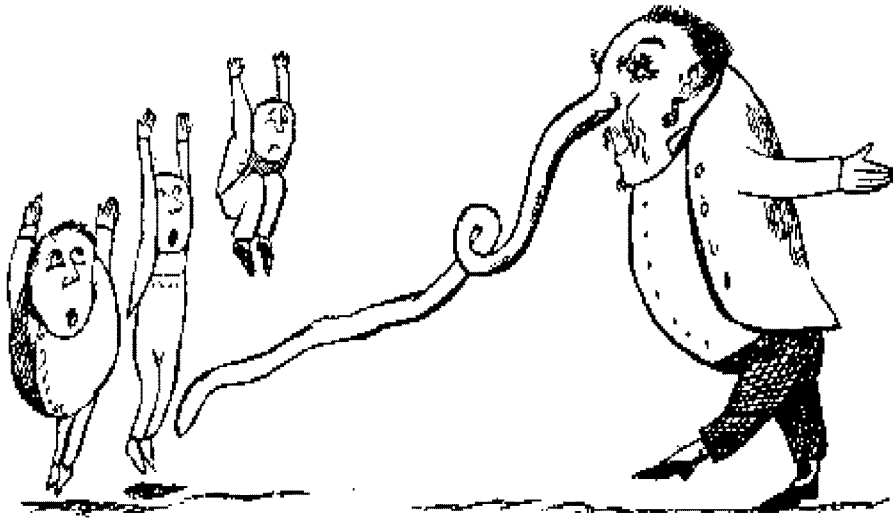


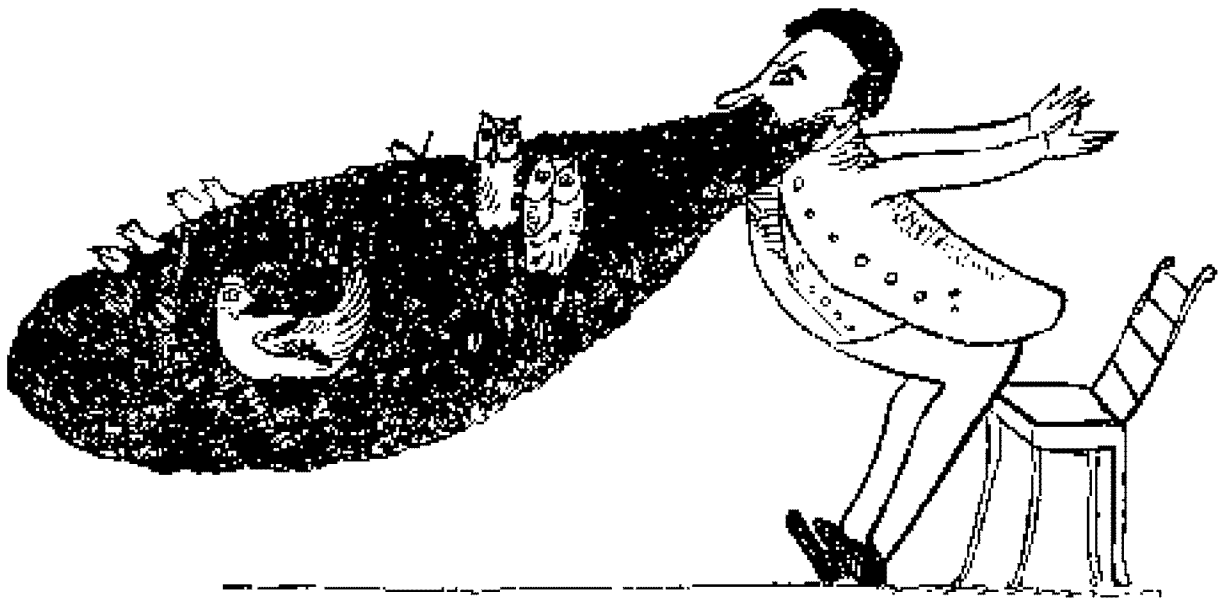
Handwriting Practice



Using the nonsense poems of

Edward Lear

By Peter Bland

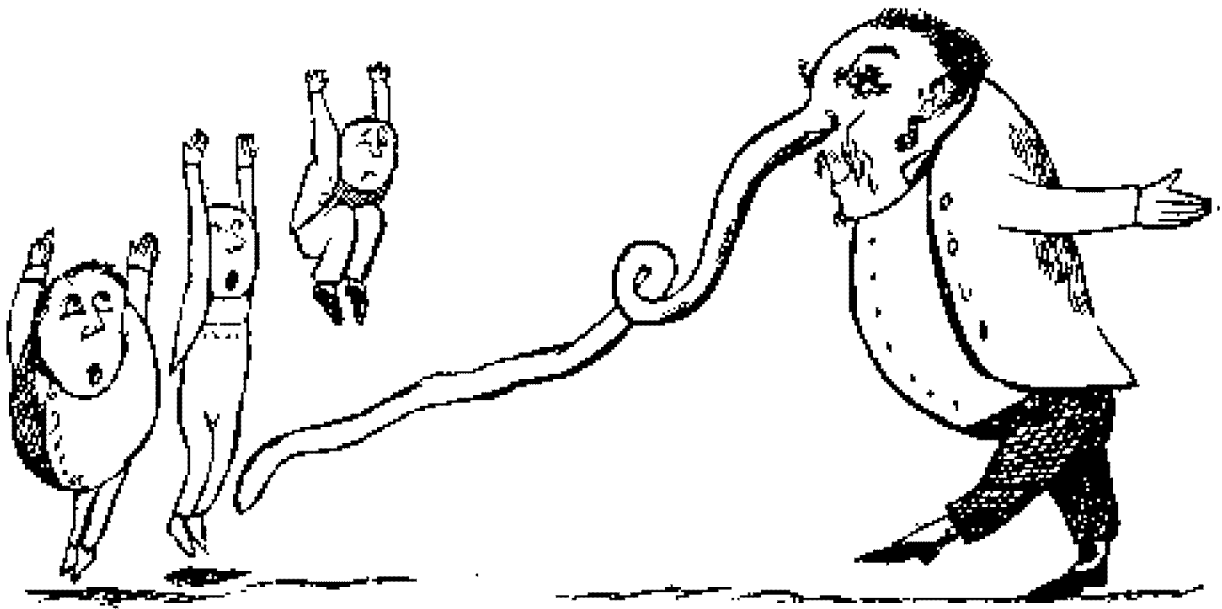


*There was an Old Man with a
beard, Who said, 'It is just as I
feared! Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my
beard!'*

