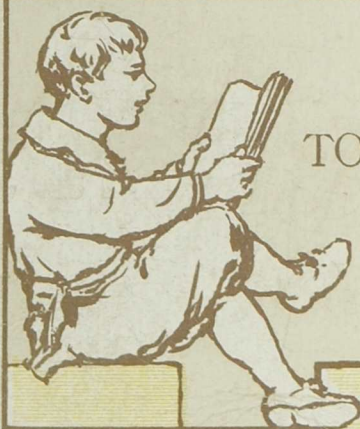


*Arcton Whyte*

# KING FO

THE

## LORD OF MISRULE



A · TWELFTH · NIGHT · STORY  
TOLD · IN · RHYME · AND · PICTURE

BY

ROBERT · DUDLEY

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO.

LONDON





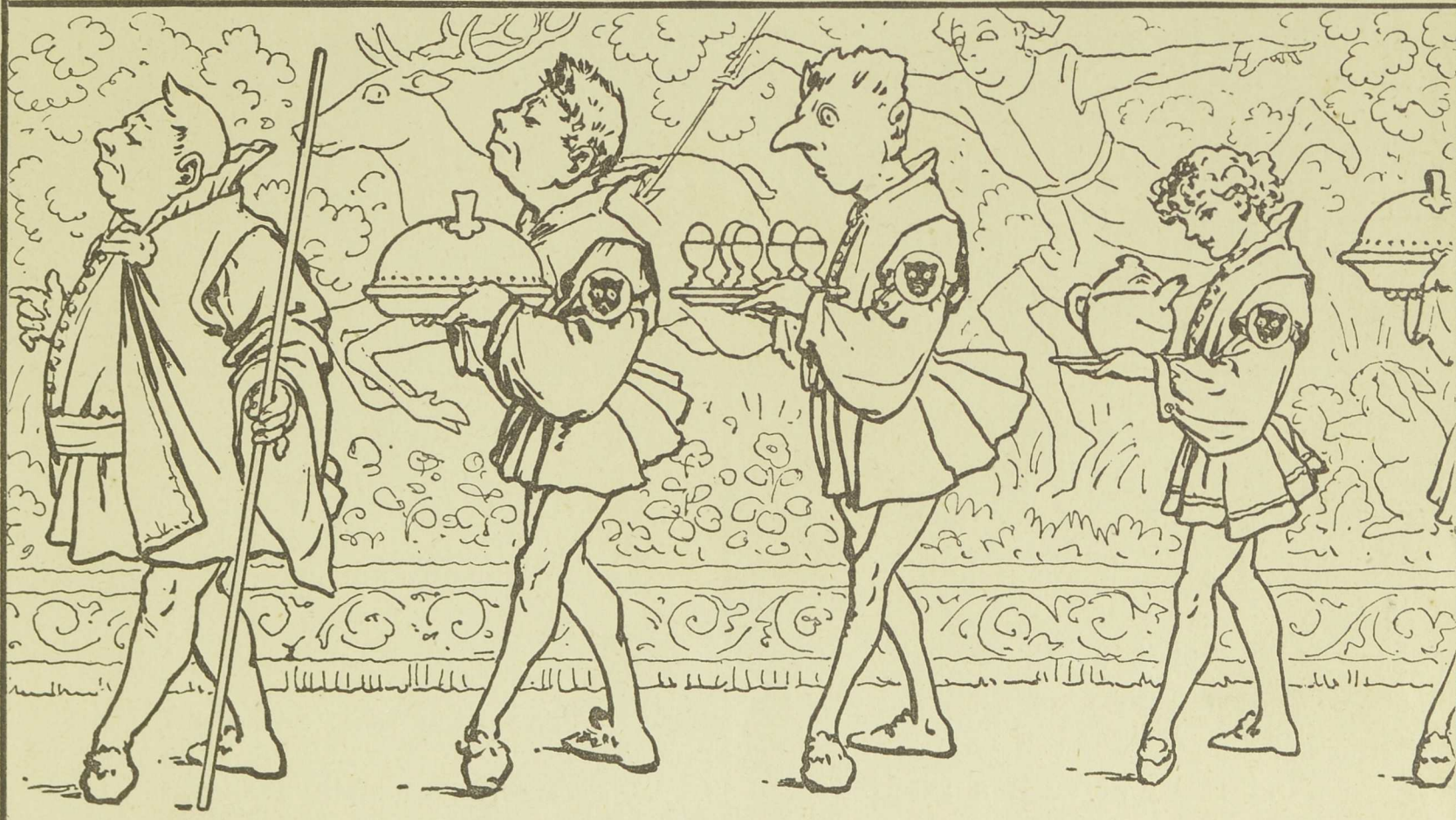
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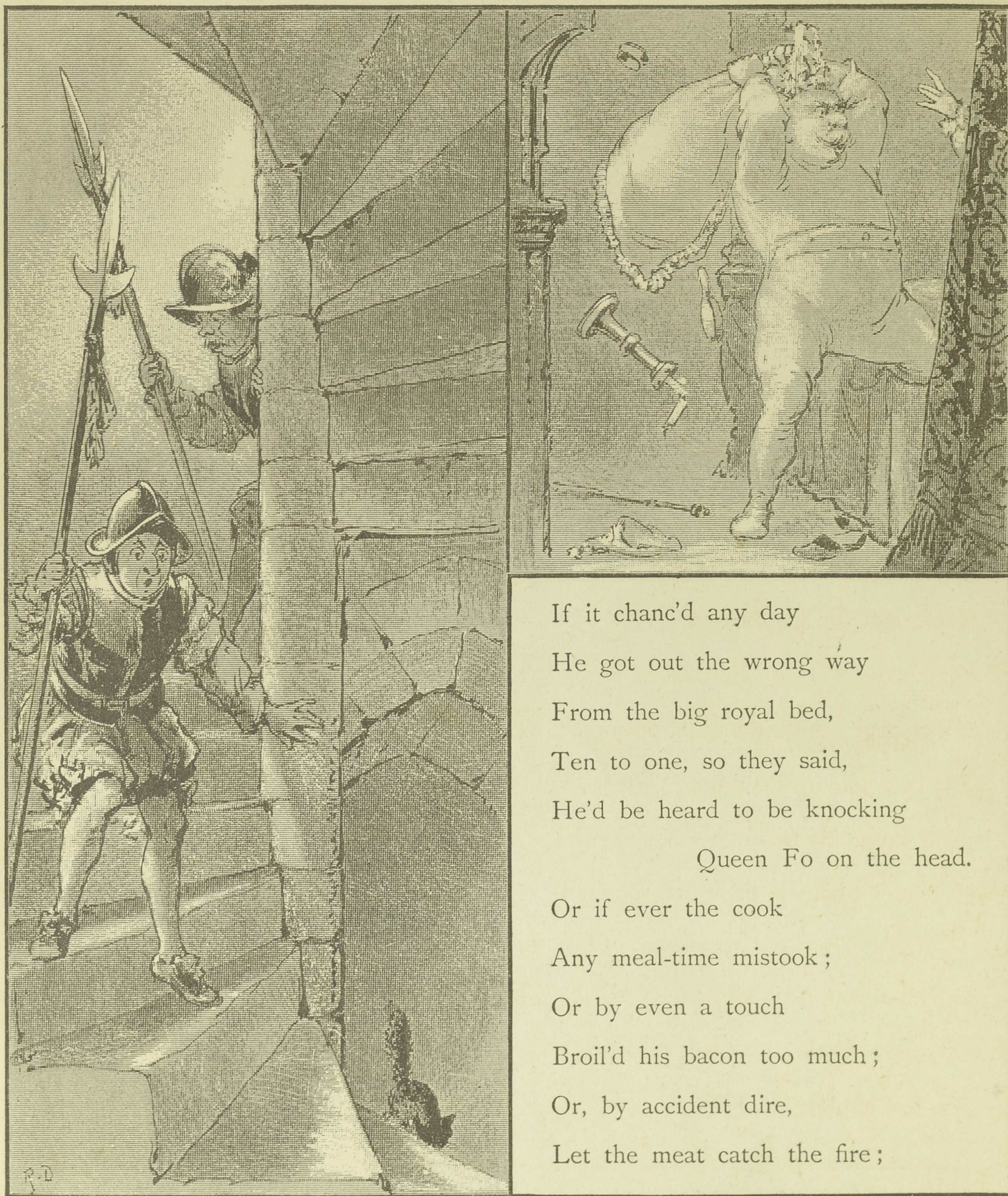
In days long ago  
 There lived old King Fo :  
 He'd a castle on a hill,  
 You may see the ruins still,  
 And there he lived in state,  
 And ruled at such a rate  
 The poor little slaves  
 Whom he called his knaves,  
 That all trembled so  
 Before old King Fo,  
 They could scarcely eat their breakfasts  
 For the pains beneath their wescots !

