old person of Bromley.



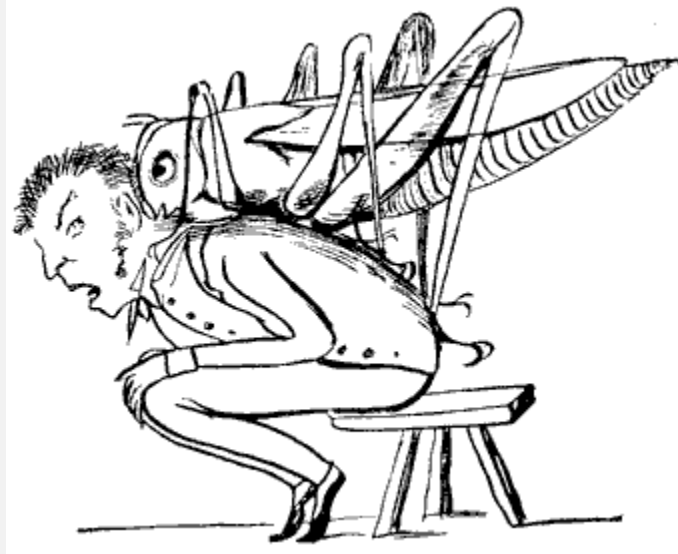
There was an old person of Shields,  
Who frequented the vallies and fields;  
All the mice and the cats, and the snakes and the rats,  
Followed after that person of Shields.



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 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 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 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."

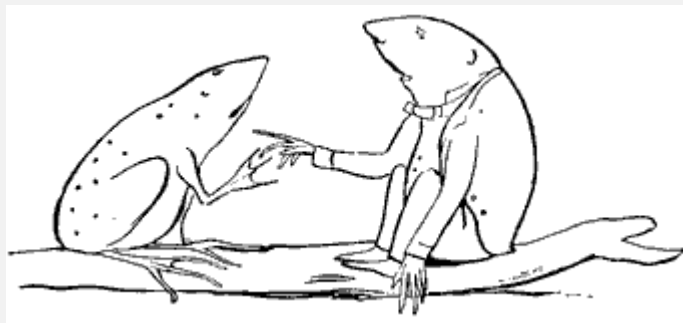


There was an old person of Pinner,

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.

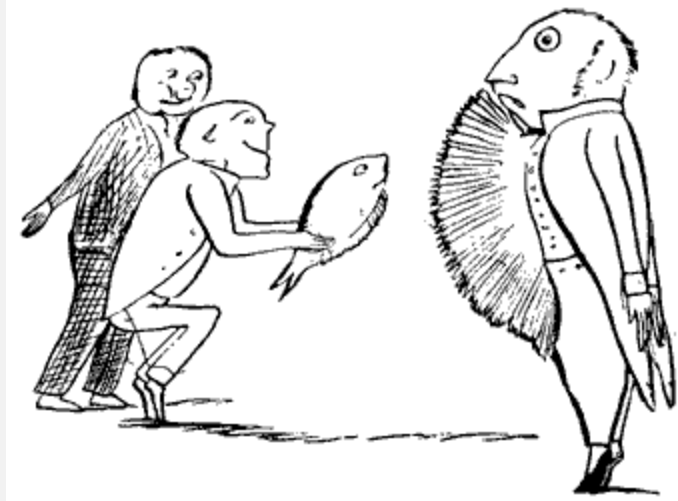


There was an old person of China,  
Whose daughters were Jiska and Dinah,  
Amelia and Fluffy, Olivia and Chuffy,  
And all of them settled in China.



There was an old man 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.

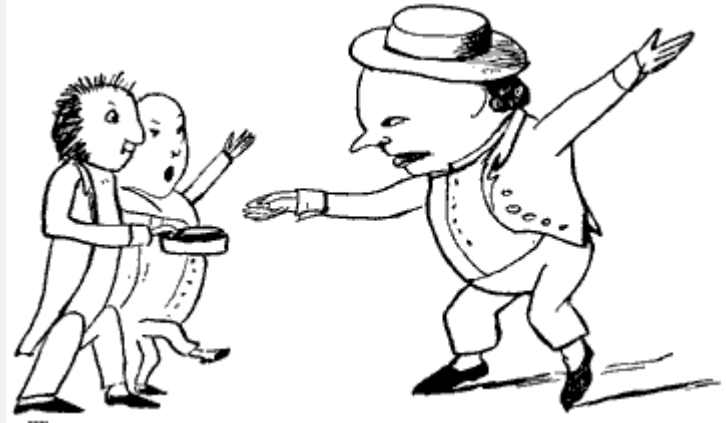




There was an old person of Brill,  
Who purchased a shirt with a frill;  
But they said, "Don't you wish, you mayn't look like a fish,  
You obsequious old person of Brill?"



There was an old person of 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!"

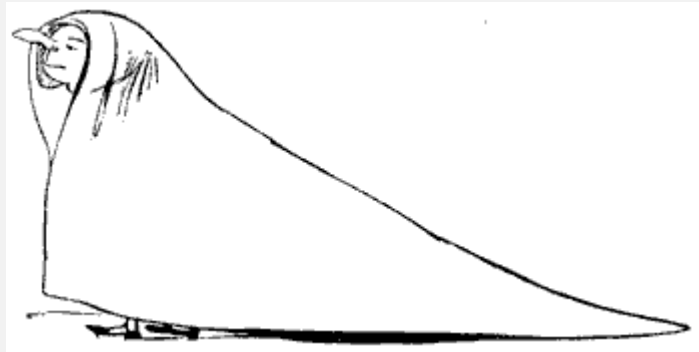


There was an old man of Three Bridges,  
Whose mind was distracted by midges,  
He sate on a wheel, eating underdone veal,  
Which relieved that old man of Three Bridges.



There was an old 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 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 Fife,  
Who was greatly disgusted with life;  
They sang him a ballad, and fed him on salad,  
Which cured that old person of Fife.



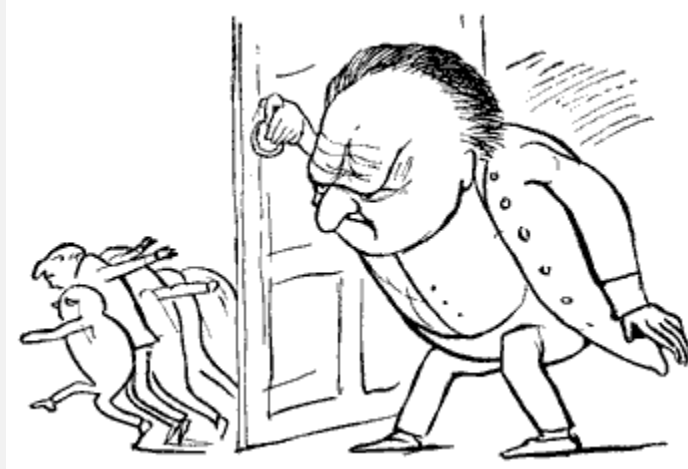
There was an old man who screamed out  
Whenever they knocked him about:  
So they took off his boots, and fed him with fruits,  
And continued to knock him about.



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 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 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 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 person of Hove,

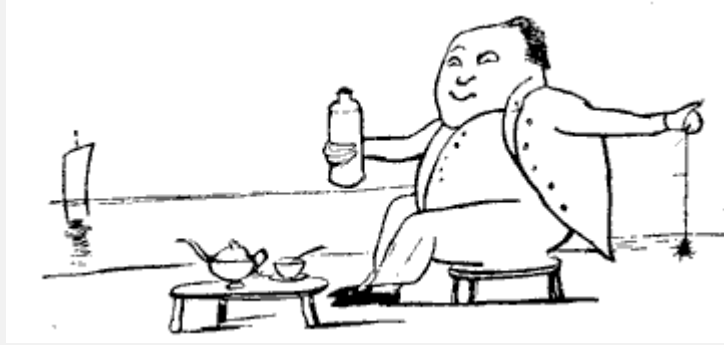
Who frequented the depths of a grove;  
Where he studied his books, with the wrens and the rooks,  
That tranquil old person of Hove.



There was 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 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 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 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 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 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 a young lady in blue,  
Who said, "Is it you? Is it you?"



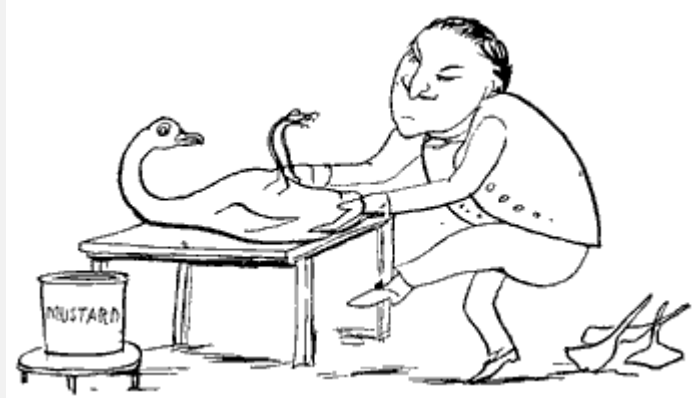
When they said, "Yes, it is," she replied only, "Whizz!"  
That ungracious young lady in blue.



