

RHYMES & POETRY

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POEMS JUST FOR FUN.

A Goblinade

A green hobgoblin
Small but quick,
Went out walking
With a black thorn stick.

He was full of mischief,
Full of glee.
He frightened all
That he could see.

He sought a little maiden
In a wood.
He looked as fierce as
A goblin should.

He crept by the hedge row,
He said "Boo!"
"Boo!" laughed the little girl,
"How are you?"

"What! said the goblin,
"Aren't you afraid?"
"I think your funny."
said the maid.

"Ha!" said the goblin,
Sitting down flat
"You think I'm funny?
I don't like that."

I'm very frightening.
You should flee!"
"Your cunning" she said

Then she laughed again, and went away.
But the goblin stood there
All that day.

A beetle came by, and
"Well" it said.
But the goblin only
Shook his head.

"For I am funny."
He said to it.
"I thought I was alarming,
And I'm not a bit.

"If I'm amusing,"
He said to himself,
"I won't be a goblin
I'll be an elf!"

"For a goblin must be a goblin
All the day,
But an elf need only
Dance and play."

So the little green goblin
Became an elf.
And he dances all day, and
He likes himself.

- Florence Page Jacques
Poet, writer.

A Slash Of Blue

A slash of Blue -
A sweep of Gray -
Some scarlet patches on the way,
Compose an Evening Sky -
A little purple - slipped between
Some Ruby trousers hurried on -
A Wave of Gold -
A Bank of Day -
This just makes out the Morning Sky.

- Emily Dickinson (1830-1886).

American lyrical poet & writer. Has become known, along with Walt Whitman, as one of the two quintessential American poets of the 20th century.

A Strange Wild Song

He thought he saw an Elephant
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of life!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the police!"

he thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a Coffee-mill:

He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.

"Were I to swallow this," he said,
"I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed:

He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.

"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed!"

- Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

(Real name, Reverend Charles Ludwidge Dodgson)

English author, mathematician, photographer, Anglican clergyman,
logician, writer, satirist, poet, & children's poet.

Antonio, Antonio

Antonio, Antonio,
Was tired of living alonio.
 He thought he would woo
 Miss Lissamy Loo
Miss Lissamy Lucy Molonio.

Antonio, Antonio,
Rode off on his polo-polonio.
 He found the fair maid
 In a bowery shade,
A-sitting and knitting alonio.

Antonio, Antonio,
Said, "If you will be my ownio,
 I'll love you true,
 And I'll buy for you,
An icery creamery conio!"

"Oh, Antonio, Antonio!...
You're far too bleak and bonio!
 And all that I wish,
 You singular fish,
Is that you will quickly begonio."

Antonio, Antonio,
He uttered a dismal moanio;
 Then ran off and hid
 (Or I'm told that he did)
In the Anticatarctical Zonio.

- Laura Elizabeth Howe Richards (1850-1943)
American author, writer, biographer, & poet.

Betty Botter

Betty Botter bought some butter,
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter.
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter.
But a bit of better butter
That would make my batter better."
So she bought a bit of butter,
Better than her bitter butter,
And she put it in her batter,
And the batter was not bitter.
So t'was better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

- Anon.

Celery

Celery, raw
Develops the jaw,
But celery, stewed,
Is more quietly chewed.

- Ogden Nash (1902-1971)

American writer, poet, lyricist. Best known for pithy and funny light verse.

Eletelephony

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant -
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone -
(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)

Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee -
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!)

- Laura Elizabeth Howe Richards (1850-1943)
American author, writer, biographer, & poet.

Halfway Down

Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit.
There isn't any other stair
quite like
it.
I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top:
This is the stair
Where
I always
stop.

Halfway up the stairs
Is not up,
And it isn't down.
It isn't in the nursery,
It isn't in the town.
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run rounds of my head:
It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!

- A. A. Milne (1882-1956) (Alan Alexander Milne)
British author, writer, playwright, & poet.

Best known for his books about the teddy-bear, Winnie-the-Pooh, and for various children's poems.

How Doth the Little Crocodile

"I'll try and say '*How doth the little* -- '" and she crossed her hands on her lap, as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do: --

1 "**How doth the little crocodile**
2 **Improve his shining tail,**
3 **And pour the waters of the Nile**
4 **On every golden scale!**
5 **How cheerfully he seems to grin,**
6 **How neatly spreads his claws,**
7 **And welcomes little fishes in**
8 **With gently smiling jaws!"**

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again ...

- *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

- Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

(Real name, Reverend Charles Ludwidge Dodgson)

English author, mathematician, photographer, Anglican clergyman, logician, writer, satirist, poet, & children's poet.

