

**WILLIAM  
SCHWENCK  
GILBERT**

BAB BALLADS AND SAVOY  
SONGS

**William Schwenck Gilbert**  
**Bab Ballads and Savoy Songs**

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*Bab Ballads and Savoy Songs:*

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# W. S. Gilbert

## Bab Ballads and Savoy Songs

### THE BAB BALLADS

#### THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'Twas on the shores that round our coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,  
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he,  
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,  
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair.  
Till I really felt afraid;

For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,  
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
And I'll eat my hand if I understand  
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
Is a trick all seamen larn,  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*  
That we sailed to the Indian sea,  
And there on a reef we come to grief,  
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned  
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),  
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men  
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,

And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And the bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,  
Till a-hungry we did feel,  
So, we drewed a lot, and, accordin' shot  
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,  
And a delicate dish he made;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig;  
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question, 'Which  
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,  
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me;  
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,  
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—  
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,  
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,  
While I can—and will—cook *you*!'"

"So, he boils the water, and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,  
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,  
Which his smiling features tell,  
'T will soothing be if I let you see,  
How extremely nice you'll smell,'"

"And he stirred it round and round and round,  
And he sniffed the foaming froth;  
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals  
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And—as I eating be  
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,  
For a wessel in sight I see.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,  
And I never lark nor play,  
But I sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

# CAPTAIN REECE

Of all the ships upon the blue,  
No ship contained a better crew  
Than that of worthy Captain Reece.  
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,  
For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,  
Did all that lay within him to  
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,  
Their captain danced to them like mad,  
Or told, to make the time pass by,  
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,  
Warm slippers and hot-water can,  
Brown windsor from the captain's store,  
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn?  
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn.  
And on all very sultry days  
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops  
Stood handily on all the "tops:"  
And, also, with amusement rife,  
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea  
From Mister Mudie's libraree;  
*The Times* and *Saturday Review*  
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R.N.,  
Was quite devoted to his men;  
In point of fact, good Captain Reece  
Beatified *The Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,  
He said (addressing all his men):  
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do  
To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan  
I'll make you happy if I can;  
My own convenience count as *nil*;  
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee,  
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,  
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man)  
He cleared his throat and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,  
Ten female cousins and a niece,  
A ma, if what I'm told is true,  
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,  
More friendly-like we all should be.  
If you united of 'em to  
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,  
Let each select from them a wife;  
And as for nervous me, old pal,  
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,  
Debated on his coxswain's plan:  
"I quite agree," he said. "O Bill;  
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,  
has just been promised to an earl,  
And all my other familiee  
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to  
The happiness of all my crew?  
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;

It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,  
I'll settle thousands on you all,  
And I shall be, despite my hoard,  
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,  
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece:  
"I beg your honor's leave," he said,  
"If you wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who  
Would be the very thing for you—  
She long has loved you from afar,  
She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day—  
Addressed her in his playful way—  
"And did it want a wedding ring?  
It was a tempting ickle sing!

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,  
We'll all be married this day week—  
At yonder church upon the hill;  
It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,  
And widowed ma of Captain Reece,

Attended there as they were bid;  
It was their duty, and they did.

# THE BISHOP AND THE BUSMAN

It was a Bishop bold,  
And London was his see,  
He was short and stout and round about,  
And zealous as could be.

It also was a Jew,  
Who drove a Putney bus—  
For flesh of swine however fine  
He did not care a cuss.

His name was Hash Baz Ben,  
And Jedediah too,  
And Solomon and Zabulon—  
This bus-directing Jew.

The Bishop said, said he,  
"I'll see what I can do  
To Christianize and make you wise,  
You poor benighted Jew."

So every blessed day  
That bus he rode outside,  
From Fulham town, both up and down,  
And loudly thus he cried:—

"His name is Hash Baz Ben,  
And Jedediah too,  
And Solomon and Zabulon—  
This bus-directing Jew."

At first the busman smiled,  
And rather liked the fun—  
He merely smiled, that Hebrew child,  
And said, "Eccentric one!"

And gay young dogs would wait  
To see the bus go by  
(These gay young dogs in striking togs)  
To hear the Bishop cry:—

"Observe his grisly beard,  
His race it clearly shows,  
He sticks no fork in ham or pork:—  
Observe, my friends, his nose.

