Humpty Dumpty’s Song

In winter, when the fields are white,
I sing this song for your delight:
In spring, when woods are getting green,
I’ll try and tell you what I mean:
In summer, when the days are long,
Perhaps you’ll understand the song:
In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
Take pen and ink, and write it down.

I sent a message to the fish:
I told them “This is what I wish.”
The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me.
The little fishes’ answer was
“We cannot do it, Sir, because—”
I sent to them again to say
“It will be better to obey.”
The fishes answered, with a grin,
“Why, what a temper you are in!”
I told them once, I told them twice:

They would not listen to advice.
I took a kettle large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.
My heart went hop, my heart went thump:
I filled the kettle at the pump.
Then someone came to me and said,
“The little fishes are in bed.”
I said to him, I said it plain,
“Then you must wake them up again.”
I said it very loud and clear:
I went and shouted in his ear.
But he was very stiff and proud:
He said, “You needn’t shout so loud!”
And he was very proud and stiff:
He said, “I’d go and wake them, if—”
I took a corkscrew from the shelf.
I went to wake them up myself.
And when I found the door was locked,
I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.
And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but—

(The poem ends here.)