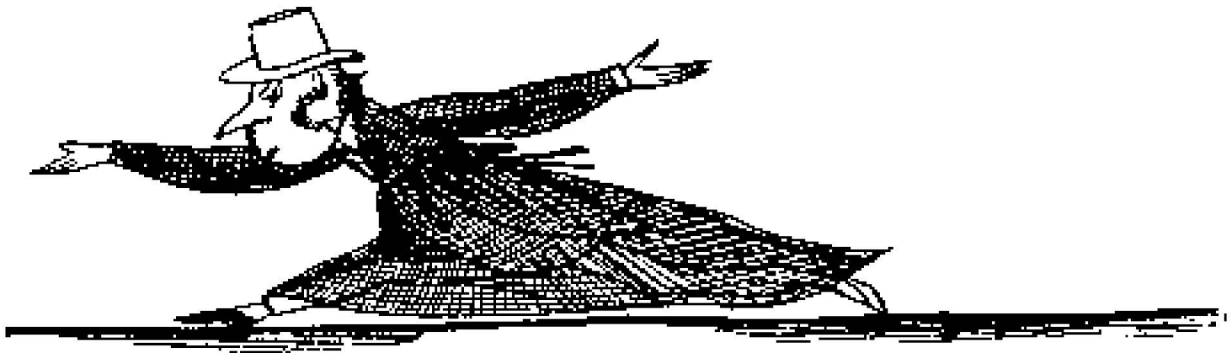


*There was a Young Lady of
Ryde, Whose shoe-strings were
seldom untied.*

*She purchased some clogs,
And some small spotted dogs,
And frequently walked about
Ryde.*



*There was an Old Man with a
nose, Who said, 'If you choose to
suppose, That my nose is too
long,
You are certainly wrong!"
That remarkable Man with a
nose.*