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



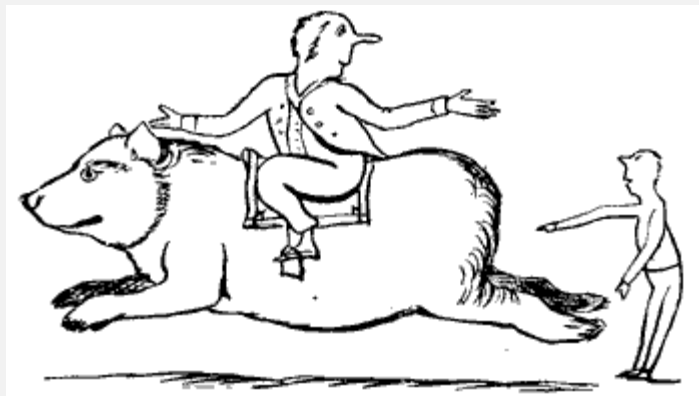
There was an old person of Pisa,  
Whose daughters did nothing to please her;  
She dressed them in gray, and banged them all day,  
Round the walls of the city of Pisa.



There was an old person of Florence,  
Who held mutton chops in abhorrence;  
He purchased a Bustard, and fried him in Mustard,  
Which choked that old person of Florence.



There was an old person of Sheen,  
Whose expression was calm and serene;  
He sate in the water, and drank bottled porter,  
That placid old person of Sheen.

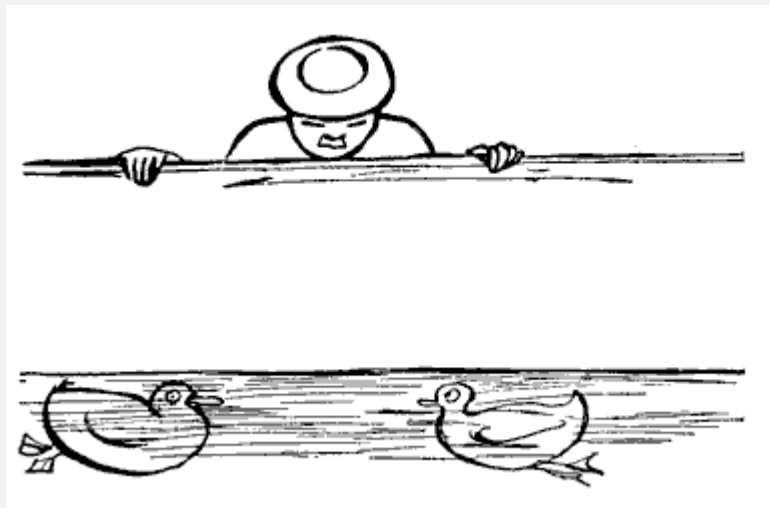


There was an old person of Ware,  
Who rode on the back of a bear;

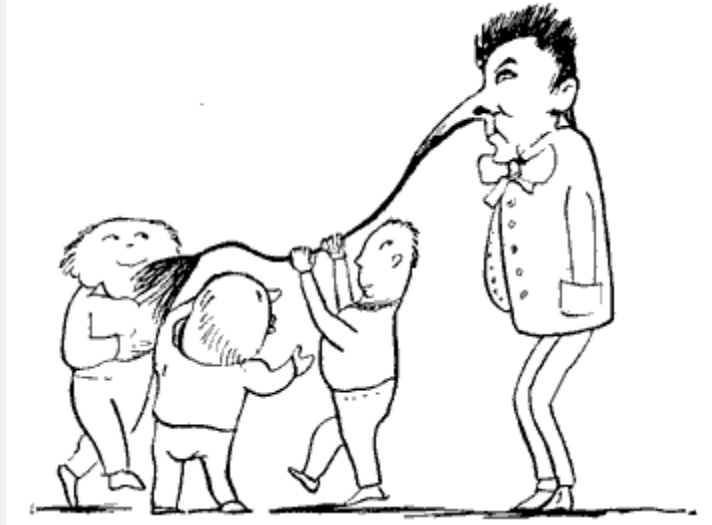
When they ask'd, "Does it trot?" he said, "Certainly not!  
He's a Moppsikon Floppsikon bear!"



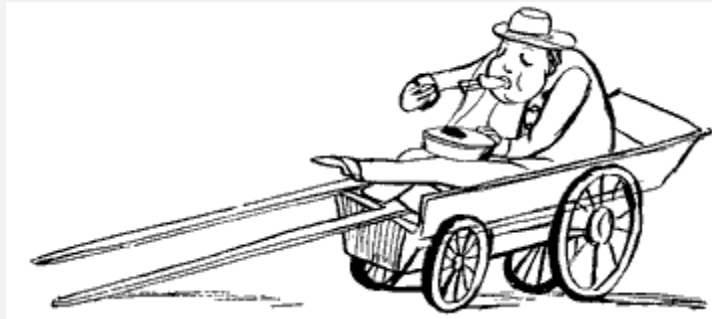
There was a young person of Janina,  
Whose uncle was always a fanning her;  
When he fanned off her head, she smiled sweetly, and said,  
"You propitious old person of Janina!"



There was an old man of Cashmere,  
Whose movements 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 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 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.

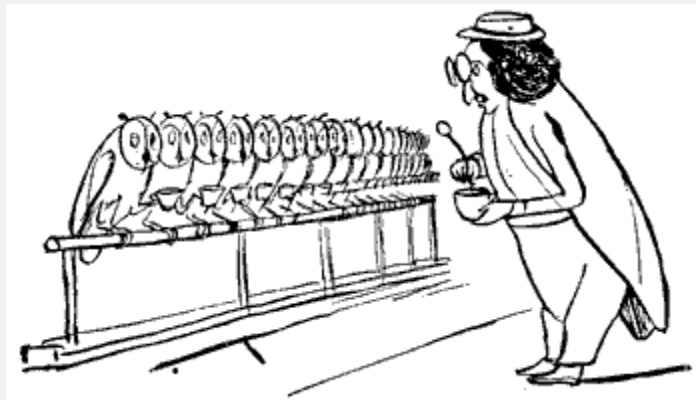


There was an old man of Spithead,  
Who opened the window, and said,—

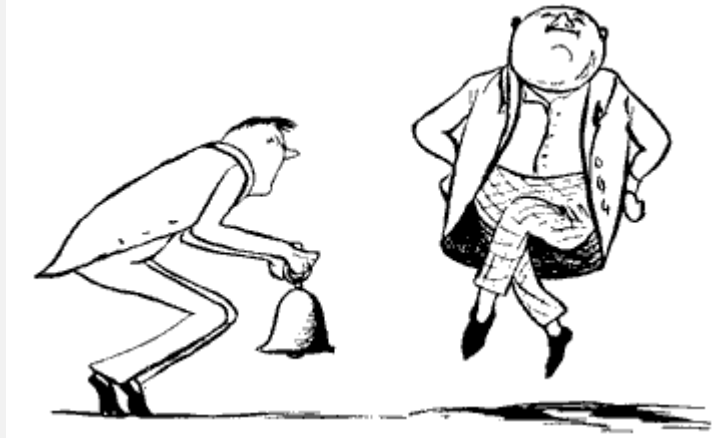
"Fil-jomble, fil-jumble, fil-rumble-come-tumble!"  
That doubtful old man of Spithead.



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 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 person of Filey,  
Of whom his acquaintance spoke highly;  
He danced perfectly well, to the sound of a bell,  
And delighted the people of Filey.

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## TWENTY-SIX NONSENSE RHYMES AND PICTURES.

