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The Egyptian
Struwwelpeter.

Children, if you're very good,
Always do the things
you should,
Mark what great Osiris says,
Giving Ra and Amen praise,
Do not tease the sacred cats,
Vex the Apis bull like gnats,
But are pious, well-behaved,
And, as good Egyptians,
shaved—

Isis will be pleased,
and look!

Give you
this fine
Picture-book!



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237.



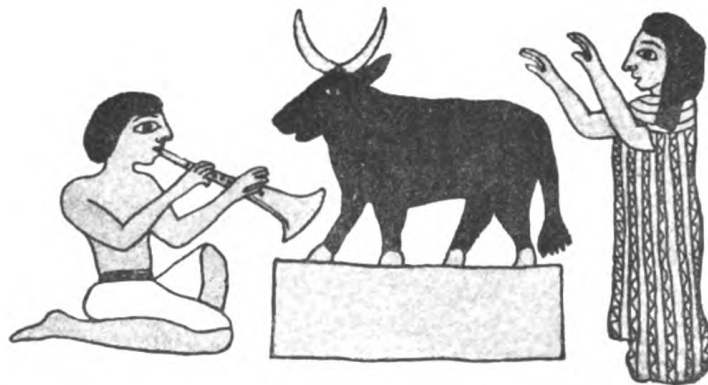


THE
EGYPTIAN
STRUWWELPETER

BEING
THE STRUWWELPETER PAPYRUS

WITH FULL TEXT AND 100 ORIGINAL VIGNETTES

FROM THE VIENNA PAPYRI.



Dedicated to
CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

LONDON
H. GREVEL & CO.
33, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.





Here is Thoth, the inky boy,
Slinging ink his greatest joy.

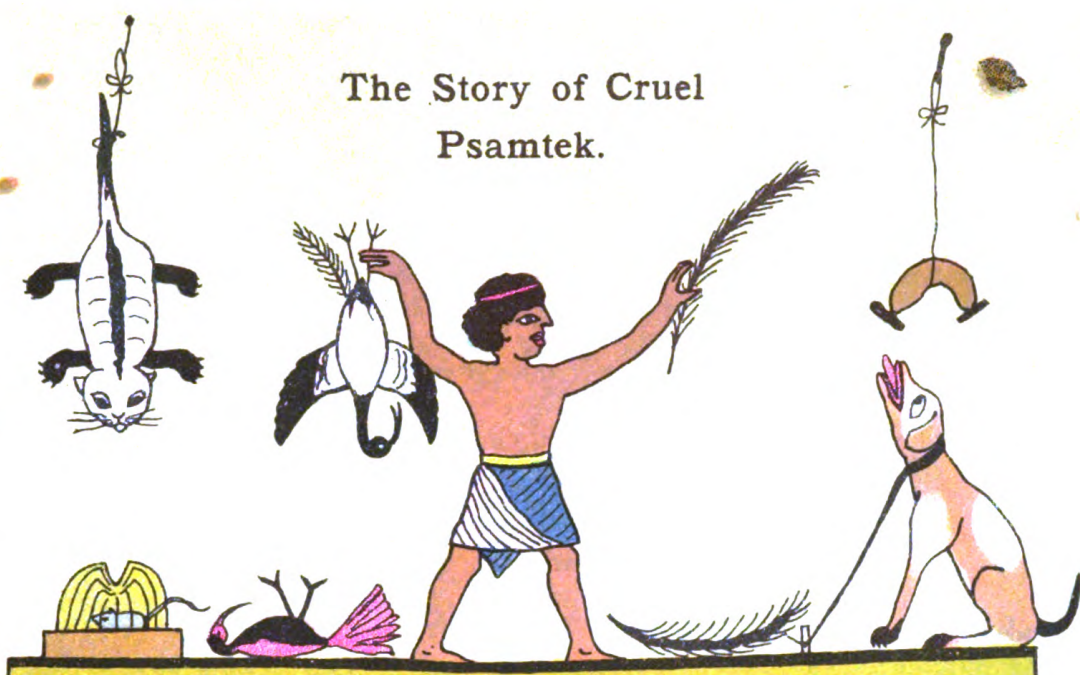


If the barber shows his shears
Then his face is washed in tears;
And, as he were led to slaughter,
At the very sight of water
He begins to roar and bellow.
Fie! the dirty, ugly fellow!
But the gods of judgment saw
How the foul one broke their law

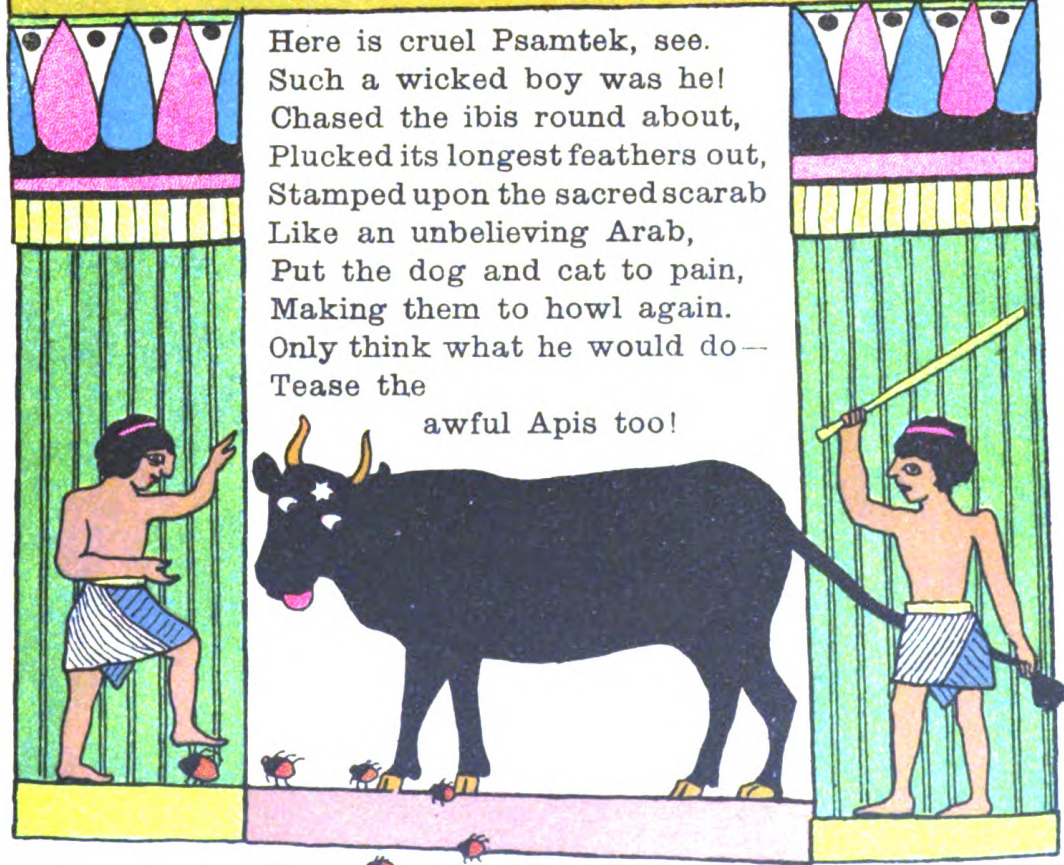
Him, of purity the hater,
Named they ever Struwwelpeter;

