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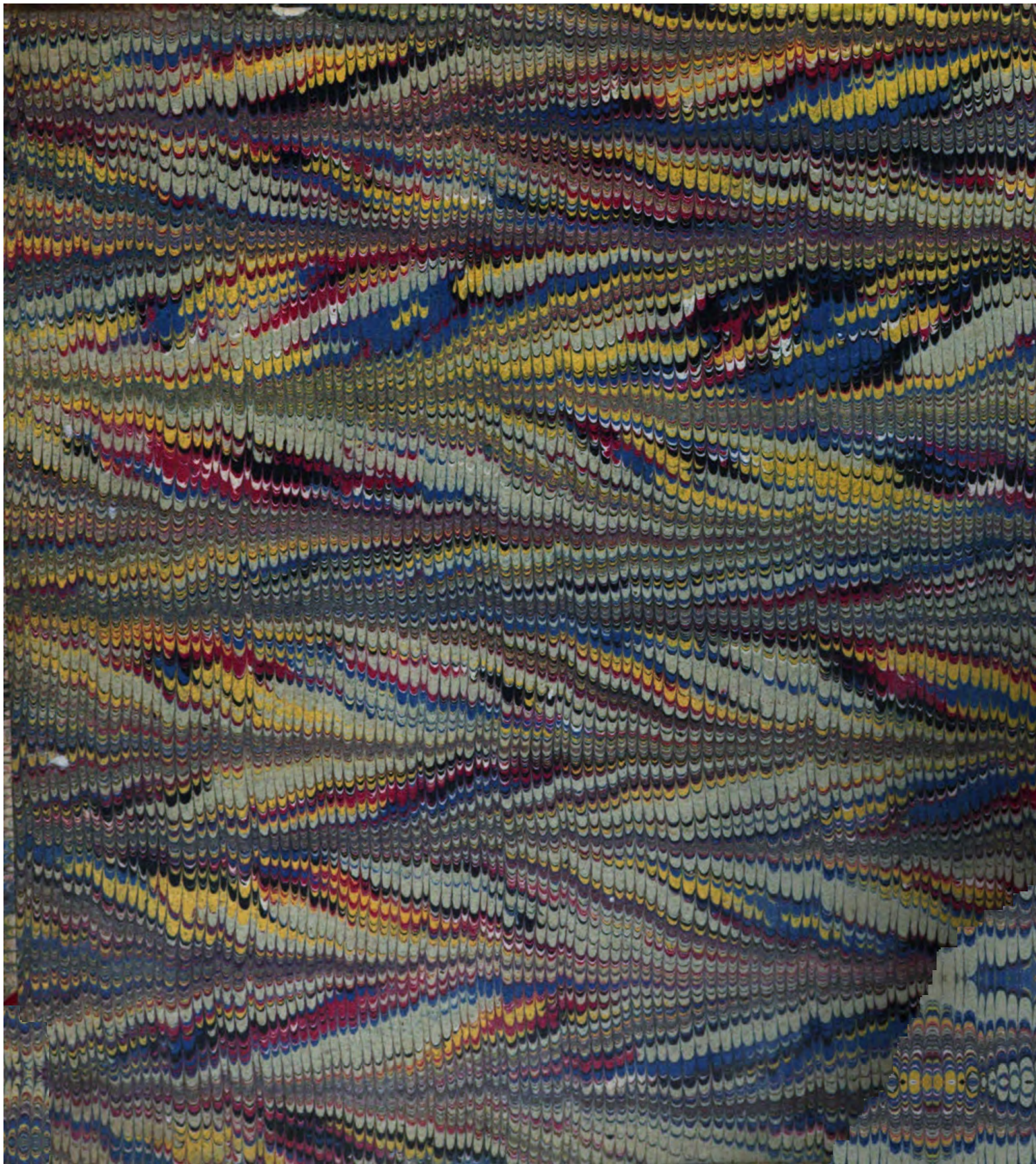
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Bt form Quaritⁱ

