Sources

1 Christopher Marlowe : Faustus
2 Gilbert and Sullivan: Pirates of Penzance
3 George Orwell: Animal Farm
4 Jack Judge: Tipperary (Popular marching song)
5 Gilbert and Sullivan: Pirates of Penzance
6 William Blake: Songs of Innocence
7 Bruce Springsteen: Magic
8 Barry Manilow: Bermuda Triangle
9 John Donne: Songs and Sonnets
10 Geoffrey Hill: Without Title
11 Flanders and Swann: 20 tons of TNT
12 Nursery Rhyme

1) Was this the face that launched a **thousand** ships and burnt the topless **towers** of Illium? Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

2) I'm very good at **differential** and i**ntegral** calculus,
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous,
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
A am the very model of a modern Major General.

4) Then he shouted to them from there:
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester **Square**! It's a **long long** way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

8) Doesn't see my **angle**
And she thinks that I'm being dumb
So Bermuda **Triangle**
Here we come!

3) Rings shall **vanish** from our noses, and the harness from our back, Bit and spur will rust forever, Cruel whips no more shall crack.

9) If as in water stir'd more **circles** bee
Produc'd by one, love by such **additions** take,
Those like so many **spheres ,** but one heaven make, For they are all **concentrique** unto thee.

7) Pour me a drink Theresa
In one of those glasses you dust off
And I'll watch the bones in your back like the Stations of the **Cross**
Round your hair the sun lifts a halo
At your lips a crown of thorns

6) Tyger, Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could **frame** thy fearful **symmetry**?

5) I understand equations both the simple and **quadratical**,
About the binomial **theorem** i'm teeming with a lot of news,
With many cheerful facts about the square of the **hypotenuse.**

10) Or chrystallography which I think I understand; it's not Stendhal.
Patterns of **lines** mostly, raw in appearance.
I see I've **defined** a poem.

12 As I was going to St Ives
I met a man with seven **wives**
Each **wife** had seven sacks
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven **kits**
Kits, cats, sacks, **wives**,
How many were going to St Ives?

11) And the stock-piled mass destruction,
Of the nuclear powers that be,
equals - for **each** man or woman,
Twenty tons of TNT
Every man of every nation,
Shall receive this allocation,
Twenty tons of TNT