

Ronella, she was tall and haughty
Ronella, she was very stout,
Ronella she was "fair and forty" -
(Weighed 18 stone without a doubt).

In jewels and silks of the brightest of hues
She was decked by her maids with obsequious care,
Her dress was complete from her crown to her shoes
She was off to a party - ah woe they all stare!

A very small Brougham now stood at the gate
- This very large lady was into it jammed,
- Said "John tell the Coachman that I'm rather late,
And then started off, as the door it was slammed."

To Lord Tomnoddi's family seat,
Their hurried course they bent;
Drew up before its portal neat,
And in Ronella went.

over



Ronella.

2 His Lordship-he did play the fiddle,
Many a "Dum" with many a "Twiddle"
How he played was quite a riddle
He held his bow close to the middle!

With every stroke
He did evoke
A horrid noise just like a "choke",
To hear him scrape was past a joke.

No set of Cremona's in England was finer
To get them much time and much money he spent
-- of "Joseph" two "Strads" an "Amati" a Steiner
And several excellent copies by Fendt.

These treasures of art were brought out of the store room
And laid rank and file on a table for show
Enthusiasts rushed like a flood to adore them
And begged of His Lordship to play a Solo.

Beneath his chin with graceful air
His "Joseph" he did place,
And played away - as if to scare
Not please the human race.



Lord Tomnoddle's solo.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A Paganini-alive - they shout around
 Hark hark the sounds so fierce
 Ronella's soul through-perce
 Amazed she stares around,
 She turns as pale as death
 And faint for lack of breath
 Would sink upon the ground.

Quickly her state his Lordship sees
 - On a chair his Joseph places
 All think Ronella ill at ease
 Some whisper "she light-laces."

In fate then would have it she ventured toward him
 But nature resumed her most cruel attack
 Unable with compliments now to applaud him
 She fainted away in the chair at his back

A dreadful crash! all rush around
 "We hope it's nothing serious"
 "Oh no" his Lordship said (but frowned)
 "She's sat on my Guarnerius."

over



The Cremonas.

Ye gods ' pick up the pieces
 Nor make a useless moan
 "Withers" has seen it and he says
 ☉ It may improve the tone.

GUARNERUS ME FELIT CREMONA ☉

PULCHRITUDO RONELLA. (INGENS PONDUS)
 ME CONFECIT - TOMNODDLEENSIS ☉
 RESURGAM.



The wreck of the Joseph.



Withers inspection of the remains.