

One by one they tumbled home,
Each one the other led;
Soon the last was left alone
To find his needed bed.

Being over flush with wine
His foot found many a stone,
Tho' the stars were over head,
And bright the crescent shone.

His home was on a wild spot,
And stood there all alone
Wind came through the cracks at night
With a mournful cry and groan.

The embers in the little grate
Formed many a curious face;
The dying fire and dusky room
Left him a dismal place.

Trees were shaking with the wind,
Their shadows were on the wall;
With trembling nerve, and drink within,
He into his bed did crawl.

All was still, all was dark,
Clothes were rolled o'er his head;
After a nap he heard a rap—
Someone beside the bed.

The party and the whisky had
Somewhat deranged his mind;
For on peeping o'er the counterpane,
How strange, no one could he find.