

Writing – Summer Week 5 – Home Learning

Session 5

In this session you are going to look at two nonsense poems by other poets. There is a different poem by Edward Lear as well if you want to read it.

- Watch at least the first two videos and then read the poems to yourself before thinking about the questions. The poems are included below.

The Land of the Bumbley Boo by Spike Milligan. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bchp1YvtffI>

The Tale of Custard the Dragon by Ogden Nash. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y-0BNOG6_yY

The Jumblies by Edward Lear. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OCibM_QUqZM

How to share your learning:

- Write your answers into your exercise book and take a photo of your learning, then upload it to Google Classroom.
- Type your answers directly into the boxes on the page.

Once you've completed the learning, submit it to Google Classroom following these instructions:

1. Go to classroom.google.com
2. Click the class – classwork – the assignment.
3. To attach an item, click 'Add or create' and select 'Google Drive,' 'Link or File' depending on what type of file you have created.
4. The status of your learning will change to 'Turned in.'

Nonsense Poems by different poets

The Land of the Bumbley Boo – By Spike Milligan

In the Land of the Bumbley Boo
The people are red, white and blue,
They never blow noses,
Or even wear closes,
What a sensible thing to do!

In the Land of the Bumbley Boo
You can buy Lemon pie at the Zoo;
They give away Foxes
In little Pink Boxes
And bottles of Dandy Lion Stew.

In the Land of the Bumbley Boo
You never see a Gnu,
But thousands of cats
Wearing trousers and hats
Made of Pumpkins and Pelican Glue!

Oh, the Bumbley Boo! the Bumbley Boo!
That's the place for me and you!
So hurry! Let's run!
The train leaves at one!
For the Land of the Bumbley Boo!
The wonderful Bumbley Boo-Boo-Boo!

The wonderful Bumbley BOO!!!

The Tale of Custard the Dragon – by Ogden Nash

Belinda lived in a little white house,
With a little black kitten and a little gray mouse,
And a little yellow dog and a little red wagon,
And realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,
And spikes on top of him and scales underneath,
Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,
And realio, trulio daggers on his toes.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful,
Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called him
Percival,
They all sat laughing in the little red wagon
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty sound,
And Mustard growled, and they all looked around,
Meowch! cried Ink, and Ooh! cried Belinda,
For there was pirate, climbing in the winda.

Belinda paled, and she cried Help! Help!
But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,
Ink trickled down to the bottom of the household,
And little mouse Blink strategically mouseholed.

The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,
And gulped some grog from his pocket flagon,
He fired two bullets, but they didn't hit,
And Custard gobbled him, every bit.

But presently up spoke little dog Mustard,
I'd have been twice as brave if I hadn't been
flustered.
And up spoke Ink and up spoke Blink,
We'd have been three times as brave,
we think,
And Custard said, I quite agree
That everybody is braver than me.

Belinda is as brave as barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chase lions down the stairs,
Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe cage.

Now the name of the little black kitten was Ink,
And the little gray mouse, she called him Blink,
And the little yellow dog was sharp as Mustard,
But the dragon was a coward, and she called
Him Custard.

Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of bears,
and Ink and Blink chased lions down the stairs,
Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Belinda giggled till she shook the house,
and Blink said Weeck! which is giggling for a
mouse,
Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,
When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,
And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,
His beard was black, one leg was wood;
It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

But up jumped Custard, snorting like an engine,
Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon,
With a clatter and a clank and a jangling squirm,
He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.

Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,
No one mourned for his pirate victim.
Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate
Around the dragon that ate the pirate.

Belinda still lives in her little white house,
With her little black kitten and her little gray
mouse,
And her little yellow dog and her little red wagon,
And her relio, trulio little pet dragon.

The Jumblies

BY EDWARD LEAR

I

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.

III

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,
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.

V

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.

II

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.

IV

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.

VI

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 everyone 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.