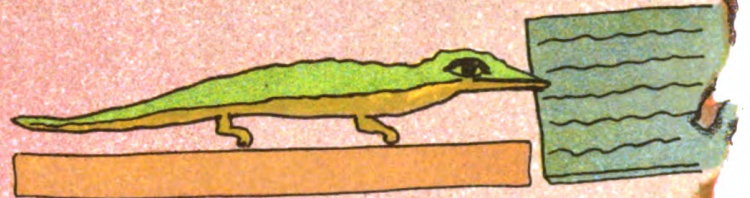
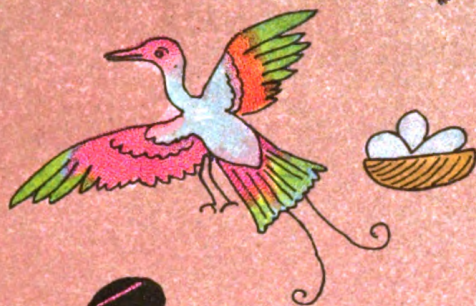
He shall be what he hath been,
Nothing now can wash him clean!

The Story of Cruel Psamtek.

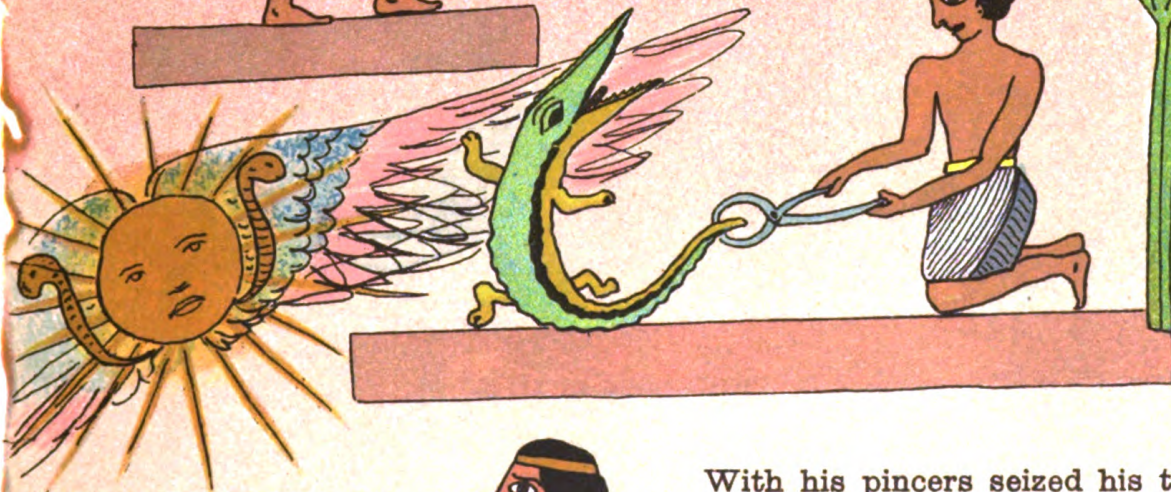


Here is cruel Psamtek, see.
Such a wicked boy was he!
Chased the ibis round about,
Plucked its longest feathers out,
Stamped upon the sacred scarab
Like an unbelieving Arab,
Put the dog and cat to pain,
Making them to howl again.
Only think what he would do—
Tease the
awful Apis too!





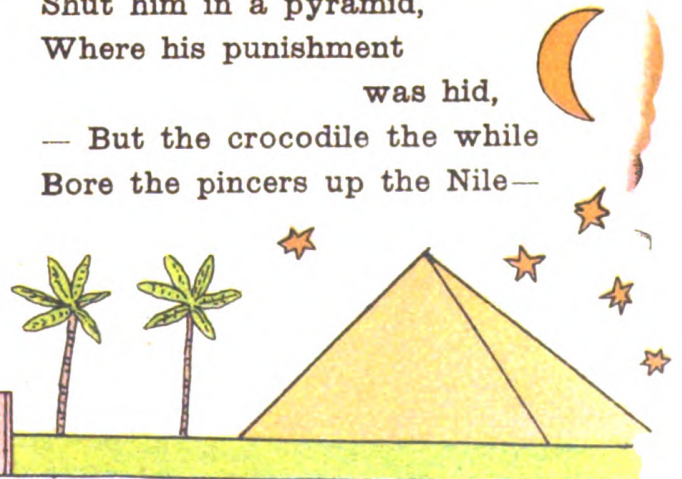
Basking by the sacred Nile
Lay the trusting crocodile;
Cruel Psamtek crept around him,
Laughed to think
how he had found him,



With his pincers seized his tail,
Made the holy one to wail;
Till a priest of Isis came,
Called the wicked boy by name,
Shut him in a pyramid,
Where his punishment