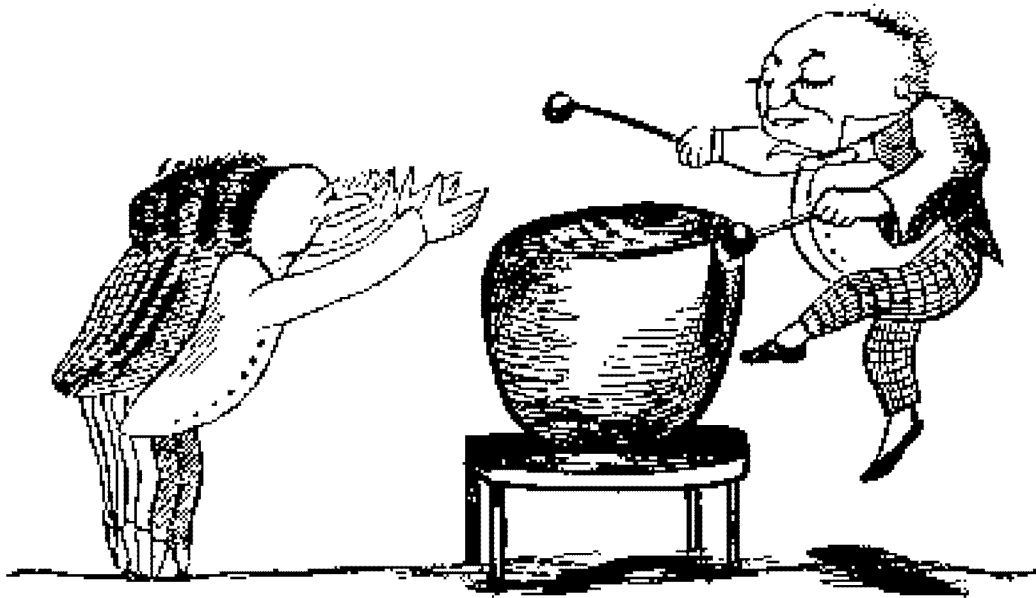
*There was an Old Man on a
hill, Who seldom, if ever, stood
still; He ran up and down,
In his Grandmother's gown,
Which adorned that Old Man
on a hill.*



*There was a Young Person of
Smyrna,
Whose Grandmother threatened
to burn her;
But she seized on the cat,
And said, 'Granny, burn that! You
incongruous Old Woman of
Smyrna!'*



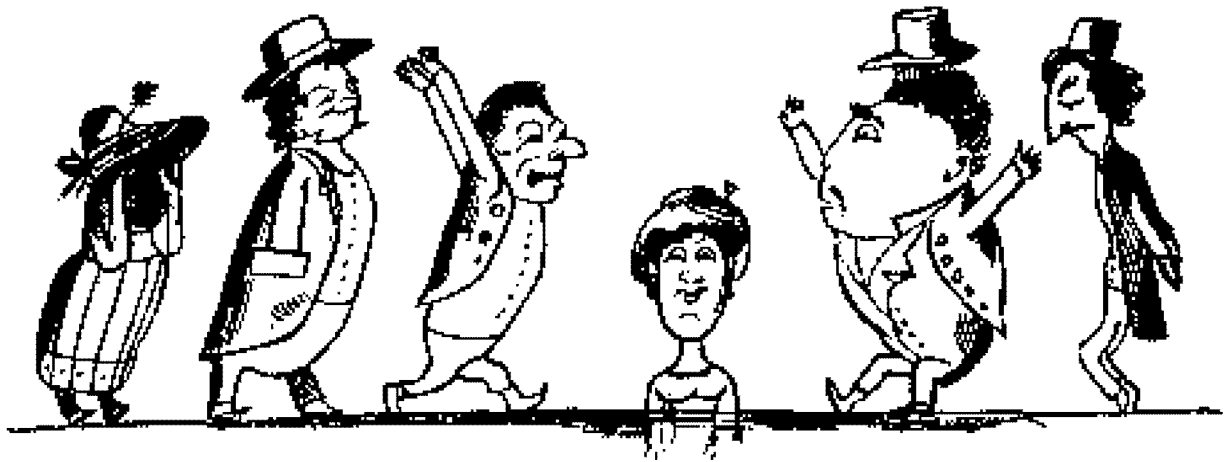
*There was an Old Person of Chili,
Whose conduct was painful and
silly, He sate on the stairs,
Eating apples and pears,
That imprudent Old Person of
Chili.*



