

## 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin' by Robert Browning

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied;  
But, when begins my **ditty**,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From **vermin**, was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the **vats**,  
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,  
Split open the **kegs** of salted **sprats**,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking:  
“**Tis** clear,” cried they, “Our Mayor's a **noddy**;  
And as for our Corporation---shocking.  
To think we buy gowns lined with **ermine**  
For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin!  
You hope, because you're old and obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease?  
**Rouse** up, sirs! Give your brains a racking  
To find the **remedy** we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!”  
At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty **consternation**.

**Choose 5 of the red words and find out their meaning.**