

Lest the Court should then consign him
To the dungeons underneath him,
Which received the evil doers.
Sometimes in the days departed,
Had you passed that way at midnight,
You'd have heard the fiddle scraping,
As some tripped the light fantastic,
Heard a voice, high and stentorian,
"Calling off" to aid the dancers.
Here were held the concerts, lectures,
Plays and, sometimes too, church socials,
For the old Town Hall was noted
As a place of entertainment.
E'en the strangely quiet sleepers
In the church-yard wrought confusion,
For the burial place soon filled up,
And another, farther distant
From the town, the Council purchased.
It was then that the Incumbent
Of the English Church requested,
That the Council sell a portion
To the flock 'mongst which he laboured,
So that he might consecrate it
And might render it thus holy.
But the leader of the Council
Claimed that death made all men equal,
T'was not theirs to make distinctions;
But, if bent on consecrating
Any portion of the graveyard,