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[a](#) [b](#) [c](#) [d](#) [e](#) [f](#) [g](#) [h](#) [i](#) [j](#) [k](#) [l](#) [m](#) [n](#)

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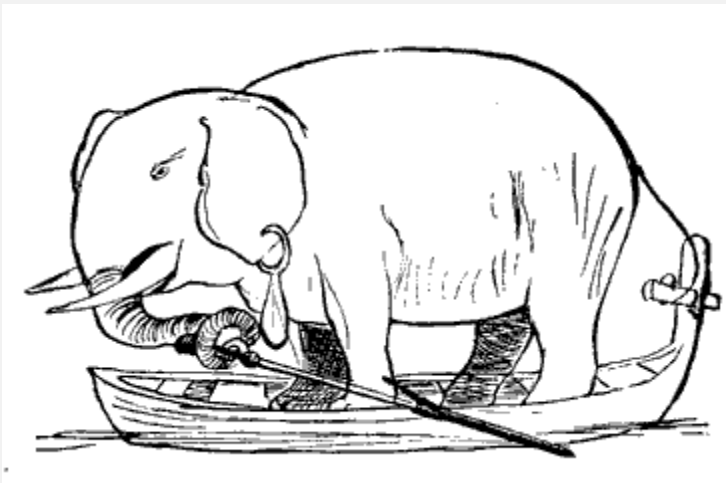
The Absolutely Abstemious Ass,  
who resided in a Barrel, and only lived on  
Soda Water and Pickled Cucumbers.

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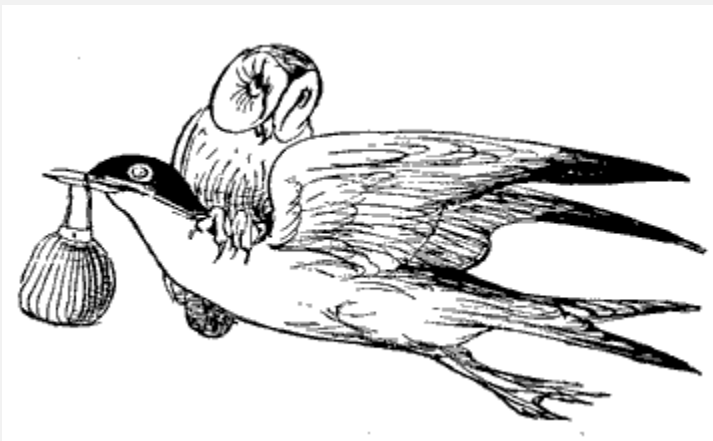
The Comfortable Confidential Cow,  
who sate in her Red Morocco Arm Chair and  
toasted her own Bread at the parlour Fire.

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The Enthusiastic Elephant,  
who ferried himself across the water with the  
Kitchen Poker and a New pair of Ear-rings.

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The Good-natured Grey Gull,  
who carried the Old Owl, and his Crimson Carpet-bag,  
across the river, because he could not swim.





The Inventive Indian,  
who caught a Remarkable Rabbit in a  
Stupendous Silver Spoon.

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The Kicking Kangaroo,  
who wore a Pale Pink Muslin dress  
with Blue spots.

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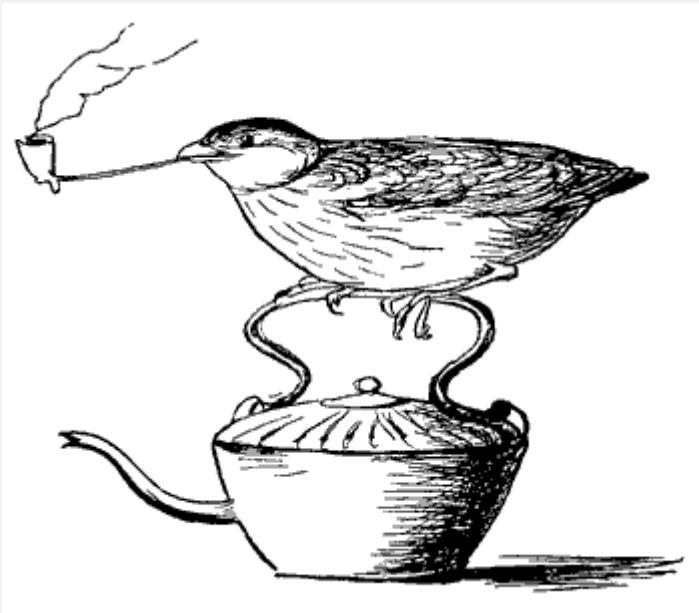
The Melodious Meritorious Mouse,  
who played a merry minuet on the  
Piano-forte.

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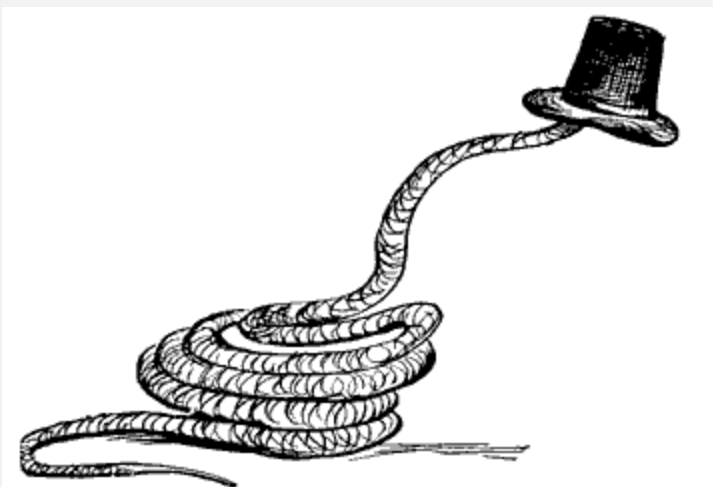
The Obsequious Ornamental Ostrich,  
who wore Boots to keep his  
feet quite dry.

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The Queer Querulous Quail,  
who smoked a Pipe of tobacco on the top of  
a Tin Tea-kettle.

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The Scroobious Snake,  
who always wore a Hat on his Head, for  
fear he should bite anybody.

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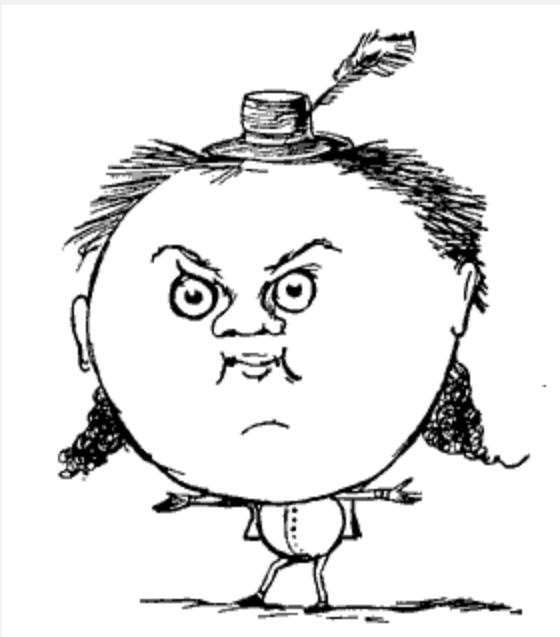
The Umbrageous Umbrella-maker,  
whose Face nobody ever saw, because it was  
always covered by his Umbrella.

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The Worrying Whizzing Wasp,  
who stood on a Table, and played sweetly on a  
Flute with a Morning Cap.

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The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,  
whose Head was ever so much bigger than his  
Body, and whose Hat was rather small.

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# Laughable Lyrics: A Fourth Book of Nonsense Poems, Songs, Botany, Music, etc.

by  
**Edward Lear,**

*Author of the 'Book of Nonsense' 'More Nonsense' 'Nonsense Songs, Stories,' etc.,*



etc.

With all the Original Illustrations.

1894

Originally published 1877

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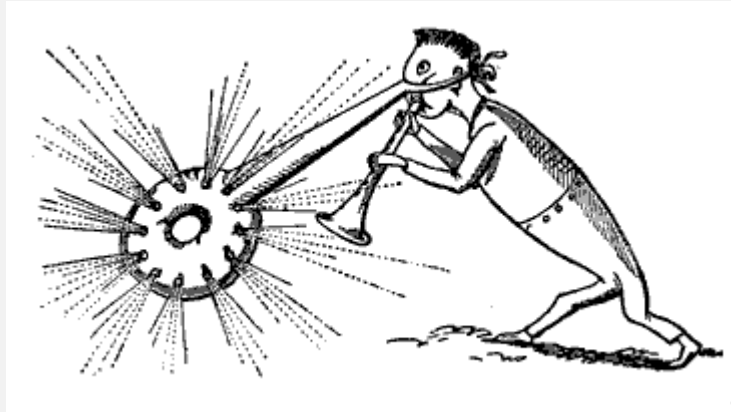
## LAUGHABLE LYRICS.

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[The Dong with a Luminous Nose](#) [The Two Old Bachelors](#) [The Pelican Chorus](#) [The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò](#) [The Pobble who has no Toes](#) [The New Vestments](#) [Mr. And Mrs. Discobolos](#) [The Quangle Wangle's Hat](#) [The Cumberbund](#) [The Akond of Swat](#)

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THE DONG WITH A LUMINOUS NOSE.