Notes

Line 1 - A parody of Isaac Watt's "Against Idleness and Mischief" (1715), one of the most popular moral poems that parents and teachers have served up to children. Alice is right: she does not hear the "right words."

I Eat My Peas With Honey

I eat my peas with honey
I've done it all of life
It makes the peas taste funny
But it keeps them on the knife

-Anon.

I Saw a Ship A-Sailing

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

- Mother Goose

If A Woodchuck Would Chuck Wood

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck

If a woodchuck could chuck wood?

He would chuck what wood a woodchuck would chuck,

If a woodchuck would chuck wood.

- Anon.

If All The Seas Were One Sea

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!

And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be!

And if the great man took the great axe
And cut down the great tree
And let it fall into the sea,
What a splish, splash that would be!

- Anon

Jabberwocky

1 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
2 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
3 All mimsy were the borogroves,
4 And the mome raths outgrabe.

5 "Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
6 The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
7 Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
8 The frumious Bandersnatch!"

9 He took his vorpal sword in hand:
10 Long time the manxome foe he sought --
11 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
12 And stood awhile in thought.

13 And, as in uffish thought he stood,
14 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
15 Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
16 And burbled as it came!

17 One, two! One, two! And through and through
18 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
19 He left it dead, and with its head
20 He went galumphing back.

21 "And, hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
22 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
23 O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
24 He chortled in his joy.

25 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

26 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
27 All mimsy were the borogroves,
28 And the mome raths outgrabe.

- Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)
(Real name, Reverend Charles Ludwidge Dodgson)

English author, mathematician, photographer, Anglican clergyman, logician, writer, satirist, poet, & children's poet.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jabberwocky>

<http://rpo.library.utoronto.ca/display/indextitle.html>

The Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known by the pen name Lewis Carroll, English author, poet, mathematician, logician, Anglican clergyman, & photographer. His most famous writings are *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, its sequel *Through the Looking-Glass*, the comic poem *The Hunting of the Snark*, and the nonsense poem *Jabberwocky*.

Jabberwocky is a poem (of nonsense verse) found in *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There* (1871). It is generally considered to be one of the greatest nonsense poems written in the English language.

In *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There* (1871):

"It seems very pretty," she said when she had finished it, "but it's rather hard to underú stand!" (You see she didn't like to confess, even to herself, that she couldn't make it out at all.) "Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas -- only I don't exactly know what they are! However, *somebody killed something*: that's clear, at any rate --"

... [pp. 126-29] "You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir," said Alice. "Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called 'Jabberwocky'?"

"Let's hear it," said Humpty Dumpty. "I can explain all the poems that ever were invented -- and a good many that haven't been invented just yet."

This sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the first verse:

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

"That's enough to begin with," Humpty Dumpty interrupted; "there are plenty of hard words there. 'Brillig' means four o'clock in the afternoon -- the time when you begin *broiling* things for dinner."

"That'll do very well," said Alice; "and 'slithy'?"

"Well, 'slithy' means 'lithe and slimy.' 'Lithe' is the same as 'active.' You see it's like a portmanteau -- there are two meanings packed up into one word."

"I see it now," Alice remarked thoughtfully; "and what are 'toves'?"

"Well, 'toves' are something like badgers -- they're something like lizards -- and they're something like corkscrews."

"They must be very curious-looking creatures."

"They are that," said Humpty Dumpty; "also they make their nests under sun-dials -- also they live on cheese."

"And what's to 'gyre' and to 'gimble'?"

"To 'gyre' is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To 'gimble' is to make holes like a gimlet."

"And 'the wabe' is the grass-plot round a sundial, I suppose?" said Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity.

"Of course it is. It's called 'wabe,' you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it -- --"

"And a long way beyond it on each side," added Alice.

"Exactly so. Well, then, 'mimsy' is 'flimsy and miserable' (there's another portmanteau for you). And a borogove is a thin, shabby-looking

bird with its feathers sticking out all round -- something like a live mop."

"And then `*mome raths*'?" said Alice. "I'm afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Well, a `*rath*' is a sort of green pig: but `*mome*' I'm not certain about. I think it's short for `*from home*' -- meaning that they'd lost their way, you know."

"And what does `*outgrabe*' mean?"

"Well, `*outgribing*' is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle: however, you'll hear it done maybe -- down in the wood yonder -- and when you've once heard it you'll be *quite* content. Who's been repeating all that hard stuff to you?"

Notes:

Line 1 - The first stanza of this poem is first printed backwards but Alice reads it by holding it up to a looking-glass.