"His name is Hash Baz Ben,  
And Jedediah too,  
And Solomon and Zabulon—  
This bus-directing Jew."

But though at first amused,  
Yet after seven years,  
This Hebrew child got awful riled,  
And busted into tears.

He really almost feared  
To leave his poor abode,  
His nose, and name, and beard became  
A byword on that road.

At length he swore an oath,  
The reason he would know—  
"I'll call and see why ever he  
Does persecute me so."

The good old bishop sat  
On his ancestral chair,  
The busman came, sent up his name,  
And laid his grievance bare.

"Benighted Jew," he said,  
(And chuckled loud with joy)  
"Be Christian you, instead of Jew—  
Become a Christian boy.

"I'll ne'er annoy you more."  
"Indeed?" replied the Jew.  
"Shall I be freed?" "You will, indeed!"  
Then "Done!" said he, "with you!"

The organ which, in man,  
Between the eyebrows grows,  
Fell from his face, and in its place,

He found a Christian nose.

His tangled Hebrew beard,  
Which to his waist came down,  
Was now a pair of whiskers fair—  
His name, Adolphus Brown.

He wedded in a year,  
That prelate's daughter Jane;  
He's grown quite fair—has auburn hair—  
His wife is far from plain.

# THE FOLLY OF BROWN

BY A GENERAL AGENT

I knew a boor—a clownish card,  
(His only friends were pigs and cows and  
The poultry of a small farmyard)  
Who came into two hundred thousand.

Good fortune worked no change in Brown,  
Though she's a mighty social chymist:  
He was a clown—and by a clown  
I do not mean a pantomimist.

It left him quiet, calm, and cool,  
Though hardly knowing what a crown was—  
You can't imagine what a fool  
Poor rich, uneducated Brown was!

He scouted all who wished to come  
And give him monetary schooling;  
And I propose to give you some  
Idea of his insensate fooling.

I formed a company or two—

(Of course I don't know what the rest meant,  
I formed them solely with a view  
To help him to a sound investment).

Their objects were—their only cares—  
To justify their Boards in showing  
A handsome dividend on shares,  
And keep their good promoter going.

But no—the lout prefers his brass,  
Though shares at par I freely proffer:  
Yes—will it be believed?—the ass  
Declines, with thanks, my well-meant offer!

He added, with a bumpkin's grin,  
(A weakly intellect denoting)  
He'd rather not invest it in  
A company of my promoting!

"You have two hundred 'thou' or more,"  
Said I. "You'll waste it, lose it, lend it.  
Come, take my furnished second floor,  
I'll gladly show you how to spend it."

But will it be believed that he,  
With grin upon his face of poppy,  
Declined my aid, while thanking me  
For what he called my "philanthropy?"

Some blind, suspicious fools rejoice  
In doubting friends who wouldn't harm them;  
They will not hear the charmer's voice,  
However wisely he may charm them.

I showed him that his coat, all dust,  
Top boots and cords provoked compassion,  
And proved that men of station must  
Conform to the decrees of fashion.

I showed him where to buy his hat,  
To coat him, trouser him, and boot him;  
But no—he wouldn't hear of that—  
"He didn't think the style would suit him!"

I offered him a country seat,  
And made no end of an oration;  
I made it certainly complete,  
And introduced the deputation.

But no—the clown my prospects blights—  
(The worth of birth it surely teaches!)  
"Why should I want to spend my nights  
In Parliament, a-making speeches?"

"I haven't never been to school—  
I ain't had not no eddication—  
And I should surely be a fool  
To publish that to all the nation!"

I offered him a trotting horse—  
No hack had ever trotted faster—  
I also offered him, of course,  
A rare and curious "old Master."

I offered to procure him weeds—  
Wines fit for one in his position—  
But, though an ass in all his deeds,  
He'd learnt the meaning of "commission."

He called me "thief" the other day,  
And daily from his door he thrusts me;  
Much more of this, and soon I may  
Begin to think that Brown mistrusts me.

So deaf to all sound Reason's rule  
This poor uneducated clown is,  
You cannot fancy what a fool  
Poor rich uneducated Brown is.

# THE THREE KINGS OF CHICKERABOO

There were three niggers of Chickeraboo—  
Pacifico, Bang-Bang, Popchop—who  
Exclaimed, one terribly sultry day,  
"Oh, let's be kings in a humble way."

