

Hin Onda "Troll And Tom"

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Troll Sat Alone on His Seat of Stone,
And Munched And Mumbled A Bare Old Bone;
For Many A Year He Had Gnawed It Near,
For Meat Was Hard To Come By.
Done By! Gum By!

Up Came Tom With His Big Boots on.
Said He To Troll: "Pray, What Is yon?
For It Looks Like The Shin o' My Nuncle Tim,
As Should Be A-Lyin' In Graveyard.
Caveyard! Paveyard!

"My Lad," Said Troll, "This Bone I Stole.
But What Be Bones That Lie In A Hole?
Thy Nuncle Was Dead As A Lump o' Lead,
Afore I Found This Shinbone.
Tinbone! Thinbone!

Said Tom: "I Don't See Why The Likes o' Thee
Without Axin' Leave Should Go Makin' Free
With The Shank or The Shin o' My Father's kin;
So Hand The Old Bone Over!
Rover! Trover!
"For A Couple o' Pins," Says Troll, And Grins,
"I'll Eat Thee Too, And Gnaw Thy Shins.
A Bit o' Fresh Meat Will Go Down Sweet!
I'll Try My Teeth on Thee Now."
Hee Now! See Now!
But Just As He Thought His Dinner Was Caught,
He Found His Hands Had Hold of Naught.
Before He Could Mind, Tom Slipped Behind
And Gave Him The Boot To Larn Him.
But Harder Than Stone Are The Flesh And Bone
Of A Troll That Sitsz In The Mountains Alone.
As Well Set Your Boot To The Mountain's Root,
For The Seat of A Troll Don't Feel It.

Tom's Leg Is Game, Since Home He Came,
And His Bootless Foot Is Lasting Lame;
But Troll Don't Care, And He's Still There
With The Bone He Boned From It's Owner.
Doner! Boner!

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