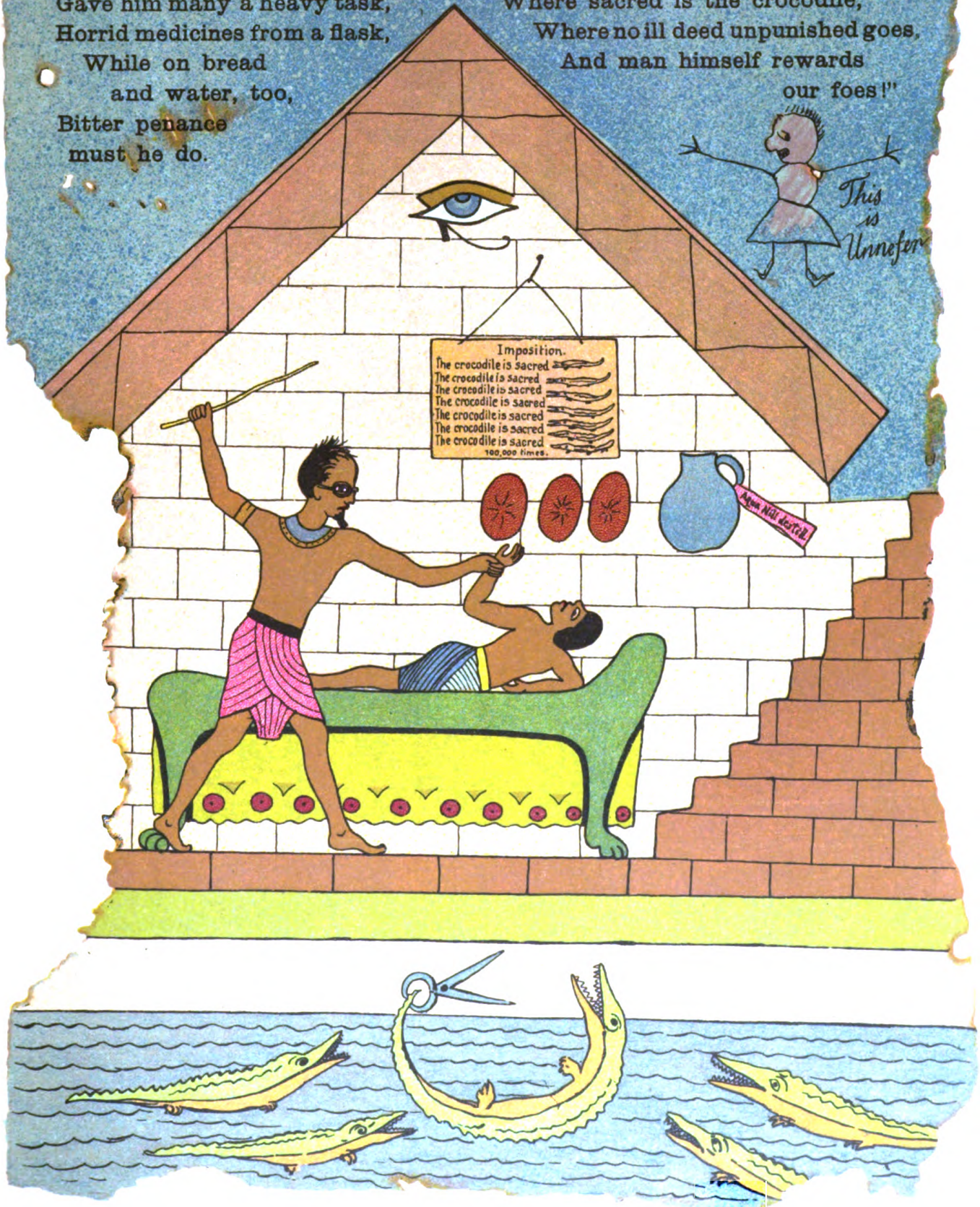
was hid,

— But the crocodile the while
Bore the pincers up the Nile—



Here the scribe who taught
him letters,
And respect for all his betters,
Gave him many a heavy task,
Horrid medicines from a flask,
While on bread
and water, too,
Bitter penance
must he do.

The crocodile is blythe and gay,
With friends and family at play,
And cries, "O blessed Land of Nile,
Where sacred is the crocodile,
Where no ill deed unpunished goes,
And man himself rewards
our foes!"



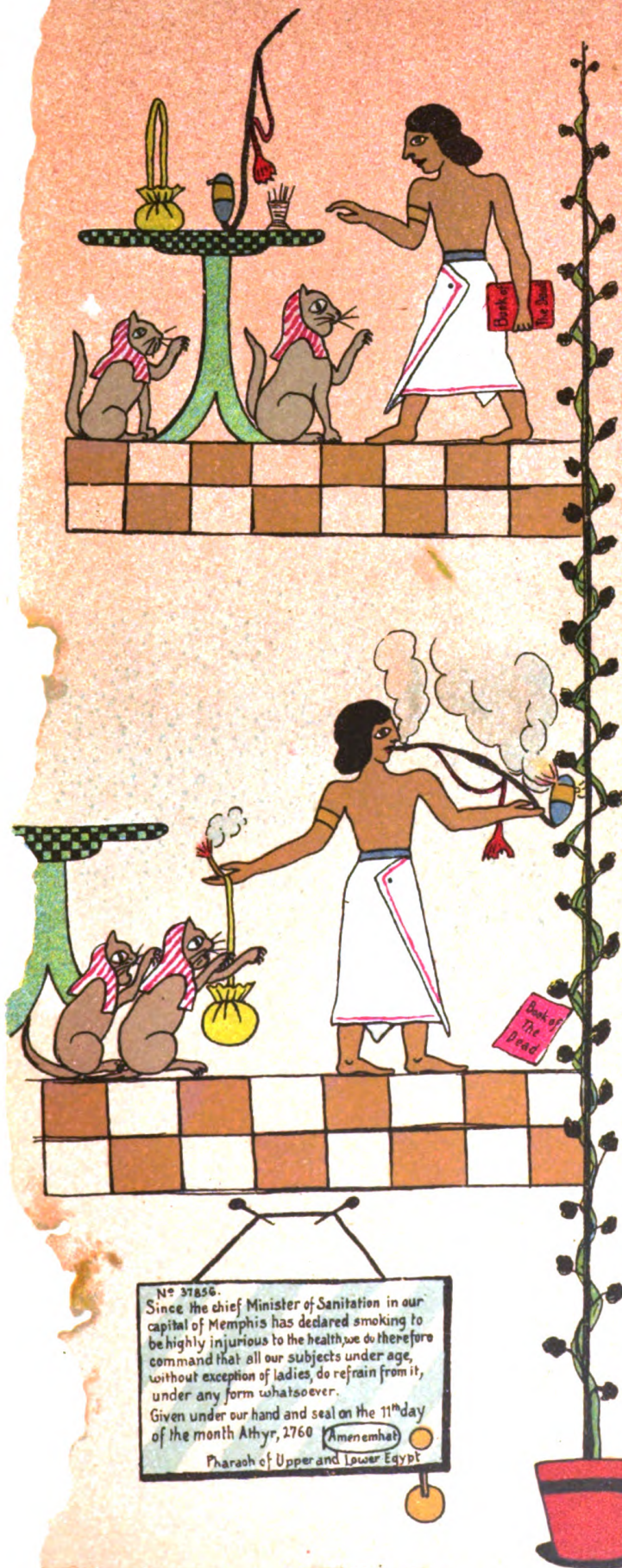
The Tragic Tale of Khufu and Tobacco.

