

## THE BATH

by  
Harry Graham

Broad is the Gate and wide the Path  
That leads man to his daily bath;  
But ere you spend the shining hour  
With plunge and spray, with sluice and show'r -  
With all that teaches you to dread  
The bath as little as your bed -  
Remember, whosoe'er you be,  
To shut the door and turn the key!

I had a friend - my friend no more ! -  
Who failed to bolt his bath-room door;  
A maiden aunt of his, one day,  
Walked in, as half-submerged he lay!  
She did not notice nephew John,  
And turned the boiling water on!  
He had no time, nor even scope  
To camouflage himself with soap,  
But gave a yell and flung aside  
The sponge, 'neath which he sought to hide!  
It fell to earth I know not where!  
He beat his breast in his despair,  
And then, like Venus from the foam,  
Sprang into view, and made for home!  
His aunt fell fainting to the ground!  
Alas! They never brought her round!  
She died, intestate, in her prime,  
The victim of another's crime;  
And John can never quite forget  
How, by a breach of etiquette,  
He lost, at one fell swoop (or plunge)  
His aunt, his honour, and his sponge!