If all things were not  
 As he wish'd, he got  
 So furious and hot,  
 That he'd summon the lot,  
 And then rave and flout,  
 And make such a rout,  
 And knock them about  
 On noddle or snout,  
 That no one e'er knew  
 A more mis'able crew,  
 So shakey, so quakey,  
 So black and so blue.





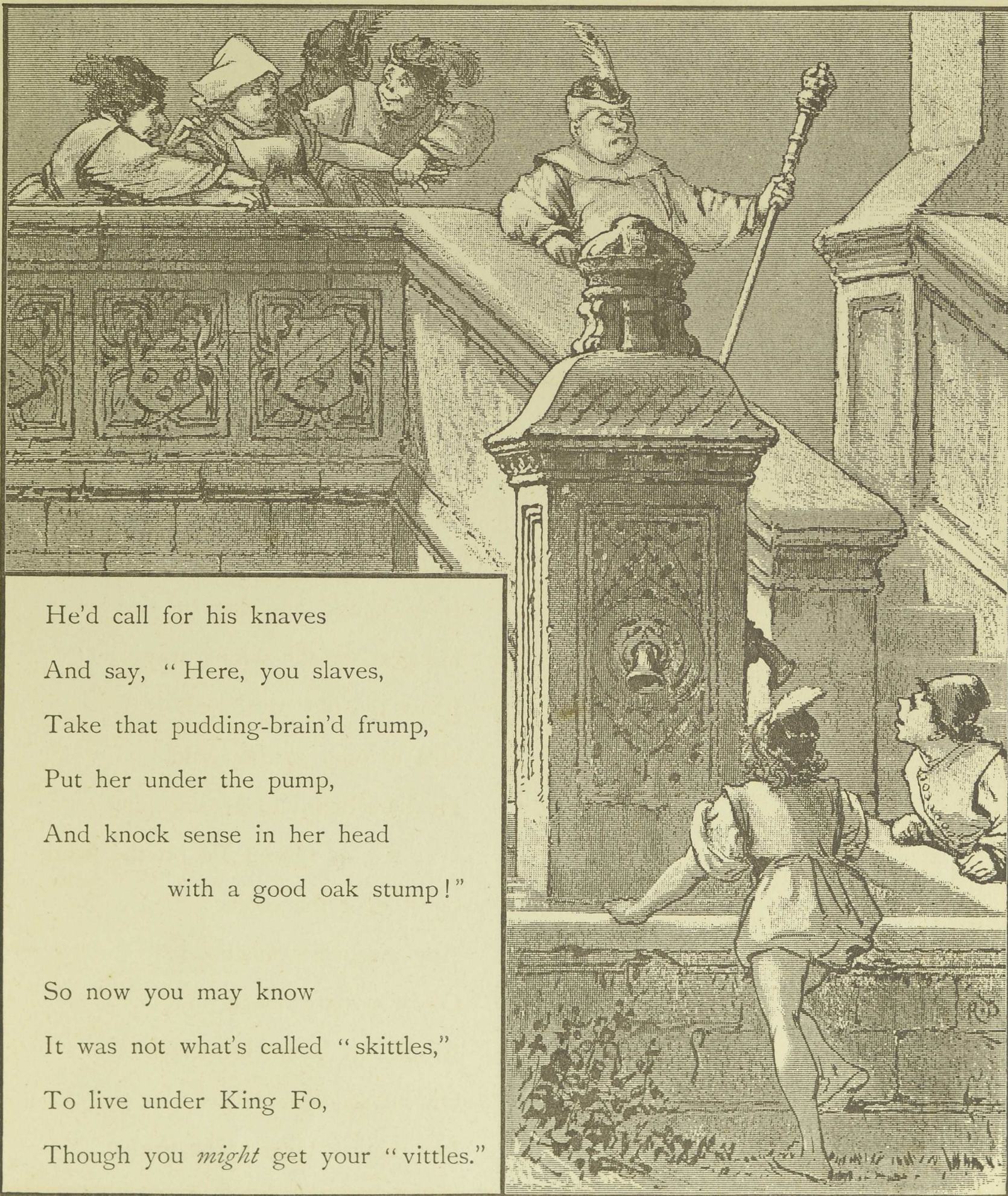




If it chanc'd any day  
He got out the wrong way  
From the big royal bed,  
Ten to one, so they said,  
He'd be heard to be knocking  
Queen Fo on the head.

Or if ever the cook  
Any meal-time mistook ;  
Or by even a touch  
Broil'd his bacon too much ;  
Or, by accident dire,  
Let the meat catch the fire ;

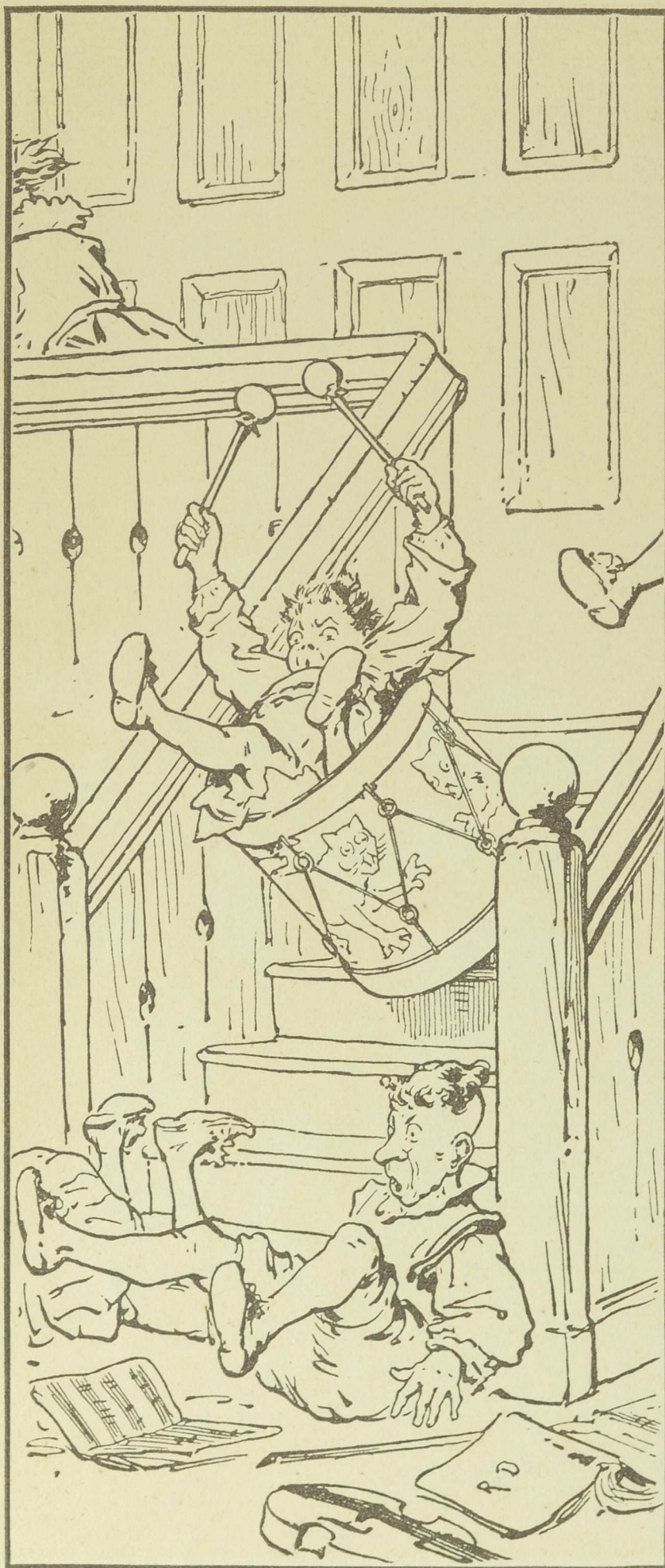




He'd call for his knaves  
And say, "Here, you slaves,  
Take that pudding-brain'd frump,  
Put her under the pump,  
And knock sense in her head  
with a good oak stump!"