Sitting lonely in his room—
 All the rest were at the tomb—
 As he coned his hieroglyphics,
 Learned Egyptian metaphysics,
 Suddenly young Khufu spied
 His father's pipe,
 and straightway cried:
 "Such incense / would offer up
 And burn it in the incense cup!"

The sacred pussies saw,
 Each raised a warning paw:
 "Put down the fire-stick, quick!
 Before you're deadly sick!
 Miow, miò! miow, miò!
 How can you think of doing so
 What Pharaoh hath forbidden?
 Think not the fault is hidden!"

But ah! young Khufu took no heed,
 And little recked he of his meed
 Who makes of holy rite a lark.
 He rubbed the fire-stick,
 caught a spark,
 And bright the
 burning incense glows
 While up and down
 young Khufu goes.

The sacred pussies saw,
 Each raised a warning paw:
 "Miow, miò! miow, miò!
 Oh, cease at once from doing so
 What father hath forbidden!
 No fault of yours is hidden!"

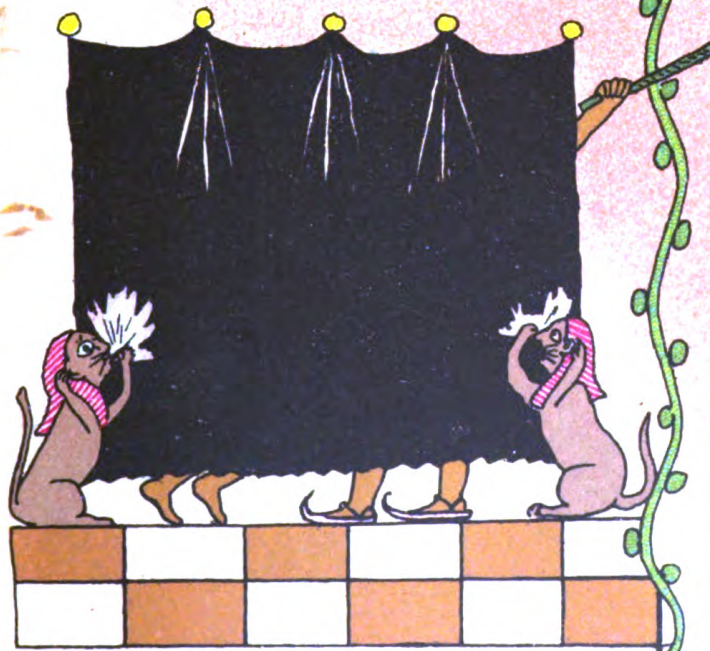




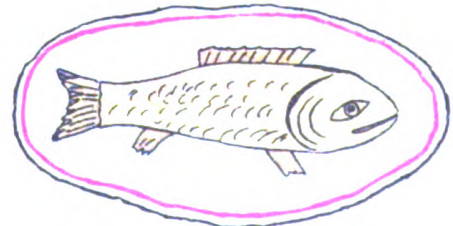
But ah! their prayers
were all in vain,
For answer Khufu puffs again;
Five times he puffed,
five times he drew,
Till deadly sickness on him grew.

Aghast on either side,
The sacred pussies cried:
"Oh! put your father's pipe away,
For smoking is
no children's play!
Miow, miò! what will you do?
Alas! poor scholar now for you!"

Too late he hearkens to their call
And lets the
incense-burner fall;
Against the wall
he rests his head,
And wishes only he were dead.



What can the sacred cats expect,
With every quivering hair erect?
"Here comes
your father with a stick;
More punishment
will follow quick!"
Though Khufu's cries
were long and loud,
That let Egyptian darkness
shroud.



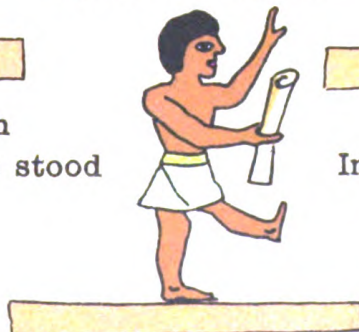
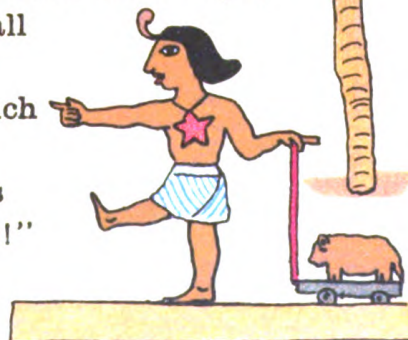


The Story of the Red Boys.

