

v *Monsignor Boa Constrictor.*

In times gone by
every danger to the nation's soul
was greeted by the watchful eye
of the Reverend Monsignor Boa Constrictor.
He would open his amazing jaw
and swallow it whole.

His undisputed sway
among the loyal and the old
is keenly felt, to this very day,
and for this reason we hereby present
his final will and testament:

*Thinking of the life I had,
I contemplate the latter years,
when every kind of mad
and brazen masquerade
came jiving through the land
with smirks and sneers.*

*On behalf of all things good,
I took a disapproving stand
but the insolent parade
swept along like a river in flood.*

*Now my life is ebbing by the hour.
Deep within me lies a forge
for every dark and demon trick
and a putrid slick
lurks beneath my gorge
with a taunting and devious power.*

*Before you frolic in the realm of death,
draw close and take a sample of my breath.*