There was a Naughty Boy
By John Keats

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 riveted close
And followed his nose
To the north
To the north
And follow’d his nose
To the north—

There was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry—
   He took
An inkstand
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!

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 nice
Little baby’s
Little finger
O he made
Twas his trade
Of fish a pretty kettle
A kettle—a kettle
Of fish a pretty kettle
A kettle!

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 wonder’d—