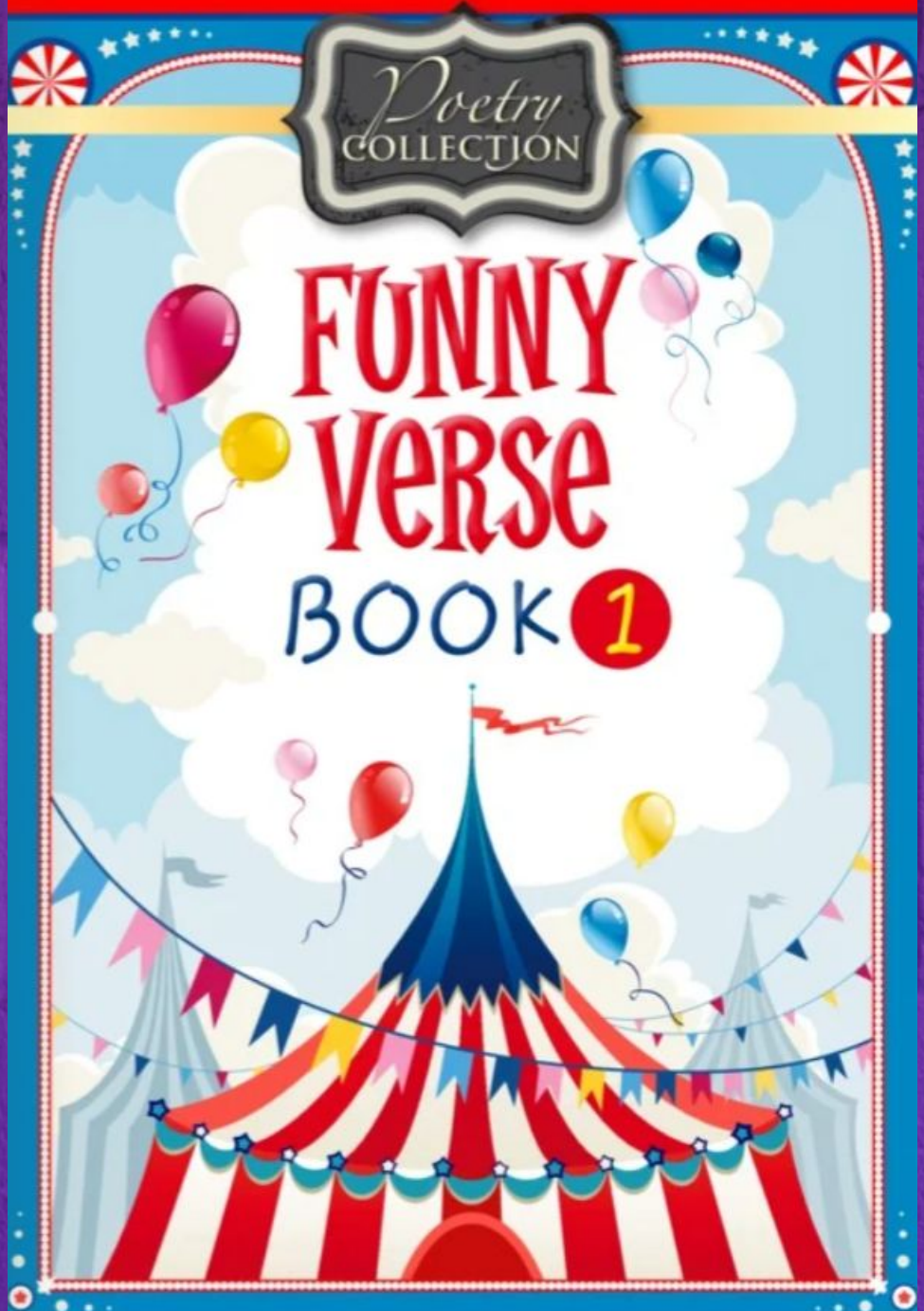


Poetry  
COLLECTION

FUNNY  
VERSE  
BOOK 1





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## ELETELEPHONY

*Laura E. Richards*

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!)

## THE OSTRICH

*Mary E. Wilkins Freeman*

The ostrich is a silly bird,  
With scarcely any mind.  
He often runs so very fast,  
He leaves himself behind.

And when he gets there,  
He has to stand  
And hang about all night,  
Without a blessed thing to do  
Until he comes in sight.



## THE VULTURE

*Hilaire Belloc*

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!

## COUNTING-OUT RHYME

*Edna St. Vincent Millay*

Silver bark of beech, and sallow  
Bark of yellow birch and yellow  
Twig of willow.

Stripe of green in moosewood maple,  
Colour seen in leaf of apple,  
Bark of popple.

Wood of popple pale as moonbeam,  
Wood of oak for yoke and barn-beam,  
Wood of hornbeam.

Silver bark of beech, and hollow  
Stem of elder, tall and yellow  
Twig of willow

## TWINKLE, TWINKLE

*Lewis Carroll*

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!  
How I wonder what you're at!  
Up above the world you fly,  
Like a tea tray in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!  
How I wonder what you're at!

## DOCTOR BELL

*Anonymous*

Doctor Bell fell down the well  
And broke his collar bone.  
Doctors should attend the sick  
And leave the well alone.

## A RIDDLE

In marble walls as white as milk,  
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,  
Within a fountain crystal clear,  
A golden apple doth appear;  
No doors there are to this stronghold,  
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.



Answer: An egg

## SOLOMON GRUNDY

*Anonymous*

Solomon Grundy,  
Born on a Monday,  
Christened on Tuesday,  
Married on Wednesday,  
Took ill on Thursday,  
Grew worse on Friday,  
Died on Saturday,  
Buried on Sunday.  
That was the end,  
Of Solomon Grundy

From *MACBETH*

Act IV, Scene 1

By *Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the caldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's  
sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,—  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

*Robert Browning*

From

*THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN*

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cooks' own  
ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

## OIC

*Anonymous*

I'm in a 10der mood today  
& feel poetic, 2;  
4 fun I'll just – off a line  
& send it off 2U.

.....

## I'M SORRY YOU'VE BEEN 6 O LONG

*Anonymous*


I'm sorry you've been 6 o long;  
Don't B disconsol8;  
But bear your ills with 42de,  
& they won't seem so gr8.

## AS I LOOKED OUT

*Anonymous*

As I looked out on Saturday last,  
A fat little pig went hurrying past,  
Over his shoulder he wore a shawl,  
Although it didn't seem cold at all.  
I waved at him, but he didn't see,  
For he never so much as looked at me.  
Once again, when the moon was high,  
I saw the little pig hurrying by;  
Back he came at a terrible pace,  
The moonlight shone on his little pink face,  
And he smiled with a smile that was quite  
content,  
But I never knew where that little pig went.





AS I WAS GOING OUT  
ONE DAY

*Anonymous*

As I was going out one day  
My head fell off and rolled away.  
But when I saw that it was gone,  
I picked it up and put it on.  
And when I got into the street  
A fellow cried: 'Look at your feet!'  
I looked at them and sadly said:  
'I've left them both asleep in bed!'