When awful darkness and silence reign  
 Over the great Gromboolian plain,  
 Through the long, long wintry nights; When the angry breakers roar  
 As they beat on the rocky shore;  
 When Storm-clouds brood on the towering heights Of the Hills of the Chankly Bore,—

Then, through the vast and gloomy dark  
 There moves what seems a fiery spark,—  
 A lonely spark with silvery rays Piercing the coal-black night,—A Meteor strange and  
 bright: Hither and thither the vision strays, A single lurid light.

Slowly it wanders, pauses, creeps,—  
 Anon it sparkles, flashes, and leaps;  
 And ever as onward it gleaming goes  
 A light on the Bong-tree stems it throws.  
 And those who watch at that midnight hour  
 From Hall or Terrace or lofty Tower,  
 Cry, as the wild light passes along,—  
 "The Dong! the Dong! The wandering Dong through the forest goes! The Dong! the  
 Dong! The Dong with a luminous Nose!"

Long years ago The Dong was happy and gay, Till he fell in love with a Jumbly Girl  
 Who came to those shores one day. For the Jumblies came in a sieve, they did,—  
 Landing at eve near the Zemmery Fidd  
 Where the Oblong Oysters grow, And the rocks are smooth and gray. And all the  
 woods and the valleys rang  
 With the Chorus they daily and nightly sang,—

*"Far and few, far and few,Are the lands where the Jumblies live;Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,And they went to sea in a sieve."*

Happily, happily passed those days!  
While the cheerful Jumblies staid;They danced in circlets all night long,To the plaintive pipe of the lively Dong,In moonlight, shine, or shade.For day and night he was always there

By the side of the Jumbly Girl so fair,  
With her sky-blue hands and her sea-green hair;  
Till the morning came of that hateful day  
When the Jumblies sailed in their sieve away,  
And the Dong was left on the cruel shore

Gazing, gazing for evermore,—  
Ever keeping his weary eyes on  
That pea-green sail on the far horizon,—  
Singing the Jumbly Chorus still  
As he sate all day on the grassy hill,—

*"Far and few, far and few,Are the lands where the Jumblies live;Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,And they went to sea in a sieve."*

But when the sun was low in the West,  
The Dong arose and said,—"What little sense I once possessed  
Has quite gone out of my head!"And since that day he wanders still  
By lake and forest, marsh and hill,  
Singing, "O somewhere, in valley or plain,  
Might I find my Jumbly Girl again!  
For ever I'll seek by lake and shore  
Till I find my Jumbly Girl once more!"

Playing a pipe with silvery squeaks,Since then his Jumbly Girl he seeks;And because  
by night he could not see,He gathered the bark of the Twangum TreeOn the flowery  
plain that grows.And he wove him a wondrous Nose,—A Nose as strange as a Nose  
could be!Of vast proportions and painted red,  
And tied with cords to the back of his head.  
—In a hollow rounded space it endedWith a luminous Lamp within suspended,All  
fenced aboutWith a bandage stoutTo prevent the wind from blowing it out;And with  
holes all round to send the lightIn gleaming rays on the dismal night

And now each night, and all night long,  
Over those plains still roams the Dong;  
And above the wail of the Chimp and Snipe  
You may hear the squeak of his plaintive pipe,

While ever he seeks, but seeks in vain,  
To meet with his Jumbly Girl again;  
Lonely and wild, all night he goes,—  
The Dong with a luminous Nose!  
And all who watch at the midnight hour,  
From Hall or Terrace or lofty Tower,  
Cry, as they trace the Meteor bright,  
Moving along through the dreary night,—  
"This is the hour when forth he goes, The Dong with a luminous Nose! Yonder, over  
the plain he goes,—He goes! He goes,—The Dong with a luminous Nose!"

---



THE TWO OLD BACHELORS.

Two old Bachelors were living in one house;  
One caught a Muffin, the other caught a Mouse.  
Said he who caught the Muffin to him who caught the Mouse,—  
"This happens just in time! For we've nothing in the house,  
Save a tiny slice of lemon and a teaspoonful of honey,  
And what to do for dinner—since we haven't any money?  
And what can we expect if we haven't any dinner,  
But to lose our teeth and eyelashes and keep on growing thinner?"

Said he who caught the Mouse to him who caught the Muffin,—  
"We might cook this little Mouse, if we only had some Stuffin'!  
If we had but Sage and Onion we could do extremely well;  
But how to get that Stuffin' it is difficult to tell!"

Those two old Bachelors ran quickly to the town  
And asked for Sage and Onion as they wandered up and down;  
They borrowed two large Onions, but no Sage was to be found  
In the Shops, or in the Market, or in all the Gardens round.

But some one said, "A hill there is, a little to the north,  
And to its purpledicular top a narrow way leads forth;  
And there among the rugged rocks abides an ancient Sage,—  
An earnest Man, who reads all day a most perplexing page.  
Climb up, and seize him by the toes,—all studious as he sits,—  
And pull him down, and chop him into endless little bits!  
Then mix him with your Onion (cut up likewise into Scraps),—  
When your Stuffin' will be ready, and very good—perhaps."

Those two old Bachelors without loss of time  
The nearly purpledicular crags at once began to climb;  
And at the top, among the rocks, all seated in a nook,  
They saw that Sage a-reading of a most enormous book.

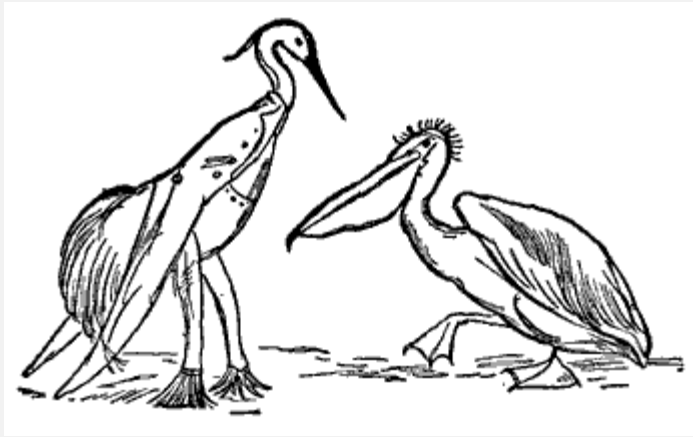
"You earnest Sage!" aloud they cried, "your book you've read enough in!  
We wish to chop you into bits to mix you into Stuffin'!"

But that old Sage looked calmly up, and with his awful book,  
At those two Bachelors' bald heads a certain aim he took;  
And over Crag and precipice they rolled promiscuous down,—  
At once they rolled, and never stopped in lane or field or town;  
And when they reached their house, they found (besides their want of Stuffin'),  
The Mouse had fled—and, previously, had eaten up the Muffin.

They left their home in silence by the once convivial door;  
And from that hour those Bachelors were never heard of more.

---

THE PELICAN CHORUS.



King and Queen of the Pelicans we;  
No other Birds so grand we see!  
None but we have feet like fins!  
With lovely leathery throats and chins!  
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee! We think no Birds so happy as we! Plumpskin,  
Ploshkin, Pelican Jill! We think so then, and we thought so still

We live on the Nile. The Nile we love.  
By night we sleep on the cliffs above;  
By day we fish, and at eve we stand  
On long bare islands of yellow sand.  
And when the sun sinks slowly down,  
And the great rock walls grow dark and brown,  
Where the purple river rolls fast and dim  
And the Ivory Ibis starlike skim,  
Wing to wing we dance around,  
Stamping our feet with a flumpy sound,  
Opening our mouths as Pelicans ought;  
And this is the song we nightly snort,—  
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee! We think no Birds so happy as we! Plumpskin,  
Ploshkin, Pelican jill! We think so then, and we thought so still!

Last year came out our Daughter Dell,  
And all the Birds received her well.  
To do her honor a feast we made  
For every bird that can swim or wade,—  
Herons and Gulls, and Cormorants black,  
Cranes, and Flamingoes with scarlet back,

Plovers and Storks, and Geese in clouds,  
Swans and Dilberry Ducks in crowds:  
Thousands of Birds in wondrous flight!  
They ate and drank and danced all night,  
And echoing back from the rocks you heard  
Multitude-echoes from Bird and Bird,—  
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee! We think no Birds so happy as we! Plumpskin,  
Ploshkin, Pelican jill! We think so then, and we thought so still!

Yes, they came; and among the rest  
The King of the Cranes all grandly dressed.  
Such a lovely tail! Its feathers float  
Between the ends of his blue dress-coat;  
With pea-green trowsers all so neat,  
And a delicate frill to hide his feet  
(For though no one speaks of it, every one knows  
He has got no webs between his toes).

