The Broom, the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs

Edward Lear (1812-1888)  Gary Bachlund

\( \text{\textcopyright © 2009 Gary Bachlund All international rights reserved. www.bachlund.org} \)
sate quite up - right in the coach, Mis-ter Tongs made a clat - ter and clash,
coals with a de - li-cate sound, you en-rap - ture my life with de - light!

Miss Sho-vel was dressed all in black (with a brooch), Mis-sus Broom was in
Your nose is so shi- ny! your head is so round! and your shape is so
blue (with a sash),
slen- der and bright!
Ding - a - dong! Ding-a - dong! Ding-a -
Ding - a - dong! Ding-a - dong! Ain't you
Ding-a - dong! Ding-a -

Ding - a - dong! Ding-a - dong! And they all sang a song!
pleased with my song? Ain't you pleased with my song?
The Broom, the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs

1. "O

2. "A -

las! Mis - sus Broom!" sighed the Tongs in his song, "O is it be - cause I'm so

thin, and my legs are so long - Ding-a - dong! Ding-a - dong! - that you
don't care about me a pin? Ah! fair est of creatures, when

sweeping the room, Ah! why don't you heed my complaint! Must you

needs be so cruel, you beautiful Broom, because you are covered with

paint? Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong! You are certainly wrong!
103

You are certainly wrong!

110

Missus Broom and Miss Shovel together they sang, "What nonsense you're sing-ing today!"

Said the Shovel, "I'll cer-tain-ly hit you a bang!"

116

poco più meno mosso

122

Said the Broom, "And I'll sweep you a-way!"
So the Coach-man drove home-ward as fast as he could, per-cei-ving their anger and pain;

but they put on the kettle, and lit-tle by lit-tle, they all be-came hap-py a-gain.

Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong! There's an end of my song!