

What murderer ever lacked a tool
Made ready to his hand ?
Before a knobbed and iron bar
Brief time had he to stand.

I would have dared the dawn of day,
The press, the public eye ;
Well knowing that the deed I did
They each would justify.

But he, alas, had but one friend,
A little maiden fair,
Of tender heart and hazel eyes,
And long and yellow hair.

She loved him and forgave each fault,
I knew 'twould grieve her sore,
So far away ere dawn did break
His corpse I quickly bore.

Upon a lone hillside I found
A cairn both high and wide ;
I hid him while the waning moon
Blanched at the felicide !

~~L'ENTRÉE~~

~~The cat came back ? - I tell you nay,
Under the heap of stones he lay ;
So deep in a lonely, loveless grave
Must be buried self if our lives we'd save.~~