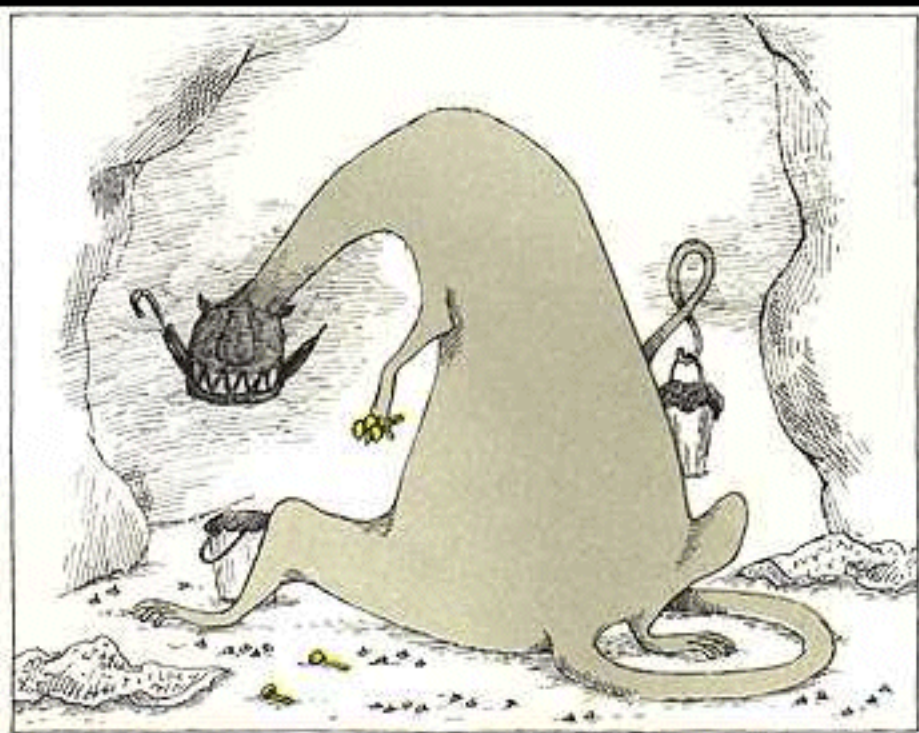




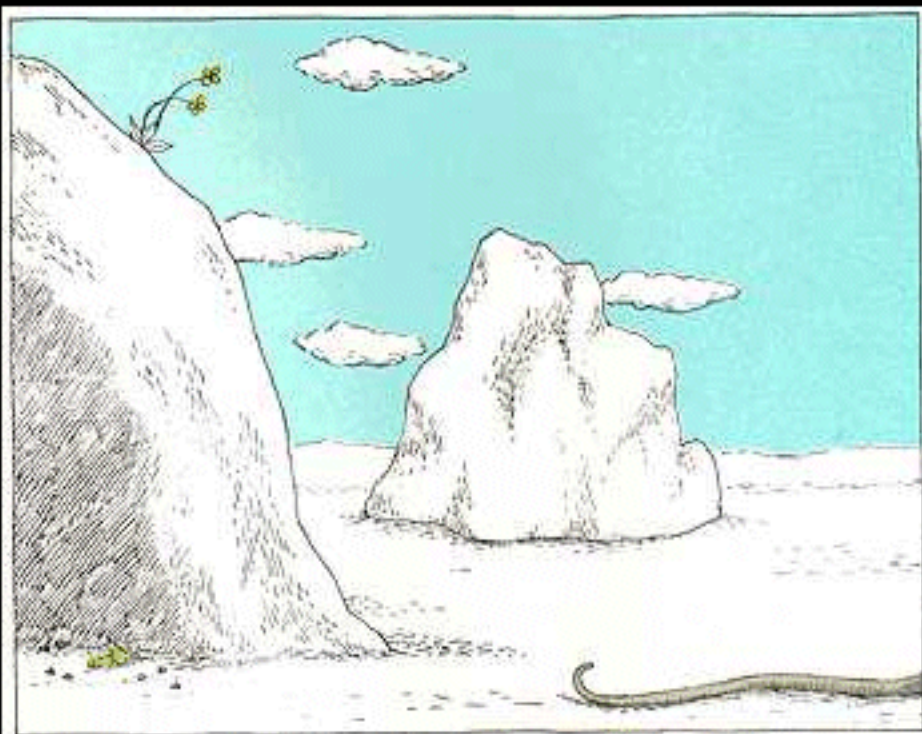
Sing tiraloo, sing tiralay,
The Wuggly Ump lives far away.



