

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

"Stop loafer, stop! and read this through,
For I was once as poor as you;
As poor as you I still might be,
If I had passed my days idly."

Two wags once passing the domain,
Before the lodge some time remain;
Examining this queer disclaimer,
Then gave their views to Mister Damer.

"If work's the surest road to wealth,
A good deal too depends on health,
And something on good sense;
But quarry work we will eschew,
Or hap it might what happed to you
In our sweet innocence.

"We still are young and much alive,
Though drones we be in nature's hive
Nor would we change our humble place,
For all your gold and shocking face."

From this time Damer, it is said,
Grew sullen beyond measure;
But till he died he kept his pledge,
He left no man his treasure.
Some fools keep digging for it still,
Round trees and shady ditches;
From which they oft are frightened by
Unruly ghosts and witches.

Old people said 'twas a magpie,
Using its bill and claws,
That hid the gold in a field hardby;
Some say 'twas crows and daws.
But whoever sees on the crumbling wall
At midnight two magpies,
Will find a crock of Damer's gold,
Or else the legend lies.