

The Rev. Mr. Blodgett cured his toothache for the King  
With some patent toothache mixture he'd been wise enough to bring  
From his home in happy Bugville, in the state of Wyoming.  
I believe that cloves and opium were the basis of the thing.

The King was quite delighted, for the cure had been phenomenal,  
And as he sometimes suffered after meals from pains abdominal  
Made Blodgett Court Physician—the fees of course were nominal—  
And wed him to his daughter, Princess Guava Yum-Yum Tommy  
Moll.

So Blodgett stayed there many years and labored with a will  
To convert these gentle cannibals and in their minds instil  
The simple Christian maxim that it is not right to kill  
And eat one's nearest neighbours; and no doubt he'd be there still

If there hadn't been a famine in those far Fijian Isles.  
There was lack of tan and b-n-yan, there was dearth of crocodiles,  
Baboon was not obtainable for miles and miles and miles.  
And a mask of gloom replaced the congregation's happy smiles.

The food got scarce and scarcer and the people lean and leaner,  
They began to look at Blodgett with a very queer demeanor,  
And the way that wretched King behaved could scarcely have been  
meaner,  
For he eat his daughter Guava and her sister Phillipine.



For he eat his daughter Guava and her sister Phillipine.

The Rev. Mr. Blodgett then began to be perplexed  
For King Vermicelli John De Kuyper Wuff seemed rather vexed  
And would eye his son-in-law as though his turn were coming next;  
And once he interrupted in the middle of a text.

At last the King gave orders Mr. Blodgett should be cooked,  
And all the seats for dinner were immediately booked,  
Which made it clear to Blodgett how extremely black things looked;  
He realized the potentate had got him nicely hooked.

Now the Rev. Mr. Blodgett, who was sadly in the lurch,  
Had devoted quite a lot of time to psychical research,  
And had studied mesmerism with the great Professor Kirch  
And practised it for several years before he joined the Church.

The Rev. Mr. Blodgett after due consideration  
Decided he would mesmerize his hungry congregation;  
He commenced with Vermicelli not without some trepidation—  
And the King was soon experiencing a most unique sensation.

He was very soon persuaded to believe he was a rat,  
The cook in less than no time was behaving like a cat;  
A most ferocious fight ensued; I draw a veil on that.  
But the cook had quite a banquet for the King was pretty fat.



The cook in less than no time was behaving like a cat

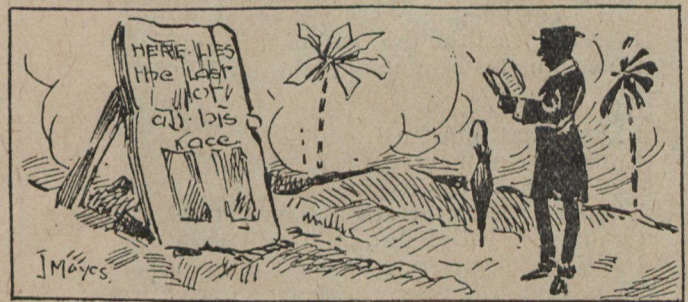
The clergyman's mesmeric powers were soon in daily use,  
There was frequent repetition of that simple little ruse;  
Although the cannibals and he held such divergent views,  
He couldn't bear to see the people starve was his excuse.

At last there came a day when Mr. Blodgett's troubles ended  
When all of his parishers by one were represented;  
For in that dusky gentleman the rest were nicely b'ended,  
An outcome of his powers that Mr. B. had not intended.

This survivor soon grew hungry and was shortly on the brink  
Of starving, all he lived on was some soup that looked like ink,  
Till one day the Rev. gentleman persuaded him to think  
He was just a Spanish onion, so he popped into the drink.

Then Blodgett buried all his congregation by the shore  
And carved upon his tombstone (made from Vermicellis' door):  
"Here lies the last of all his race with quite a number more."  
Then caught the P. & O. boat and got off at Singapore.

—13th Batt.



### To a Lachrymatory Shell

Sweet shell! That burst abaft my booby hutch  
And brought me tears, the blessed gift of tears,  
Although in quantity p'raps overmuch,  
Still, tears to me who have not wept for years.

I've seen men die, and have said good-bye  
To her I worshipped. Heavens, how I've tried  
To ape the crocodile, and yearned to cry,  
As she who wandered down the mountainside.

I've heard, at Penny Readings, "Home Sweet Home,"  
Seen Cubist paintings, cockneys play the Dane,  
And prayed for tears, and yet they would not come,  
E'en Satan's Sorrows did I read in vain.

I've dived into the depths of sentiment,  
Struggled to open the floodgates e'en an Inch.  
Rushed to the angels' side when they have wept,  
Nor, furtive, scorned an onion at a pinch.

Good shell! How is thy mission difficient  
From shrieking shrapnels and explosives high  
And low, and gaseous poisons, 'tis thy bent  
Merely to make a foeman pipe his eye.

This message to the gunner who has sent  
Thee bolting through the blue. Mighty his deed  
And truly great his prestige who has won  
A flow of tears from our non blubbering breed.

Good gentle Bosche, dear devastating Hun,  
Grinning I've faced the bludgeon foes of fate.  
Then comes this smack of Kultur and I weep.  
To dry my eyes—oblige—The Hymn of Hate.

—R.M.E.