It eats umbrellas, gunny sacks,
Brass doorknobs, mud, and carpet tacks.



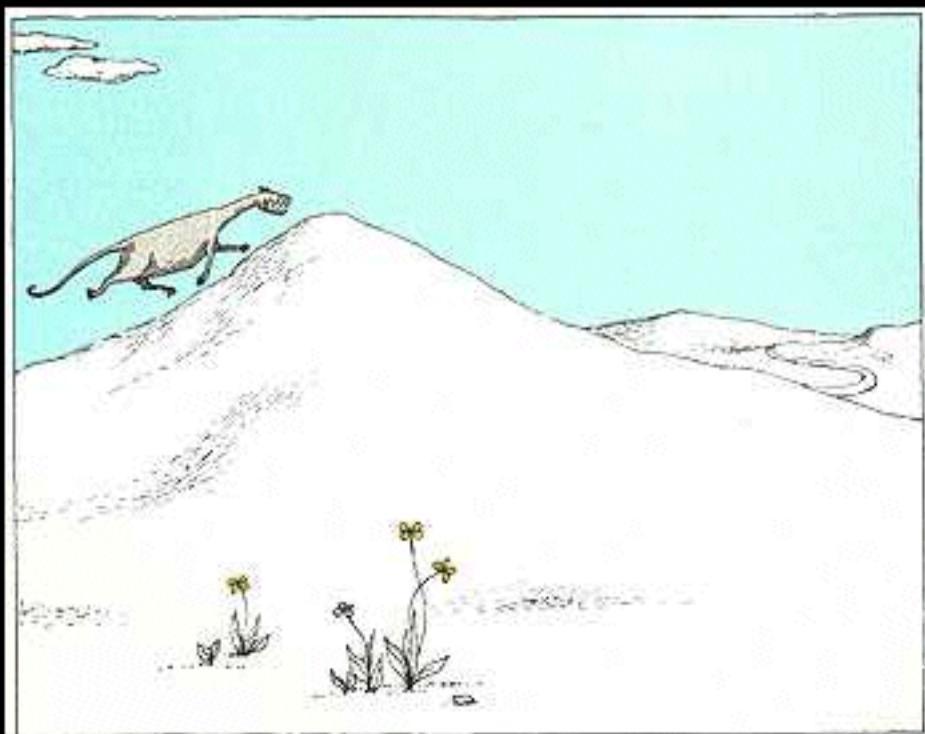
How most displeasing, to be sure!
Its other habits are obscure.



Sing jigglepin, sing jogglepen,
The Wuggly Ump has left its den.



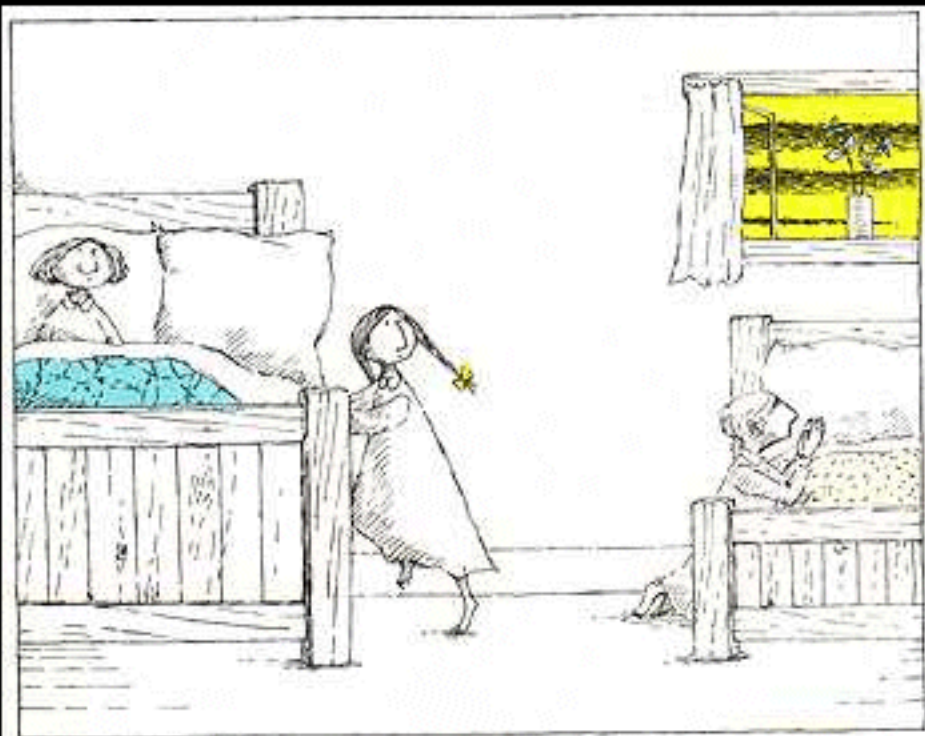
We pass our happy childhood hours
In weaving endless chains of flowers.