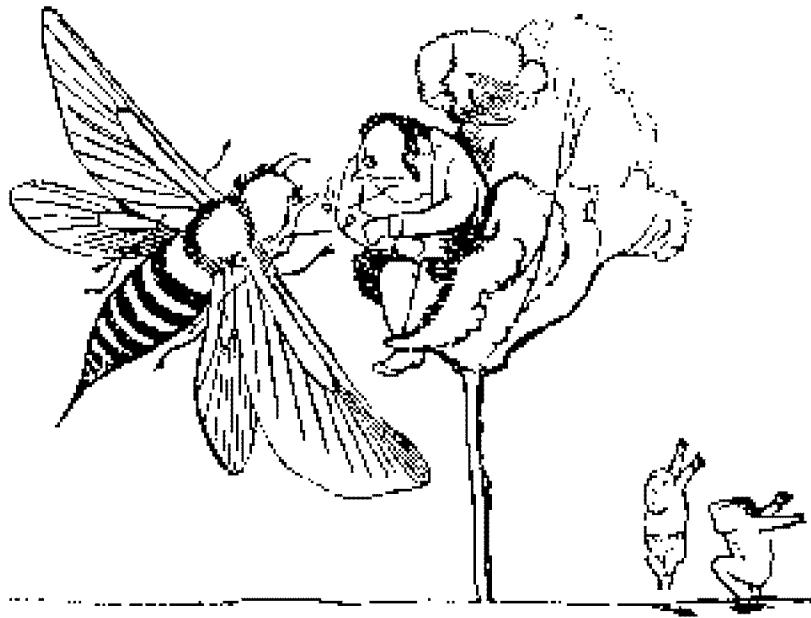
*There was an Old Man with a
gong, Who bumped at it all day
long;*

*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 Lady of
Chertsey, Who made a
remarkable curtsy; She twirled
round and round,
Till she sunk underground,
Which distressed all the people of
Chertsey.*



*There was an Old Man in a
tree, Who was horribly bored
by a Bee; When they said, 'Does
it buzz?' He replied, 'Yes, it
does!'*

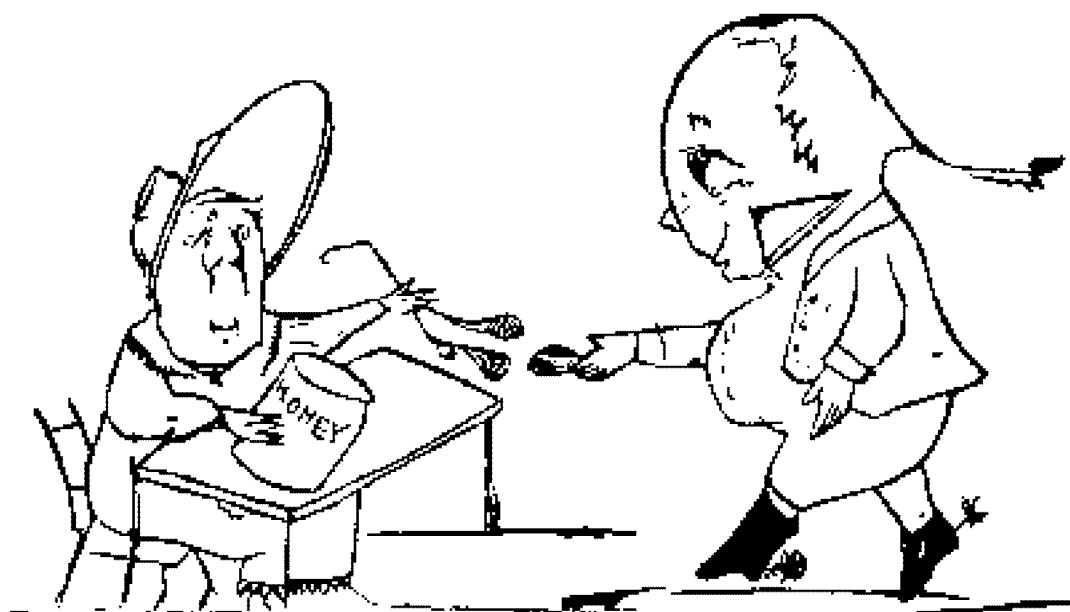
'It's a regular brute of a Bee!'



