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MORE
Edward Lear's
NONSENSE
POETRY
(Illustrated)



THE JUMBLIES.

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

written and illustrated by

Edward Lear

edited by Dr. Bruess

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Always remember:

you are

BRAVER

than you BELIEVE

STRONGER

than you SEEM

SMARTER

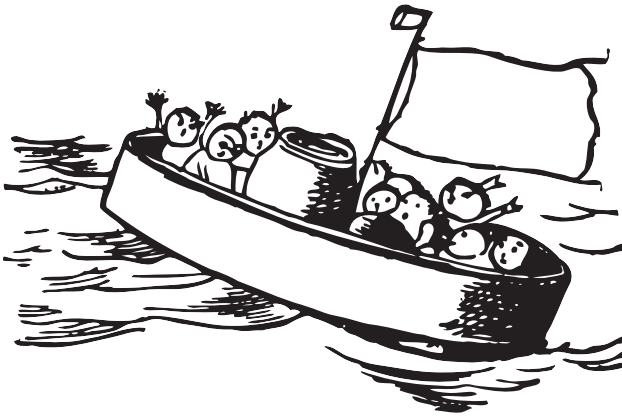
than you THINK

& LOVED MORE

than you KNOW

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THE JUMBLIES.

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 Jumblies live:

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;

And they went to sea in a sieve.

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THE JUMBLIES.

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 Jumbles live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

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."

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THE JUMBLIES.

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 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 coppersy 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.

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;

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THE JUMBLIES.

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 Jumbles 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, & the Terrible Zone.
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, & 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 Jumbles live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

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HE LIVED AT DINGLE BANK

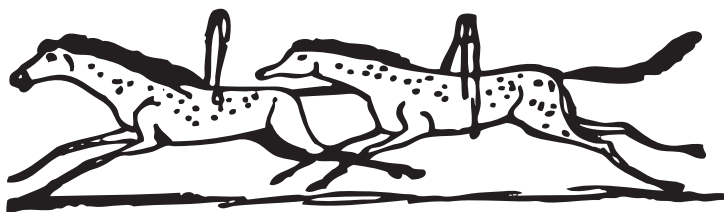
He lived at Dingle Bank - he did;
He lived at Dingle Bank;
And in his garden was one Quail,
Four tulips and a Tank:
And from his window he could see
The otion and the River Dee.

His house stood on a Cliff, - it did,
Its aspic it was cool;
And many thousand little boys
Resorted to his school,
Where if of progress they could boast
He gave them heaps of buttered toast.

But he grew rabid-wroth, he did,
If they neglected books,
And dragged them to adjacent Cliffs
With beastly Button Hooks,
And there with fatuous glee he threw
Them down into the ocean blue.

And in the sea they sway, they did, -
All playfully about,
And some eventually became
Sponges, or speckled trout: -
But Liverpool doth all bewail
Their Fate; - likewise his Garden Quail.

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THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS.

I.

The Nutcrackers sat by a plate on the table;
The Sugar-tongs sat 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!

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THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS.

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;

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THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS.

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,

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THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS.

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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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MY UNCLE ARLY

O! my aged Uncle Arly!
Sitting on a heap of Barley
Through the silent hours of night;
Close beside a leafy thicket.
On his Nose there was a Cricket,
In his hat a Railway Ticket,
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

Long ago, in youth, he squander'd
All his goods away, and wander'd
To the Timskoop Hills afar:
There, on golden sunsets blazing,
Every morning found him gazing,
Singing, "Orb! you're quite amazing!
"How I wonder what you are!"

Like the ancient Medes and Persians,
(Always by his own exertions,)
He subsisted on those hills;
Whiles, by teaching children spelling,
Or at times by merely yelling,
Or at intervals by selling
"Propter's Nicodemus Pills."

Later, in his morning rambles
He perceived the moving brambles
Something square and white disclose;
'T'was a First-class Railway Ticket;
But in stooping down to pick it

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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MY UNCLE ARLY

Off the ground, a pea green Cricket
Settled on my Uncle's nose.

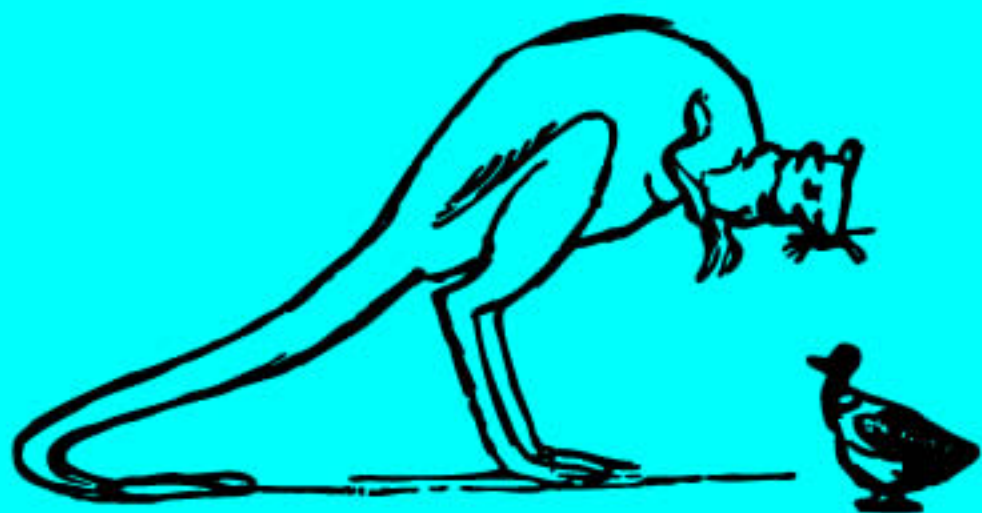
Never, never more - oh! Never,
Did that Cricket leave him ever,
Dawn or Evening, day or night;
Clinging as a constant treasure,
Chirping with a cheerious measure,
Wholly to my Uncle's pleasure;
(Though his shoes were far too tight.)

So for three and forty winters,
Till his shoes were worn to splinters,
All those hills he wander'd o'er,
Sometimes silent; sometimes yelling,
Till he came to Borly-Melling,
Near his old ancestral dwelling;
And he wander's thence no more.

On a little heap of Barley,
Died my aged Uncle Arly;
And they buried him one night:
There, his hat and Railway Ticket,
There his ever faithful Cricket;
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

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THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop
Over the fields, and the water too,
As if you never would stop!"

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