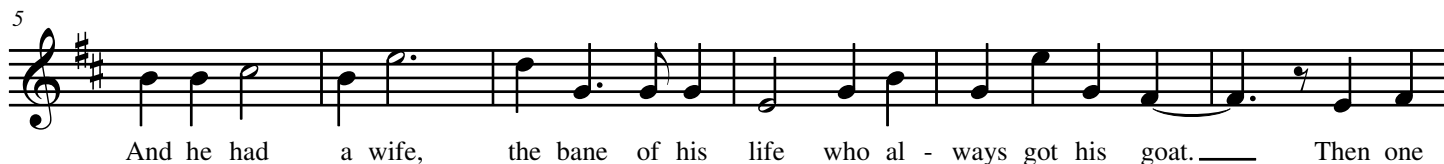


# The Ballad of William Bloat

The Very First Commercial Jingle Ever Written  
Raymond Calvert, 1926. Belfast.



With a razor gash he settled her hash  
Oh never was crime so quick  
But the steady drip on the pillowslip  
Of her lifeblood made him sick.  
And the pool of gore on the bedroom floor  
Grew clotted and cold and thick.

Now he was glad he had done what he had  
As his wife lay there so still  
But a sudden awe of the mighty law  
Filled his heart with an icy chill.  
So to finish the fun so well begun  
He decided himself to kill.

He took the sheet from his wife's cold feet  
And twisted it into a rope  
And he hanged himself from the pantry shelf,  
'Twas an easy end, let's hope.  
In the face of death with his dying breath  
He solemnly cursed the Pope.

Now the strangest turn in this whole concern  
Is only just beginning.  
He went to Hell, but his wife got well  
And is still alive and sinning.  
For the razor blade was German made  
But the sheet was Belfast linen.