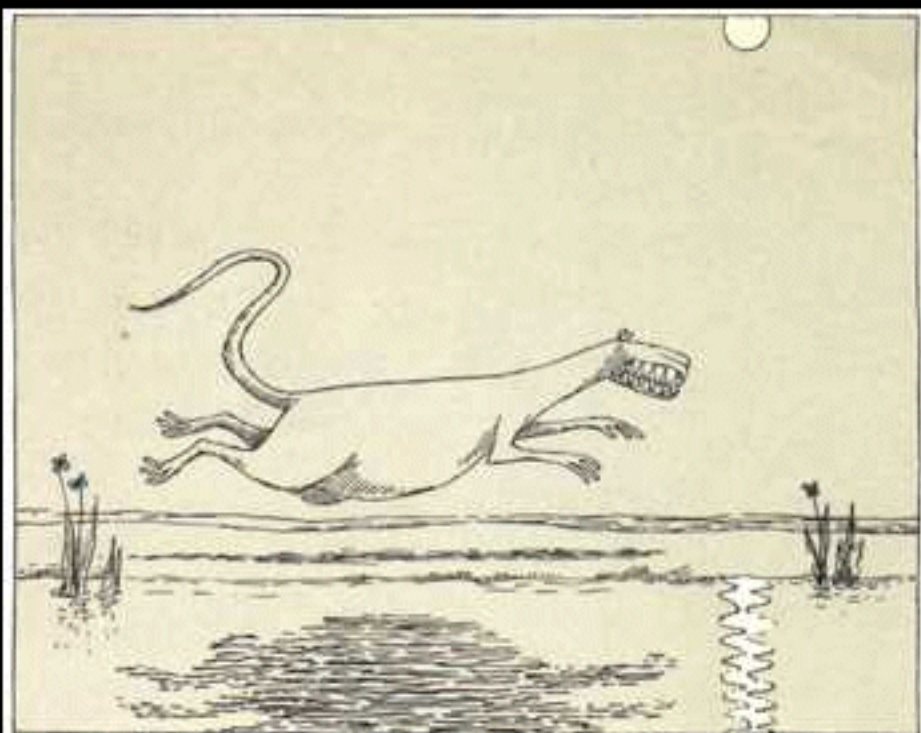
Across the hills the Wuggly Ump
Is hurtling on, kerbash, kerblump!



