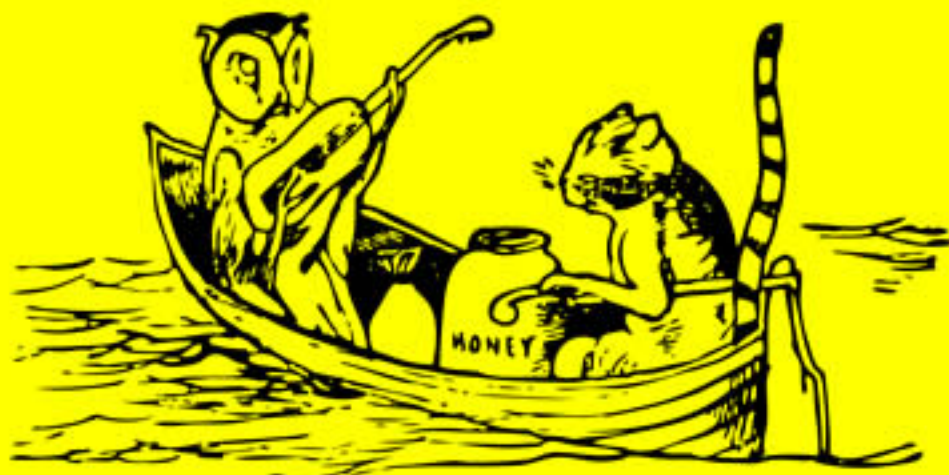


Edward Lear's **NONSENSE** **POETRY** (Illustrated)



THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

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.

written and illustrated by

Edward Lear

edited by Dr. Bruess

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Edward Lear's Nonsense Poetry

(Illustrated)

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THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

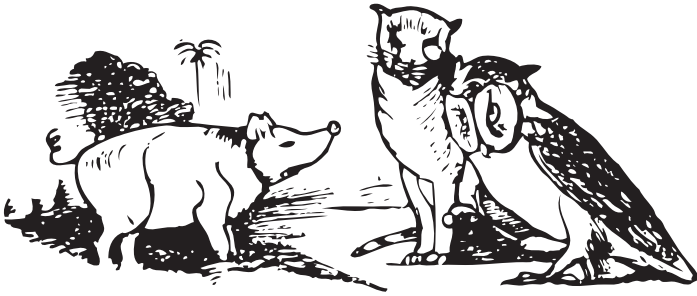
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"

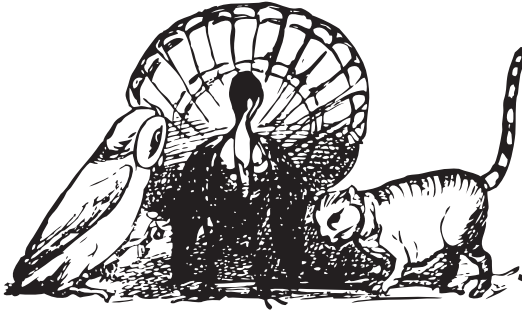
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

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"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.

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Edward Lear wrote a sequel to "The Owl and the Pussycat". "The Children of the Owl and the Pussy-Cat" is reproduced below, complete with the gaps in the original manuscript – just as Lear, sadly, left it.

THE CHILDREN OF THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

Our mother was the Pussy-cat, our father was the Owl,
And so we're partly little beasts and partly little fowl,
The brothers of our family have feathers
and they hoot,
While all the sisters dress in fur and have long tails
to boot.

We all believe that little mice,
For food are singularly nice.

Our mother died long years ago. She was a lovely cat
Her tail was 5 feet long, and grey with stripes,
but what of that?
In Sila forest on the East of fair Calabria's shore
She tumbled from a lofty tree – none ever saw
her more.

Our owly father long was ill from sorrow and surprise,
But with the feathers of his tail he wiped his
weeping eyes.
And in the hollow of a tree in Sila's inmost maze
We made a happy home and there we pass our
obvious days.

