

Mistaken Identity

(with apologies to Edward Lear)

The Scowl and the Anorak went to sea
In a beautiful gleaming cruise-liner.
They took posh clothes, they had *plenty* of those,
Whatever could be finer!

The Scowl looked up to the stars above,
And moaned, with nasal catarrh,
“Oh Anorak, Oh Rakky, my love,
What a loathsome Hubby you are,
You are,
You are!
What a loathsome Hubby you are!”

Rakky said to the Scowl, “You’re elegant, but fowl,
How disarmingly sweet you are spoken!
But I’ve got some bad news, the glasses I use,
Have fallen, and now they are broken!”
They sailed away for a week and a day,
To a land where excursions occur,
And there in his haze, poor Rakky surveyed,
Nothing much more than a blur,
A blur,
A blur,
Nothing much more than a blur.

Scowl said, quite unkindly, “Though you’re stumbling around blindly,

My help you won't be receiving.”
But they continued their cruise, and at times were amused,
At thoughts of the Dance the next evening.
At the buffet they lingered, and much food they fingered,
No need for the use of a spoon!
And without a held hand, to the sound of the band,
They glanced at the sight of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They glanced at the sight of the moon.

When they sat at a table, Rakky was not able,
To see anything, near or far,
But, overcoming his fear, he set off, for a beer,
Bumping his way to the bar.
When he had to go back, *alas and alack!*
His sight; hazy colours aglow,
Scowl could not be seen, then he spied her, *in green*,
And they danced very close and slow,
And slow,
And slow,
They danced very close and slow.

They danced but a while, and then with a smile,
She led him back to their cabin.
Not a word was said, as she took him to bed,
And the night passed with very much grabbin’.
Bright dawn, it did break, he was quickly awake,
But something was strangely amiss,

He knew with a quake, there had been a mistake,
And they shared a Goodbye Kiss,
A Kiss,
A Kiss,
They shared a Goodbye Kiss.

His way back he did grope, with barely a hope,
Of avoiding a terrible scene,
He knew he was fated, to get what awaited,
He could hear her, "*Where have you been!*"
Excuse, had he none, there was nowhere to run,
He would speak of his 'Honest Propensity,'
Keep *secret* his night, of fortuitous delight,
And enjoy the Mistaken Identity!
Identity,
Identity,
Enjoy the Mistaken Identity!

Paul Gebbett

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Original Version

The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat'
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,

What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl!
How beautifully sweet you sing!
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried,
But what shall we do for a ring?”
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows,
And there in a wood, a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will”
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon:
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.