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



*There was a Young Lady whose
chin, Resembled the point of a pin;
So she had it made sharp,
And purchased a harp,
And played several tunes with her
chin.*



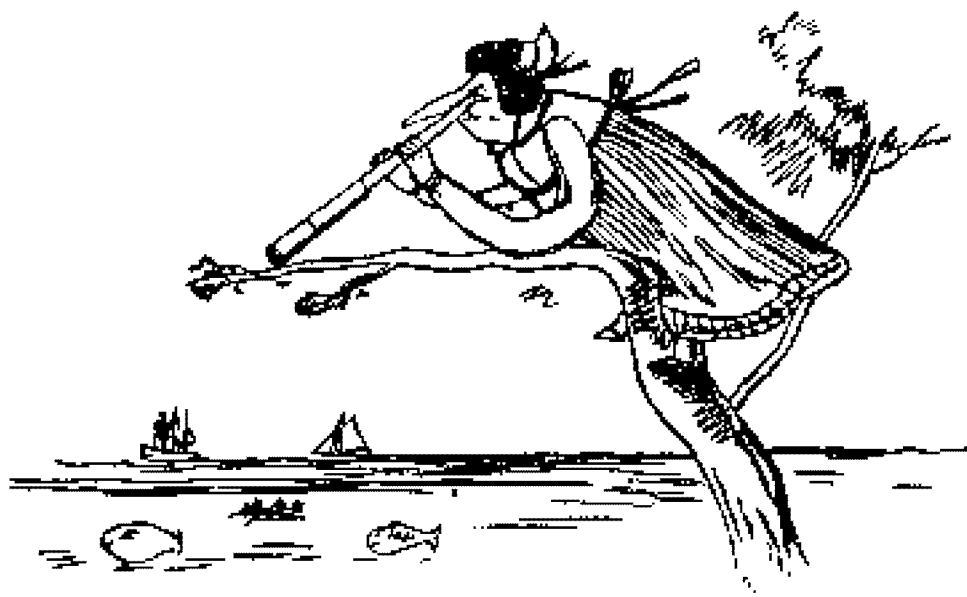
*There was an Old Man of
Kilkenny, Who never had more
than a penny; He spent all that
money,
In onions and honey,
That wayward Old Man of
Kilkenny.*



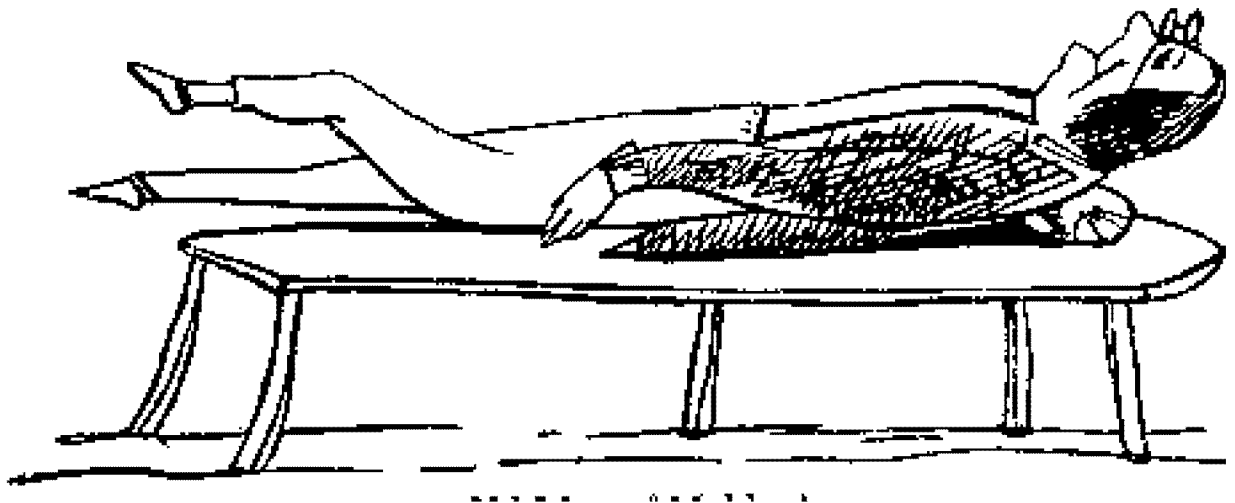
*There was an Old Person of
Ischia, Whose conduct grew
friskier and friskier;
He dance hornpipes and jigs,
And ate thousands of figs,
That lively Old Person of Ischia.*