As soon as he saw our Daughter Dell,  
In violent love that Crane King fell,—  
On seeing her waddling form so fair,  
With a wreath of shrimps in her short white hair.  
And before the end of the next long day  
Our Dell had given her heart away;  
For the King of the Cranes had won that heart  
With a Crocodile's egg and a large fish-tart.  
She vowed to marry the King of the Cranes,  
Leaving the Nile for stranger plains;  
And away they flew in a gathering crowd  
Of endless birds in a lengthening cloud.  
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee! We think no Birds so happy as we! Plumpskin,  
Ploshkin, Pelican jill! We think so then, and we thought so still!

And far away in the twilight sky  
We heard them singing a lessening cry,—  
Farther and farther, till out of sight,  
And we stood alone in the silent night!  
Often since, in the nights of June,  
We sit on the sand and watch the moon,—  
She has gone to the great Gromboolian Plain,  
And we probably never shall meet again!  
Oft, in the long still nights of June,

We sit on the rocks and watch the moon,—  
She dwells by the streams of the Chankly Bore.  
And we probably never shall see her more.  
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee! We think no Birds so happy as we! Plumpskin,  
Ploshkin, Pelican jill! We think so then, and we thought so still!

# THE PELICANS.

CANTO.

King and Queen of the Peli-cans we, No other birds so grand we see!

PIANO.

None but we have feet like fins with love-ly lea-the-ry throats and chins,

*Coro--piu sostenuto.*

Ploff-skin, Pluff-skin, Pe-li-can Joe! we think no birds so hap-py as we!

Plump-skin, Ploff-skin, Pe-li-can Jill! We think so then, and we thought so still!

2004: also available as [.pdf](#), [.midi](#), or [Lilypond markup](#)



**NOTE.**—The Air of this and the following Song by Edward Lear; the Arrangement for the Piano by Professor Pomè, of San Remo, Italy.

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THE COURTSHIP OF THE YONGHY-BONGHY-BÒ.

### I.

On the Coast of Coromandel

Where the early pumpkins blow, In the middle of the woods Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò. Two old chairs, and half a candle,  
One old jug without a handle,—

These were all his worldly goods: In the middle of the woods, These were all the worldly goods Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò, Of the Yonghy-Bonghy Bò.

### II.

Once, among the Bong-trees walking

Where the early pumpkins blow, To a little heap of stones Came the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò. There he heard a Lady talking,

To some milk-white Hens of Dorking,—

"'Tis the Lady Jingly Jones! On that little heap of stones Sits the Lady Jingly Jones!" Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò, Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

### III.

"Lady Jingly! Lady Jingly!

Sitting where the pumpkins blow, Will you come and be my wife?" Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò. "I am tired of living singly"—

On this coast so wild and shingly,—  
I'm a-weary of my life; If you'll come and be my wife, Quite serene would be my  
life!" Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò, Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

#### IV.

"On this Coast of Coromandel  
Shrimps and watercresses grow, Prawns are plentiful and cheap," Said the Yonghy-  
Bonghy-Bò. "You shall have my chairs and candle,  
And my jug without a handle!  
Gaze upon the rolling deep (Fish is plentiful and cheap); As the sea, my love is  
deep!" Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò, Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

#### V.

Lady Jingly answered sadly,  
And her tears began to flow,— "Your proposal comes too late, Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-  
Bò! I would be your wife most gladly!"  
(Here she twirled her fingers madly,)  
"But in England I've a mate! Yes! you've asked me far too late, For in England I've a  
mate, Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò! Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!"

#### VI.

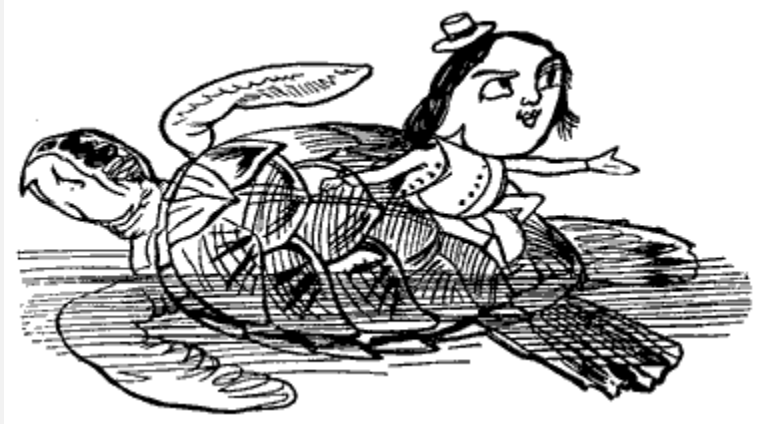
"Mr. Jones (his name is Handel,—  
Handel Jones, Esquire, & Co.) Dorking fowls delights to send, Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-  
Bò! Keep, oh, keep your chairs and candle,  
And your jug without a handle,—  
I can merely be your friend! Should my Jones more Dorkings send, I will give you  
three, my friend! Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò! Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!"

#### VII.

"Though you've such a tiny body,  
And your head so large doth grow,— Though your hat may blow away, Mr. Yonghy-  
Bonghy-Bò! Though you're such a Hoddy Doddy,  
Yet I wish that I could modi-  
fy the words I needs must say! Will you please to go away? That is all I have to say, Mr.  
Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò! Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!"

#### VIII.

Down the slippery slopes of Myrtle,  
Where the early pumpkins blow, To the calm and silent sea  
Fled the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò. There, beyond the Bay of Gurtle,  
Lay a large and lively Turtle.  
"You're the Cove," he said, "for me; On your back beyond the sea,  
Turtle, you shall carry me!" Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò, Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.



## IX.

Through the silent-roaring ocean  
Did the Turtle swiftly go; Holding fast upon his shell  
Rode the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò. With a sad primaeval motion  
Towards the sunset isles of Boshen  
Still the Turtle bore him well. Holding fast upon his shell, "Lady Jingly Jones,  
farewell!" Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò, Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

## X.

From the Coast of Coromandel  
Did that Lady never go; On that heap of stones she mourns  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò. On that Coast of Coromandel,  
In his jug without a handle  
Still she weeps, and daily moans; On that little heap of stones  
To her Dorking Hens she moans, For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò, For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

# THE YONGHY BONGHY BÒ.

**CANTO.**

On the coast of Co-ro-man-del, Where the ear-ly pumpkins grow, In the

**PIANO.**

middle of the woods, Lived the Yonghy Bonghy Bò, Two old chairs and half a candle, One old

jug with-out a han-dle, These were all his worldly goods, In the middle of the woods, These were

all the worldly goods, Of the Yonghy Bonghy Bò, Of the Yonghy Bonghy Bò.

Also available as [.pdf](#), [.midi](#), or [Lilypond markup](#). (added 2004)



THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES.

## I.

The Pobble who has no toes  
Had once as many as we; When they said, "Some day you may lose them all;"  
He replied, "Fish fiddle de-dee!" And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink  
Lavender water tinged with pink;  
For she said, "The World in general knows  
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

## II.

The Pobble who has no toes,  
Swam across the Bristol Channel; But before he set out he wrapped his nose  
In a piece of scarlet flannel. For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm  
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;  
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes  
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

## III.

The Pobble swam fast and well,  
And when boats or ships came near him, He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell  
So that all the world could hear him. And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,  
When they saw him nearing the further side,—  
"He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's  
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

## IV.

But before he touched the shore,—  
The shore of the Bristol Channel, A sea-green Porpoise carried away  
His wrapper of scarlet flannel. And when he came to observe his feet,  
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,  
His face at once became forlorn  
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

## V.

And nobody ever knew,  
From that dark day to the present, Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,  
In a manner so far from pleasant. Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,  
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away,  
Nobody knew; and nobody knows  
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

## VI.

The Pobble who has no toes  
Was placed in a friendly Bark, And they rowed him back, and carried him up  
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park. And she made him a feast, at his earnest wish,  
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;  
And she said, "It's a fact the whole world knows,  
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

---

## THE NEW VESTMENTS.

There lived an old man in the Kingdom of Tess,  
Who invented a purely original dress;  
And when it was perfectly made and complete,  
He opened the door and walked into the street.

By way of a hat he'd a loaf of Brown Bread,  
In the middle of which he inserted his head;  
His Shirt was made up of no end of dead Mice,  
The warmth of whose skins was quite fluffy and nice;  
His Drawers were of Rabbit-skins, so were his Shoes;  
His Stockings were skins, but it is not known whose;

His Waistcoat and Trowsers were made of Pork Chops;  
His Buttons were Jujubes and Chocolate Drops;  
His Coat was all Pancakes, with Jam for a border,  
And a girdle of Biscuits to keep it in order;  
And he wore over all, as a screen from bad weather,  
A Cloak of green Cabbage-leaves stitched all together.