Rhyme: abcb

Glossary:

Several of the words in the poem are of Carroll's own invention, many of them portmanteaux. In the book, the character of Humpty Dumpty gives definitions for the nonsense words in the first stanza. In later writings, Lewis Carroll explained several of the others. The rest of the nonsense words were never explicitly defined by Carroll (who even claimed that he did not know what some of them meant). An extended analysis of the poem is given in the book *The Annotated Alice*, including writings from Carroll about how he formed some of his idiosyncratic words. A few words that Carroll invented in this poem (namely "chortled", "galumphing", "frabjous", and "vorpal") have entered the language. The word *jabberwocky* itself is sometimes used to refer to nonsense language.

Bandersnatch - A swift moving creature with snapping jaws. Capable of extending its neck. (From *The Hunting of the Snark*.)

borogove - A thin shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round, something like a live mop. Carroll emphasized in the introduction to *The Hunting of the Snark* that the initial syllable of *borogove* is pronounced as in *borrow*, rather than as in *boring*.

brillig - Four o'clock in the afternoon: the time when you begin broiling things for dinner. (According to *Mischmasch*, it is derived from the verb to *bryl* or *broil*.) *Mischmasch* was a periodical that Lewis Carroll wrote and illustrated for the amusement of his family from 1855 to 1862. It is notable for containing the earliest version of *Jabberwocky*, which Carroll would later expand and publish in *Through the Looking Glass*.

burbled - Possibly a mixture of "bleat", "murmur", and "warble". (according to Carroll in a letter [1]). (*Burble* is an actual word, circa 1303, meaning to form bubbles as in boiling water.)

Dodgson's Explanation to Maud Standen

"I am afraid I can't explain 'vorpal blade' for you--nor yet 'tulgey wood', but I did make an explanation once for 'uffish thought'! It seemed to suggest a state of mind when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish, and the temper huffish. Then again, as to 'burble', if you take the three verbs 'bleat, murmur, and warble, then select the bits I have underlined, it certainly *makes* 'burble', though I am afraid I can't distinctly remember having made it in that way."

-Letter, December 1877

Source:

Graham, Eleanor. "Lewis Carroll and the Writing of *Through The Looking Glass*", Introduction to *Through The Looking Glass*. In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland/Through The Looking Glass*, Puffin Books: Great Britain, 1981.

chortled - Laugh in a breathy, gleeful way; cuckle (Definition from Oxford American Dictionary) A combination of "chuckle" and "snort."

frabjous - Delightful; joyous (Definition from Oxford American Dictionary, credited to Lewis Carroll)

frumious - Combination of "fuming" and "furious." (From the Preface to *The Hunting of the Snark*.)

galumphing - Moving in a clumsy, ponderous, or noisy manner. Perhaps a blend of "gallop" and "triumph." (Definition from Oxford American Dictionary)

gimble - To make holes like a gimlet. A gimlet is a hand tool for drilling small holes, mainly in wood, without splitting.

gyre - To go round and round like a gyroscope, according to *Humpty Dumpty*. However, Carroll wrote in a letter that it meant to scratch like a dog. (*Gyre* is an actual word, circa 1566, meaning a circular or spiral motion or form; especially a giant circular oceanic surface current.)

Jubjub - A desperate bird that lives in perpetual passion. (From *The Hunting of the Snark*.)

manxome - Combination of "monstrous" and "fearsome"; possibly related to the Manx cat.

mimsy - Combination of "flimsy" and "miserable."

mome - Possibly short for "from home," meaning that the raths had lost their way.

outgrabe - Something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle. Since the verse is in past tense, this is probably a preterite form derived from a strong verb such as "outgribe".

rath - A sort of green pig.

slithy - Combination of "lithe" and "slimy."

toves - A combination of a badger, a lizard, and a corkscrew. They are very curious looking creatures that make their nests under sundials. They live on cheese.

uffish - A state of mind when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish, and the temper huffish. (according to Carroll in a letter).

Dodgson's Explanation to Maud Standen

"I am afraid I can't explain '*vorpal blade*' for you--nor yet '*tulgey wood*', but I did make an explanation once for '*uffish thought*'! It seemed to suggest a state of mind when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish, and the temper huffish. Then again, as to '*burble*', if you take the three verbs '*bleat*, '*murmer*, and '*warble*, then select the bits I have underlined, it certainly *makes* '*burble*', though I am afraid I can't distinctly remember having made it in that way."

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Graham, Eleanor. "Lewis Carroll and the Writing of *Through The Looking Glass*", Introduction to *Through The Looking Glass*. In *Alice's*

Adventures in Wonderland/Through The Looking Glass, Puffin Books: Great Britain, 1981.

wabe - The grass plot around a sundial. It is called a "wabe" because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it, and a long way beyond it on each side.