Through the desert solemnly
 Came a priest to seek the sea;
 There at length he
 musing stood
 In a mantle red as blood.
 Necho ran along the sand,
 Hippopotamus in hand;

Sety started from his stroll,
 Claspng his papyrus roll;
 Ramses, with a lotus-flower,
 Heard them in an evil hour.
 Then the naughty little boys
 Shouted as they waved their toys,
 Cried aloud with all
 their might:—

“Never saw we such
 a sight!
 Priests are always
 clothed in white!”



—Mocked the old man
 where he stood

In his mantle red as blood.

Then great Osiris sterner grew;
Beneath his arm his crook he drew,
Seized Necho, Ramses, Sety all,
However they might
howl and call.

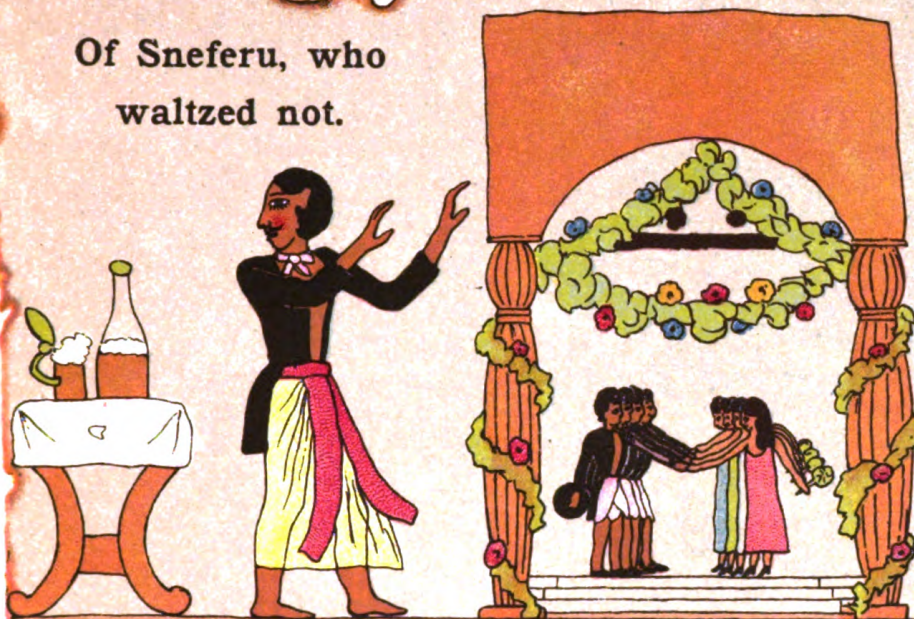
Down to the shore,
with all their toys,
He dragged the naughty little boys,
And dipped them in
the deep Red Sea
Till they were red
as red could be.



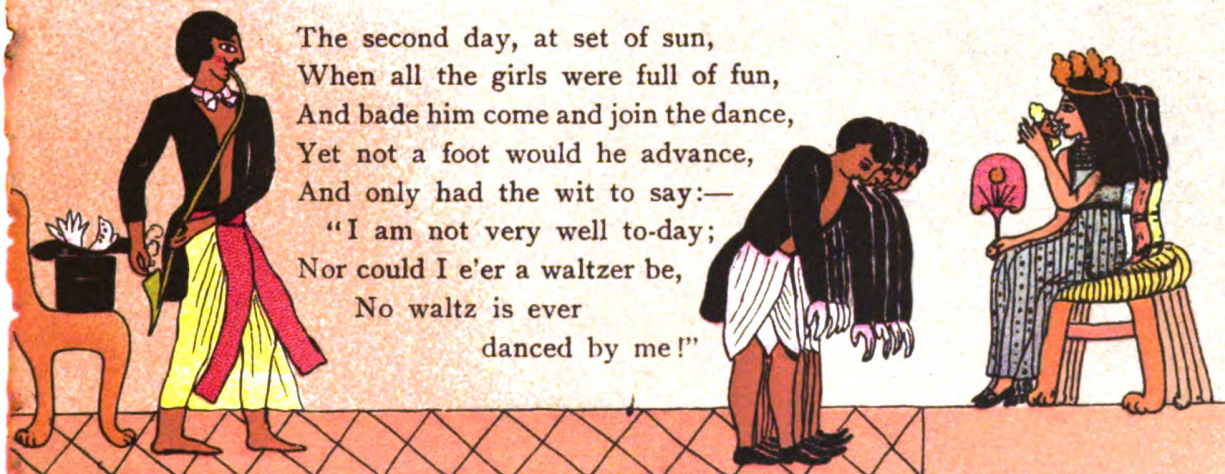


Here on this very page you see
 How red they are as red can be;
 While peacefully the pious priest
 Is turning homeward to a feast.
 But evermore from foot to head
 These naughty boys were brilliant red.

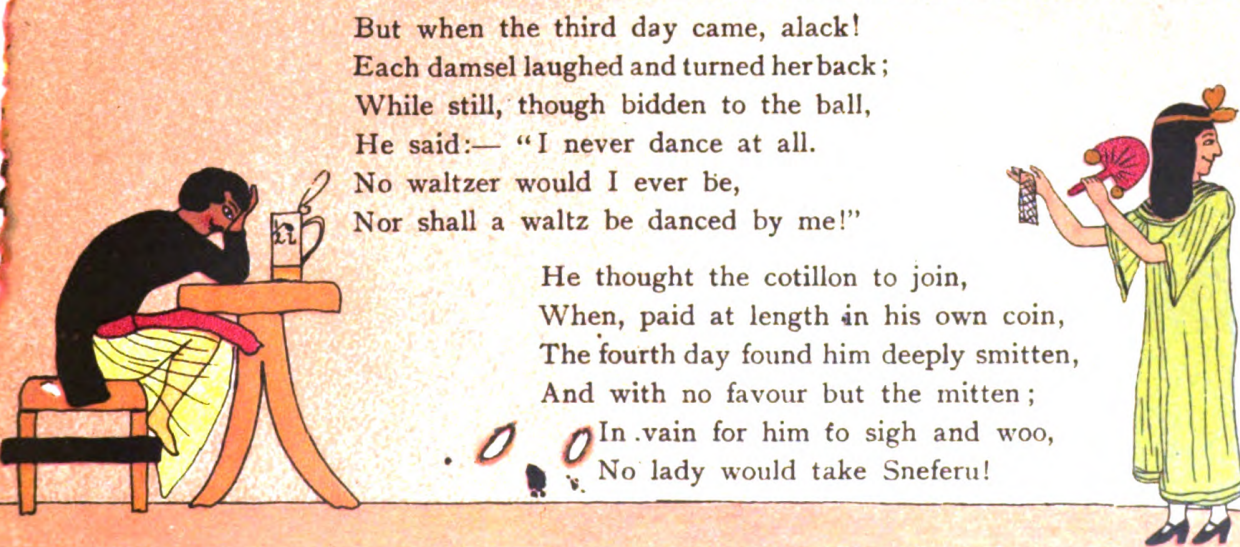
Of Sneferu, who
waltzed not.