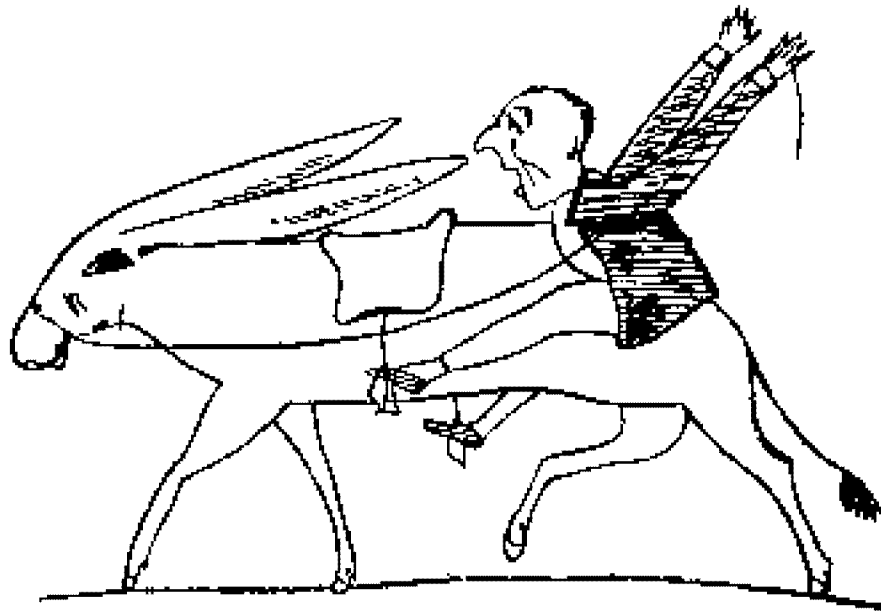
*There was an Old Man in a
boat, Who said, 'I'm afloat, I'm
afloat!' When they said, 'No!
you ain't!' He was ready to
faint,
That unhappy Old Man in a
boat.*



*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 of
Moldavia, Who had the most
curious behaviour; For while he
was able,
He slept on a table.
That funny Old Man of Moldavia.*



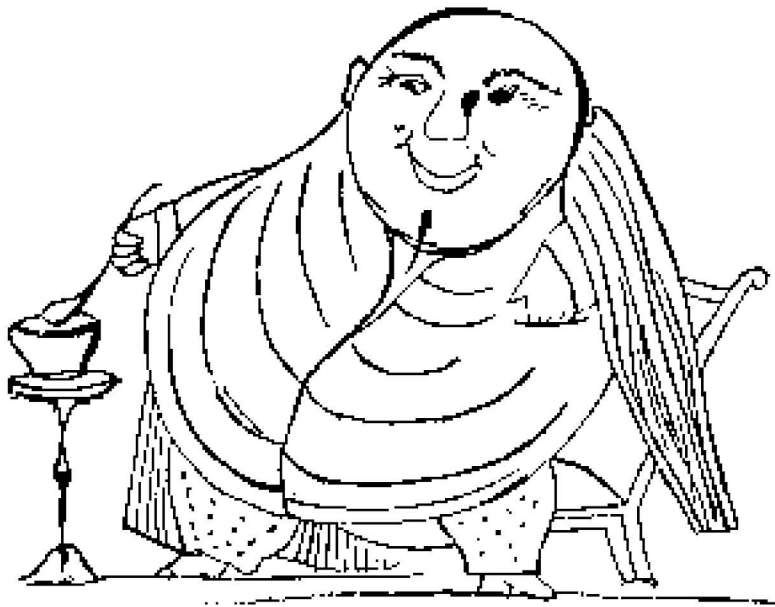
*There was an Old Man of
Madras, Who rode on a cream-
coloured ass; But the length of
its ears,
So promoted his fears,
That it killed that Old Man of
Madras.*