So now you may know  
It was not what's called "skittles,"  
To live under King Fo,  
Though you *might* get your "vittles."



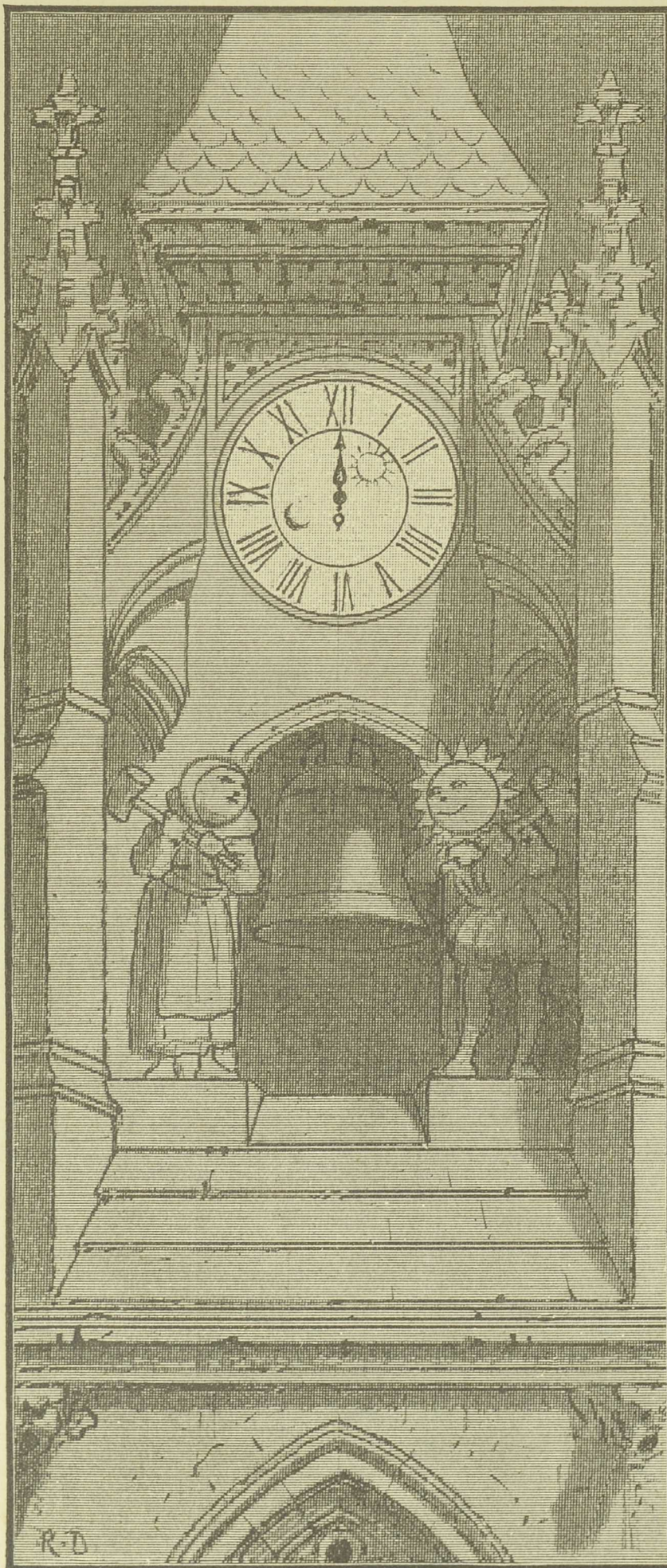


Well, 'twas Twelfth-night : and all  
In bower and in hall,  
Were capering away  
Like Maid Marian gay,  
Or Jack in the May  
On chimney-sweeps' day.  
And King Fo, 'twas the rumour,  
Was in mighty good humour,  
He had only floor'd two  
Of the orchestra, who  
Had look'd chilly and blue,  
And knock'd one who look'd glum  
Through the head of the drum !  
And kick'd the First Lord-  
In-Waiting, who'd snored,  
Then sent him to bed  
With a thump on his head.  
So that all, great and small,  
Were agreed that the ball  
Was a wonderful sight—  
So cheerful, so bright—  
And his Majesty charmingly  
gracious that night.



