

THE SPADGER

By JOHN MASEFIELD, JUNIOR

(No relation to the immortal poet of that name)

DEDICATED GRATEFULLY TO MR. AUSTIN HARRISON

There was a spadger
Went up a spout;
There came a thunderstorm,
And washed the out.
The little spadger
Sat on the grass,
And told the thunderstorm
To its
And when the storm was done,
And all the rain,
The little spadger
Went up again.
There came a spadger hawk
And spied the snugery,
And with his claws he tore
That to
There came a thunderbolt
From the hand of God;
It hit that spadger hawk
And killed the
There is a moral
To this moral story—
If you goes up the spout
You goes to glory.