

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Behind the creaking doors and posts,  
You're apt to find unruly ghosts,  
    Who in the castle hide;  
The last three men who there did stay,  
Expired before the break of day;  
Of what or how I cannot say,  
    Enough to know they died."

"I have a conscience calm and clear;  
Of ghosts I entertain no fear,  
    Though see them here I should."  
The farmer rose up, led the way;  
Unlocked the door, and thus did say:  
"If but one night in here you stay,  
    My promise I'll make good."

Alone he passed from floor to floor,  
Each alcove searched, and locked each door,  
    Then lighted up the hall:  
But soon he heard an awful shout,  
Mixed with loud taps, along the route,  
And a weird cry—"Look out! Look out!  
    Or on you I will fall."

Oh why should ghosts such mischief plan!  
A pair of legs soon past him ran,  
    And danced, and danced away;  
While frightful sounds above maintain;  
To calm himself, Shawn tries in vain;  
Each thump and bump he hears quite plain,  
    And wishes for the day.

Just then he saw a body fall,  
And roll along down toward the wall,  
    Where stood the pair of legs;  
And jump upon them with a bound,  
That made a dull uncanny sound;  
A head that rolled along the ground,  
    Upon them quickly pegs.