

1863

SIZE AND TEARS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *Size and Tears* (1863) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: When on the sandy shore I sit, / Beside the salt sea-wave,...

SIZE AND TEARS

WHEN on the sandy shore I sit, Beside the salt sea-wave, And falling into a weeping fit Because I dare not shave A little whisper at my ear Enquires the reason of my fear.

I answer "If that ruffian Jones Should recognise me here, He'd bellow out my name in tones Offensive to the ear: He chaffs me so on being stout (A thing that always puts me out)."

Ah me! I see him on the cliff!

Farewell, farewell to hope, If he should look this way, and if He's got his telescope!

To whatsoever place I flee, My odious rival follows me!

For every night, and everywhere, I meet him out at dinner; And when I've found some charming fair, And vowed to die or win her, The wretch (he's thin and I am stout) Is sure to come and cut me out!

The girls (just like them!) all agree To praise J. Jones, Esquire: I ask them what on earth they see About him to admire? They cry " He is so sleek and slim, It's quite a treat to look at him!"

They vanish in tobacco smoke, Those visionary maids I feel a sharp and sudden poke Between the shoulder-blades "Why, Brown, my boy! You're growing stout!" (I told you he would find me out!)

"My growth is not your business, Sir!" "No more it is, my boy!"

But if it's yours, as I infer, Why, Brown, I give you joy!

A man, whose business prospers so, Is just the sort of man to know!

“It’s hardly safe, though, talking here I’d best get out of reach: For such a weight as yours, I fear, Must shortly sink the beach!” Insult me thus because I’m stout!

I vow I’ll go and call him out!

THE END