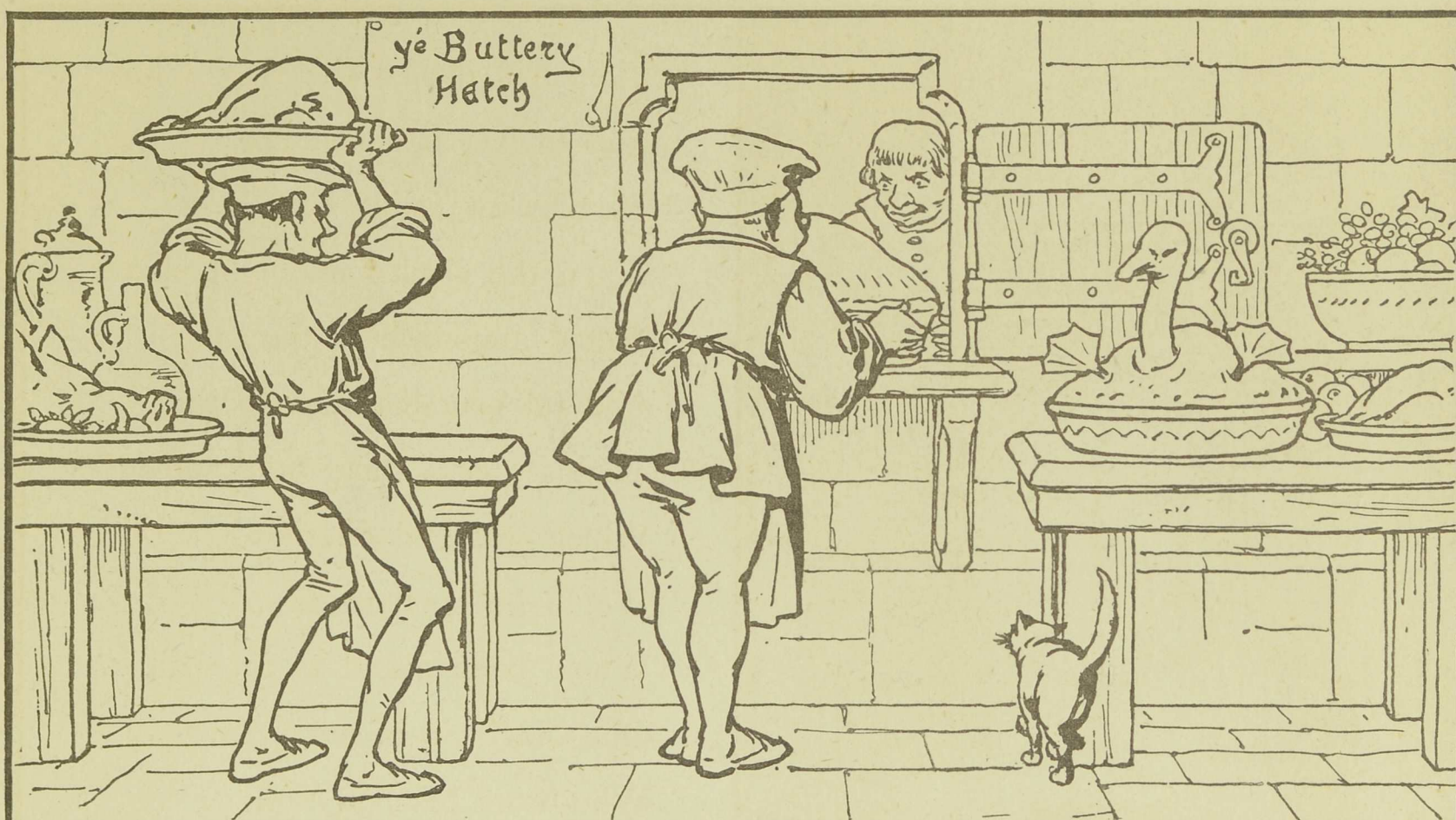






They had danc'd themselves hot,  
And in fact had just got  
To that int'resting time  
When the clock's midnight chime  
Would announce to the king  
And (of course the same thing)  
To his guests, that "the spread"  
Which was laid overhead,  
Would be open to all  
Who'd been asked to the ball.  
One old beau of a knight,  
Who wore his belt tight  
To conceal he was stout,  
Was seen letting it out!  
And other old buffers  
Were preparing for "stuffers"  
Of fat turkey and chine,  
With rich Burgundy wine,  
Swan pie, or stewed eel,  
Pigeon, widgeon, or teal,  
Larded capon, or duck,  
And pasty of buck,  
With sack possets, and p'rhaps  
A "digester"—of schnapps.  
Whilst the nice little girls

