

*Pictures by*  
*Helen Oxenbury*  
*The Quangle Wangle's Hat*  
*by Edward Lear*







QUANGLE WANGLE'S

by Edward Lear

THE



HAT

Pictures by  
Helen Oxenbury

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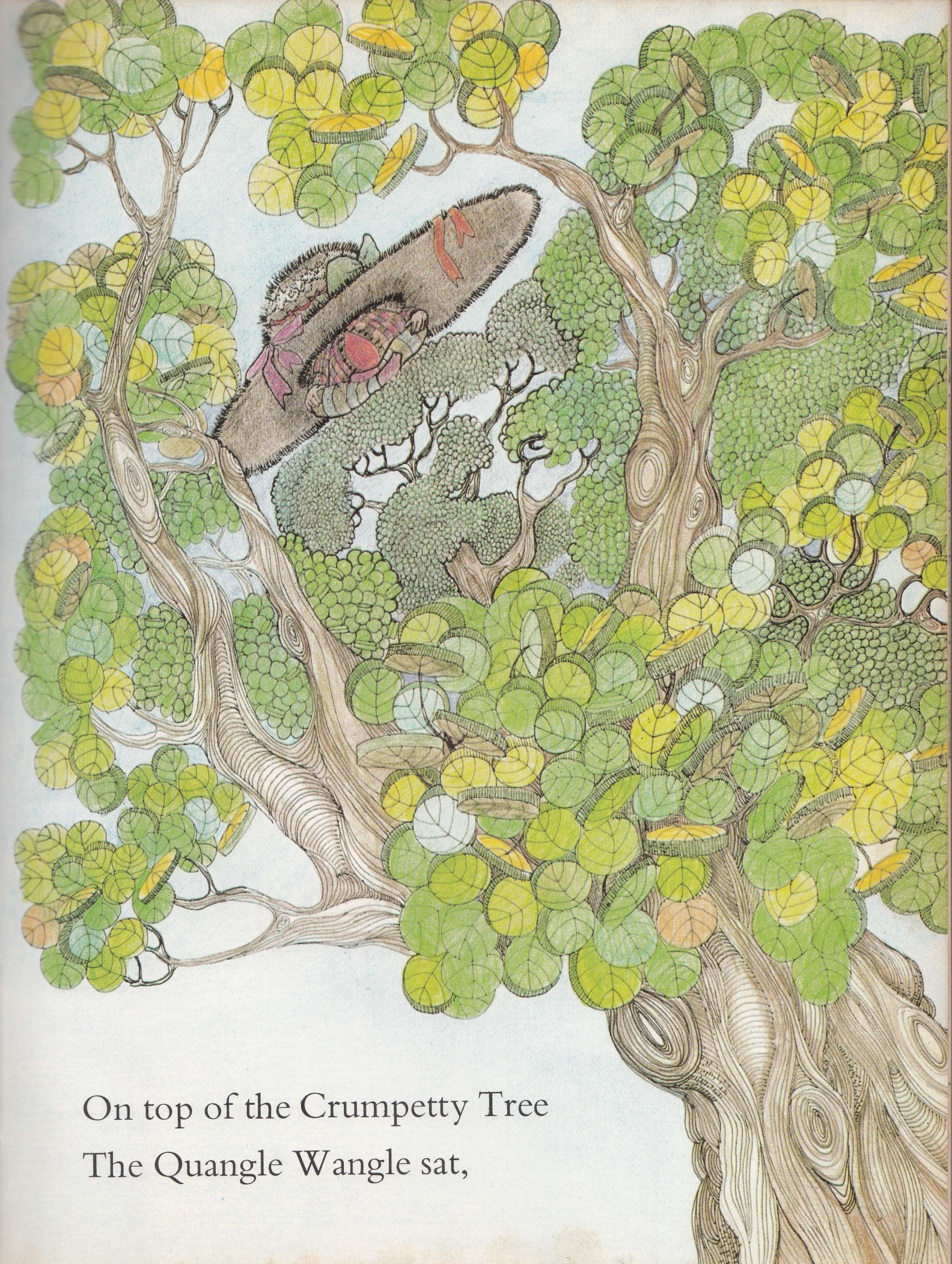


For John

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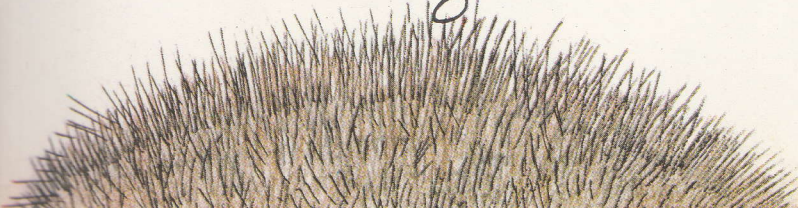
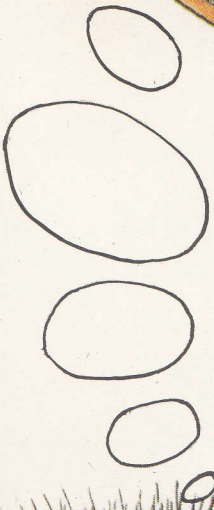
On top of the Crumpetty Tree  
The Quangle Wangle sat,

But his face you could not see,  
On account of his Beaver Hat.  
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,  
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,  
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,  
So that nobody ever could see the face  
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.



