

To him remarked his fiancée  
As he was set to go away,  
“Whatever peril you are in  
Swear you won’t resort to gin”.  
Once he arrived in regions far  
He went to visit the bazaar.  
Against the fearful native din  
He thought to take a sip of gin,  
When he, arrayed in khaki pants,  
Would go out hunting elephants.  
The sun would make his head spin,  
He took a thermos full of gin  
As fierce uprisings were put down.  
Time after time inside the town  
He celebrated every win  
By toasting all his troops in gin.  
He mumbled “I’m awfully tired”,  
Then shortly after he expired,  
But not before one last tin  
Of something that was labelled gin.  
His fiancée came with a wreath  
Where he was laid six feet beneath,  
Abandoned by his kith and kin  
Because he had succumbed to gin.