

THE KING Of the Cannibal Islands.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Copies of this humorous song can only be had in the Poet's
Box, ~~at the Poet's Box, Market-Gate, Dundee.~~

Air—Hokee pokee wonkee fum.

Oh, have you heard the news of late,
About a mighty king so great?

If you have not, 'tis in my pate—

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

He was so tall—near six feet six,
He had a head like Mister Nick's,
His palace was like Dirty Dick's,
'Twas built of mud for want of bricks,
And his name was Poonoowingkewang.

Flibeedee flobeedee-buskeebang ;
And a lot of Indians swore they'd hang

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee wonkee fum.

Puttee po pee kaihula cum,

Tongaree, wougaree, ching ring wum,

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

This mighty king had, in one hut,
Seventy wives as black as soot,
And thirty of a double smut—

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

So just one hundred wives he had,

And every week he was a dad,

Upon my word, it was too bad,

For his smutty dears soon drove him mad ;

There was Hungkee Monkee, short and tall,

With Tuzzee Muzzee, and Keekoo Pall,

And some of them swore they would have all

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee, &c.

One day the king invited most

All of his subjects to a roast,

For half his wives gave up the ghost,

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Of fifty wives he was bereft,

And so he had but fifty left,

He said with them he would make shift,

So for a gorge all set off swift.

The fifty dead ones were roasted soon,

And all demolished before the noon,

And a lot of chiefs vowed to have soon

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee, &c.

When they had done, and the bones pick'd clean,

They all began to dance, I ween ;

The fifty wives slipped out unseen,

From the King of the Cannibal Islands.

He turning round, soon missed them all,

So for his wives began to bawl,

But not one answered to his call,

He sprung out through the muddy wall ;

Then into the woods he went with grief.

And found each queen 'long with a chief,

And swore he'd Macadamise every thief,

The King of the Cannibal Islands

Hokee pokee, &c.

He sent for all his gnards with knives,

To put an end to all their lives,

The fifty chiefs and fifty wives—

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

These cannibal slaveys then begun

Carving their heads off, one by one ;

And the king he laughed to see the fun,

Then jumped into bed when all was done ;

And every night when he's asleep,

His headless wives and chiefs all creep,

And roll upon him in a heap,

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Hokee pokee, &c.