

**A STRANGE THING**

The man from round the corner  
has just become a father.  
Strange,  
yesterday  
he was still a cobbler.

**DAD'S THE BOSS**

What do mummy  
and daddy do  
alone, together?

Granny says  
they write to the stork  
to bring me a brother.

What do storks know  
about my brother?!  
I've no faith in birds  
but I have in daddy.

**THERE WAS A CAT THAT LAUGHED AND LAUGHED**

There was a cat that laughed and laughed  
and joked and joked  
and squeaked  
and creaked  
and croaked  
and choked.

She burst with laughter,  
hurt with laughter,  
bubbled over like beer,  
grinning ear to ear.

She made three LP's  
so much did it please  
gloomy married couples  
in night-clubs behind bottles.

The records were a hit  
'cause when she laughed she split  
her sides and opened wide  
her mouth and almost died.

This cat would shake from top to tail  
from laughter, purr and whine and wail.  
One day while strolling round the house  
she came across a little mouse.

This little mouse was always glum  
and all day long he'd suck his thumb  
and snuffle  
and snuff  
and snuffle  
and sniff  
shed tears and wail  
grow paler than pale.

stagging along alone  
his mouse would give a great long groan,  
always, blubbering, always slobbering  
squirting out tears and slurping them in again,  
constantly snivelling,  
constantly grizzling.

This mouse in black would dress  
and read »Bonjour tristesse«.  
He dancing would not go  
but dream dreams full of woe;  
no gaiety did he know.

When this cat and mouse did meet  
she thought that he'd be good to eat,  
then laughed so hard she began to weep,  
could not leap,  
lay in a heap,  
then rolled about the floor,  
holding her stomach with her paw.

The mouse would have taken a leap,  
the mouse would have made a retreat,  
but — alas! — he couldn't move his feet,  
so hard did he cry, such a lot,  
he found he was glued to the spot.  
And so he stood there in despair,  
just standing, not going anywhere:

and so — nothing happened.

The cat then saw that it was not good  
to laugh so much and decided she would  
no longer shriek,  
no longer squeak,  
never again get delirious  
but in everything become quite serious.

She put on her black dress  
and bought »Bonjour tristesse«

No longer did she burst with laughter,  
no longer did she hurt with laughter.

Henceforth she merely moped  
henceforth she merely choked  
henceforth she merely pined  
henceforth she merely whined

henceforth she paled and paled  
and tied a knot in her tail;  
so mournful was she,  
so dawnful was she.

The mouse then saw that it was not good  
to mope so much and decided he would  
read comic strips  
get lots of kicks  
in cheerful, jovial comany,  
get up for breakfast at half past three,  
no longer did he moan,  
no longer did he groan.

He started reading the cartoon page  
and acted as though he was half his age,  
and chuckled  
and chriped  
and sniggered  
and smirked;  
the mouse was so easy,  
the mouse was so breezy.

Again the cat and the mouse did meet  
and again the cat wanted him to eat,  
but blubbering  
and slobbering  
she did not see the tail before her nose,  
never even thought to bare her claws  
and gulp him down  
but just gazed round  
sitting on the ground  
and steadily drowned  
both herself in tears  
and the mouse to the ears.

The mouse, on seeing her great distress,  
the mouse, on seeing her wretchedness,  
couldn't move at all,  
let alone reach its hole.

Everything moved he laughed so much,  
everything oozed he laigned so much,  
everything stung him,  
everything wrung him,  
everything pinched him,  
everything clinched him,  
everything poked him,

everything choked him,  
everything primped him,  
everything crimped him,

everything was somehow witty  
everything was somehow ditty:

and so — nothing happened.

### HUMPTY-DUMPTY

All remember well the tale:  
Humpty-Dumpty one fine day,

white and smooth and round and fat,  
climbed atop a wall and sat.

Crowds did flock to see the sight,  
all amazed to see such white.

Hearing of the news, the king  
came and watched this wondrous thing.

Don't know what it is, he said,  
Useful, though! and scratched his head.

Humpty-Dumpty on the wall  
shivered, shook and — down did fall!

Tears of grief the king did weep:  
Sorrow did not let him sleep.

All the night hot tears he shed,  
soaking pillows, sheets and bed.

Summoned then he horses then  
summoned he his best of men.

Each of them now shoves, now strains.  
All of them the greatest pains

Over Humpty's care now take,  
trying to get him back in shape.

All their efforts were in vain:  
they couldn't get him together again.

### AT THE COURT OF KING PUMPALINE

Once at the court of king Pumpaline  
there lived a certain glass of wine.

Nearby the serviette was its place  
between the knife and liver paste,

standing on a slender stem,  
tall and radiant like a gem,

dressed according to the fashion,  
in keeping with both food and occasion.

At times it was a golden white,  
at times it shone with ruby light.

Every meal time it would go  
to the king's lips — to and fro.

The yellow jug was always grim  
watching the wine-glass with the king.

He was waiting for the time  
when he could water down the wine.

This was his life-long ardent dream  
and now he'd come up with a scheme:

before the king came through the door  
the jug into the wine did pour!

Now our good king Pumpaline  
drinks much more — but watered wine:

he does not know, he thinks it's fine!

### IN THE WILD, WILD WEST

The Oklahoma Kid came riding into town  
on an old grey nag, jogging up and down.

The Kid's old shaggy nag could hardly see at all;  
walking down the street it crashed into a wall.

The Oklahoma Kid said to his shaggy nag: —  
Look here, shaggy nag, this really is too bad!