



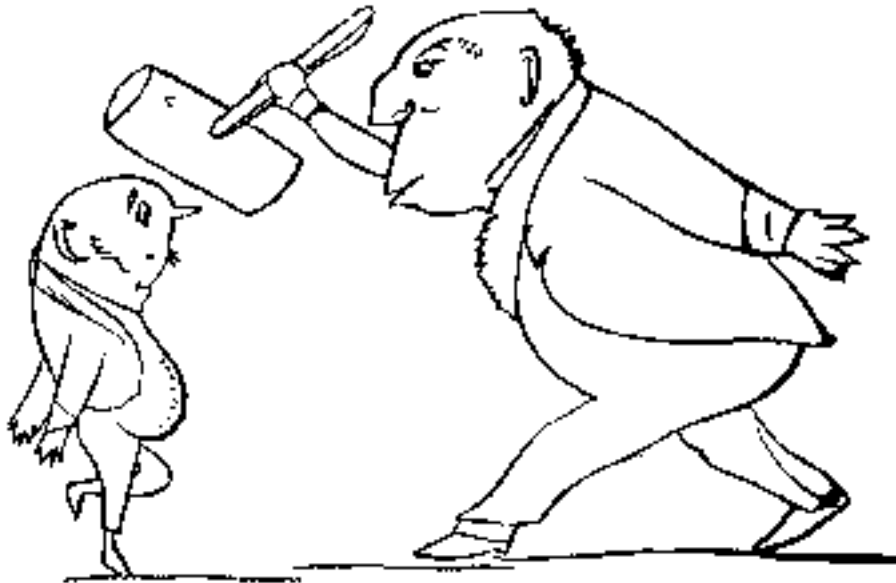
There was an Old Person of Hurst,
Who drank when he was not athirst;
When they said, 'You'll grw fatter,'
He answered, 'What matter?'
That globular Person of Hurst.



There was a Young Person of Crete,
Whose toilette was far from complete;
She dressed in a sack,
Spickle-speckled with black,
That ombliferous person of Crete.



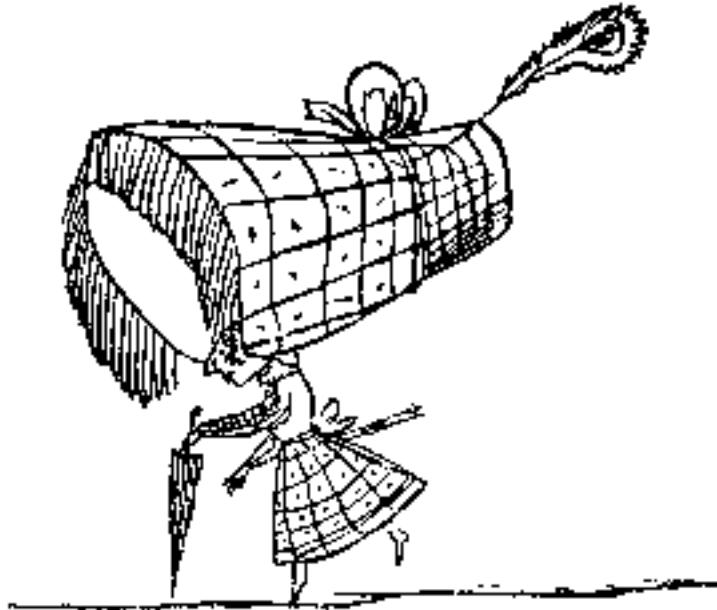
There was an Old Man of the Isles,
Whose face was pervaded with smiles;
He sung high dum diddle,
And played on the fiddle,
That amiable Man of the Isles.



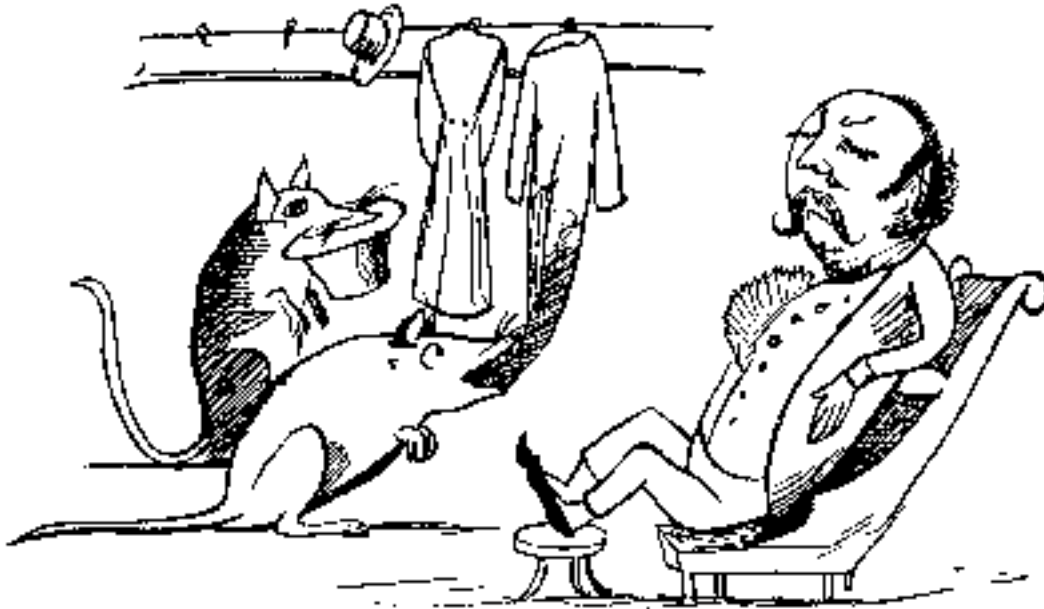
There was an Old Person of Buda,
Whose conduct grew ruder and ruder;
Till at last, with a hammer,
They silenced his clamour,
By smashing that Person of Buda.

There was an Old Man of Columbia,
Who was thirsty, and called out for
some beer;
But they brought it quite hot,
In a small copper pot,

Which disgusted that man of
Columbia.



There was a Young Lady of Dorking,
Who bought a large bonnet for
walking;
But its colour and size,
So bedazzled her eyes,
That she very soon went back to
Dorking.



There was an Old Man who supposed,
That the street door was partially
closed;
But some very large rats,
Ate his coats and his hats,
While that futile old gentleman
dozed.



There was an Old Man of the West,
Who wore a pale plum-coloured vest;
When they said, 'Does it fit?'
He replied, 'Not a bit!'
That uneasy Old Man of the West.



There was an Old Man of the Wrekin
Whose shoes made a horrible
creaking
But they said, 'Tell us whether,
Your shoes are of leather,
Or of what, you Old Man of the
Wrekin?'



There was a Young Lady whose eyes,
Were unique as to colour and size;
When she opened them wide,
People all turned aside,
And started away in surprise.