Pronunciation

Wikimedia Commons has a spoken version of Jabberwocky in United States English, read by Wiktionary contributor Dvortygirl.

In the Preface to *The Hunting of the Snark*, Carroll wrote:

[Let] me take this opportunity of answering a question that has often been asked me, how to pronounce "slithy toves." The "i" in "slithy" is long, as in "writhe"; and "toves" is pronounced so as to rhyme with "groves." Again, the first "o" in "borogoves" is pronounced like the "o" in "borrow." I have heard people try to give it the sound of the "o" in "worry." Such is Human Perversity.

Also, in an author's note (dated Christmas 1896) about *Through the Looking-Glass*, Carroll wrote:

The new words, in the poem *Jabberwocky*, have given rise to some differences of opinion as to their pronunciation: so it may be well to give instructions on *that* point also. Pronounce "slithy" as if it were the two words, "sly, the": make the "g" *hard* in "gyre" and "gimble": and pronounce "rath" to rhyme with "bath."

Jonathan Bing

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went out in his carriage to visit the King,
But everyone pointed and said, "Look at that!
Jonathan Bing has forgotten his hat!"
(He'd forgotten his hat!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and put on a new hat for the King,
But by the palace the soldier said, "Hi!
You can't see the King; you've forgotten your tie!"
(He'd forgotten his tie!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing,
He put on a beautiful tie for the King,
But when he arrived, and Archbishop said, "Ho!
You can't come to court in pajamas, you know!"

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and addressed a short note to the King:
"If you please will excuse me, I won't come to tea;
For home's the best place for all people like me!"

- Betrice Curtis Brown (1901-1974)
British author, writer, & poet.

Knight-in-Armour

Whenever I'm a shining Knight,
I buckle on my armour tight;
And then I look about for things,
Like Rushings-Out, and Rescuings,
And Savings from the Dragon's Lair,
And fighting all the Dragons there.
And sometimes when our fights begin,
I think I'll let the Dragons win...
And then I think perhaps I won't,
Because they're Dragons, and I don't.

- A. A. Milne (1882-1956) (Alan Alexander Milne)
British author, writer, playwright, & poet.

Best known for his books about the teddy-bear, Winnie-the-Pooh, and for various children's poems.

Miss Mary Mack

Miss Mary Mack, Mack, Mack

All dressed in black, black, black

With silver buttons, buttons, buttons

All down her back, back, back.

She asked her mother, mother, mother

For fifty cents, cents, cents

To see the elephant, elephant, elephant

Jump over the fence, fence fence.

They jumped so high, high, high

They touched the sky, sky, sky

And didn't come back, back, back

Till the fourth of July, July, July.

- Anon.

Mr. Nobody

1st stanza:

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is made,
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked,
By Mr. Nobody.

2nd stanza:

'Tis he who always tears our books,
And leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons off our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;
That squeaky door will always squeak,
For prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

3rd stanza:

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil:
The papers always are mislaid -
Who had been last but he?
There's no one tosses things about,
But Mr. Nobody!

4th stanza:

The finger-marks upon the door,
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade:

The ink we never spill;
The boots, that lying round we see,
Are not our boots: they all belong,
To Mr. Nobody!

5th stanza:

So, if you find some mischief made,
Don't point your finger at me;
Chances are the deed was done,
By Mr. Nobody!

- Author Unknown.

Notes:

afar - At or to a distance.

ajar - Partially opened.

mischief - Behavior that annoys people and causes minor trouble or a disturbance.

prithee - please; I pray thee.

My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
He stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

- Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894).
Scottish essayist, novelist, poet, children's poet, & travel writer.

Peter Piper

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper Picked?

- Anon.

Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee

Ho, for the Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee!
He was as wicked as wicked could be,
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see!
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, was as black as a bat,
But he had a floppety plume on his hat
And when he went walking it jiggled - like that!
The plume of the Pirate Dowdee.

His coat it was handsome and cut with a slash,
And often as ever he twirled his mustache
Deep down in the ocean the mermaids went splash,
Because of Don Durk of Dowdee.

Moreover, Dowdee had a purple tattoo,
And struck in his belt where he buckled it through
Were a dagger, a dirk, and a squizzamaroo,
For fierce was the Pirate Dowdee.

