

Uncle Feedle

Bagpuss

There was a man made all of rag
His name was Uncle Feedle
His coat it was a barley bag
All sewed up with a needle

His nose was rag his toes were rag
His legs were Harris tweedle
His eyes were dots of cotton frocks
They called him Uncle Feedle

Oh, Uncle Feedle had no house
Dear little Uncle Feedle
He had no bed, he had no house
Poor little Uncle Feedle

Poor little Uncle, silly old Uncle
Hadnâ€™t got a bed so-
He took a bag of cloth and rag, a reel of cotton thread-o

Now first he sewed the kitchen wall
with cotton, thread and needle
With stitches small, the windows tall,
was sewn by Uncle Feedle

The curtains lush, were purple plush,
And bombazine; ¼ the mantle
A bottle of milk was watered silk and calico the candle

Now Feedleâ€™s house was inside out
Clever old Uncle Feedle
The out was in the in was out
It suited Uncle Feedle

One wall kitchen, one wall parlour, one wall was the bedroom
He laid his head on his quilted bed
Sleepy Uncle Feedle

Lyrics Submitted by Charlotte Taylor

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