

The unfortunate tale of Henry King

by: **Hilaire Belloc**

The chief defect of Henry King
Was chewing little bits of string.
At last he **swallowed** some which tied
Itself in ugly **knots** inside.
Physicians of the utmost fame
Were called at once; but when they came
They **answered**, as they **took their** fees,
'**There** is no **cure** for this disease.
Henry will very soon be **dead.**'
His parents **stood** about his **bed**
Lamenting his untimely **death**,
When Henry, with his latest **breath**,
Cried 'Oh, my **friends**, be warned by me,
That **Breakfast**, Dinner, Lunch, and **Tea**
Are all the **human** frame requires ...'
With that, the **wretched** child expires.