

GASTER.

(ADAPTED TO MUSIC.)

AIR—*The Rogue's March.*

IN a far distant age
 (*Vide Rabelais' page*)
 Lived a fellow, of Arts the first Master :
 And if further you seek,
 I can tell you in Greek,
 That the name of this fellow was Gaster.
 An ingenious fellow was Gaster,
 Though he caused us a little disaster :
 For if you'll look in,
 To our first parents' sin,
 It was partly the greed of this Gaster.

Thence into the world,
 Out of paradise hurled,
 Adam found here a rigid taskmaster,

Who compelled him to work
Like a Trojan or Turk,
To provide a subsistence for Gaster :
O ! a terrible fellow was Gaster ;
Whose demands became vaster and vaster :
Man was destined to toil,
And to grub at the soil,
That there might be some grub to give Gaster.

When the infant first thought
How his milk could be brought
From its fountain of fair alabaster,
The nice milking machine
We so often have seen,
Was found out for the service of Gaster.
O ! Science must bend before Gaster,
Who in talent has often surpassed her :
Ere we knew what the cause
Of a Vacuum was,
It was made by a baby for Gaster.

Man, after the Flood,
Took to animal food,
As to which he had been a strict faster ;
And strong meat made him long
To have liquor as strong ;
So the grape was fermented for Gaster.

'Twas a perilous crisis for Gaster,
Who began after this to live faster :
 But provided he'd stop
 At a moderate drop,
It may prove a good cordial for Gaster.

 And still, at this day,
 Gaster figures away,
Our adviser, our guide, our schoolmaster ;
 For the most things we do
 Have one object in view—
To provide a good dinner for Gaster.
 Trade and commerce are fostered by Gaster :
 The skiff, and the lofty three-master,
 Spread abroad their white sail
 To each varying gale,
To bring victuals and drink here to Gaster.

 But it makes me quite grave,
 To think how we behave,
When we do not our appetites master ;
 For we eat, and we swill,
 Twice as much as our fill,
Till we smother and suffocate Gaster.
 Then the doctor is sent for to Gaster,
Who prescribes for him rhubarb and castor ;

And so dose after dose
In and out of us goes,
To redress the distempers of Gaster.

A connection most rare
Bound the Siamese pair,
More completely than Pollux and Castor ;
So the body and soul
Can each other control,
And the mind sympathises with Gaster.

A proper attention to Gaster
Saves many a potion and plaster :
Even Surgeons have found
That they can't heal a wound,
If they don't first propitiate Gaster.

Would you know the Chief Good
Men so much have pursued,
Since the era of old Zoroaster ;
'Tis a conscience serene,
Hands and tongue that are clean,
And a healthy condition of Gaster.
Then fill up a bumper to Gaster :
Not forgetting the poor poetaster,
Who has lent you his time
For this doggerel rhyme,
As a small panegyric on Gaster.