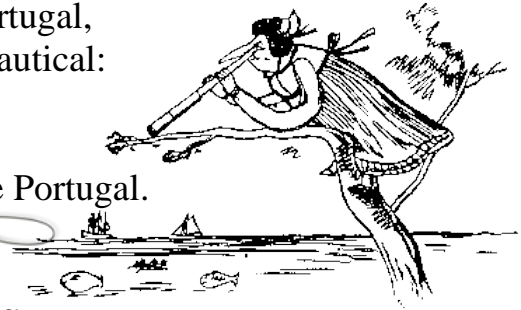
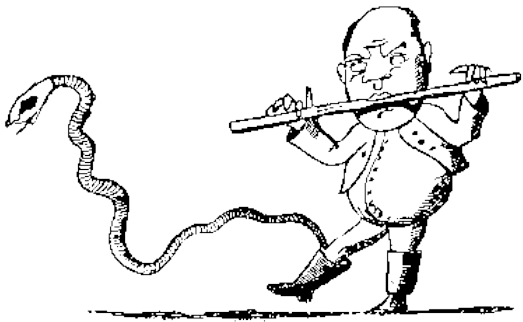


There was a Young Lady of Portugal,  
Whose ideas were excessively nautical:  
She climbed up a tree,  
To examine the sea,  
But declared she would never leave Portugal.



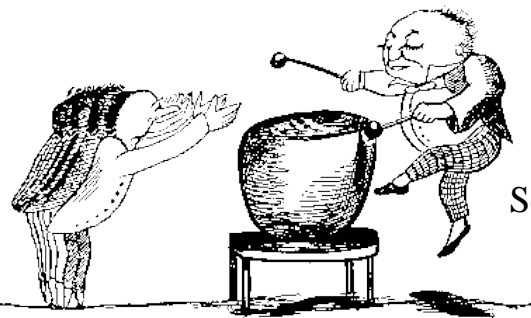
There was an Old Man with a flute,  
A sarpint ran into his boot;  
But he played day and night,  
Till the sarpint took flight,  
And avoided that man with a flute.



There was an Old Lady of Chertsey,  
Who made a remarkable curtsey;  
She twirled round and round,  
Till she sunk underground,  
Which distressed all the people of Chertsey.



There was an Old Man with a gong,  
Who bumped at it all day long;  
But they called out, 'O law!  
You're a horrid old bore!'  
So they smashed that Old Man with a gong.



There was an Old Man on a hill,  
Who seldom, if ever, stood still;  
He ran up and down,  
In his Grandmother's gown,  
Which adorned that Old Man on a hill.



