

# Sneezles

A. A. Milne

Christopher Robin  
Had wheezles  
And sneezles,  
They bundled him  
Into  
His bed.  
They gave him what goes  
With a cold in the nose,  
And some more for a cold  
In the head.  
They wondered  
If wheezles  
Could turn  
Into measles,  
If sneezles  
Would turn  
Into mumps;  
They examined his chest  
For a rash,  
And the rest  
Of his body for swellings and lumps.  
They sent for some doctors  
In sneezles  
And wheezles  
To tell them what ought  
To be done.  
All sorts and conditions  
Of famous physicians  
Came hurrying round  
At a run.  
They all made a note  
Of the state of his throat,  
They asked if he suffered from thirst;  
They asked if the sneezles  
Came after the wheezles,  
Or if the first sneeze  
Came first.  
They said, "If you teazle  
A sneeze  
Or wheeze,  
A measle  
May easily grow.  
But humour or pleazle  
The wheeze  
Or sneeze,  
The measle  
Will certainly go."  
They expounded the reazles  
For sneezles  
And wheezles,  
The manner of measles  
When new.  
They said "If he freezles  
In draughts and in breezles,  
Then PHTHEEZLES  
May even ensue."  
  
Christopher Robin  
Got up in the morning,  
The sneezles had vanished away.  
And the look in his eye  
Seemed to say to the sky,  
"Now, how to amuse them to-day?"

# **Mnemonic verses of monarchs in England** *(after the conquest)*

Willie, Willie, Harry, Stee,  
Harry, Dick, John, Harry three;  
One, two, three Neds, Richard two  
Harrys four, five, six... then who?  
Edwards four, five, Dick the bad,  
Harrys twain and Ned the Lad;  
Mary, Bessie, James the Vain,  
Charlie, Charlie, James again...  
William and Mary, Anna Gloria,  
Four Georges, William and Victoria;  
Edward seven next, and then  
George the fifth in 1910;  
Ned the eighth soon abdicated  
Then George the sixth was coronated;  
After which Elizabeth  
And that's the end until her death.

# The Jumblies

## Edward Lear

### I

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.

### II

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 riband by way of a sail,  
To a small tobacco-pipe mast;  
And every one said, who saw them go,  
'O 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 Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

### III

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!  
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..

### IV

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 coppery gong,  
In the shade of the mountains brown.  
'O Timballo! 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.

### V

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.  
And they bought a Pig, and some green Jack-daws,  
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 Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

### VI

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, and the Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore;  
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;  
And everyone 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 Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

# *Kubla Khan*

## *Samuel Coleridge*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round;  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!  
The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

# **The Tyger**

## *William Blake*

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?