So feaful he was he would shoot at a puff,
And always at sea when the weather grew rough
He drank from a bottle and wrote on his cuff,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

Oh, he had a cutlass that swung at his thigh
And he had a parrot called Pepperkin Pye,
And a zigzaggy scar at the end of his eye
Had Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

He kept in a cavern, this buccaneer bold,
A curious chest that was covered with mould,
And all of his pockets were jingly with gold!
Oh jing! went the gold of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course it was crook'd like a squash,
But both of his boots made a slickery slosh,
And he went throught the world with a wonderful swash,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

It's true he was wicked as wicked could be,
His sins they outnumbered a hundred and three,
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see,
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

- Mildred Plew Meigs (1944-1997)

Pittypat and Tippytoe

I

1 All day long they come and go--
2 Pittypat and Tippytoe;
3 Footprints up and down the hall,
4 Playthings scattered on the floor,
5 Finger-marks along the wall,
6 Tell-tale smudges on the door--
7 By these presents you shall know
8 Pittypat and Tippytoe.

II

9 How they riot at their play!
10 And a dozen times a day
11 In they troop, demanding bread--
12 Only buttered bread will do,
13 And the butter must be spread
14 Inches thick with sugar too!
15 And I never can say "No,
16 Pittypat and Tippytoe!"

III

17 Sometimes there are griefs to soothe,
18 Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth;
19 For (I much regret to say)
20 Tippytoe and Pittypat
21 Sometimes interrupt their play
22 With an internecine spat;
23 Fie, for shame! to quarrel so--
24 Pittypat and Tippytoe!

IV

25 Oh the thousand worrying things
26 Every day recurrent brings!
27 Hands to scrub and hair to brush,

28 Search for playthings gone amiss,
29 Many a wee complaint to hush,
30 Many a little bump to kiss;
31 Life seems one vain, fleeting show
32 To Pittypat and Tippytoe!

V

33 And when day is at an end,
34 There are little duds to mend;
35 Little frocks are strangely torn,
36 Little shows great holes reveal,
37 Little hose, but one day worn,
38 Rudely yawn at toe and heel!
39 Who but you could work such woe,
40 Pittypat and Tippytoe!

VI

41 On the floor and down the hall,
42 Rudely smutched upon the wall,
43 There are proofs in every kind
44 Of the havoc they have wrought,
45 And upon my heart you'd find
46 Just such trade-marks, if you sought;
47 Oh, how glad I am 'tis so,
48 Pittypat and Tippytoe!

- Eugene Field (1850-1895)
American writer, poet, children's poet, & humorist.

Notes:

Line 22 - internecine: deadly.

Line 42 - smutched: smudged

Rain On The Green Grass

Rain on the green grass,
And rain on the tree,
And rain on the house-top,
But not upon me!

- Anon. Traditional, England.

The Bumblebee (translated)

You better not fool with a Bumblebee!
If you don't think they can sting - you'll see!
They're lazy to look at, and kind o' go
Buzzing and bumming around so slow,
And act so slouchy and all fagged out,
Dangling their legs as they drone about
The hollyhocks that they can't climb in
Without just a-tumbling out again!
Once I watched one climb clean away
In a jimson-blossom, I did, one day,
And I just grabbed it - and then let go
And "*Ooh-ooh! Honey! I told you so!*"
Says The Raggedy Man; and he just run
And pulled out the stinger, and don't laugh none,
And says: "*They has been folks, I guess,*
That thought I was prejudice, more or less,
Yet I still maintain that a Bumblebee
Wears out his welcome too quick for me!"

- James Whitcomb Riley (1849-1916)

American writer & poet. Called the "Hoosier" poet and America's "Children's Poet."

The Cow

The cow is of the bovine ilk;
One end is moo, the other, milk.

- Ogden Nash (1902-1971)

American writer, poet, lyricist. Best known for writing pithy and funny light verse.

The Duel

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
T'was half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
*(I was n't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)*

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
*(Now mind: I 'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw---
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
*(Don't fancy I exaggerate---
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)*

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
*(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)*

- Eugene Field (1850-1895)
American writer, poet, children's poet, & humorist.

The Folk Who Live In Backward Town

The folk who live in Backward Town
Are inside out and upside down.
They wear their hats inside their heads
And go to sleep beneath their beds.
They only eat the apple peeling
And take their walks across the ceiling.

- Mary Ann Hoberman (1930-).
Author, writer, poet.

The Mad Gardener's Song

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
'At length I realise,' he said,
The bitterness of Life!

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
'Unless you leave this house,' he said,
"I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
'The one thing I regret,' he said,
'Is that it cannot speak!'

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
'If this should stay to dine,' he said,
'There won't be much for us!'

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill:

He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.

'Were I to swallow this,' he said,
'I should be very ill!'

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed:

He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.

'Poor thing,' he said, 'poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed!'

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp:

He looked again, and found it was
A Penny-Postage Stamp.

'You'd best be getting home,' he said:
'The nights are very damp!'

