

## **There was a Naughty Boy**

By John Keats

There was a naughty boy  
A naughty boy was he  
He would not stop at home  
He could not quiet be—  
He took  
In his knapsack  
A book  
Full of vowels  
And a shirt  
With some towels—  
A slight cap  
For night cap—  
A hair brush  
Comb ditto  
New stockings  
For old ones  
Would split O!  
This knapsack  
Tight at's back  
He riveted close  
And followed his nose  
To the north  
To the north  
And follow'd his nose  
To the north—

There was a naughty boy  
And a naughty boy was he  
For nothing would he do  
But scribble poetry—  
He took  
An inkstand  
In his hand  
And a pen  
Big as ten  
In the other  
And away  
In a pother  
He ran  
To the mountains  
And fountains  
And ghostes  
And postes

And witches  
And ditches  
And wrote  
In his coat  
When the weather  
Was cool  
Fear of gout  
And without  
When the weather  
Was warm—  
Och the charm  
When we choose  
To follow one's nose  
To the north  
To the north  
To follow one's nose to the north!

There was a naughty boy  
And a naughty boy was he  
He kept little fishes  
In washing tubs three  
In spite  
Of the might  
Of the Maid  
Nor afraid  
Of his granny-good—  
He often would  
Hurly burly  
Get up early  
And go  
By hook or crook  
To the brook  
And bring home  
Miller's thumb  
Tittlebat  
Not over fat  
Minnows small  
As the stall  
Of a glove  
Not above  
The size  
Of nice  
Little baby's  
Little finger  
O he made  
Twas his trade

Of fish a pretty kettle  
A kettle –a kettle  
Of fish a pretty kettle  
A kettle!

There was a naughty boy  
And a naughty boy was he  
He ran away to Scotland  
The people for to see  
There he found  
That the ground  
Was as hard  
That a yard  
Was as long  
That a song  
Was as merry  
That a cherry  
Was as red –  
That lead  
Was as weighty  
That fourscore  
Was as eighty  
That a door  
Was as wooden  
As in England—  
So he stood in  
His shoes  
And he wonder'd  
He wonder'd  
He stood in his  
Shoes and wonder'd--