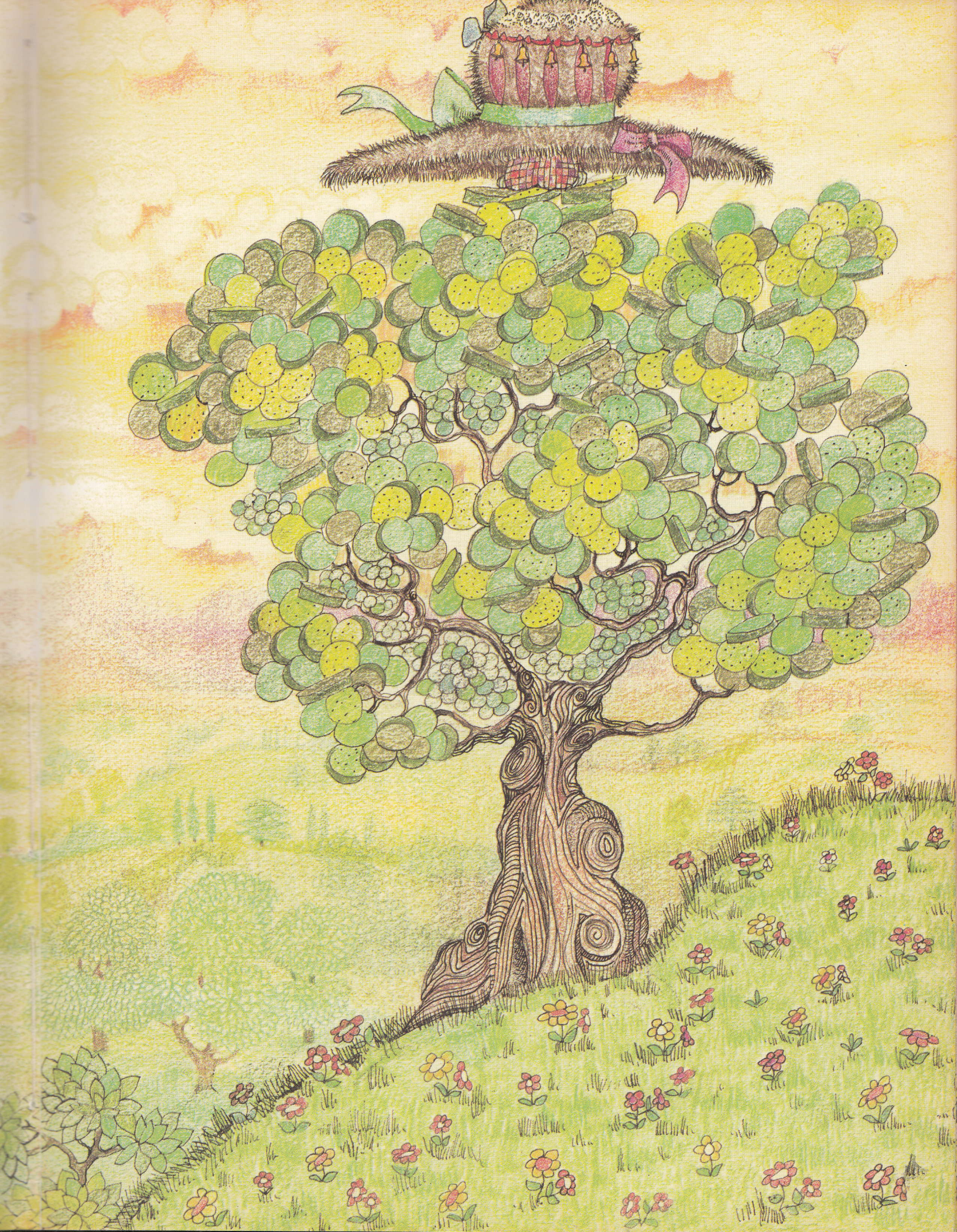


The Quangle Wangle said  
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree:  
“Jam; and jelly; and bread;  
Are the best of food for me!



But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree,  
The plainer than ever it seems to me  
That very few people come this way,  
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"  
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.