He thought he saw a Garden-Door
That opened with a key:

He looked again, and found it was
A Double Rule of Three:

'And all its mystery,' he said,
'Is clear as day to me!'

He thought he saw a Argument

That proved he was the Pope:

He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.

'A fact so dread,' he faintly said,
'Extinguishes all hope!'

- Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

(Real name, Reverend Charles Ludwidge Dodgson)

English author, mathematician, photographer, Anglican clergyman, logician, writer, satirist, poet, & children's poet.

The Little Elf

I met a little elf-man once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

- John Kendrick Bangs (1862-1922)
American author satirist, and fantasy writer.

The Little Turtle

A Recitation for Martha Wakefield, Three Years Old.

There was a little turtle.
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.
He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.
He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow.
But he didn't catch me.

- Vachel Lindsay (1879-1931).

American poet, writer, politician. Became known as the "Prairie Troubador."

The Lobster-Quadrille

I

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle -- will you come and join the
dance?"

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

II

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance --
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the
dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the
dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

III

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France --
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you joint the dance?"

- Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

(Real name, Reverend Charles Ludwidge Dodgson)

English author, mathematician, photographer, Anglican clergyman,
logician, writer, satirist, poet, & children's poet.

The Owl And The Pussycat

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!
O 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.

- Edward Lear (1812-1888)

British poet, writer, artist, illustrator, & humorist. Known for his nonsensical poetry and limericks.

The Man In The Wilderness

The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many red herrings grew in the wood.

- Anon.

The Puffin

There once was a puffin just the shape of a muffin,
And he lived on an island in the deep blue sea,
He ate little fishes, which were most delicious,
And he ate them for breakfast and he ate them for tea.

But this poor little puffin, he couldn't play nothin',
'Cause he didn't have no-one to play with at all.
So he sat on his island and he cried for a while, and
He felt very lonesome and he felt very small.

Then along came the fishes and they said, "If you wishes,
You can have us for playmates, instead of for tea."
Now they all play together in all kinds of weather,
And the puffin eats pancakes, like you and like me.

- Florence Page Jacques

The Purple Cow

I never saw a purple cow,
 I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
 I'd rather see than be one!

- Gelett Burgess (1866-1951)

American artist, art critic, poet, author, and humorist.

The Raggedy Man

1 O the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa;
2 And he's the goodest (best) man ever you saw!
3 He comes to our house every day,
4 And waters the horses, and feeds them hay;
5 And he opens the shed -- and we all just laugh
6 When he drives out our little old wobbly calf;
7 And then -- if our hired girl says he can --
8 He milks the cow for Elizabeth Ann. --
9 Ain't (Isn't) he an awful good Raggedy Man?
10 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

11 Why, The Raggedy Man -- he's just so good,
12 He splits the kindling and chops the wood;
13 And then he spades in our garden, too,
14 And does most things that boys can't do. --
15 He climbed clean up in our big tree
16 And shook an apple down for me --
17 And another one, too, for Elizabeth Ann --
18 And another one, too, for The Raggedy Man. --
19 Ain't (Isn't) he an awful kind Raggedy Man?
20 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

21 And The Raggedy Man one time say he
22 Picked roasted rambos from an orchard-tree,
23 And ate them -- all just roasted and hot! --
24 And it's so, too! -- 'cause a corn-crib got
25 Afire one time and all burned down
26 On "The Smoot Farm," about four mile (miles) from town --
27 On "The Smoot Farm"! Yes -- and the hired hand
28 That worked there then was The Raggedy Man! --

29 Ain't he the beatingest Raggedy Man?
30 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

31 The Raggedy Man's so good and kind
32 He'll be our "horsey," and "haw" and mind
33 Everything that you make him do --
34 And won't run off -- unless you want him to!
35 I drived (drove) him once way down our lane
36 And he got scared, when it commenced to rain,
37 And just reared up and squealed and run
38 Pretty near away! -- and it's all in fun!
39 Then he [got] scared *again* at an old tin can ...
40 Whoa! y' old runaway Raggedy Man!
41 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

42 And The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
43 And tells them, if I be (am) good, sometimes:
44 Knows about Giants, and Griffins, and Elves,
45 And the Squidgicum-Squees that swallows theirselves
 (themselves):
46 And, right by the pump in our pasture-lot,
47 He showed me the hole that the Wunks is (has) got,
48 That lives away deep in the ground, and can
49 Turn into me, or Elizabeth Ann!
50 Or Ma, or Pa, or The Raggedy Man!
51 Ain't (Isn't) he a funny old Raggedy Man?
52 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

53 And once, when The Raggedy Man come (came) late,
54 And pigs just rooted through the garden-gate,
55 He pretend like (pretended that) the pigs was (were) bears
 and said,
56 "Old Bear-shooter I will shoot them dead!"

