Laughable Lyrics

by Edward Lear

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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. Laughable Lyrics

With all the Original Illustrations.

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Laughable Lyrics. The Dong With A Luminous Nose The Two Old Bachelors The Pelican Chorus sheet music .pdf / .midi / Lilypond markup. (added 2004) The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò sheet music .pdf / .midi / Lilypond markup. (added 2004) The Pobble Who Has No Toes The New Vestments Mr. And Mrs. Discobbolos The Quangle Wangle's Hat The Cummerbund The Akond Of Swat Nonsense Botany Nonsense Alphabets No. 5 No. 6

LAUGHABLE LYRICS.

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. Discobbolos The Quangle Wangle's Hat The Cummerbund The Akond of Swat

The Dong with a Luminous Nose

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 Tree On 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 ended With a luminous Lamp within suspended, All fenced about With a bandage stout To prevent the wind from blowing it out; And with holes all round to send the light In 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.

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.

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!

'Sheet Music: The Pelicans 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.

The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo

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-Bongy-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. Yongby-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.

The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo

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.

Sheet Music: The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò Also available as .pdf, .midi, or Lilypond markup. (added 2004)

The Pobble who has no Toes

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. Discobbolos Climbed 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 head To climb up this wall, my own Darling Mr. Discobbolos?"

III.

Mr. Discobbolos answered, "At first it gave me pain, And I felt my ears turn perfectly pink When your exclamation made me think We 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 head We 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 strife Here 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

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 swollowed.

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 swollow you outright."

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

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,

or SQUAT? The Akond of Swat?

Is he wise or foolish, young or old? Does he drink his soup and his coffee cold,
or HOT, The Akond of Swat?
Does he sing or whistle, jabber or talk, And when riding abroad does he gallop or walk,
or TROT, The Akond of Swat?
Does he wear a turban, a fez, or a hat? Does he sleep on a mattress, a bed, or a mat,
or a COT, The Akond of Swat?
When he writes a copy in round-hand size, Does he cross his T's and finish his I's
with a DOT, The Akond of Swat?
Can he write a letter concisely clear Without a speck or a smudge or smear
or BLOT, The Akond of Swat?
Do his people like him extremely well? Or do they, whenever they can, rebel,
or PLOT, At the Akond of Swat?
If he catches them then, either old or young, Does he have them chopped in pieces or hung,
or shot, The Akond of Swat?
Do his people prig in the lanes or park? Or even at times, when days are dark,
GAROTTE? O the Akond of Swat!
Does he study the wants of his own dominion? Or doesn't he care for public opinion
a JOT, The Akond of Swat?
To amuse his mind do his people show him Pictures, or any one's last new poem,
or WHAT, For the Akond of Swat?
At night if he suddenly screams and wakes, Do they bring him only a few small cakes,

or a LOT, For the Akond of Swat?

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

or a DOT, The Akond of Swat?

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

SHALLOTT, The Akond of Swat?

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

or a SCOT, The Akond of Swat?

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

or a GROTT, The Akond of Swat?

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

or a POT, The Akond of Swat?

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

or ROT, The Akond of Swat?

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

or a KNOT, The Akond of Swat?

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

or NOT, The Akond of Swat?

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

in a YACHT, The Akond of Swat?

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

Is the Akond of Swat!

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.

NONSENSE BOTANY.

Armchairia Comfortabilis Bassia Palealensis Bubblia Blowpipia Bluebottlia Buzztilentia Crabbia Horrida Smalltoothcombia Domestica Knutmigrata Simplice Tureenia Ladlecum Puffia Leatherbellowsa Queeriflora Babyöides

Armchairia Comfortabilis. Armchairia Comfortabilis. Bassia Palealensis. Bassia Palealensis. Bubblia Blowpipia. Bubblia Blowpipia. Bluebottlia Buzztilentia. Bluebottlia Buzztilentia. Crabbia Horrida. Crabbia Horrida. Smalltoothcombia Domestica. Smalltoothcombia Domestica. Knutmigrata Simplice. Knutmigrata Simplice. Tureenia Ladlecum. Tureenia Ladlecum. Puffia Leatherbellowsa. Puffia Leatherbellowsa. Queeriflora Babyöides. Queeriflora Babyöides.

NONSENSE ALPHABETS.

No. 5 No. 6

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

A

arch

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

B

bottle

B was a Bottle blue, Which was not very small; Papa he filled it full of beer, And then he drank it all.

C

cat

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

D

duck

D was Papa's white Duck, Who had a curly tail; One day it ate a great fat frog, Besides a leetle snail.

E

egg

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

F

fish

F was a little Fish. Cook in the river took it Papa said, "Cook! Cook! bring a dish! And, Cook! be quick and cook it!"

G

gun

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.

H

hat

H was Papa's new Hat; He wore it on his head; Outside it was completely black, But inside it was red.

I

arch

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.

J

jam

J was some Apple Jam, Of which Papa ate part; But all the rest he took away And stuffed into a tart.

K

arch

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

L

lamp

L was a fine new Lamp; But when the wick was lit, Papa he said, "This Light ain't good! I cannot read a bit!"

M

mince

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

N

nut

N was a Nut that grew High up upon a tree; Papa, who could not reach it, said,

"That's much too high for me!"

O

owl

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?"

P

pig

P was a little Pig, Went out to take a walk; Papa he said, "If Piggy dead, He'd all turn into Pork!"

Q

quince

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

R

rug

R was a Railway Rug Extremely large and warm; Papa he wrapped it round his head, In a most dreadful storm.

S

stick

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

T

tumbler

T was a tumbler full Of Punch all hot and good; Papa he drank it up, when in The middle of a wood.

U

urn

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

V

villain

V was a Villain; once He stole a piece of beef. Papa he said, "Oh, dreadful man! That Villain is a Thief!"

W

watch

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

X

xerxes

X was King Xerxes, whom Papa much wished to know; But this he could not do, because Xerxes died long ago.

Y

youth

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

Z

zebra

Z was a Zebra striped And streaked with lines of black; Papa said once, he thought he'd like A ride upon his back.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Zsaid, "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 your sad disaster!"

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