*There was an Old Person of
Leeds, Whose head was infested
with beads; She sat on a stool,
And ate gooseberry fool,
Which agreed with that person of
Leeds.*



*There was an Old Man of Peru,
Who never knew what he should
do; So he tore off his hair,
And behaved like a bear,
That intrinsic Old Man of Peru.*



*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?'*

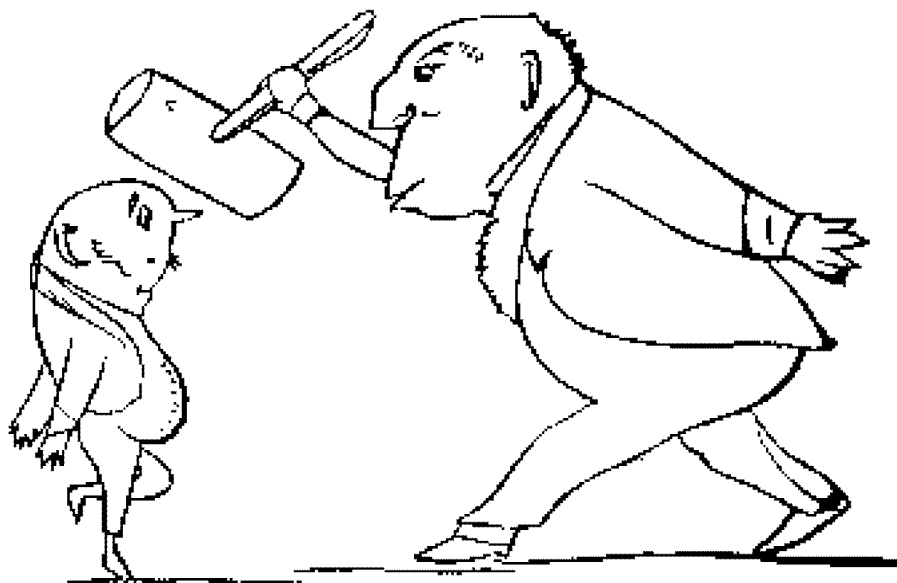
That globular Person of Hurst.



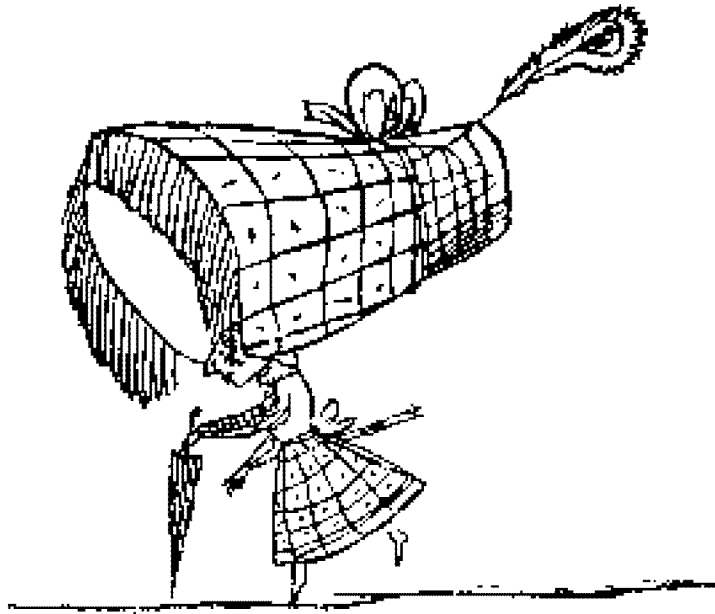
*There was a Young Person of Crete,
Whose toilette was far from
complete; She dressed in a sack,
Spickle-speckled with black,
That ombliferous person of Crete.*