He had walked a short way, when he heard a great noise,  
Of all sorts of Beasticles, Birdlings, and Boys;  
And from every long street and dark lane in the town  
Beasts, Birdies, and Boys in a tumult rushed down.  
Two Cows and a Calf ate his Cabbage-leaf Cloak;  
Four Apes seized his Girdle, which vanished like smoke;  
Three Kids ate up half of his Pancaky Coat,  
And the tails were devour'd by an ancient He Goat;  
An army of Dogs in a twinkling tore *up* his  
Pork Waistcoat and Trowsers to give to their Puppies;  
And while they were growling, and mumbling the Chops,  
Ten Boys prigged the Jujubes and Chocolate Drops.  
He tried to run back to his house, but in vain,  
For scores of fat Pigs came again and again:  
They rushed out of stables and hovels and doors;  
They tore off his stockings, his shoes, and his drawers;  
And now from the housetops with screechings descend  
Striped, spotted, white, black, and gray Cats without end:  
They jumped on his shoulders and knocked off his hat,  
When Crows, Ducks, and Hens made a mincemeat of that;  
They speedily flew at his sleeves in a trice,  
And utterly tore up his Shirt of dead Mice;  
They swallowed the last of his Shirt with a squall,—  
Whereon he ran home with no clothes on at all.

And he said to himself, as he bolted the door,  
"I will not wear a similar dress any more,  
Any more, any more, any more, never more!"

---

MR. AND MRS. DISCOBBOLOS.

**I.**

Mr. and Mrs. DiscobbolosClimbed to the top of a wall.And they sate to watch the  
sunset sky,And to hear the Nupiter Piffkin cry,And the Biscuit Buffalo call.They took  
up a roll and some Camomile tea,  
And both were as happy as happy could be,  
Till Mrs. Discobbolos said,—"Oh! W! X! Y! Z!It has just come into my head,Suppose  
we should happen to fall!!!!Darling Mr. Discobbolos!

## II.

"Suppose we should fall down flumpetty,  
Just like pieces of stone,On to the thorns, or into the moat,What would become of  
your new green coat?And might you not break a bone?It never occurred to me before,  
That perhaps we shall never go down any more!"  
And Mrs. Discobbolos said,"Oh! W! X! Y! Z!What put it into your headTo climb up  
this wall, my ownDarling Mr. Discobbolos?"

## III.

Mr. Discobbolos answered,  
"At first it gave me pain,And I felt my ears turn perfectly pinkWhen your exclamation  
made me thinkWe might never get down again!But now I believe it is wiser far  
To remain for ever just where we are."  
And Mr. Discobbolos said,"Oh! W! X! Y! Z!It has just come into my headWe shall  
never go down again,Dearest Mrs. Discobbolos!"

## IV.

So Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos  
Stood up and began to sing,—"Far away from hurry and strifeHere we will pass the  
rest of life,Ding a dong, ding dong, ding!We want no knives nor forks nor chairs,  
No tables nor carpets nor household cares;  
From worry of life we've fled;Oh! W! X! Y! Z!There is no more trouble ahead,Sorrow  
or any such thing,For Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos!"

---





THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT.

### I.

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree  
The Quangle Wangle sat, But his face you could not see,  
On account of his Beaver Hat. For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,  
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,  
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,  
So that nobody ever could see the face  
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

### II.

The Quangle Wangle said  
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree, "Jam, and jelly, and bread  
Are the best of food for me! But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree  
The plainer than ever it seems to me  
That very few people come this way  
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"  
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

### III.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree  
Mr. and Mrs. Canary; And they said, "Did ever you see  
Any spot so charmingly airy? May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?  
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!  
O please let us come and build a nest

Of whatever material suits you best,  
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

#### IV.

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree  
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl; The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,  
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl (The Fimble Fowl, with a Corkscrew leg);  
And all of them said, "We humbly beg  
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat,—  
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!  
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

#### V.

And the Golden Grouse came there,  
And the Pobble who has no toes, And the small Olympian bear,  
And the Dong with a luminous nose. And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,  
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,  
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat,—  
All came and built on the lovely Hat  
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

#### VI.

And the Quangle Wangle said  
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree, "When all these creatures move  
What a wonderful noise there'll be!" And at night by the light of the Mulberry moon  
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,  
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,  
And all were as happy as happy could be,  
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

---

THE CUMMERBUND.  
An Indian Poem.

#### I.

She sate upon her Dobie, To watch the Evening Star, And all the Punkahs, as they  
passed, Cried, "My! how fair you are!" Around her bower, with quivering leaves, The  
tall Kamsamahs grew, And Kitmutgars in wild festoons Hung down from Tchokis blue.

## II.

Below her home the river rolled With soft meloobious sound, Where golden-finned  
Chuprassies swam, In myriads circling round. Above, on tallest trees remote Green  
Ayahs perched alone, And all night long the Mussak moan'd Its melancholy tone.

## III.

And where the purple Nullahs threw Their branches far and wide,

And silvery Goreewallahs flew In silence, side by side, The little Bheesties' twittering  
cry Rose on the flagrant air, And oft the angry Jampan howled Deep in his hateful lair.

## IV.

She sate upon her Dobie, She heard the Nimmak hum, When all at once a cry  
arose, "The Cummerbund is come!" In vain she fled: with open jaws The angry monster  
followed, And so (before assistance came) That Lady Fair was swallowed.

## V.

They sought in vain for even a bone Respectfully to bury; They said, "Hers was a  
dreadful fate!" (And Echo answered, "Very.") They nailed her Dobie to the wall, Where  
last her form was seen, And underneath they wrote these words, In yellow, blue, and  
green:

"Beware, ye Fair! Ye Fair, beware! Nor sit out late at night, Lest horrid Cummerbunds  
should come, And swallow you outright."

**NOTE.**—First published in *Times of India*, Bombay, July, 1874.

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THE AKOND OF SWAT.

Who, or why, or which, or *what*, Is the Akond of SWAT?  
Is he tall or short, or dark or fair?  
Does he sit on a stool or a sofa or chair,

Is he wise or foolish, young or old?  
Does he drink his soup and his coffee cold,

Does he sing or whistle, jabber or talk,  
And when riding abroad does he gallop or walk,

Does he wear a turban, a fez, or a hat?  
Does he sleep on a mattress, a bed, or a mat,

When he writes a copy in round-hand size,  
Does he cross his T's and finish his I's

Can he write a letter concisely clear  
Without a speck or a smudge or smear

Do his people like him extremely well?  
Or do they, whenever they can, rebel,

If he catches them then, either old or young,  
Does he have them chopped in pieces or hung,

Do his people prig in the lanes or park?  
Or even at times, when days are dark,

Does he study the wants of his own dominion?  
Or doesn't he care for public opinion

To amuse his mind do his people show him  
Pictures, or any one's last new poem,

or SQU  
The Akond

or H  
The Akond

or TR  
The Akond

or a C  
The Akond

with a  
The Akond

or BL  
The Akond

or PL  
At the Akon

or s/  
The Akond

GARO  
O the Akon

a JC  
The Akond

or WH  
For the Akon

At night if he suddenly screams and wakes,  
Do they bring him only a few small cakes,

Does he live on turnips, tea, or tripe?  
Does he like his shawl to be marked with a stripe,

Does he like to lie on his back in a boat  
Like the lady who lived in that isle remote,

Is he quiet, or always making a fuss?  
Is his steward a Swiss or a Swede or a Russ,

Does he like to sit by the calm blue wave?  
Or to sleep and snore in a dark green cave,

Does he drink small beer from a silver jug?  
Or a bowl? or a glass? or a cup? or a mug?

Does he beat his wife with a gold-topped pipe,  
When she lets the gooseberries grow too ripe,

Does he wear a white tie when he dines with friends,  
And tie it neat in a bow with ends,

Does he like new cream, and hate mince-pies?  
When he looks at the sun does he wink his eyes,

Does he teach his subjects to roast and bake?  
Does he sail about on an inland lake,

Some one, or nobody, knows I wot  
Who or which or why or what

**NOTE.**—For the existence of this potentate see Indian newspapers, *passim*. The proper way to read the verses is to make an immense emphasis on the monosyllabic rhymes, which indeed ought to be shouted out by a chorus.

