

Jungle-Jangle

Peter Newell (1909)

A mighty big hunter is hot on my trail
But he'll shiver and shake with the blues,
An' tumble a wintersault off of me tail
When me teeth an' me optics he views!

A Nimrod's adrift in the jungle, I hear-
Now won't he be filled with surprise,
An' bolt like a Nimble-rod, crazy with fear,
When he glimpses me teeth an' me eyes!

An' so a big fellow is after me hide-
Such folly I view with amaze.
He'll hide his own head and he'll wish he were dead
When me eyes an' me teeth meet his gaze!

With my eyes and my teeth you are stung to the quick
Despite all your bluster and brag
I'm sorry I didn't just bring my Big Stick,
or a butterfly net in my bag.

