

THE BUMBALOORIBEE



There is a very funny creature that you seldom ever see,
It is not quite a beetle and it is not quite a bee.
It is something like a firefly with a wobble in its knee,
But nothing like a moth that flutters softly round a tree.
Its name is rather tricky, yet you will learn it soon with me.
So try:

Bu

Bumba

Bumbalooribee.

It lives on clover patches and it has a funny face.
Its manners are untidy and its napkins are a mess.
The first time that you spot it, it will give a tiny fright,
And then it vanishes again as if it slipped from sight.
Unless you call it gently it will sulk and keep away.
So try:

Bu

Bumba

Bumbalooribee.

It shivers if you tickle it or step upon its toes.
It hates to rise at sunrise and it has a snubbish nose.
If ever you should scold it, it will shuffle off in shame,
Yet it begins to purr with pride when you call its name.
Give it soap and sealing wax as sandwiches for tea.
So try:

Bu

Bumba

Bumbalooribee.

Of course you have not seen it, and I must now confess
That I have never seen it and I do not know its address.
There is no such little creature, though there might have been,
If trees were painted purple and the sky was bottle green.
It is a gentle joke of mine, which I hope you will forgive.
Oh try:

Bu

Bumba

Bumbalooribee.