The first was a highly-accomplished "bones,"  
The next elicited banjo tones,  
The third was a quiet, retiring chap,  
Who danced an excellent break-down "flap."

"We niggers," said they, "have formed a plan  
By which, whenever we like, we can  
Extemporize islands near the beach,  
And then we'll collar an island each.

"Three casks, from somebody else's stores,  
Shall rep-per-esent our island shores,  
Their sides the ocean wide shall lave,  
Their heads just topping the briny wave.

"Great Britain's navy scours the sea,  
And everywhere her ships they be,  
She'll recognize our rank, perhaps,

When she discovers we're Royal Chaps.

"If to her skirts you want to cling,  
It's quite sufficient that you're a king:  
She does not push inquiry far  
To learn what sort of king you are."

A ship of several thousand tons,  
And mounting seventy-something guns,  
Ploughed, every year, the ocean blue,  
Discovering kings and countries new.

The brave Rear-Admiral Bailey Pip,  
Commanding that superior ship,  
Perceived one day, his glasses through,  
The kings that came from Chickeraboo.

"Dear eyes!" said Admiral Pip, "I see  
Three flourishing islands on our lee.  
And, bless me! most extror'nary thing!  
On every island stands a king!"

"Come, lower the Admiral's gig," he cried,  
"And over the dancing waves I'll glide;  
That low obeisance I may do  
To those three kings of Chickeraboo!"

The admiral pulled to the islands three;  
The kings saluted him *graciouslee*.

The admiral, pleased at his welcome warm,  
Pulled out a printed Alliance form.

"Your Majesty, sign me this, I pray—  
I come in a friendly kind of way—  
I come, if you please, with the best intents,  
And Queen Victoria's compliments."

The kings were pleased as they well could be;  
The most retiring of all the three,  
In a "cellar-flap" to his joy gave vent  
With a banjo-bones accompaniment.

The great Rear-Admiral Bailey Pip  
Embarked on board his jolly big ship,  
Blue Peter flew from his lofty fore,  
And off he sailed to his native shore.

Admiral Pip directly went  
To the Lord at the head of the Government,  
Who made him, by a stroke of a quill,  
Baron de Pippe, of Pippetonneville.

The College of Heralds permission yield  
That he should quarter upon his shield  
Three islands, *vert*, on a field of blue,  
With the pregnant motto "Chickeraboo."

Ambassadors, yes, and attaches, too,

Are going to sail for Chickeraboo,  
And, see, on the good ship's crowded deck,  
A bishop, who's going out there on spec.

And let us all hope that blissful things  
May come of alliance with darkey kings.  
Oh, may we never, whatever we do,  
Declare a war with Chickeraboo!

# THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO

From east and south the holy clan  
Of bishops gathered, to a man;  
To synod, called Pan-Anglican;  
In flocking crowds they came.  
Among them was a Bishop, who  
Had lately been appointed to  
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,  
And Peter was his name.

His people—twenty-three in sum—  
They played the eloquent tum-tum  
And lived on scalps served up in rum—  
The only sauce they knew,  
When, first good Bishop Peter came  
(For Peter was that Bishop's name),  
To humor them, he did the same  
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

His flock, I've often heard him tell,  
(His name was Peter) loved him well,  
And summoned by the sound of bell,  
In crowds together came.

"Oh, massa, why you go away?  
Oh, Massa Peter, please to stay."  
(They called him Peter, people say,

Because it was his name.)

He told them all good boys to be,  
And sailed away across the sea.  
At London Bridge that Bishop he  
Arrived one Tuesday night—  
And as that night he homeward strode  
To his Pan-Anglican abode,  
He passed along the Borough Road  
And saw a gruesome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round  
A person dancing on the ground,  
Who straight began to leap and bound  
With all his might and main.  
To see that dancing man he stopped.  
Who twirled and wriggled, skipped and hopped,  
Then down incontinently dropped,  
And then sprang up again.

The Bishop chuckled at the sight,  
"This style of dancing would delight  
A simple Rum-ti-Foozle-ite.  
I'll learn it, if I can,  
To please the tribe when I get back."  
He begged the man to teach his knack.  
"Right Reverend Sir, in half a crack,"  
Replied that dancing man.