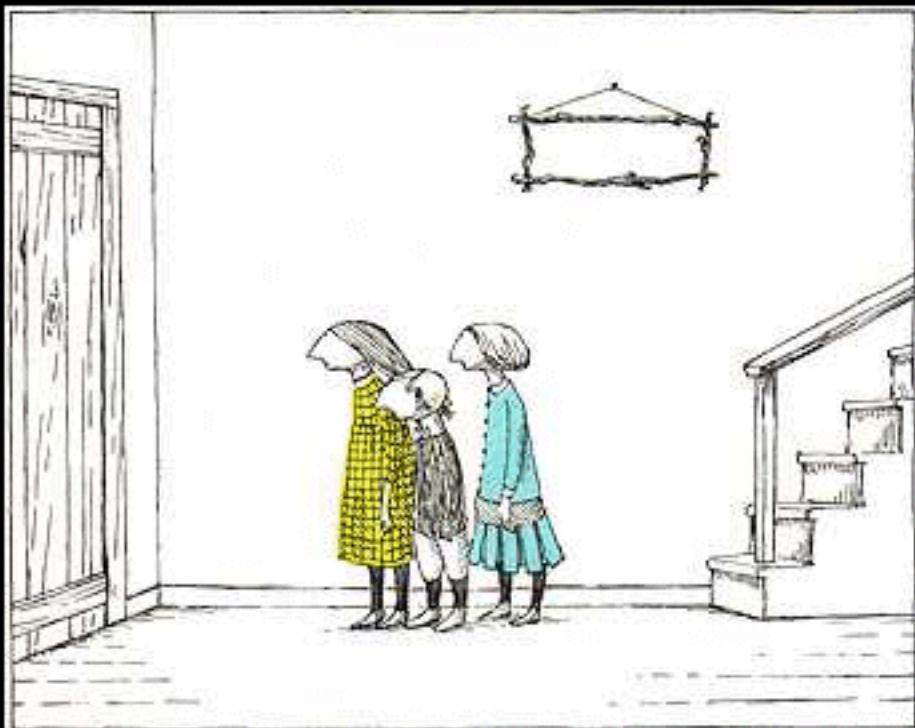
When play is over, we are fed
On wholesome bowls of milk and bread.



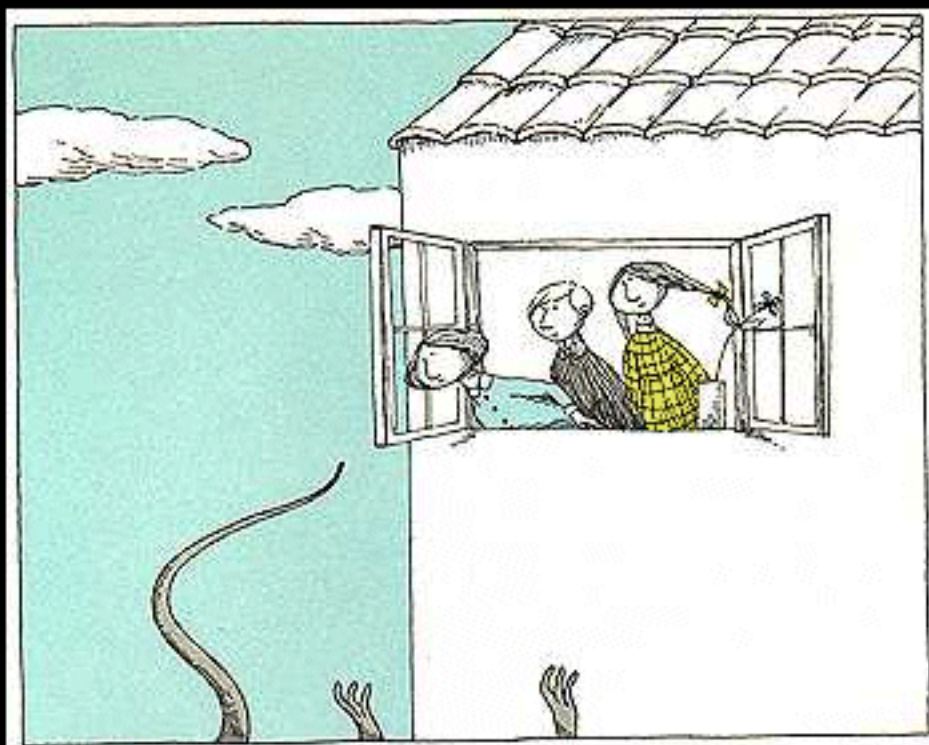
Sing hushaboo, sing hushaby.
The Wuggly Ump is drawing nigh.



