Once, on the village green, A pa-sied hag he roast-ed, And
what took place, I ween, Shook his com-po-sure boast-ed; For,
as the tor-ture grim Seized on each with-ered limb, The
writh-ing dame 'Mid fire and flame Yelled forth this curse on him:
“Each lord of Rud-digore,—De-spit his best en-deav’r, Shall

do one crime, or more, Once, ev’ry day, for ev’ry! This

doom he can’t de-fy, How-ev’r he may try, For

(A gasp of horror from the chorus.)

should he stay His hand, that day In tor-ture he shall die!”—The