THE PLUMBER

The plumber came down like a wolf on the fold,
His brass, lead and copper like silver and gold,
His wallet all bulging with myriads of things,
With solder and gasfittings, washers and rings.

He cut off the water, extinguished the gas,
And blocked up each passage, so no one could pass;
Smoked shag in my boudoir, and when I stopped that,
Said very bad words to the dog and the cat.

The sound of his whistle was heard on the stairs,
He dumped tools and tackle on carpets and chairs,
He filled all the house with a gaseous smell.
Which attar of roses was powerless to quell.

He vanished for hours, ne’er leaving a clue,
And returned with some string, and a kettle of glue;
And now all was ready, he spent a day more
In “tracing a pipe” ’neath the drawing-room floor.

Next day, about noon, he announced with a grin
He had “spotted the trouble” and now would begin;
And he pottered about for a week off and on,
And when he had “finished” and packed up and gone,

The pipes were all tangled, the joints were all mixed,
The screws were all loose, the taps were all fixed;
But the sound of that plumber is heard as of yore.
Illustrations of PLUMBING

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