

Mummy!

Ancient Egyptians of long ago
Liked to look after their dead.
They wrapped the body in bandages
From feet right to their head.

Before all this, they had to hook
The brain out through the nose.
They bashed and whisked and stirred it
Into a goo that runs and flows.

They cut the body to get inside,
To rip out liver and lung;
The stomach, the guts (the nasty bits)
In canopic jars they slung.

The heart could stay: Egyptians thought
The core of mind and soul.
They left it there, the kidneys too,
And washed the body whole.

It then was cleaned with wine and spice
And stuffed to seem like real.
They dried it out with natron salt –
That's not the end of the deal.

That's the time for bandages –
Wrapping the mummy up tight,
With amulets, gifts and goods
And jewels which sparkle bright.

Laid in a sarcophagus
(A coffin that's rather grand),
Packed for the afterlife with all their gold,
They're judged for the promised land.

Met by Osiris, the underworld god,
The hearts were weighed for sin.
The heavy ones were eaten up,
But good ones made it in!