The dancing man he worked away  
And taught the Bishop every day—  
The dancer skipped like any fay—  
Good Peter did the same.  
The Bishop buckled to his task  
With *battements*, cuts, and *pas de basque*  
(I'll tell you, if you care to ask,  
That Peter was his name).

"Come, walk like this," the dancer said,  
"Stick out your toes—stick in your head.  
Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread—  
Your fingers thus extend;  
The attitude's considered quaint,"  
The weary Bishop, feeling faint,  
Replied, "I do not say it ain't,  
But 'Time!' my Christian friend!"

"We now proceed to something new—  
Dance as the Paynes and Lauris do,  
Like this—one, two—one, two—one, two."  
The Bishop, never proud,  
But in an overwhelming heat  
(His name was Peter, I repeat),  
Performed the Payne and Lauri feat,  
And puffed his thanks aloud.

Another game the dancer planned—  
"Just take your ankle in your hand,

And try, my lord, if you can stand—  
Your body stiff and stark.  
If, when revisiting your see,  
You learnt to hop on shore—like me—  
The novelty must striking be,  
And must excite remark."

"No," said the worthy Bishop, "No;  
That is a length to which, I trow,  
Colonial Bishops cannot go.  
You may express surprise  
At finding Bishops deal in pride—  
But, if that trick I ever tried,  
I should appear undignified  
In Rum-ti-Foozle's eyes.

"The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo  
Are well-conducted persons, who  
Approve a joke as much as you,  
And laugh at it as such;  
But if they saw their Bishop land,  
His leg supported in his hand,  
The joke they wouldn't understand—  
'Twould pain them very much!"

# TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through pathless realms of Space  
Roll on!  
What, though I'm in a sorry case?  
What, though I cannot meet my bills?  
What, though I suffer toothache's ills?  
What, though I swallow countless pills?  
Never *you* mind!  
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through seas of inky air  
Roll on!  
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;  
It's true my butcher's bill is due;  
It's true my prospects all look blue—  
But don't let that unsettle you!  
Never *you* mind!  
Roll on!

*(It rolls on.)*

# GENERAL JOHN

The bravest names for fire and flames,  
And all that mortal durst,  
Were General John and Private James,  
Of the Sixty-seventy-first.

General John was a soldier tried,  
A chief of warlike dons;  
A haughty stride and a withering pride  
Were Major-General John's.

A sneer would play on his martial phiz,  
Superior birth to show;  
"Pish!" was a favorite word of his,  
And he often said "Ho! ho!"

Full-Private James described might be,  
As a man of a mournful mind;  
No characteristic trait had he  
Of any distinctive kind.

From the ranks, one day, cried Private James  
"Oh! Major-General John,  
I've doubts of our respective names,  
My mournful mind upon.

"A glimmering thought occurs to me,  
(Its source I can't unearth)  
But I've a kind of notion we  
Were cruelly changed at birth.

"I've a strange idea, each other's names  
That we have each got on,  
Such things have been," said Private James.  
"They have!" sneered General John.

"My General John, I swear upon  
My oath I think 'tis so"—  
"Pish!" proudly sneered his General John,  
And he also said "Ho! ho!"

"My General John! my General John!  
My General John!" quoth he,  
"This aristocratical sneer upon  
Your face I blush to see!

"No truly great or generous cove  
Deserving of them names  
Would sneer at a fixed idea that's drove  
In the mind of a Private James!"

Said General John, "Upon your claims  
No need your breath to waste;  
If this is a joke, Full-Private James,  
It's a joke of doubtful taste.

"But being a man of doubtless worth,  
If you feel certain quite  
That we were probably changed at birth,  
I'll venture to say you're right."

So General John as Private James  
Fell in, parade upon;  
And Private James, by change of names,  
Was Major-General John.

# SIR GUY THE CRUSADER

Sir Guy was a doughty crusader,  
A muscular knight,  
Ever ready to fight,  
A very determined invader.  
And Dickey de Lion's delight.

Lenore was a Saracen maiden,  
Brunette, statuesque,  
The reverse of grotesque;  
Her pa was a bagman at Aden,  
Her mother she played in burlesque.

A *coryphee* pretty and loyal.  
In amber and red,  
The ballet she led;  
Her mother performed at the Royal,  
Lenore at the Saracen's Head.

