

**A DISCONTENTED SUGAR  
BROKER**  
by W. S. Gilbert



A Gentleman of City fame  
Now claims your kind attention;  
West India broking was his game,  
His name I shall not mention;  
No one of finely pointed sense  
Would violate a confidence,  
And shall I go  
And do it? No.  
His name I shall not mention.

He had a trusty wife and true,  
And very cosy quarters,  
A manager, a boy or two,  
Six clerks, and seven porters.  
A broker must be doing well  
(As any lunatic can tell)  
Who can employ  
An active boy,  
Six clerks, and seven porters.

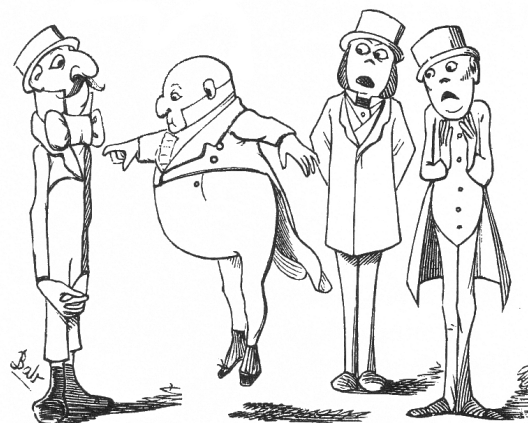
His knocker advertised no dun,  
No losses made him sulky,  
He had one sorrow--only one--  
He was extremely bulky.  
A man must be, I beg to state,  
Exceptionally fortunate  
Who owns his chief  
And only grief  
Is being very bulky.

"This load," he'd say, "I cannot bear,  
I'm nineteen stone or twenty!  
Henceforward I'll go in for air  
And exercise in plenty."  
Most people think that, should it come,  
They can reduce a bulging tum  
To measures fair  
By taking air  
And exercise in plenty.

In every weather, every day,  
Dry, muddy, wet, or gritty,  
He took to dancing all the way  
From Brompton to the City.  
You do not often get the chance  
Of seeing sugar-brokers dance  
From their abode  
In Fulham Road  
Through Brompton to the City.

He braved the gay and guileless laugh  
Of children with their nusses,  
The loud uneducated chaff  
Of clerks on omnibuses.  
Against all minor things that rack  
A nicely balanced mind, I'll back  
The noisy chaff  
And ill-bred laugh  
Of clerks on omnibuses.

His friends, who heard his money chink,  
And saw the house he rented,  
And knew his wife, could never think  
What made him discontented.  
It never struck their simple minds  
That fads are of eccentric kinds,  
Nor would they own  
That fat alone  
Could make one discontented.

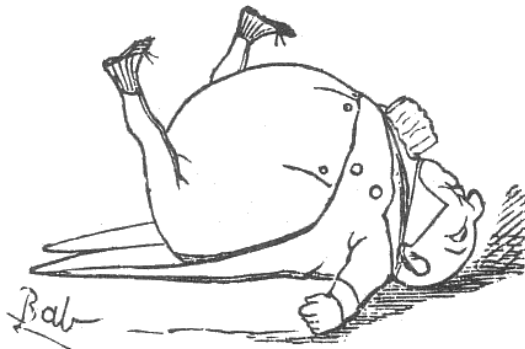


"Your riches know no kind of pause,  
 Your trade is fast advancing,  
 You dance--but not for joy, because  
 You weep as you are dancing.  
     To dance implies that man is glad,  
     To weep implies that man is sad.  
     But here are you  
     Who do the two--  
 You weep as you are dancing!"

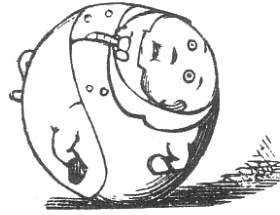
His mania soon got noised about  
 And into all the papers--  
 His size increased beyond a doubt  
 For all his reckless capers:  
     It may seem singular to you,  
     But all his friends admit it true--  
     The more he found  
     His figure round,  
 The more he cut his capers.

His bulk increased--no matter that--  
 He tried the more to toss it--  
 He never spoke of it as "fat"  
 But "adipose deposit."  
     Upon my word, it seems to me  
     Unpardonable vanity  
     (And worse than that)  
     To call your fat  
 An "adipose deposit."

At length his brawny knees gave way,  
 And on the carpet sinking,  
 Upon his shapeless back he lay  
 And kicked away like winking.  
     Instead of seeing in his state  
     The finger of unswerving Fate,  
     He laboured still  
     To work his will,  
 And kicked away like winking.



His friends, disgusted with him now  
 Away in silence wended--  
 I hardly like to tell you how  
 This dreadful story ended.  
     The shocking sequel to impart,  
     I must employ the limner's art--  
     If you would know,  
     This sketch will show  
 How his exertions ended.



#### MORAL

I hate to preach--I hate to prate--  
 I'm no fanatic croaker,  
 But learn contentment from the fate  
 Of this West India broker.  
     He'd everything a man of taste  
     Could ever want, except a waist:  
     And discontent  
     His size anent,  
 And bootless perseverance blind  
 Completely wrecked the peace of mind  
 Of this West India broker.

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