

I take it you already know  
of tough and bough and cough and dough?  
Others may stumble, but not you  
on hiccough, thorough, slough and through.  
Well done! And now you wish, perhaps,  
To learn of less familiar traps?

Beware of heard, a dreadful word  
That looks like beard and sounds like bird.  
And dead; it's said like bed, not bead.  
For goodness sake, don't call it deed!  
Watch out for meat and great and threat,  
(They rhyme with suite and straight and debt)

A moth is not a moth in mother,  
Nor both in bother, broth in brother.  
And here is not a match for there,  
Nor dear and fear for bear and pear,  
And then there's dose and rose and lose --  
Just look them up -- and goose and choose,

And cork and work and card and ward  
And font and front and word and sword.  
And do and go and thwart and cart --  
Come, come, I've hardly made a start.  
A dreadful language? Man alive,  
I mastered it when I was five.

Nobody seems to know who the author is.

A more spectacular poem, along the same lines, is "The Chaos", by Gerald Nolst Trenité (1870-1946) first published as an appendix ("Aanhangsel") to the 4th edition [1920] of his *Drop your foreign accent: engelsche uitspraakoefeningen*. Chris Upward has done considerable research into the history of the poem, and published his research, along with an authoritative version of the poem, in an article in a 1994 issue of the *Journal of the Simplified Spelling Society*, and available at the Society's website, <http://www.spellingsociety.org/journals/j17/caos.php>. □

<http://www.wargs.com/misc/poem.html>