Of face and of figure majestic,  
She dazzled the cits—  
Ecstaticized pits;—  
Her troubles were only domestic,  
But drove her half out of her wits.

Her father incessantly lashed her,

On water and bread  
She was grudgingly fed;  
Whenever her father he thrashed her  
Her mother sat down on her head.

Guy saw her, and loved her, with reason,  
For beauty so bright,  
Set him mad with delight;  
He purchased a stall for the season  
And sat in it every night.

His views were exceedingly proper;  
He wanted to wed,  
So he called at her shed  
And saw her progenitor whop her—  
Her mother sit down on her head.

"So pretty," said he, "and so trusting!  
You brute of a dad,  
You unprincipled cad,  
Your conduct is really disgusting.  
Come, come, now, admit it's too bad!

"You're a turbaned old Turk, and malignant;  
Your daughter Lenore  
I intensely adore  
And I cannot help feeling indignant,  
A fact that I hinted before.

"To see a fond father employing  
A deuce of a knout  
For to bang her about.  
To a sensitive lover's annoying."  
Said the bagman, "Crusader, get out!"

Says Guy, "Shall a warrior laden  
With a big spiky knob.  
Stand idly and sob.  
While a beautiful Saracen maiden  
Is whipped by a Saracen snob?"

"To London I'll go from my charmer."  
Which he did, with his loot  
(Seven hats and a flute),  
And was nabbed for his Sydenham armor,  
At Mr. Ben-Samuel's suit.

Sir Guy he was lodged in the Compter,  
Her pa, in a rage,  
Died (don't know his age),  
His daughter, she married the prompter,  
Grew bulky and quitted the stage.

# KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO

King Borria Bungalee Boo  
Was a man-eating African swell;  
His sigh was a hullabaloo,  
His whisper a horrible yell—  
A horrible, horrible yell!

Four subjects, and all of them male,  
To Borria doubled the knee,  
They were once on a far larger scale,  
But he'd eaten the balance, you see  
("Scale" and "balance" is punning, you see.)

There was haughty Pish-Tush-Pooh-Bah,  
There was lumbering Doodle-Dum-Deh,  
Despairing Alack-a-Dey-Ah,  
And good little Tootle-Tum-Teh—  
Exemplary Tootle-Tum-Teh.

One day there was grief in the crew,  
For they hadn't a morsel of meat,  
And Borria Bungalee Boo  
Was dying for something to eat—  
"Come provide me with something to eat!"

"Alack-a-Dey, famished I feel;

Oh, good little Tootle-Tum-Teh,  
Where on earth shall I look for a meal?  
For I haven't no dinner to-day!—  
Not a morsel of dinner to-day!

"Dear Tootle-Tum, what shall we do?  
Come, get us a meal, or in truth,  
If you don't we shall have to eat you,  
Oh, adorable friend of our youth!  
Thou beloved little friend of our youth!"

And he answered, "Oh Bungalee Boo,  
For a moment I hope you will wait—  
Tippy-Wippity Tol-the-Rol-Loo  
Is the queen of a neighboring state—  
A remarkably neighboring state.

"Tippy-Wippity Tol-the-Rol-Loo,  
She would pickle deliciously cold—  
And her four pretty Amazons, too,  
Are enticing, and not very old—  
Twenty-seven is not very old.

"There is neat little Titty-Fol-Leh,  
There is rollicking Tral-the-Ral-Lah,  
There is jocular Waggety-Weh.  
There is musical Doh-Reh-Mi-Fah—  
There's the nightingale Doh-Reh-Mi-Fah!"

So the forces of Bungalee Boo  
Marched forth in a terrible row,  
And the ladies who fought for Queen Loo  
Prepared to encounter the foe—  
This dreadful insatiate foe!

But they sharpened no weapons at all,  
And they poisoned no arrows—not they!  
They made ready to conquer or fall  
In a totally different way—  
An entirely different way.

With a crimson and pearly-white dye  
They endeavored to make themselves fair,  
With black they encircled each eye,  
And with yellow they painted their hair  
(It was wool, but they thought it was hair).

And the forces they met in the field—  
And the men of King Borria said,  
"Amazonians, immediately yield!"  
And their arrows they drew to the head,  
Yes, drew them right up to the head.

But jocular Waggety-Weh,  
Ogled Doodle-Dum-Deh (which was wrong)  
And neat little Titty-Fol-Leh,  
Said, "Tootle-Tum, you go along!  
You naughty old dear, go along!"