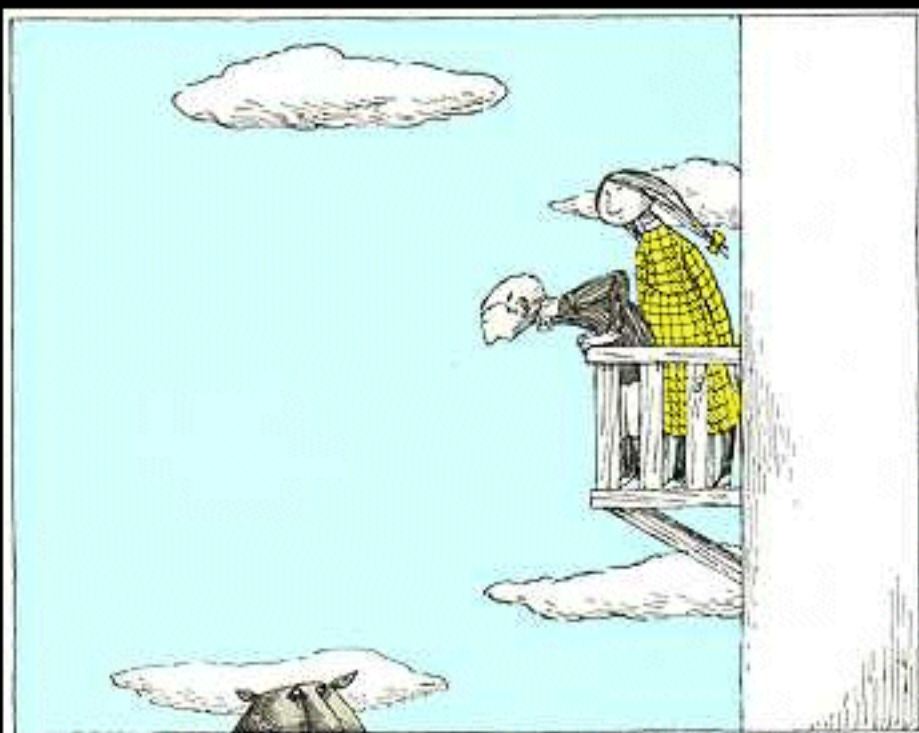
The moon is full: its silver beams
Shine down and give us lovely dreams.



Sing twiddle-ear, sing twaddle-or,
The Wuggly Ump is at the door.



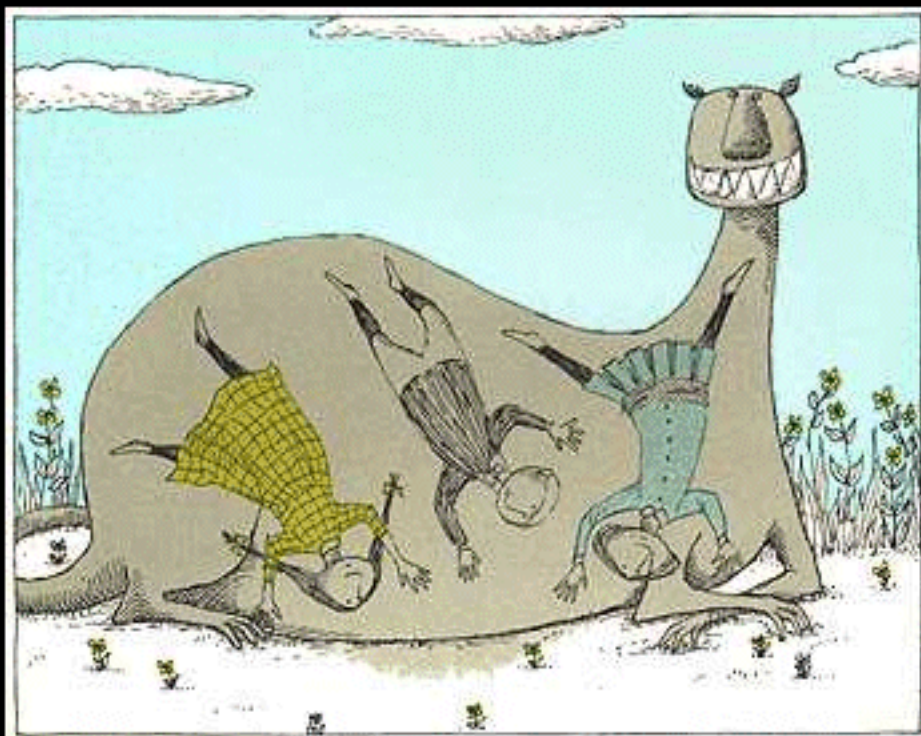
It's making an unholy fuss;
Why has it come to visit us?



What nasty little wilful eyes
For anything of such a size!



How uninviting are its claws!
How even more so are its jaws!



Sing glogalimp, sing glugalump,
From deep inside the Wuggly Ump.



Edward Gorey
1925 - 2000

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06/2000