

CUS417/37.2

Wonderful tales had our fathers of old  
Wonderful tales of the herbs and the stars -  
The Sun was Lord of the Marigold,  
Basil and Rocket belonged to Mars.  
Pat as a sum in division it goes -  
(Every herb had a planet bespoke) -  
Who but Venus should govern the Rose?  
Who but Jupiter own the Oak?  
Simply and gravely the facts are told  
In the wonderful books of our fathers of old.

Wonderful little, when all is said,  
Wonderful little our fathers knew.  
Half their remedies cured you dead -  
Most of their teaching was quite untrue -  
"Look at the stars when a patient is ill,  
(Dirt has nothing to do with disease,)  
Bleed and blister as much as you will,  
Blister and bleed him as oft as you please."  
Whence enormous and manifold  
Errors were made by our fathers of old.

Yet when the sickness was sore in the land,  
And neither planets nor herbs assuaged,  
They took their lives in their lancet-hand  
And, oh, what a wonderful war they waged!  
Yes, when the crosses were chalked on the door -  
(Yes, when the terrible death-cart rolled,)  
Excellent courage our fathers bore -  
Excellent heart had our fathers of old.  
None too learned, but nobly bold  
Into the fight went our fathers of old.