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From Reggian Cosenza many owls about us flit
And bring us worldly news for which we do not
care a bit.

We watch the sun each morning rise, beyond
Tarento's strait;

We go out — before it gets too late;

And when the evening shades begin to lengthen from
the trees

— as sure as bees is bees.

We wander up and down the shore —

Or tumble over head and heels, but never, never more
Can see the far Gromboolian plains —

Or weep as we could once have wept o'er many a
vanished scene:

This is the way our father moans — he is so very green.

Our father still preserves his voice, and when he
sees a star

He often sings — to that original guitar.

The pot in which our parents took the honey
in their boat,

But all the money has been spent, beside the
five pound note.

The owls who come and bring us news are often —

Because we take no interest in poltix of the day.

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MRS. JAYPHER

Mrs. Jaypher found a wafer
Which she struck upon a note;
This she took and gave the cook.
Then she went and bought a boat
Which she paddled down the stream
Shouting, "Ice produces cream,
Beer when churned produces butter!
Henceforth all the words I utter
Distant ages thus shall note—
'From the Jaypher Wisdom-Boat."

Mrs Jaypher said, "It's safer
If you've lemons in your head;
First to eat, a pound of meat,
And then to go at once to bed.
Eating meat is half the battle,
Till you hear the Lemons rattle!
If you don't, you'll always moan,
In a Lemoncolly tone;
For there's nothing half so dreadful,
as Lemons in your head."

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THE DADDY LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

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

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THE DADDY LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs
To Mr. Floppy Fly,
"Why do you never come to court?
I wish you'd tell me why.

All gold and shine, in dress so fine,
You'd quite delight the court.
Why do you never go at all?
I really think you ought.
And, if you went, you'd see such sights!
Such rugs and jugs and candle-lights!
And, more than all, the king and queen, —
One in red, and one in green."

"O Mr. Daddy Long-legs!"
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"It's true I never go to court;
And I will tell you why.
If I had six long legs like yours,
At once I'd go to court;
But, oh! I can't, because *my* legs
Are so extremely short.

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THE DADDY LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

And I'm afraid the king and queen
(One in red, and one in green)
Would say aloud, 'You are not fit,
You Fly, to come to court a bit!' "
"Oh, Mr. Daddy Long-legs!"
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"I wish you'd sing one little song,

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

Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs,
"I can never sing again;
And, if you wish, I'll tell you why,
Although it gives me pain.
For years I cannot hum a bit,
Or sing the smallest song;

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THE DADDY LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

And this the dreadful reason is, —
My legs are grown too long!
My six long legs, all here and there,
Oppress my bosom with despair;
And, if I stand or lie or sit,
I cannot sing one single bit!"
So Mr. Daddy Long-legs and Mr. Floppy Fly
Sat down in silence by the sea,

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

Then Mr. Daddy Long-legs & Mr. Floppy Fly
Rushed downward to the foamy sea
With one sponge-taneous cry:
And there they found a little boat,
Whose sails were pink and gray;

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THE DADDY LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

And off they sailed among the waves,
Far and far away:
They sailed across the silent main,
And reached the great Gromboolian Plain;
And there they play forevermore
At battlecock and shuttledore.



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O BROTHER CHICKEN! SISTER CHICK!

O Brother Chicken! Sister Chick!
O gracious me! O my!
This broken Eggshell was my home!
I see it with my eye!
However did I get inside? Or how did I get out?
And must my life be evermore, an atmosphere of
doubt?

Can no one tell? Can no one solve, this mystery of
Eggs?
Or why we chirp and flap our wings,—or why
we've all two legs?
And since we cannot understand,—
May it not seem to me,
That we were merely born by chance,
Egg-nostics for to be?

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HOW PLEASANT TO KNOW MR. LEAR

He has many friends, laymen and clerical,
Old Foss is the name of his cat;
His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

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