57 And raced and chased them, and they'd just run
58 When he pint (pointed) his hoe at them like it's a gun
59 And go "Bang! -- Bang!" then pretend he stan' (stand)
60 And load up his gun again! Raggedy Man!
61 He's an old Bear-shooter Raggedy Man!
62 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

63 And sometimes The Raggedy Man lets on
64 We're little *prince*-children, and old King's gone
65 To get more money, and leave us there --
66 And *Robbers* is (are) just thick everywhere;
67 And then -- if we all won't cry, for *sure* --
68 The Raggedy Man he'll come and 'splore (explore)
69 The Castle-halls, and steal the "gold" --
70 And steal *us*, too, and grab and hold
71 And pack us off to his old "Cave"! -- And
72 Haymow's the "cave" of The Raggedy Man! --
73 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

74 The Raggedy Man -- one time, when he
75 Was making a little bow-and-arrow for me,
76 Says "When you're big like your Pa is,
77 Air you got (have) to keep a fine store like his --
78 And be a rich merchant -- and wear fine clothes? --
79 Or what *air* you got to be, goodness knows?"
80 And then he laughed at Elizabeth Ann,
81 And I says (said) "I'm going to be a Raggedy Man! --
82 I'm just got (going) to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
83 Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

- James Whitcomb Riley (1849-1916)

American writer & poet. Called the "Hoosier" poet and America's "Children's Poet."

Notes:

Line 7 -

- our hired girl: Elizabeth Ann (cf. 8 and Riley's poem "The Hired Girl").

Line 22 -

- rambos: rambutans - A Malaysian tree with red spiny, edible, lichi-like fruit.

Line 24 -

- 'cause - because.
- corncrib: A ventilated building containing a trough (or just a trough) used for storing and drying corn and presumably fruit.

Line 29 -

- "beatingest," - the one to beat others most at what he does.

Line 32 -

- be our "horsey": play at being our horse.
- haw: used to command an animal or a team of animals to turn left.
- mind: agree to do; listen.

Line 37 -

- reared up (like a frightened horse).

Line 44 -

- A griffin is a creature with the head, front body, and wings of an eagle, and the hind legs and tail of a lion.

Line 45 -

- Squidgicum-Squees: something short and plump ("squidgy"), maybe like a squid, and perhaps sounding like a "squee gee" (squeeking as its rubber blade wipes away water). An invented creature.

Line 47 -

- Wunks: possibly from `wonky' (? meaning `unstable'), although the term is early 20th-century and British. An invented creature, and a shape-shifter and body-snatcher.

Line 72 -

- Haymow: "A rick or stack of hay ... [here] applied to the pile of hay stored in a hay-house or barn, or to the compartment of a barn in which hay is stored" (OED).

Line 75 -

- bow-'n'-orry: bow-and-arrow.

Line 81 -

- 'M go': I'm going.

Form: Rhyming couplets

All stanzas:

8 rhyming lines - The first two lines rhyme, the second two lines rhyme, the 3rd two lines rhyme, and the 4th two lines rhyme in each stanza.

The Sugar-Plum Tree

1st stanza:

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
 'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
 In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;

2nd stanza:

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
 (As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
 Of that fruit to be happy next day.

3rd stanza:

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
 To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
 To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!

4th stanza:

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
 And a gingerbread dog prowls below -
And this is the way you contrive to get at
 Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

5th stanza:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
 And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
 As her swelling proportions attest.

6th stanza:

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
 From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground -
 Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

7th stanza:

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!

8th stanza:

So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

- Eugene Field (1850-1895)

American writer, poet, children's poet, & humorist.

DEFINITIONS.

agog - *adj.* Intensely interested, excited, or eager. (Line 3, 5th stanza.)

bears - *v.* To yield something by a natural process, or produce desirable or valuable. (Line 1, 2nd stanza.)

capture - *v.* To seize or get ahold of. (Line 2, 3rd stanza.)

cavorting - *v.* To behave in a physically lively and uninhibited way. (Line 1, 6th stanza.)

contrive - *v.* To accomplish something by cleverness and skill. (Line 3, 4th stanza.)

marvel - *n.* Something that inspires awe, amazement, admiration, wonder, or surprise. (Line 2, 1st stanza.)

proportions - *npl.* The size or shape of something. (Line 4, 5th stanza.)

prows - *vpl.* Roams around an area; wanders. (Line 2, 4th stanza.)

renown - *n.* Widespread fame or honor; well-known. (Line 2, 1st stanza.)

sing - *v.* To praise somebody or proclaim something, especially in verse.
(Line 2, 3rd stanza.)

stripings - *n.* Stripes. (Line 2, 7th stanza.)

tempting - *adj.* Causing craving or desire to arise. (Line 4, 4th stanza.)

tumbles - *v.pl.* Falls; drops. (Line 3, 6th stanza.)

wondrously - *adv.* So good as to inspire wonder and awe;
extraordinarily. (Line 1, 2nd stanza.)

zest - *n.* Lively enjoyment and enthusiasm. (Line 2, 5th stanza.)