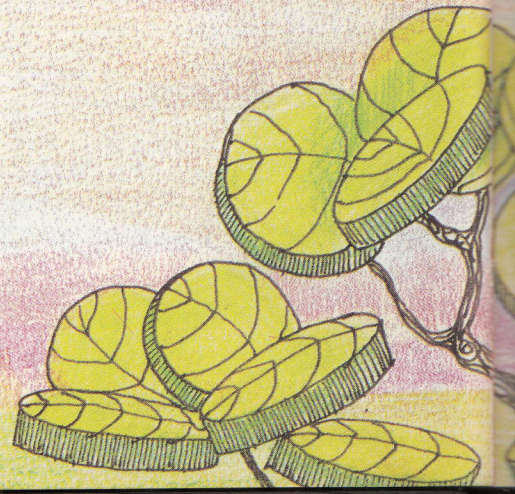


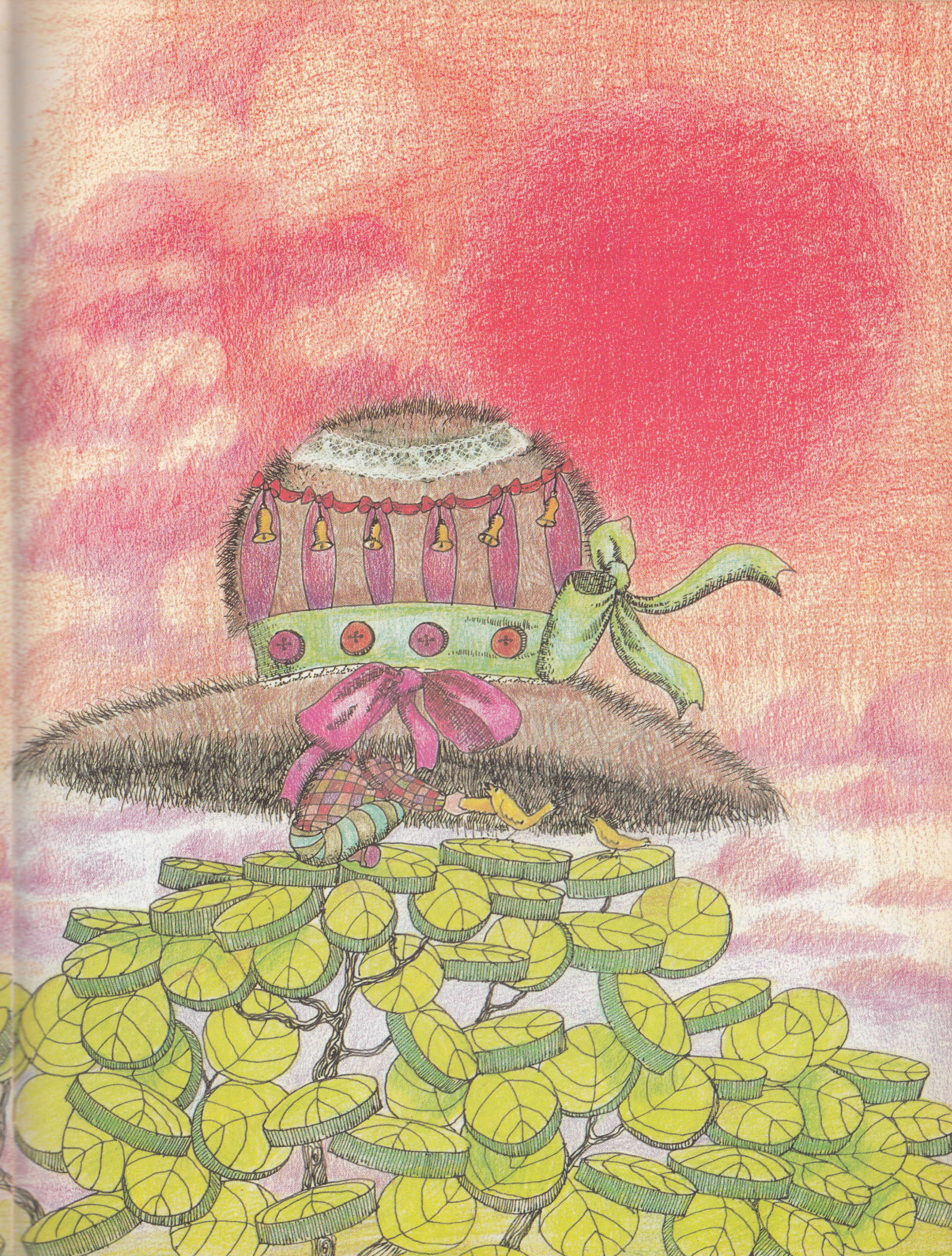


But there came to the Crumpetty Tree  
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;  
And they said, "Did ever you see  
Any spot so charmingly airy:"



May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?  
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!  
O please let us come and build a nest  
Of whatever material suits you best,  
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!”





