The New Vestments -
(Nonsense Rhymes)

Edu. 1812-88

S. Grates 1942
There lived an old man
...The New Vestments

Andante giocoso

There lived an old man in the kingdom of Tess who invented a

purely original dress and when it was perfectly made and com-

plete he opened the door and walked out into the street.

By way of a hat he had a loaf of Brown Bread, in the middle of which he inserted his
His shirt was made up of no end of dead mice, the warmth of whose skins was quite fluffy and nice. His drawders were of rabbit skins so were his shoes. His stockings were skins but it's not known whose. His waistcoat & trousers were made of pork chops. His buttons were jujubes & chocolate drops.
His coat was all pancakes with jam for a border. And a girdle of biscuits to

keep it in order.

And he wore over all as a screen from bad weather. A

clean

of

bay leaves stuck all together.

then

He had walked a short way when he
Heard a great noise of all sorts of Beasts, Birdlings & Boys. And from every street & dark lane in the town Beasts, Birdlings & Boys in a tumult rushed down.

Two cows & a calf ate his cabbage leaf clean. Four hares seized his birdle which
mished like smoke

Three Kids ate up half of his Pancake coat

and the tails

the tails were devoured by an ancient

an ancient

He... goat

an army of

Dogs in a twinkling

tone up his Boh Whistcoat + Tromsers
To give to their tups—pies. And

while they were growling & grumbling the chops. Ten boys briged the

ju-jubes & chocolate drops.

He tried to run back to his house but in
Rain for scores of fat pigs came again and again. They rushed out of stables and hovels and doors; they tore off his stockings, his shoes to sub.

And now from the rooftops with screeching descent, striped drawers. Spotted white-black-grey cats without end. They jumped on his shoulders and...
knocked off his hat when Crows Tucket and Hens made a mincemeat of that. They speedily flew at his sleeves in a trice and utterly tore up his shirt of dead mice.

They swallowed the last of his shirt with a squall. Where on he ran home with no clothes at all.
Tempo

And he said to himself

as he bolted the door, I'll not wear a similar dress

any more, any more, any more

any more