

GODFREY GORDON GUSTAVUS GORE

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore—
No doubt you have heard the name before—
Was a boy who never would shut a door!

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,
And teeth be aching and throats be sore,
But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,
“Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
We really do wish you would shut the door!”

Their hands they wrung, their hair they tore;
But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
Was deaf as the buoy out at the Nore.

When he walked forth the folks would roar,
“Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,
Why don’t you think to shut the door?”

They rigged up a Shutter with sail and oar,
And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore
On a voyage of penance to Singapore.

But he begged for mercy and said, “No more!
Pray do not send me to Singapore
On a Shutter, and then I will shut the door!”

“You will?” said his parents; “then keep on shore!
But mind you do! For the plague is sore
Of a fellow that never will shut the door,
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!”

William Brightly Rands (1823–1882)