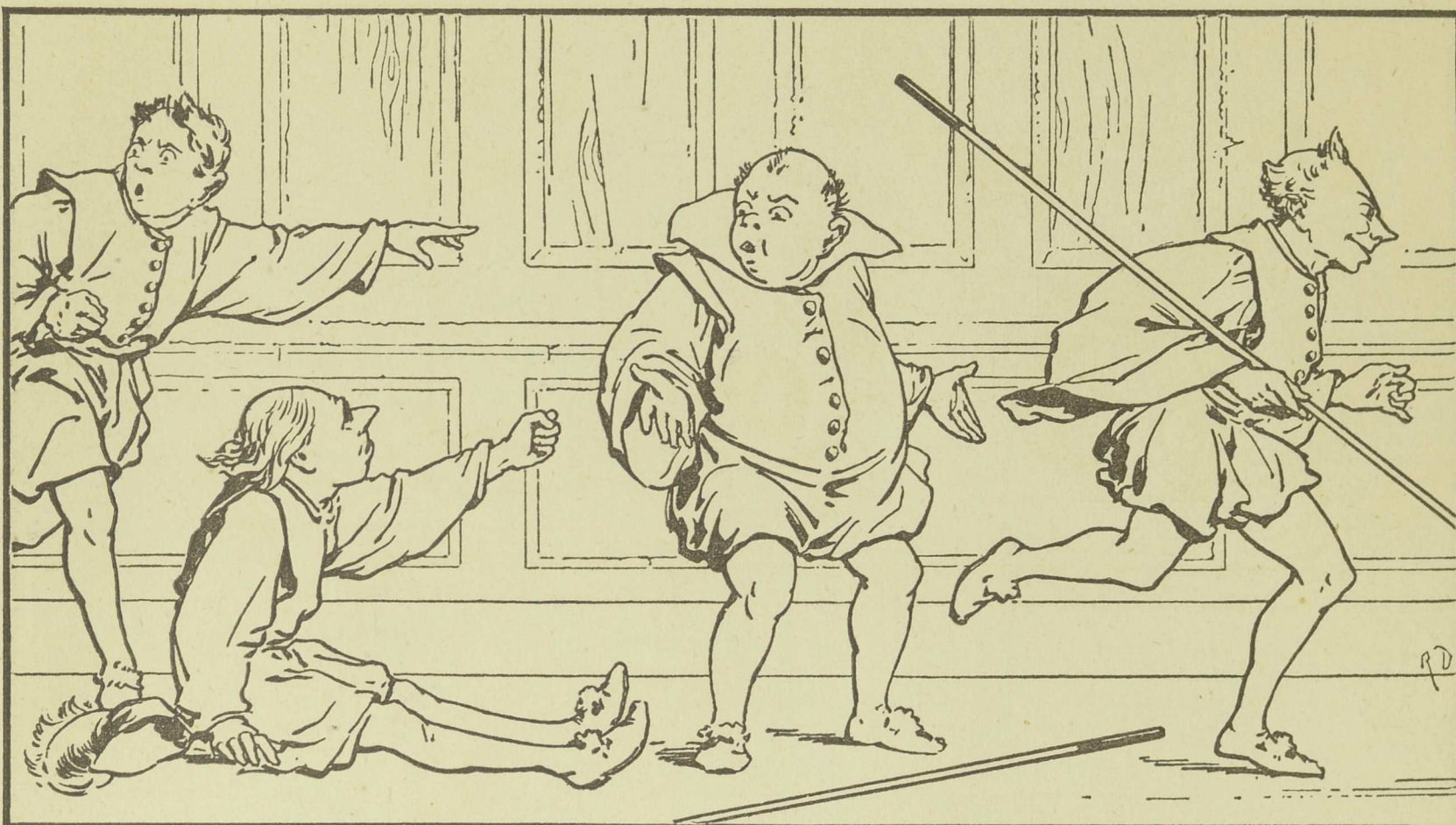




Were settling their curls  
 And arranging their dresses,  
 Each giving shrewd guesses  
 Which gay cavalier  
 As her beau would appear  
 To escort her up there,  
 And secure her a chair ;  
 Then assist her to fare  
 Light, solid, or rare.  
 A nice liver-wing,  
 Or some such little thing,  
 Strasbourg paté, or pheasant

(If such chanc'd to be present),  
 Or the centre dish rifle  
 To procure her some trifle.  
 And then, in a trice,  
 To be off for some ice,  
 Champagne, grapes, or crackers—  
 Not old-fashion'd smackers,  
 But big French ones—whackers !  
 In fact all were agog  
 For the supper, or "prog,"  
 For which, as I've stated,  
 The signal was waited——





When—ting-a-ting-ting,  
There came a loud ring :  
Not a mild tinkling thing,  
But a regular clanger.  
Then follow'd a rap,  
Not a moderate tap,  
But a thundering banger,  
At the chief castle gate.  
But who *can* be so late,  
To ring at that rate  
And knock in such state ?  
It won't do to wait,

For surely 'tis someone  
important and great.  
So a score or more,  
Rush'd quick to the door,  
Expecting to scan  
Some very big man—  
Perhaps the Shah or the Sultan,  
Or perhaps the Great Khan.  
But, dear me ! how they stare,  
When they see no one there,  
Save a queer little man  
With a big FRYING-PAN ;









R.D.



Who straight through them all  
 March'd on—to the Hall,  
 Where Fo, looking blue,  
 Was beginning to stew,  
 As much as to intimate this wouldn't do.  
 But the queer little man,  
 With the big Frying-pan,  
 Made a low salaam,  
 And, saith he, "I am  
 " ABRACADABRASERINGAPATAM,  
 " A conjurer, lately arrived from Japan.







❖ "If the great King Fo,  
 ❖ "(May his broad shadow  
 ❖ "Never smaller grow)  
 ❖ "Would permit me to show  
 ❖ "Some poor marvels of art,  
 ❖ "They perhaps might impart  
 ❖ "Some pleasure or glee  
 ❖ "To the fair companee  
 ❖ "Who around me I see  
 ❖ "On this—'tis my persuasion—  
 ❖ "Auspicious occasion."









"A conjurer! ho!"

Said inflammable Fo:

(Who would ev'ry one snub

When he wanted his grub;)

"Pooh! nonsense—no go!

"You don't humbug *me* so,—

"And as for Japan,

"Now I'll tell you, my man,

"'Tis just my idea

"You've sneaked in for some beer,

"Or to hocus my loons

"And make off with my spoons.

"Here, some of you, straightway

"Pitch him out at the gateway,

"And just knock this trying man

"On the head with his frying-pan!"

But Abracadabraseringapatam,

Though thus call'd a felon,

Was cool as a melon,

And—spite of Fo's blow-off—

Made no offer to go off,

But politely said—"Nay

"Don't disturb yourselves, pray;

"Your Majesty's grace

"Has mistaken the case;

"As to spoons—you'll permit me—

"That cap does not fit me;

"And my art, let me say,

"It is not my way

"To practice for pay;

"Whatever I know

"I'm most happy to show

"Free and gratis, and so—

"Not to put off the 'feed,'

"Which the company need—

"If you'll please but to name

"Any dish

"You may wish,

"Flesh or fish,

"Plain or rich,

"I don't care which,

"I'll engage that the same

"Be produced—all hot

"Or cold—on the spot.

"And I'm ready if not

"To be pickl'd—or shot."





The offer was one  
That promis'd some fun,  
So old Fo said, "Done !  
"And now you old Ind'un  
"Give me—lobscouse and injun."—

Before you could think,  
Or give half a wink,  
The queer little man  
Had it there—in his pan :  
A jolly good lot  
All bubbling and hot—

Old Fo look'd suspicious,  
But the dish look'd delicious,  
So he gobbl'd a share—  
"Then exclaim'd, with a stare,  
"Fry me ! but that's rare,  
"And mighty good fare,  
"I could tackle a quart or two  
more I declare.  
"Here, old Thingamijig,  
"Can't you turn out some 'swig ?'  
"Whilst this lobscouse I munch,  
"I'll take—well—rum punch !"





