

**BROKEN WORDS: A
FIFTH CENTURY OF
CHARADES**

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Broken Words: A Fifth Century of Charades by William Bellamy

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WILLIAM BELLAMY

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CHARADES**

BROKEN WORDS

A FIFTH CENTURY OF CHARADES

BY

WILLIAM BELLAMY

*And be thus juggling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ears,
And break it in our hope.*

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1911

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MY first is near to burn ;
My last is witty, sometimes ;
My whole most people spurn,
They call it only bum rhymes.

BEFORE the milk bill came to pass,
My first was commoner than glass.

My second is a little word,
And very similar my third.

My whole, a land of bees and kine,
Was promised by a voice divine.

WOULDST read a page of history unknown ?

A page my second stood beside the throne,
And when King Richard entertained my whole,
It was his office to present the bowl.
My first and next the royal fingers stirred,
And finding every condiment my third,
The king approving passed it to the boy
While knights and nobles smacked their lips for joy.

MY first is a feather, a poet once said ;
My second and third is sweet, juicy, and red ;
There's my whole in the toss of a beautiful head.

MYLPOE

WITHOUT my first and second who could
play the violin ?

Without my third and fourth how would poker games
begin ?

Without my whole pray tell me how could La
Mancha's knight

Have ridden to save maidens or with giants strange
to fight ?

THE lion with my first shall lie,
The lion on my last will spring.
My whole who caused a king to die
Was dead before he killed the king.

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