

**1818**

**A SONG ABOUT MYSELF**

**John Keats**

**Keats, John (1795-1821) - Widely regarded as the most talented of the English romantic poets, Keats, whose work was poorly received during his lifetime, could not have foreseen his later recognition. Ironically, he wrote for his own epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Song About Myself (1818) Written for the pleasure of Keats' fifteen year- old sister, Fanny. Opening lines:**

**There was a naughty boy, / A naughty boy was he, ...**

## **A SONG ABOUT MYSELF**

### ***I.***

There was a naughty boy,  
 A naughty boy was he,  
 He would not stop at home,  
 He could not quiet be  
 He took  
 In his knapsack  
 A book  
 Full of vowels  
 And a shirt  
 With some towels,  
 A slight cap  
 For night cap,  
 A hair brush,  
 Comb ditto,  
 New stockings  
 For old ones  
 Would split O!  
 This knapsack  
 Tight at's back  
 He rivetted close  
 And followed his nose  
 To the north,  
 To the north,  
 And follow'd his nose  
 To the north.

### ***II.***

There was a naughty boy  
 And a naughty boy was he,  
 For nothing would he do  
 But scribble poetry  
 He took  
 An ink stand  
 In his hand  
 And a pen  
 Big as ten  
 In the other,  
 And away  
 In a pother

He ran  
 To the mountains  
 And fountains  
 And ghostes  
 And postes  
 And witches  
 And ditches  
 And wrote  
 In his coat  
 When the weather  
 Was cool,  
 Fear of gout,  
 And without  
 When the weather  
 Was warm  
 Och the charm  
 When we choose  
 To follow one's nose  
 To the north,  
 To the north,  
 To follow one's nose  
 To the north!

### ***III.***

There was a naughty boy  
 And a naughty boy was he,  
 He kept little fishes  
 In washing tubs three  
 In spite  
 Of the might  
 Of the maid  
 Nor afraid  
 Of his Granny-good  
 He often would  
 Hurly burly  
 Get up early  
 And go  
 By hook or crook  
 To the brook  
 And bring home  
 Miller's thumb,  
 Tittlebat  
 Not over fat,

Minnows small  
 As the stall  
 Of a glove,  
 Not above  
 The size  
 Of a nice  
 Little baby's  
 Little fingers  
 O he made  
 'Twas his trade  
 Of fish a pretty kettle  
 A kettle  
 A kettle  
 Of fish a pretty kettle  
 A kettle!

#### **IV.**

There was a naughty boy,  
 And a naughty boy was he,  
 He ran away to Scotland  
 The people for to see  
 There he found  
 That the ground  
 Was as hard,  
 That a yard  
 Was as long,  
 That a song  
 Was as merry,  
 That a cherry  
 Was as red,  
 That lead  
 Was as weighty,  
 That fourscore  
 Was as eighty,  
 That a door  
 Was as wooden  
 As in England  
 So he stood in his shoes  
 And he wonder'd,  
 He wonder'd,  
 He stood in his  
 Shoes and he wonder'd.

**THE END**