

When you, and Rolf, and Steve, and John,
 Were pitching in full well and strong,
 I, sore fatigued with splitting crowns,
 And quite disgusted with the hounds,
 Came down yon path to bathe my face,
 And, looking for a handy place,
 I saw my aunt—you know her, Hugh,
 She was e'en over fond of you,
 My maiden aunt—I saw her swim
 To yonder rock, in twilight dim;
 She reached it safe, and clinging there
 I saw her bosom lay all bare,
 For a shift alone was all she had.
 You would have said that she was mad,
 To see her hair dishevelled there,
 And playing with the stormy air.
 And while I wondered what could be,
 The cause of her long swim to sea,
 I heard close by a fiendish shout,
 As if the imps of hell were out
 And running wild, and, from a nook
 Where I could safely take a look,
 I saw three Norman archers bold,
 So *brave*, that e'en a woman old
 They would attack, and trust 'tis truth,
 They drew their arrows, and forsooth,
 They aimed them at her legs and arms,
 That tortures might have greater charms.
 One drew again, alas! it sped
 Before my axe could reach his head.
 The shaft went true, and on her breast
 Her head fell down—she was at rest.
 No more she'd hear their brutal cries,
 No more they'd play their devilries
 Upon her form—she'd sunk to rest
 Upon the Ocean's surfy breast.
 Next morn I looked, and lo! the shock
 Had changed to red the 'Old Maid Rock.'
 But ah! who's this? 'Tis Alf, I'm sure,
 With Harry running on before."

Down the steep hill, with eager shout,
 They quickly climbed, and crying out,—
 "Good news! good news! our queen is found!"
 They bounded lightly to the ground.
 Now see what change has taken place
 In Oscar's pale and anxious face.