

# **The Jumblies**

Edward Lear

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# The Jumblies

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They went to sea in a Sieve, they did,  
In a Sieve they went to sea:  
In spite of all their friends could say,  
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,  
In a Sieve they went to sea!  
And when the Sieve turned round and round,  
And every one cried, `You'll all be drowned!'  
They called aloud, `Our Sieve ain't big,  
But we don't care a button! we don't care a fig!  
In a Sieve we'll go to sea!'  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

They sailed away in a Sieve, they did,  
In a Sieve they sailed so fast,  
With only a beautiful pea-green veil  
Tied with a riband by way of a sail,  
To a small tobacco-pipe mast;  
And every one said, who saw them go,  
`O won't they be soon upset, you know!  
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long,  
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong  
In a Sieve to sail so fast!'  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did,  
The water it soon came in;  
So to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet  
In a pinky paper all folded neat,  
And they fastened it down with a pin.  
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar,  
And each of them said, `How wise we are!  
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,

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Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,  
While round in our Sieve we spin!  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;  
And when the sun went down,  
They whistled and warbled a moony song  
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,  
In the shade of the mountains brown.  
`O Timballo! How happy we are,  
When we live in a Sieve and a crockery-jar,  
And all night long in the moonlight pale,  
We sail away with a pea-green sail,  
In the shade of the mountains brown!  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,  
To a land all covered with trees,  
And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart,  
And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,  
And a hive of silvery Bees.  
And they bought a Pig, and some green Jack-daws,  
And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws,  
And forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,  
And no end of Stilton Cheese.  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back,  
In twenty years or more,  
And every one said, `How tall they've grown!  
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore!  
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;  
And every one said, `If we only live,  
We too will go to sea in a Sieve, –  
To the hills of the Chankly Bore!  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.