The woeful story I will tell
Of Sneferu, how strong and well
He thrived on bread,
and beer, and leeks,
And smooth and rosy
were his cheeks;
His clothes were of the
latest style
And many were his wigs
the while;
But yet, for all his elegance,
He still declined to join
the dance:—
“No waltzer will I ever be!
No waltz shall e'er be danced
by me!”



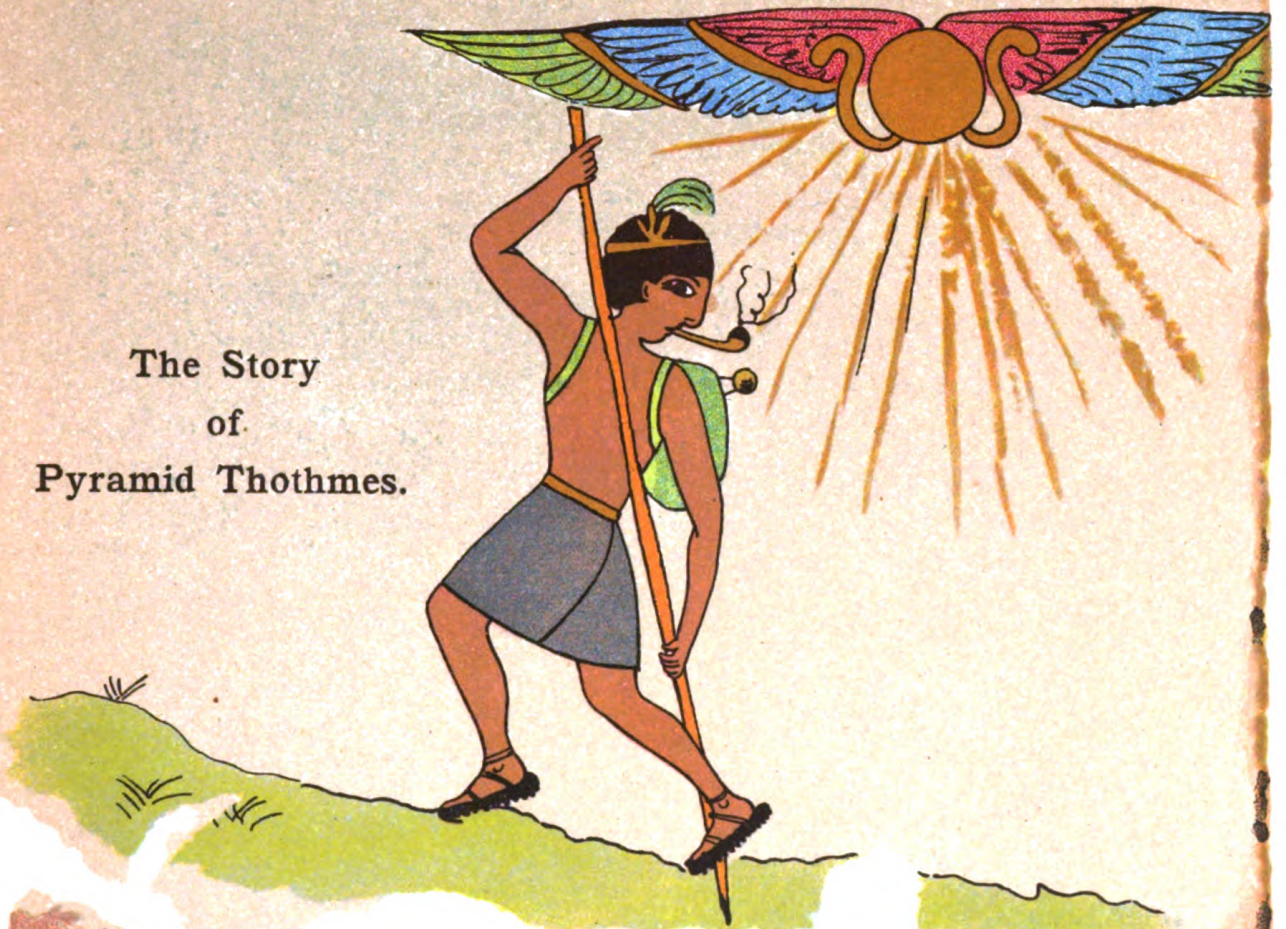
The second day, at set of sun,
When all the girls were full of fun,
And bade him come and join the dance,
Yet not a foot would he advance,
And only had the wit to say:—
“I am not very well to-day;
Nor could I e'er a waltzer be,
No waltz is ever
danced by me!”



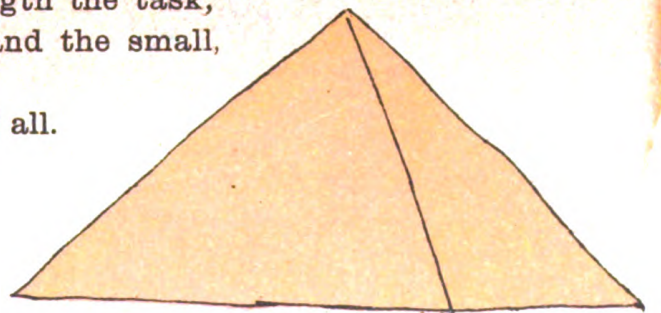
But when the third day came, alack!
Each damsel laughed and turned her back;
While still, though bidden to the ball,
He said:— “I never dance at all.
No waltzer would I ever be,
Nor shall a waltz be danced by me!”

