

IULUS SCANDINAVIUS

J. Gordon Blower

If you go down to Erncroft, be careful where you tread,
'Cos little things that creep about are possibly in bed!
I. scandinavius is about,
Poor little thing he cannot shout,
For if you step it is too late,
You'll surely him decapitate.

Have you ever stopped to think
Why populations do not sink,
In leaves each Autumn to the neck,
'Cos *scandinavius* poor old gink,
Chews up the lot to clear the deck.

The task if monstrous tho' it seems
Is not beyond his wildest dreams.
Old 'scandy' can reduce the litter
The dear delightful creeping critter.

Now *Spiroboldus marginatus* fresh sycamore he seems to spurn,
But when old ash is in his path,
He'll gobble up and then return.
His brother *Platybumus* is not a fussy chap,
There's quite a lot of things he'll eat,
If put into his lap.

The 'goings on' in Erncroft are most amazing too,
To take a girl on summer night,
Oh that would never do.
A lad would likely get besnared beyond his wildest bet,
Not by the girl as he might think,
But by a jolly hair net!

I cannot stress too much the need,
For this my warning you must heed,
If you go down to Erncroft, be careful where you tread,
'Cos little things that creep about are possibly in bed.