

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM BOMBADIL

The Bumpus sat on an old grey stone
And sang his lonely lay:
‘O why, O why should I live all alone
In the hills of Bimble Bay?
The grass is green, the sky is blue,
The sun shines on the sea,
But the Dragons have crossed the Mountains Blue
And come no more to me.

No Trolls or Ogres are left at all,
But People slam the door
Whenever they hear my flat feet fall
Or my tail along the floor.’
He stroked his tail and looked at his feet,
And he said: ‘They may be long,
But my heart is kind, and my smile is sweet,
And sweet and soft my song.’

The Bumpus went out, and who did he meet
But old Mrs. Thomas and all
With umbrella and basket walking the street;
And softly he did call:
‘Dear Mrs. Thomas, good day to you?
I hope you are quite well?’

PERRY-THE-WINKLE

But she dropped her broly and basket too
And yelled a frightful yell.

Policeman Pott was a-standing near;
When he heard that awful cry,
He turned all purple and pink with fear,
And swiftly turned to fly.
The Bumpus followed surprised and sad:
'Don't go!' he gently said;
But old Mrs. Thomas ran home like mad,
And hid beneath her bed.

The Bumpus then came to the market-place
And looked up over the walls.
The sheep went wild when they saw his face;
The cows jumped out of their stalls.
Old Farmer Hogg he spilled his beer;
And the butcher threw his knives;
And Harry and his father howled with fear
And ran to save their lives.

The Bumpus sadly sat and wept
Outside the cottage door;
And William Winkle out he crept,

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And sat down on the floor:
‘Why do you weep, you great big lump,
And wash the step like rain?’
The Bumpus gave his tail a thump,
And smiled a smile again.

‘O William Winkle, my lad,’ he said,
‘Come, you’re the boy for me,
And though you ought to be in bed
I’ll take you home to tea.
Jump on my back, and hold on tight!’
And off they went flop flap,
And William had a feast that night,
And sat on the Bumpus’ lap.

There was buttered toast, and pikelets too,
And jam and cream and cake;
And the Bumpus made some scrumptious Gloo,
And showed him how to bake —
To bake the beautiful Bumpus-bread,
And bannocks light and brown;
And then he tucked him up in a bed
Of feathers and thistle-down.

PERRY-THE-WINKLE

‘Bill Winkle, where have you been?’ they said.

‘I have been to a Bumpus-tea,
And I feel so fat, for I have fed
On Bumpus-bread,’ said he.
The People all knocked at the Bumpus’ door:
‘A beautiful Bumpus-cake
O bake for us, please!’ they all now roar,
‘O bake, O bake, O bake!’

Policeman Pott came puffing fast,
And made them form a queue,
And old Mrs. Thomas was late and last,
And her bonnet was all askew.
‘Go home! go home!’ the Bumpus said.
‘Too many there are of you!
Only on Thursdays I bake my bread,
And only for one or two.

Go home! go home, for goodness sake!
I did not expect a call.
I have no pikelets, toast or cake,
For William has eaten all.
Old Mrs. Thomas and Mr. Pott
I wish no more to see.

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Good bye! Don't argue, it's much too hot —
Bill Winkle's the boy for me!

Now William Winkle, he grew so fat
A-eating of Bumpus-bread,
His weskit bust, and never a hat
Would sit upon his head.
But Every Thursday he went to Tea
And sat on the kitchen mat;
And smaller the Bumpus seemed to be,
As he grew fat and fat.

And Bill a Baker great became:
From Bimble Bay to Bong,
From sea to sea there went the fame
Of his bread both short and long.
But it war'nt so good as Bumpus-bread;
No jam was like the Gloo
That Every Thursday the Bumpus spread,
And William used to chew!

The third version, a typescript entitled *William and the Bumpus*, includes a few more lines concerning the Bumpus teaching William the baker's art, and in other respects begins to approach the poem of 1962 – here,