

There was a young girl of West Ham,
Who smiled as she jumped on a tram.
As she quickly embarked
The conductor remarked,
"Your fare, Miss." She said, "Yes, I am."

There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was much faster than light.
She set off one day
In a relative way,
And returned the previous night.

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She got mad and called him "Mr",
Not because he came and kr,
But because, just before,
As he stood at the door,
This Mr kr sr.

On the chest of a Barmaid from Sale
Was tattoo'd all the prices of Ale
And on her behind
For the sake of the blind
Was exactly the same - but in Braille

A girl who weighed many an oz
Used language i cannot pronoz,
For a fellow unkind
pulled her chair of behind
Just to see (so he said) if she'd boz.