The Tale Of Custard The Dragon

Belinda lived in a little white house,
With a little black kitten and a little gray mouse,
And a little yellow dog and a little red wagon,
And a realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Now the name of the little black kitten was Ink,
And the little gray mouse, she called her Blink,
And the little yellow dog was sharp as Mustard,
But the dragon was a coward, and she called him Custard.

Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,
And spikes on top of him and scales underneath,
Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,
And realio, trulio, daggers on his toes.

Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chased lions down the stairs,
Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful,
Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called him Percival,
They all sat laughing in the little red wagon
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Belinda giggled till she shook the house,
And Blink said Week!, which is giggling for a mouse,
Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,
When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty sound,

And Mustard growled, and they all looked around.
Meowch! cried Ink, and Ooh! cried Belinda,
For there was a pirate, climbing in the winda.

Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,
And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,
His beard was black, one leg was wood;
It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

Belinda paled, and she cried, Help! Help!
But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,
Ink trickled down to the bottom of the household,
And little mouse Blink strategically mouseholed.

But up jumped Custard, snorting like an engine,
Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon,
With a clatter and a clank and a jangling squirm
He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.

The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,
And gulped some grog from his pocket flagon,
He fired two bullets but they didn't hit,
And Custard gobbled him, every bit.

Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,
No one mourned for his pirate victim
Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate
Around the dragon that ate the pyrate.

Belinda still lives in her little white house,
With her little black kitten and her little gray mouse,
And her little yellow dog and her little red wagon,
And her realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Belinda is as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chase lions down the stairs,
Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe cage.

- Ogden Nash (1902-1971)

American writer, poet, lyricist. Best known for writing pithy and funny light verse.

The Vulture

The Vulture eats between his meals,
And that's the reason why
He very, very, rarely feels
As well as you and I.

His eye is dull, his head is bald,
His neck is growing thinner.
Oh! what a lesson for us all
To only eat at dinner!

- Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953)
English writer, poet, orator, & politician.

Version 1.

There Once Was A Man Named Michael Finnegan

There once was a man named Michael Finnegan
Who had whiskers on his chin-igan.
Shaved them off and they grew in-igan,
Poor old Michael Finnegan. Begin-igan!

- Anon.

Version 2.

There Once Was A Man Named Michael Finnegan

There once was a man named Michael Finnegan
He had whiskers on his chin-igan.
They grew out and then grew in-igan,
Poor old Michael Finnegan. Begin-igan!

- Anon.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Bat

“— it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

**'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'**

You know the song, perhaps?”

“I've heard something like it,” said Alice.

“It goes on, you know,” the Hatter continued, “in this way:—

**'Up above the world you fly,
Like a teatray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—”**

- Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)

(Real name, Reverend Charles Ludwidge Dodgson)

English author, mathematician, photographer, Anglican clergyman, logician, writer, satirist, poet, & children's poet.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

I

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe--
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
 Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
 The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish
 That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
 Said Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

II

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
 As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
 Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish
 That lived in that beautiful sea--

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish--
 Never afeard are we";

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

III

All night long their nets they threw

To the stars in the twinkling foam--
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
T'was all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea--
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

IV

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

- Eugene Field (1850-1895)
American writer, poet, children's poet, & humorist.

Notes:

Line 40 - A trundle-bed is a low bed on casters.

You Are Old, Father William

"Repeat `You are old, Father William,'" said the Caterpillar.
Alice folded her hands, and began:

"You are old, father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head -
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," father William replied to his son,
"I feared it would injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door -
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment - one shilling the box -
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak -
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;

And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose -
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar.

"Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said Alice timidly; "some of the words
have got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar decidedly, and
there was silence for some minutes.

- Lewis Carroll (1832-1898)
(Real name, Reverend Charles Ludwidge Dodgson)

English author, mathematician, photographer, Anglican clergyman,
logician, writer, satirist, poet, & children's poet.

Notes:

Line 1 - This parodies Robert Southey's "The Old Man's Comforts and
How he Gained Them." The Caterpillar and Alice are correct when they
say that the words are not "*quite* right."