---

or a L  
For the Akond

or a D  
The Akond

SHALL  
The Akond

or a S  
The Akond

or a GR  
The Akond

or a P  
The Akond

or R  
The Akond

or a K  
The Akond

or N  
The Akond

in a YA  
The Akond

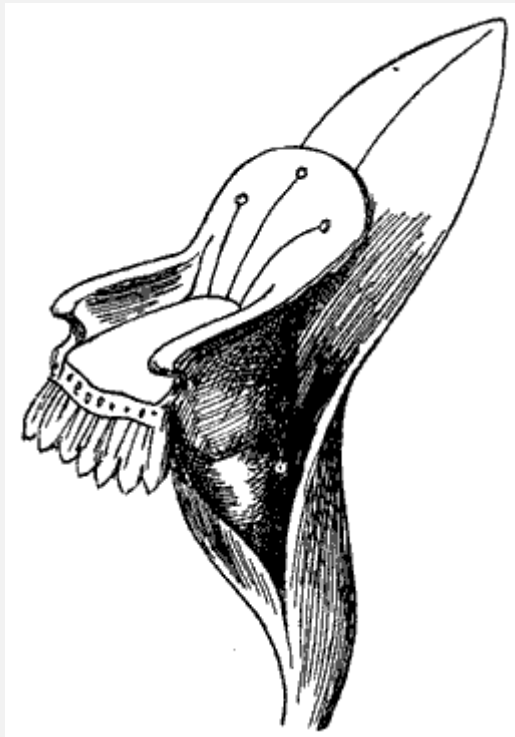
Is the Akond

# NONSENSE BOTANY.

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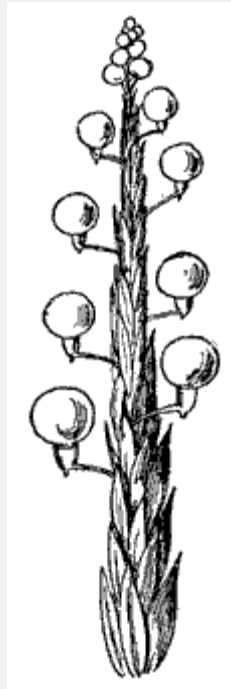
[Armchairia Comfortabilis](#) [Bassia Palealensis](#) [Bubblia Blowpipia](#) [Bluebottlia Buzztilentia](#) [Crabbia Horrida](#) [Smalltoothcombia Domestica](#) [Knutmigrata Simplicia](#) [Tureenia Ladlecum](#) [Puffia Leatherbellowsa](#) [Queeriflora Babyöides](#)

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Armchairia Comfortabilis.

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Bubbia Blowpipia.

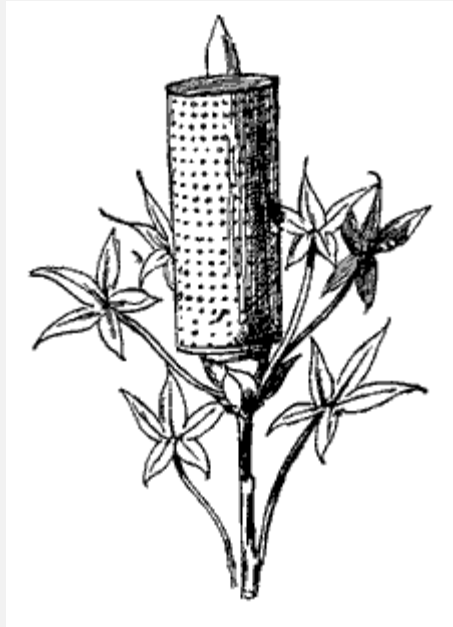
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Crabbia Horrida.

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*Knutmigrata Simplice.*

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Puffia Leatherbellowsa.

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## NONSENSE ALPHABETS.

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[No. 5](#) [No. 6](#)

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[a](#) [b](#) [c](#) [d](#) [e](#) [f](#) [g](#) [h](#) [i](#) [j](#) [k](#) [l](#) [m](#) [n](#)

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A



A was an Area Arch  
Where washerwomen sat; They made a lot of lovely starch  
To starch Papa's Cravat.

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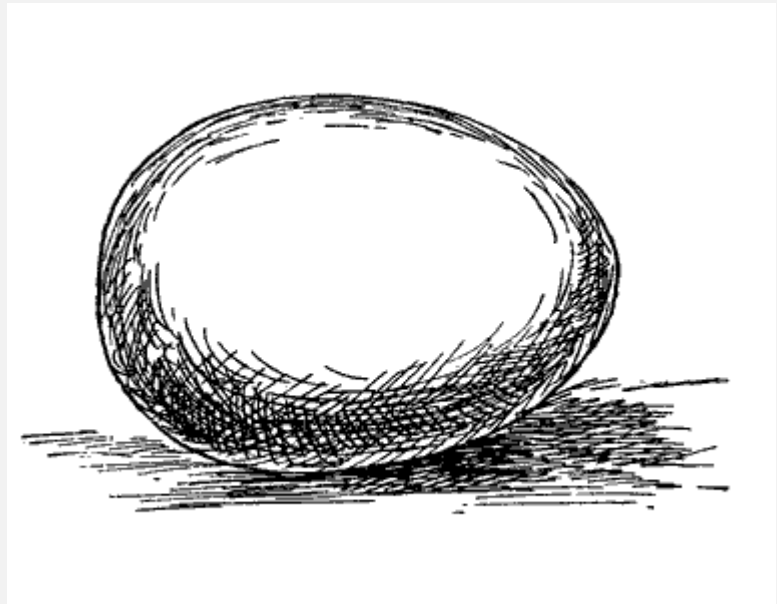
C



C was Papa's gray Cat,  
Who caught a squeaky Mouse;She pulled him by his twirly tail  
All about the house.

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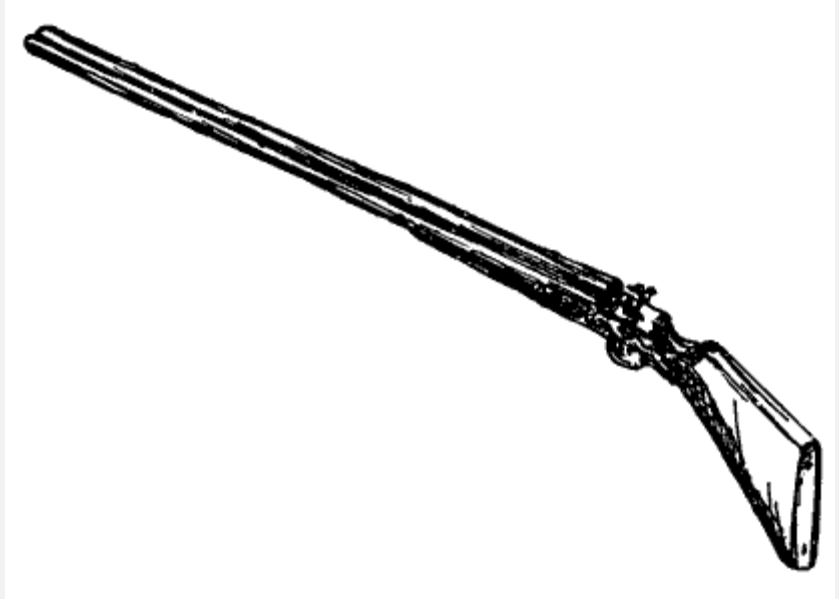
E



E was a little Egg,  
Upon the breakfast table;Papa came in and ate it up  
As fast as he was able.

---

G



G was Papa's new Gun;  
He put it in a box; And then he went and bought a bun,  
And walked about the Docks.

---

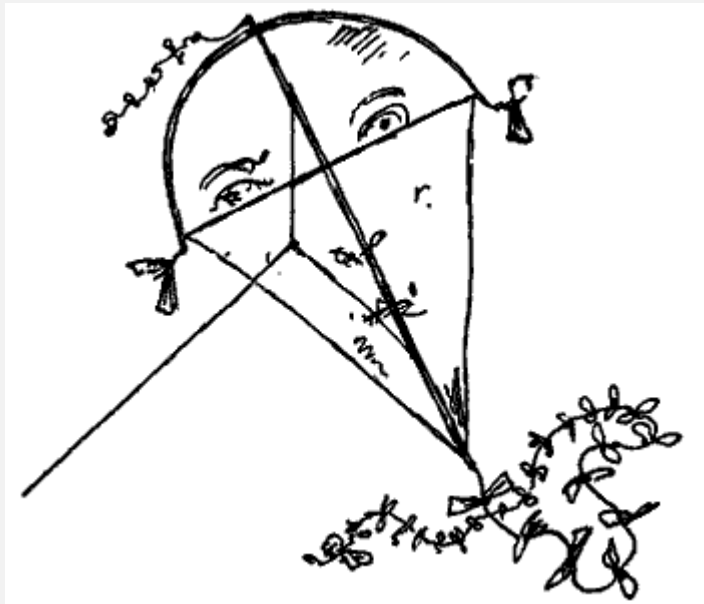
I



I was an Inkstand new,  
Papa he likes to use it;He keeps it in his pocket now,  
For fear that he should lose it.

---

# K



K was a great new Kite;  
Papa he saw it flyAbove a thousand chimney pots,  
And all about the sky.

