

# THE INSECT GOD

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**A1** ♩ = 180

5

**A2**

oh what has be - come of Millicent Frastley is there any hope that she's still a - live

10

why haven't they found her it's rather ghastly to think that the child was not yet five

15

**B**

the dear little thing was last seen playing alone by herself at the edge of the park there was no one with her

20

to keep her from straying away in the shadows and oncoming dark before she could do so a silent and glittering black motor drew up where she sat nibbling grass

25

from within came a nearly inaudible twittering a tiny green face peered out through the glass she was ready to flee when the figure beckoned

30

an arm with two elbows held out a tin full of cinnamon balls she paused, a second reached out as she took one and lifted her in

C1

C2

the nurse was discovered collapsed in some shrubbery but her reappearance was not much use

her eyes were askew her ex - tremities rubbery her clothing was stained with a brownish juice

she was questioned in hopes of her answers revealing what had happened she merely repeatedly said

I hear them walking about on the ceiling she had gone irretrievably out of her head

**D**

o feelings of horror      resentment and pity      for things which so      seldom turn out      for the best

(65) (70)

the car unobserved      sped away      from the city      as the last of the      lighth died out in the      west

(75)

**E1**

(80)

**E2**

the Frastleys      grew sick with apprehension      which a heavy tea      only served to increase      though

(85)

they felt it was scarcely      genteel to mention the loss      of their child they called in the police

(90)

**F**

through unvisited hamlets      the car went      creeping      with its headlamps      unlit and its curtains      drawn

(95)

those natives who happened not to be sleeping heard it pass and lay awake until dawn

**G1**

**G2**

the police with their torches and notebooks descended on the haunts of the underworld looking for clues

in spite of their praiseworthy efforts they ended with nothing at all in the way of news

**H**

the car after hours and hours of travel arrived at a gate in an endless wall

it rolled up a drive and stopped on the gravel at the foot of a vast and crumbling hall

11

140

12

as the night wore away hope started to languish and soon was replaced by all manner of fears

145

the family twisted their fingers in anguish or got them all damp from the flow of their tears

150

H

they removed the child to the ballroom whose hangings and mirrors were streaked

155

with a luminous slime they lept through the air with buzzings and twangings to work themselves up to a ritual crime

160

they stunned her and stripped off her garments and lastly they stuffed her inside a kind of pod and then it was that

165

Millicent Frastley was sacrificed to the insect god

170