And rollicking Tral-the-Ral-Lah  
Tapped Alack-a-Dey-Ah with her fan;  
And musical Doh-Reh-Mi-Fah,  
Said "Pish, go away, you bad man!  
Go away, you delightful young man!"

And the Amazons simpered and sighed,  
And they ogled, and giggled, and flushed,  
And they opened their pretty eyes wide,  
And they chuckled, and flirted, and blushed  
(At least, if they could, they'd have blushed).

But haughty Pish-Tush-Pooh-Bah  
Said, "Alack-a-Dey, what does this mean?"  
And despairing Alack-a-Dey-Ah  
Said, "They think us uncommonly green,  
Ha! ha! most uncommonly green!"

Even blundering Doodle-Dum-Deh  
Was insensible quite to their leers  
And said good little Tootle-Tum-Teh,  
"It's your blood we desire, pretty dears—  
We have come for our dinners, my dears!"

And the Queen of the Amazons fell  
To Borria Bungalee Boo,  
In a mouthful he gulped, with a yell,  
Tippy-Wippity Tol-the-Rol-Loo—

The pretty Queen Tol-the-Rol-Loo.

And neat little Titty-Fol-Leh  
Was eaten by Pish-Pooh-Bah,  
And light-hearted Waggety-Weh  
By dismal Alack-a-Deh-Ah—  
Despairing Alack-a-Deh-Ah.

And rollicking Tral-the-Ral-Lah  
Was eaten by Doodle-Dum-Deh,  
And musical Doh-Reh-Mi-Fah  
By good little Tootle-Tum-Teh—  
Exemplary Tootle-Tum-Teh!

# THE TROUBADOUR

A troubadour he played  
Without a castle wall,  
Within, a hapless maid  
Responded to his call.

"Oh, willow, woe is me!  
Alack and well-a-day!  
If I were only free  
I'd hie me far away!"

Unknown her face and name,  
But this he knew right well,  
The maiden's wailing came  
From out a dungeon cell.

A hapless woman lay  
Within that dungeon grim—  
That fact, I've heard him say.  
Was quite enough for him.

"I will not sit or lie,  
Or eat or drink, I vow.  
Till thou art free as I,  
Or I as pent as thou."

Her tears then ceased to flow,  
Her wails no longer rang,  
And tuneful in her woe  
The prisoned maiden sang:

"Oh, stranger, as you play  
I recognize your touch;  
And all that I can say  
Is, thank you very much."

He seized his clarion straight,  
And blew thereat, until  
A warden oped the gate,  
"Oh, what might be your will?"

"I've come, sir knave, to see  
The master of these halls:  
A maid unwillingly  
Lies prisoned in their walls."

With barely stifled sigh  
That porter drooped his head,  
With teardrops in his eye,  
"A many, sir," he said.

He stayed to hear no more,  
But pushed that porter by,  
And shortly stood before  
Sir Hugh de Peckham Rye.

Sir Hugh he darkly frowned,  
"What would you, sir, with me?"  
The troubadour he downed  
Upon his bended knee.

"I've come, De Peckham Rye,  
To do a Christian task;  
You ask me what would I?  
It is not much I ask.

"Release these maidens, sir,  
Whom you dominion o'er—  
Particularly her  
Upon the second floor.

"And if you don't, my lord"—  
He here stood bolt upright,  
And tapped a tailor's sword—  
"Come out, you cad, and fight!"

Sir Hugh he called—and ran  
The warden from the gate:  
"Go, show this gentleman  
The maid in forty-eight."

By many a cell they past,  
And stopped at length before  
A portal, bolted fast:

The man unlocked the door.

He called inside the gate  
With coarse and brutal shout,  
"Come, step it, Forty-eight!"  
And Forty-eight stepped out.

"They gets it pretty hot,  
The maidens what we cotch—  
Two years this lady's got  
For collaring a wotch."

"Oh, ah!—indeed—I see,"  
The troubadour exclaimed—  
"If I may make so free,  
How is this castle named?"

The warden's eyelids fill,  
And sighing, he replied,  
"Of gloomy Pentonville  
This is the female side!"

The minstrel did not wait  
The warden stout to thank,  
But recollected straight  
He'd business at the Bank.

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