---

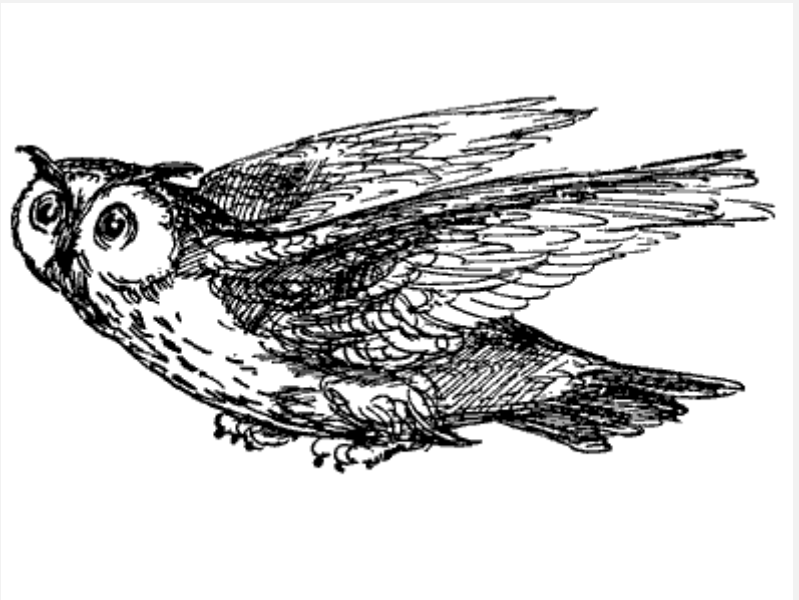
# M



M was a dish of mince;  
It looked so good to eat! Papa, he quickly ate it up,  
And said, "This is a treat!"

---

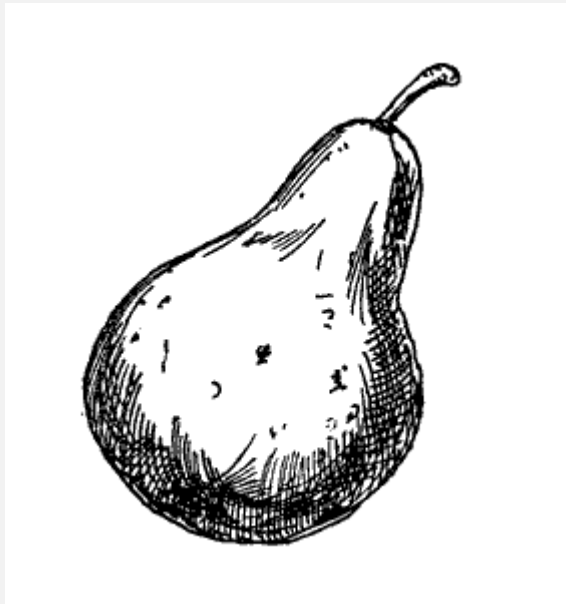
O



O was an Owl who flew  
All in the dark away, Papa said, "What an owl you are!  
Why don't you fly by day?"

---

Q

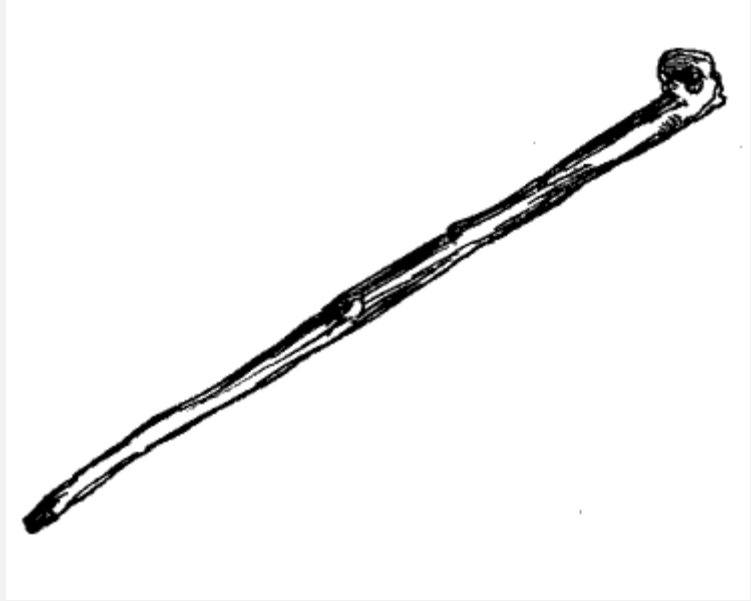


Q was a Quince that hung  
Upon a garden tree; Papa he brought it with him home,  
And ate it with his tea.

---

S





S was Papa's new Stick,  
Papa's new thumping Stick, To thump extremely wicked boys,  
Because it was so thick.

---

U



U was a silver urn,  
Full of hot scalding water;Papa said, "If that Urn were mine,  
I'd give it to my daughter!"

---

W



W was a Watch of Gold:  
It told the time of day,So that Papa knew when to come,  
And when to go away.

---

Y



Y was a Youth, who kicked  
And screamed and cried like mad; Papa he said, "Your conduct is  
Abominably bad!"

---

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---



tumbled down, and hurt his Arm, against a bit of wood,



said. "My Boy, oh, do not cry; it cannot do you good!"



said, "A Cup of Coffee hot can't do you any harm."

D

said, "A Doctor should be fetched, and he would cure the arm."

E

said, "An Egg beat up with milk would quickly make him well."

F

said, "A Fish, if broiled, might cure, if only by the smell."

G

said, "Green Gooseberry fool, the best of cures I hold."

H

said, "His Hat should be kept on, to keep him from the cold."

I

said, "Some Ice upon his head will make him better soon."

J

said, "Some Jam, if spread on bread, or given in a spoon!"



said, "A Kangaroo is here,—this picture let him see."



said, "A Lamp pray keep alight, to make some barley tea."



said, "A Mulberry or two might give him satisfaction."



said, "Some Nuts, if rolled about, might be a slight attraction."



said, "An Owl might make him laugh, if only it would wink."



P said, "Some Poetry might be read aloud, to make him think."



said, "A Quince I recommend,—a Quince, or else a Quail."

A large, ornate, blackletter-style capital letter 'R' with elaborate flourishes extending from the top and bottom.

said, "Some Rats might make him move, if fastened by their tail."

A large, ornate, blackletter-style capital letter 'S' with elaborate flourishes extending from the top and bottom.

said, "A Song should now be sung, in hopes to make him laugh!"

A large, ornate, blackletter-style capital letter 'T' with elaborate flourishes extending from the top and bottom.

said, "A Turnip might avail, if sliced or cut in half!"

A large, ornate, blackletter-style capital letter 'U' with elaborate flourishes extending from the top and bottom.

said, "An Urn, with water hot, place underneath his chin!"

A large, ornate, blackletter-style capital letter 'V' with elaborate flourishes extending from the top and bottom.

said, "I'll stand upon a chair, and play a Violin!"

A large, ornate, blackletter-style capital letter 'W' with elaborate flourishes extending from the top and bottom.

said, "Some Whisky-Whizzgigs fetch, some marbles and a ball!"

A large, ornate, blackletter-style capital letter 'X' with elaborate flourishes extending from the top and bottom.

said, "Some double XX ale would be the best of all!"



said, "Some Yeast mixed up with salt would make a perfect plaster!"



said, "Here is a box of Zinc! Get in, my little master!

We'll shut you up! We'll nail you down! We will, my little master! We think we've all heard quite enough of this

---

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- H was Papa's new Hat;
- H was a hat
- H was a heron,
- H was once a little hen,
- The Hasty Higgeldipiggledy Hen,
- "How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!"



- I said, "Some Ice upon his head
- I was an Inkstand new,
- I was an inkstand,
- I was once a bottle of ink
- I was some ice
- In former days,that is to say, once upon a time,there lived in the Land of  
Gramble-Blamble seven families.
- The Inventive Indian,
- J said, "Some Jam, if spread on bread,
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- J was some Apple Jam,
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- King and Queen of the Pelicans we;
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- L was a fine new Lamp;
- L was a light
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- M said, "A Mulberry or two
- M was a dish of mince;
- M was a man,
- M was a mill
- M was once a little mouse,
- The Melodious Meritorious Mouse,
- Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos
- N said, "Some Nuts, if rolled about,
- N was a net
- N was a Nut that grew
- N was a nut
- N was once a little needle,

- The Nutcrackers sate by a plate on the table;
- The Nutritious Newt,
- O said, "An Owl might make him laugh,
- O was an orange
- O was an oyster,
- O was an Owl who flew
- O was once a little owl,
- The Obsequious Ornamental Ostrich,
- On a little piece of wood,
- On the Coast of Coromandel
- On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
- Once Mr. Daddy Long-legs,
- Once upon a time, a long while ago, there were four little people whose names  
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- The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
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## An Index of Nonsense Songs and Stories by Edward Lear.

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