



The Rev. Mr. Blodgett was a missionary at
A parish where the congregation dressed so sparsely that
They all wore scarcely anything—and very rarely that :
But they had a most intensely catholic commissariat.



The Rev. Mr. Blodgett was a missionary

Though the costumes weren't extravagant they showed delightful
taste :
A goo-goo feather girdle, for example, round the waist
Would provoke the admiration of the very straightest-laced,
And a human finger neckiace was considered rather chaste.

The shark's-tooth bangle was, of course, the kind most often seen,
Though for fashionable gatherings round the festive soup-tureen
The haddock's-eye is now the vogue, on that they're rather keen ;
And at weddings bride and bridegroom always paint the eyebrows
green.

To the uninstructed visitor the custom might seem vile
Of using ears as ear-rings—'twas a very common wile—
For they lend an eerie wistfulness to any maiden's smile,
Though their acquisition's scarcely always innocent of guile.

Mere masculine attractiveness was sometimes much increased
By the antiquated topper of some late lamented priest,
Which would lead to endless envy of its owner, nor the least
Of his many troubles being that he soon became deceased.

The manners of the islanders were most urbane and quiet :
A murder, for example, scarcely ever caused a riot ;
I've already intimated they enjoyed a varied diet,
Though some especial delicacies visitors might shy at.



The manners of the Islanders were not urbane and quiet

The restuarants were crowded when "baboon" was on the bill ;
The Rev. Mr. Blodgett quite enjoyed this dish until
He saw it being cooked one day, that made him rather ill ;
He avers the operation gave him quite a nervous thrill.

The crocodile, if not too fresh, was much appreciated,
And pickled scorpions' eggs on toast I've often heard it stated
Are the only things you'll look at if the palate's vitiated.
But last year's oysters, personally, I find are over-rated.

Their only vegetable was the succelent ban-yan,
Their single drink, save rum, a kind of concentrated tan,
Their favourite dish at all the public functions of the clan
And at all official banquets was a nicely roasted man.

The Rev. Mr. Blodgett, I am happy to relate,
Was not the man to let a thing like that intimidate
Or/in any way disturb him : "Kindly tell the King I'll wait
On His Majesty this evening at a quarter after eight."

The King, whose name was Vermicelli John de Kuyper Wuff,
Received them very graciously, then helped himself to snuff
And, offering Mrs. B. a pinch, remarked in accents gruff :
"How well you're looking Madam ; I don't think you'll be tough !"



I don't think you'll be tough!

The luckless Mrs. Blodgett, who, I should have said before,
Accompanied her husband on his missionary tour,
Was inserted in a barrel and then stowed beneath the floor,
And barbecued next morning at exactly half-past four.

I believe that Mrs. Blodgett made a really first-class dinner
And was much appreciated by that venerable old sinner,
King Wuff, who wittily observed : "She's got some stuffing in her ;
At first I rather fancied she would prove a trifle thinner."

With nice consideration for the feelings of his guest
The King excused the preacher from attending with the rest,
Remarking : "You'll rejoin her very shortly." Such a jest
Left the Rev. Mr. Blodgett feeling very much depressed.

But the Rev. Mr. Blodgett instead of giving way
To the terrible forebodings to which he was a prey,
Determined very wisely that he'd try and find a way
To palpitate the Monarch ; and he did, I'm glad to say.