

Mike Batt, The Escapade

Narration: there was one who was famed for the number of things
He forgot when he entered the ship:
His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings,
And the clothes he had bought for the trip.
He had forty-two boxes all carefully packed,
With his name painted clearly on each;
But since he omitted to mention the fact,
They were all left behind on the beach.

He came as a baker; but owned, when too late-

And it drove the poor bellman half mad-
He could only bake bridecake -for which, I may state,
No materials were to be had.

I came as the baker on this escapade,
I knead the dough, but I can't look after the bread,
The banker does it instead,
And although I never feel afraid,
Somehow I know
It could be the single worst mistake I've ever made,
To come as the baker on this escapade.