

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 snuggery,
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.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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