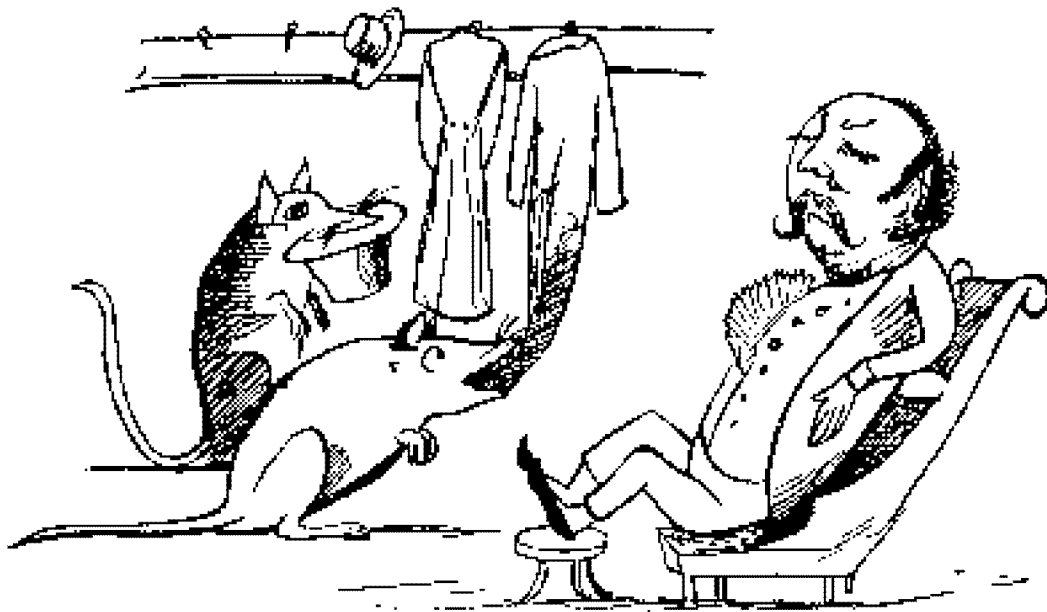
*There was an Old Man of the Isles,
Whose face was pervaded with
smiles; He sung high dum diddle,
And played on the fiddle,
That amiable Man of the Isles.*



*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 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.*



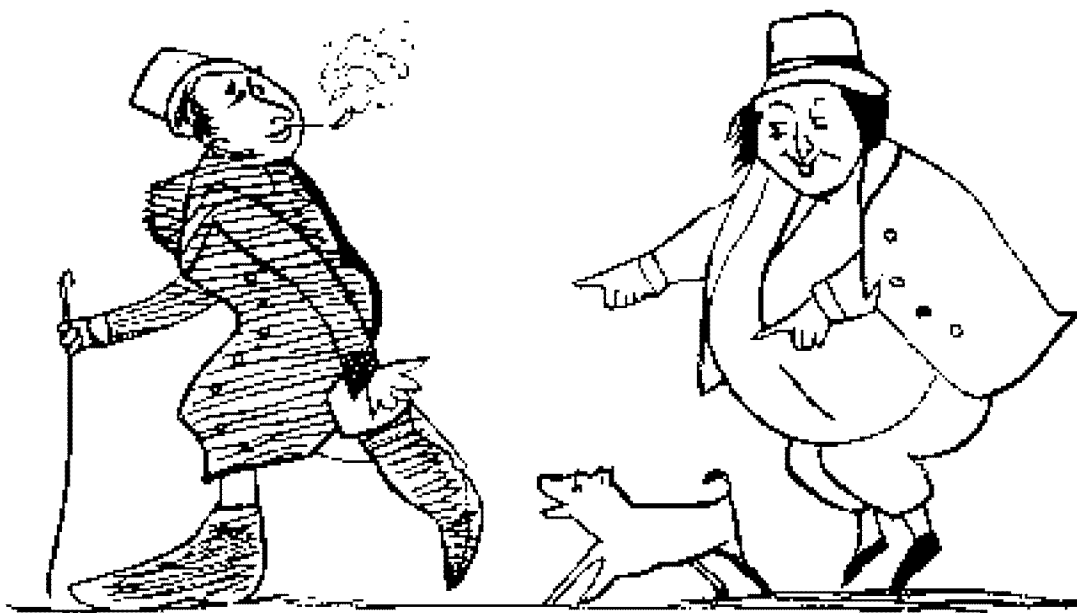
*There was an Old Man who
supposed, That the street door was
partially closed;
But some very large rats,
Ate his coats and his hats,
While that futile old gentleman
dozed.*



*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.*