

George

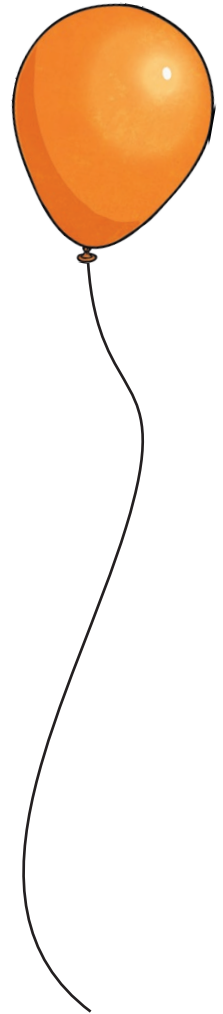
Who Played with a Dangerous Toy, and Suffered a Catastrophe of Considerable Dimensions

by Hilaire Belloc

When George's Grandmamma was told
That George had been as good as gold,
She promised in the afternoon
To buy him an Immense Balloon.

And so she did; but when it came,
It got into the candle flame,

And being of a dangerous sort
Exploded with a loud report!
The lights went out! The windows broke!
The room was filled with reeking smoke.
And in the darkness shrieks and yells
Were mingled with electric bells,
And falling masonry and groans,
And crunching, as of broken bones,
And dreadful shrieks, when, worst of all,
The house itself began to fall!
It tottered, shuddering to and fro,
Then crashed into the street below—
Which happened to be Savile Row.



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George

When help arrived, among the dead

Were Cousin Mary, Little Fred,

The Footmen (both of them),

. . . . the Groom,

The man that cleaned the Billiard-Room,

The Chaplain, and

. . . .the Still-Room Maid.

And I am dreadfully afraid

That Monsieur Champignon, the Chef,

Will now be permanently deaf -

And both his aides are much the same;

While George, who was in part to blame,

Received, you will regret to hear,

A nasty lump behind the ear.



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Write the poem in your neatest handwriting.

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