And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree  
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl;  
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,





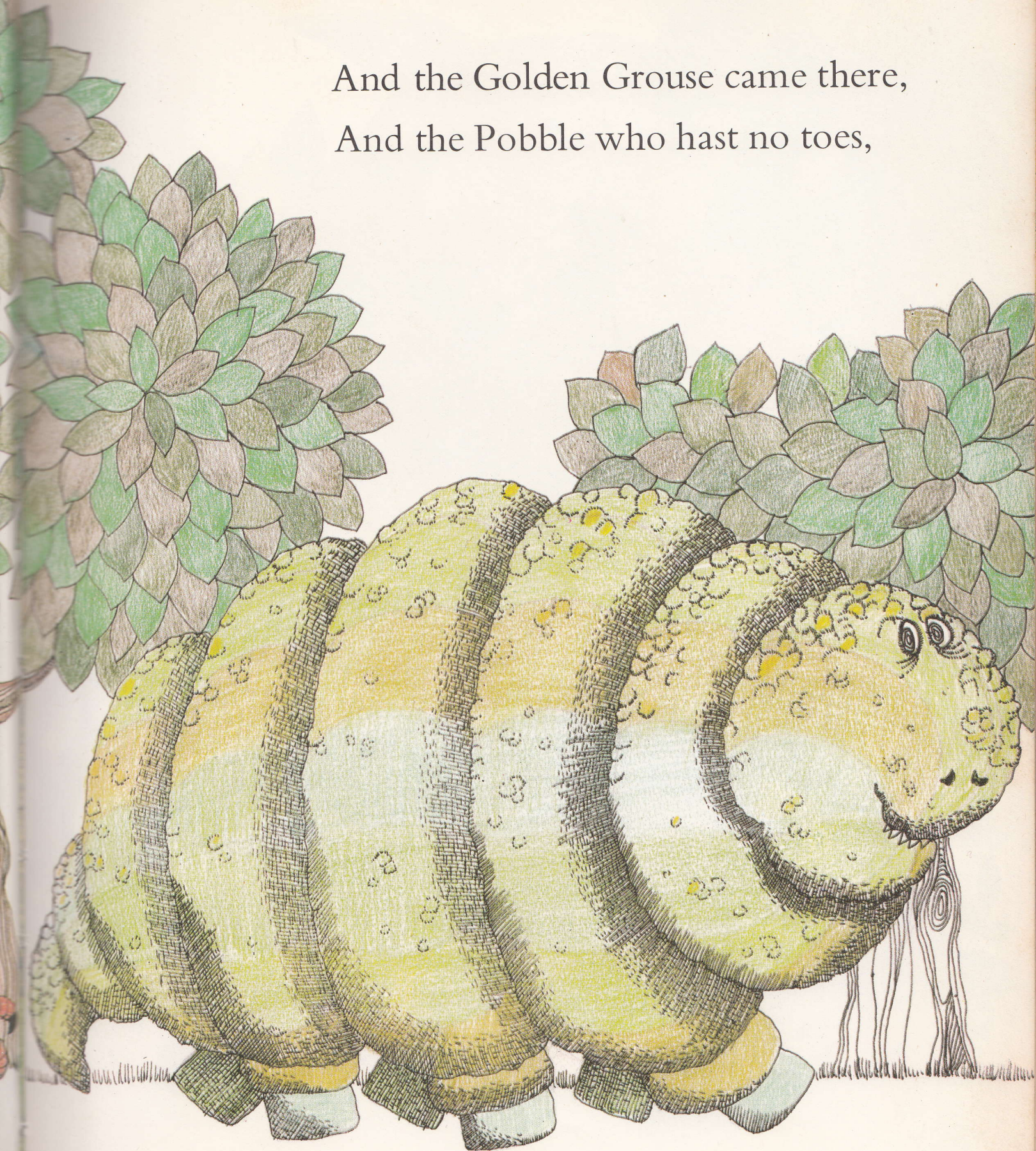


The Frog, and the Fimble Fowl  
(The Fimble Fowl with a corkscrew leg);  
And all of them said, "We humbly beg,  
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat,  
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!  
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"





And the Golden Grouse came there,  
And the Pobble who has no toes,





And the small Olympian bear



And the Dong with a luminous nose



the Blue Baboon, who played the flute,



And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,



And the Attery Squash



and the Bisky Bat,





All came and built on the lovely Hat  
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said  
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,  
“When all these creatures move  
What a wonderful noise there’ll be!”









And at night by the light of the Mulberry Moon  
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon  
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,  
And all were as happy as happy could be,



With the Quangle Wangle Quee.