He thought the cotillon to join,
When, paid at length in his own coin,
The fourth day found him deeply smitten,
And with no favour but the mitten;
In vain for him to sigh and woo,
No lady would take Sneferu!

The Story
of
Pyramid Thothmes.



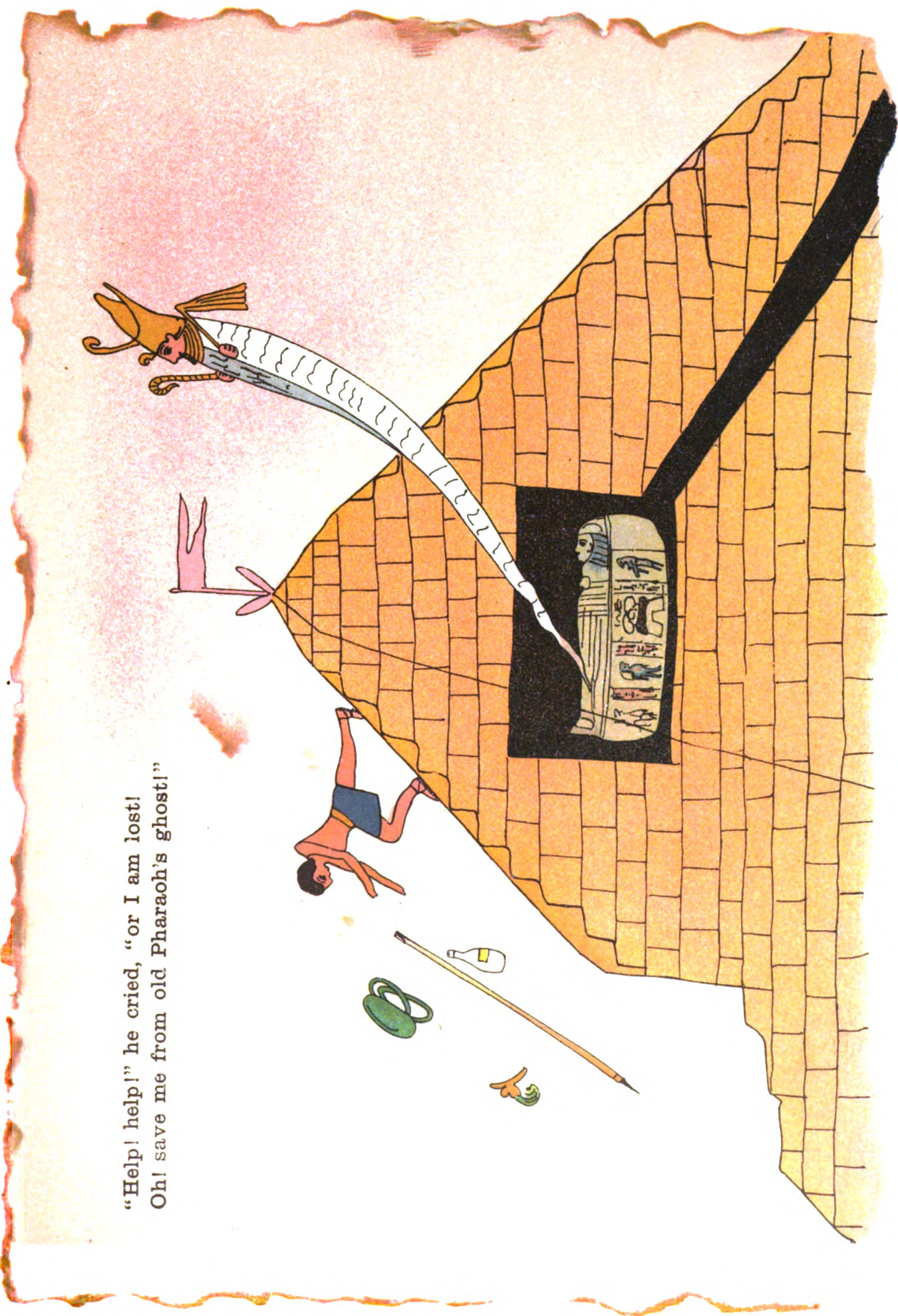
Thothmes, who loved a pyramid,
And dreamed of wonders that it hid,
Took up again one afternoon
His longest staff, his sandal shoon,
His evening meal, his pilgrim flask,
And set himself at length the task,
Scorning the smaller and the small,
To climb the highest
one of all.