Presto! hey! In a trice  
 It was there, all so nice,  
 With lemon and spice.  
 Fo wink'd and look'd cunning,  
 Smack'd his lips, then cried

“Stunning!”

“But now, some of you, try

“If this rummy old guy

“Can't be posed by-and-by!

“Go ahead! fire away!

“There's nothing to pay.

“If we only can stickle him

“By the powers but we'll  
 pickle him;

“And the one who's the stickler,

“If he's not too partic'lar,

“Shall act as chief pickler!”

And now that old man

Had smart work for his pan:

For each had some joke,

And everyone spoke.

You'd have laugh'd fit to choke

At the orders he toke;









But, no matter what,  
 He cared not a jot.  
 "Give your orders!—Come! quick!—  
 "There—away with *you*, slick"—  
 "I believe that's *YOUR* trick!"  
 "Now, gentles and dames,  
 "Whatsoever you names—  
 "Muzzle or guzzle!  
 "What! Can none of you puzzle  
 "Abracadabraseringapatam,  
 "The conjurer lately arriv'd  
 from Japan?"

Oh! many have told  
 Of the monks of old,  
 What a jovial set they were;  
 But I very much doubt  
 If they made such a rout  
 As Fo and his courtiers there;  
 For they sang, and laugh'd,  
 And swallow'd, and quaff'd,  
 And demanded all sorts of good fare;  
 Then they cried "Hurrah!  
 This is jollier far  
 Than our usual *vin-ordinaire*!"



Now it might just have been  
 This unusual scene,  
 Or it might be the punch  
 He'd been drinking since lunch,  
 Or that Fo only meant  
 To experiment,



Or perhaps feared collusion  
 Or other delusion—  
 Be that as it may,  
 I only can say  
 That, counsel and warning  
 Disregarding and scorning,  
 Fo insisted on trying  
 His hand at the frying.  
 But the sage, with polite-i-ness,  
 Said, "Excuse me, your Mightiness!  
 "But you really don't know  
 "(Though indeed it is so)  
 "That a shock or a blow  
 "From this pan, now 'tis hot,  
 "Would transmit you to——pot!  
 "I need scarcely remark,  
 "That's a consequence few  
     would regard as a lark!"  
 The look of Fo's phiz  
 Show'd "his dander was riz"—  
 He up and he siz:



“ Pooh! Stuff! Fiddlesticks!  
“ Don’t come none of your tricks!  
“ And stop all that twaddle,  
“ Or, sure as you toddle,  
“ I’ll knock off your noddle!”  
And, seizing the pan,  
He’d have dealt that old man  
A blow on the pate  
Would have settled his fate,  
When oh! Torture and rack!  
His face it turns black,  
And his fingers, grown slack,  
Loose their hold in a crack,  
And down he comes, smack  
On his Majesty’s back  
In the pan, with a whack!—  
With a horrible stare  
His goggling eyes glare,  
Each particular hair  
Stands on end with surprise,  
And, unable to rise,

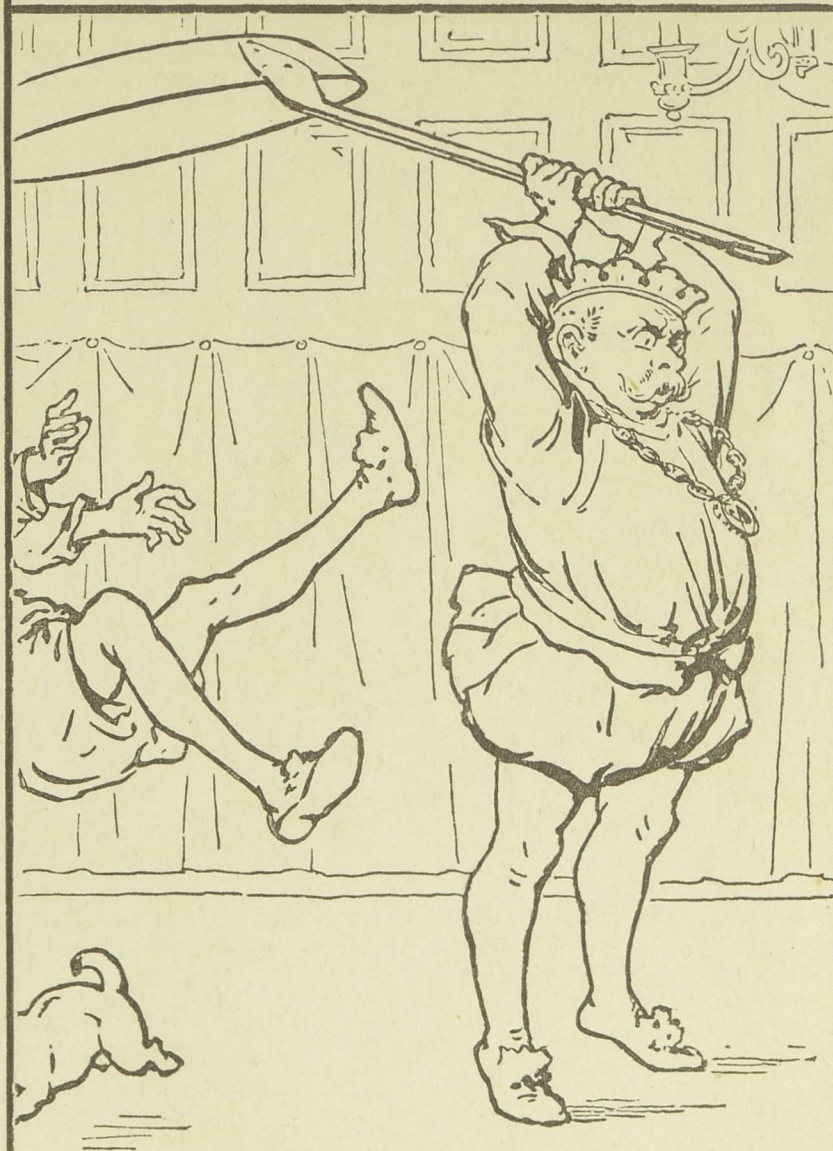
There he sits, and he fries!

