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# The Scullion Sprite: A St. Giles's Tale

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THE  
**SCULLION SPRITE.**

*A St. Giles's Tale.*

'Twas at the hour, when sober cits,  
 Their eyes in slumber close ;  
 In bounce'd Bet Scullion's greasy ghost,  
 And pinch'd Tom Ostler's toes !

Her flesh was like a roasted pig's,  
 So deadly to the view ;  
 And coal-black was her smutty hand,  
 That held her apron blue.

So shall the reddest chops appear,  
 When life's last coal expires ;  
 Such is the garb that cooks must wear,  
 When death has quench'd their fires.

Her face was like a raw beef-steak,  
 Just ready to be fried ;  
 Carrots had budded on her cheek,  
 And beet-root's crimson pride.

But love had, like the fly-blow's power,  
 Despoil'd her buxom hue :  
 The fading carrot left her cheek ;  
 She died at twenty two !

"Awake," she cried, "Bet Scullion bawls ?  
 Come from her garret high ;  
 Now hear the maid, for whom you scorn'd  
 A wedding-ring to buy.

"This is the hour, when scullion-ghosts,  
 Their dish-clouts black resume ;  
 And goblin cooks ascend the loft  
 To haunt the faithless groom !

"Bethink thee of thy tester broke,  
 Thy disregarded oath ;  
 And give me back my mutton-pies,  
 And give me back my broth.

"How could you swear my sops were nice  
 And yet those sops forsake ?  
 How could you steal my earthen dish,  
 And dare that dish to break ?

"How could you promise lace to me,  
 And give it all to Nan ?  
 How could you swear my goods were safe,  
 Yet pawn my dripping pan !

"How could you say my ponting lip,  
 With purl and hollands vies ?  
 And why did I, sad silly fool,  
 Believe your cursed lies ?

"Those sops, alas ! no more are nice !  
 Those lips no longer pout !  
 And dark and cold's the kitchen grate !  
 And every spark is out.

"The hungry worm my master is,  
 His cook I now remain ;  
 Cold lasts our night, till the last morn  
 Shall raise my crust again !

"The kitchen clock has warn'd me hence,  
 I've other fish to fry ;  
 Low in her grave, thou sneaking cur,  
 Behold Bet Bouncer lie !"

The morning smil'd ! the stable boys  
 Their greasy night-caps doff'd ;  
 Tom Ostler scratch'd his aching head ;  
 And swearing left the loft.

He hied him to the kitchen grate,  
 But, ah ! no bed was there !  
 He stretch'd him on the earth, where, erst,  
 Poor Betty plied her care

And thrice he sobb'd Bet Bouncer's name,  
 And blew his nose quite sore ;  
 Then laid his cheek on the cold hob,  
 And horse rode never more.