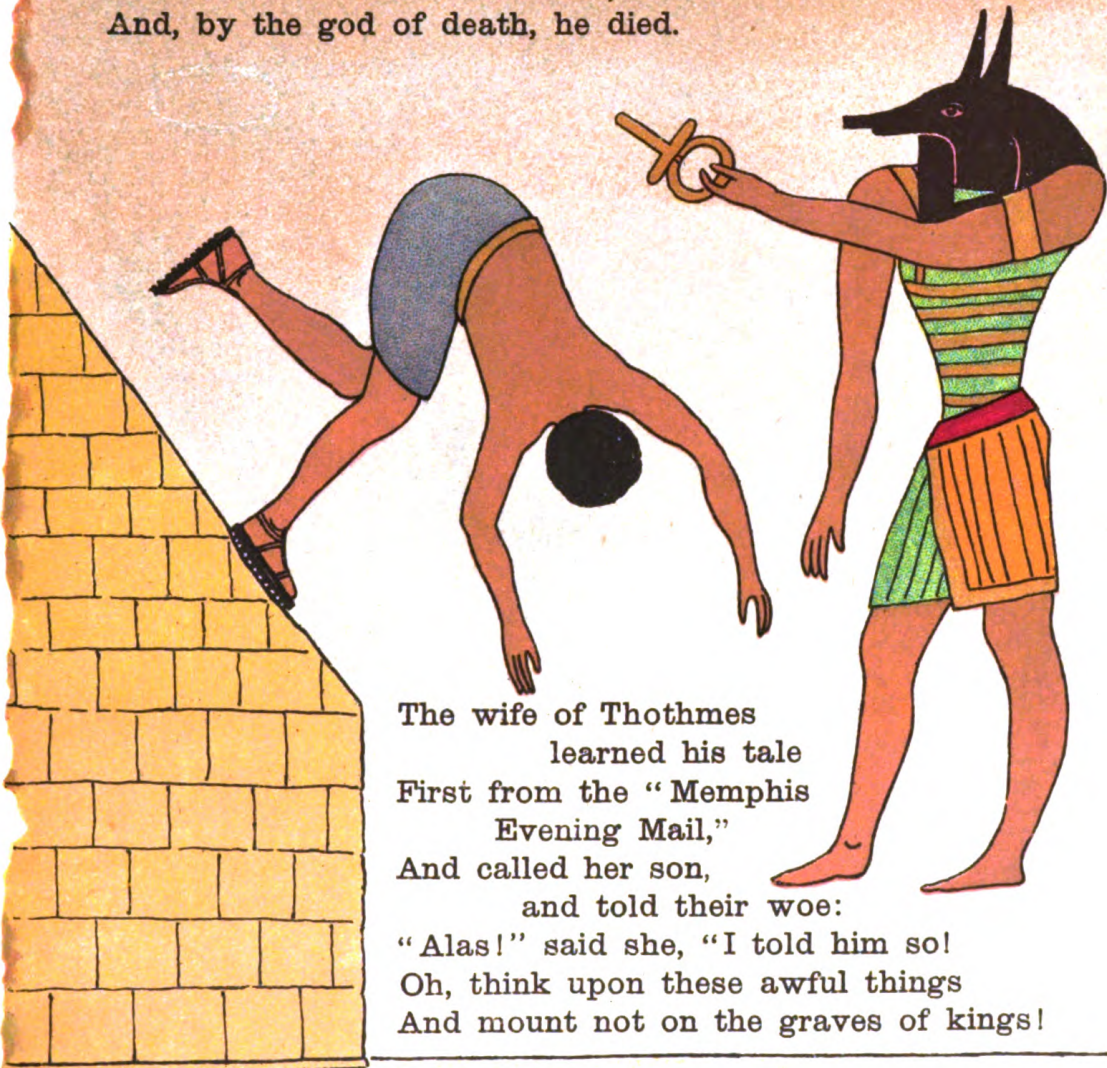


The sun was very hot indeed,
Yet Thothmes never slacked his speed
Until upon the topmost stone
He lightly sat him down alone
To make himself some pleasant cheer
And turned to take his flask of beer,
For he was weary and athirst.
Forth from the neck the stopper burst
And rudely waked the sleeping dead.
In terror guilty Thothmes fled
As rose majestic, wroth and slow,
The Pharaoh's Ka of long ago.

“Help! help!” he cried, “or I am lost!
Oh! save me from old Pharaoh’s ghost!”



Till, uttering one fearful yell,
He stumbled at the base, and fell
Where Anubis was at his side,
And, by the god of death, he died.



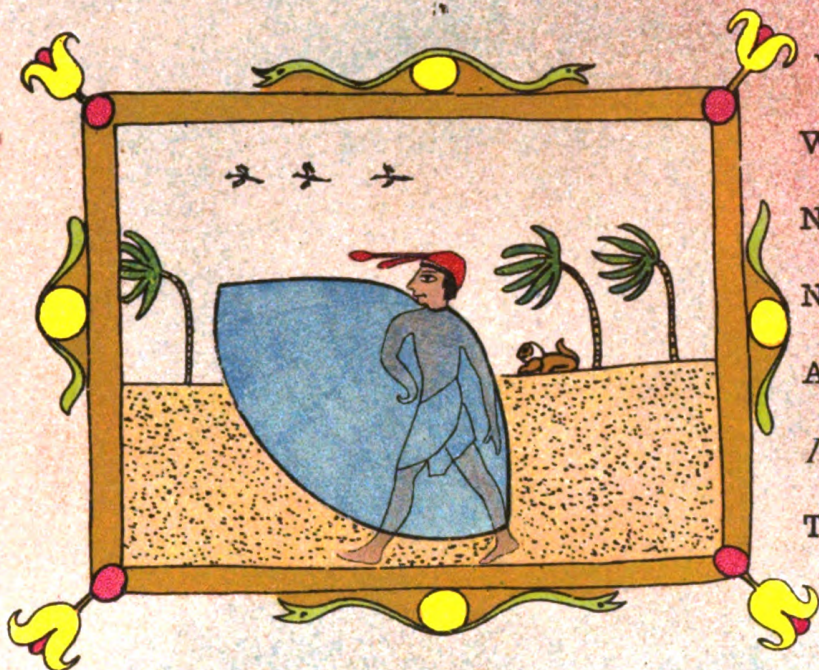
The wife of Thothmes
learned his tale
First from the "Memphis
Evening Mail,"
And called her son,
and told their woe:
"Alas!" said she, "I told him so!
Oh, think upon these awful things
And mount not on the graves of kings!"



A pyramid is strange to see,
Though only at its base you be."



The Story of Flying Amenhotep.



When the Khamsin
through the land
Whirls the parching
desert sand,
Nothing should go
out of doors,
Not a jackal on
all fours.

Amenhotep
murmured: "Yea,
I shall go outside
and play!"

Took his father's
tunic wide,
Lightly put himself
inside.

Wilder yet
the Khamsin blew,
Upward Amenhotep flew.
Borne along,
aloft, and high,
No one heard
his awful cry,
When the law of gravitation
Changed his
wondrous situation,



Brought him upside
down to ground,
While the sand whirled
round and round.
Nothing but a
sand-hill soon
Showed his prison
to the moon;
What befalls while
still he sinks
Is the Secret of
the Sphinx.