For, mis’rable man,

He seems glued to the pan!

And, writhe as he may,

He can’t get away.









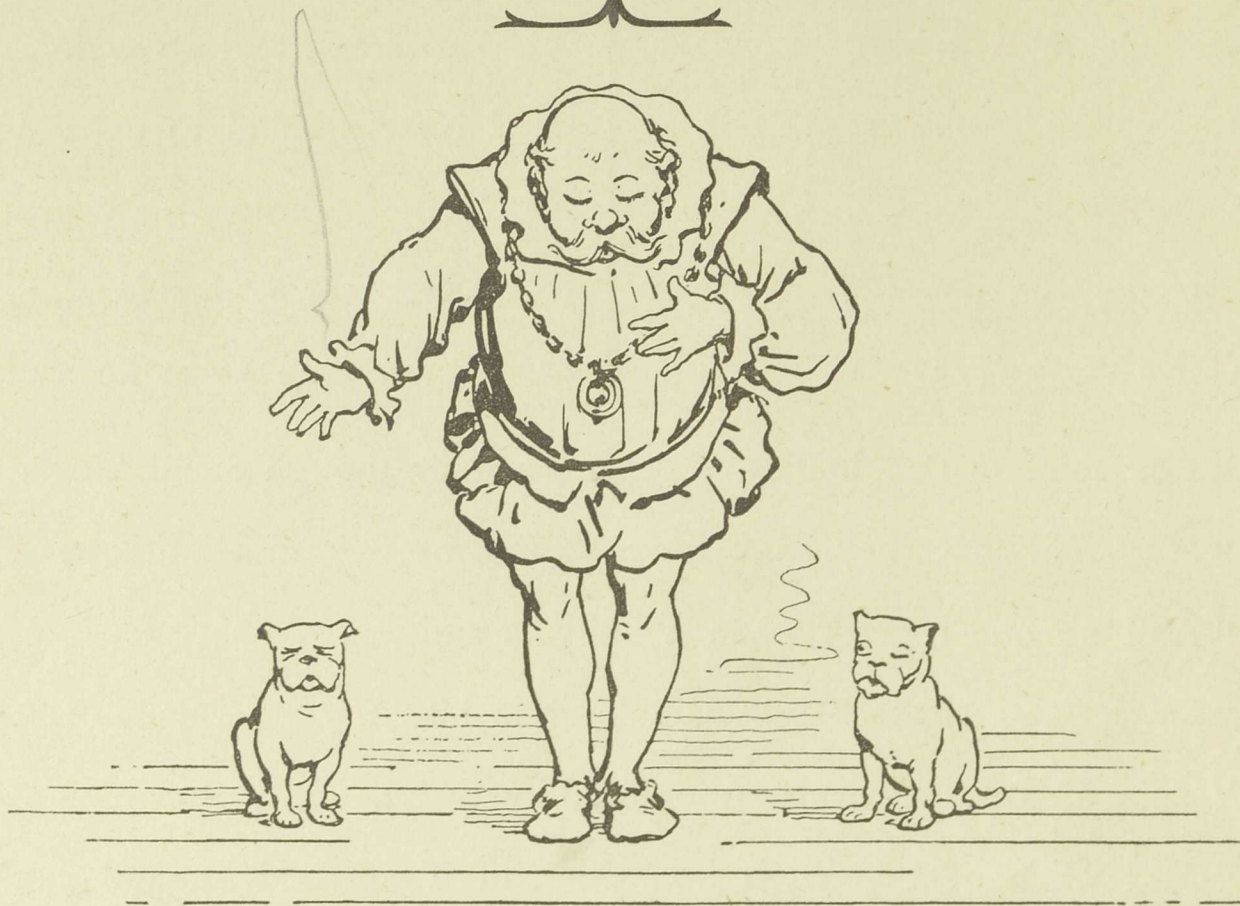
Hot and hotter he grows,  
From his head to his toes,  
While the tip of his nose  
Like a carbuncle glows!  
I think even his foes  
Would pity such woes;  
And hearts, even of stone,  
Be mov'd by his moan!  
And now Fo, I doubt,  
Began to find out  
That a Tartar he'd caught  
Who a lesson had taught.  
Trembling and shaking  
(Poor wretch! he was baking)  
He makes shift to say,  
"Good conjurer, pray!  
"Oh! let me away!

"Fo, Tyrants and bullies, though great or though small kings,  
"May find that they can't have their own way in all things,  
"And no one regrets when a bully is smitten,  
"Or, as sometimes happens, a biter is bitten.  
"Take this as a warning more kindly to be,  
"And when next you get hot, think of Twelfth-night, and me."

"I know I've done wrong,  
"Yes, yes, all along  
"I've come it too strong,  
"I've bullied and kick'd  
"And now—here I'm stick'd.  
"I've deserv'd what I've got,  
"But oh! this *is* hot.  
"If I'm left I shall burn  
"Or boil down to gravy;  
"Now I'm done—to a *turn*,  
"Oh! be merciful! save me!"  
The sage, who'd appeared  
So small and so weird,  
Now seemed to expand  
To something quite grand—  
As, rearing his head,  
In a deep voice he said,—



He turn'd round to say  
 " I thank you, kind sir ! and I hope that  
 you may  
 " Oblige us by making it convenient to stay."









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