

LAPSE

There's something very wrong,
Very wrong, very wrong,
Something very wrong with
 Dear Aunt Barbara.
Little in her manner would have
 Tempted one to harbour a
Suspicion of her judgment on a
 Point of *comme il faut*;
But
 Why wear nothing,
 Absolutely nothing,
 Literally nothing at the
 Dairy Show?

REPROACH

You, Mister Belloc, thought it fine
To put one's faith in God and Wine;
Yet see the Pickle I am in,
Who put my faith in Men and Gin!