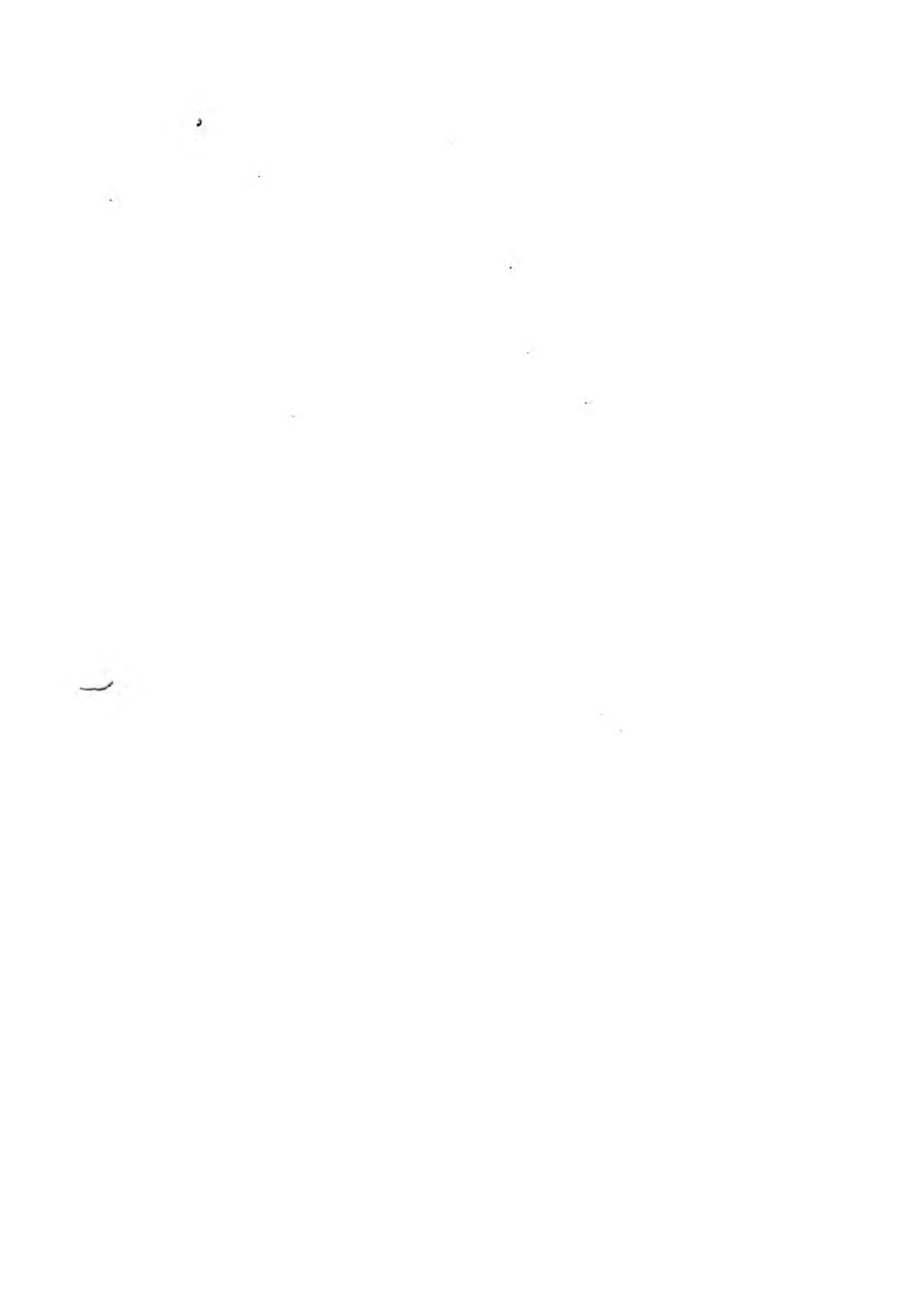


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Heber. 110.

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BALLAD

BY THE

REV^d REGINALD HEBER.

LATE

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

Lithog by W. Crane, Chester.



An Old
and
Approved Receipt
for
Raising the Devil
Founded on Tradition
and now
Offered to the Public
by
An Amateur
of
The Black Arte.

1.

Attend ye gay dames to the tale I am telling
Of proud Dinas Bran, and the wealthy Llewellyn
Whose heart was intent upon witchcraft and evil
And he never could sleep but he dreamt of the Devil.

2.

True, the soul of Llewellyn was glad beyond measure
As he clomb to his turret, and hung o'er his treasure
His vassals thronged round him obsequious in duty
And bright was the morn of his Imogen's beauty
But he swore that the pleasures of life he would sp
Could he compass a sight of his Highness Infernal

3.

He turned o'er the books of his Elders in sin
And found that with murder he first must begin
So the Vicar he slew, nor with Hell was he daunted
For who could fear Hell, who wished to be haunted.

4.

He plucked off the wig with his homicide hands
And he muttered fell charms as he tore off his bands
And he severed the head as the head of a Swine,
And dire was the snort of the groaning Divine,
Then he soused the broad cheeks in a Caldron so
Till the Vicar-Broth bubbled and boiled in the Pot.

5.

Three lingering days in the magical kettle
He allowed the last lees of the numscull to settle
Then bade the warm breath of the pestilent Sun
To bleach the dire grave-wax which death had begun

6.

He stirred with his dagger the strong smelling tub
And Oh! with what transport he turned up a grub
He caught the dear reptile, and kissed it and nurse
And laid it up warm in a stocking of worsted
And bade it increase till my tale to cut short all
It grew to a Dragon whose poison was mortal.

7.
What hoping, what hissing, what fearing, what grinning
As Llewellyn the life of the Dragon was winning
The Monster was grim, but the Baron was wise
And he caught at the nape of his neck by surprise
Then in hopes of the prize that awaited his courage
He stewed the poor Serpent once more into porridge

8.
With fat of the Hell-Broth so green and so damp
And so winding-sheet wick, and a skull for a lamp
And the hinge of a Coffin for knife and for fork
He supped on a horrible meal of raw Pork.

9.

His breath it came thick, and his hair bristled high
As the hour of the fiend's assignation drew nigh
And he wished yet he durst not adventure to pray
Then turned in despair from the Altar away
And the moon was gone down and the shadows were
And the groans of the murdered seemed round her
And the phantoms were seen thro' the Camp light
And he saw— what, the Devil?— The Devil a bit

Finis.

~~SECRET~~

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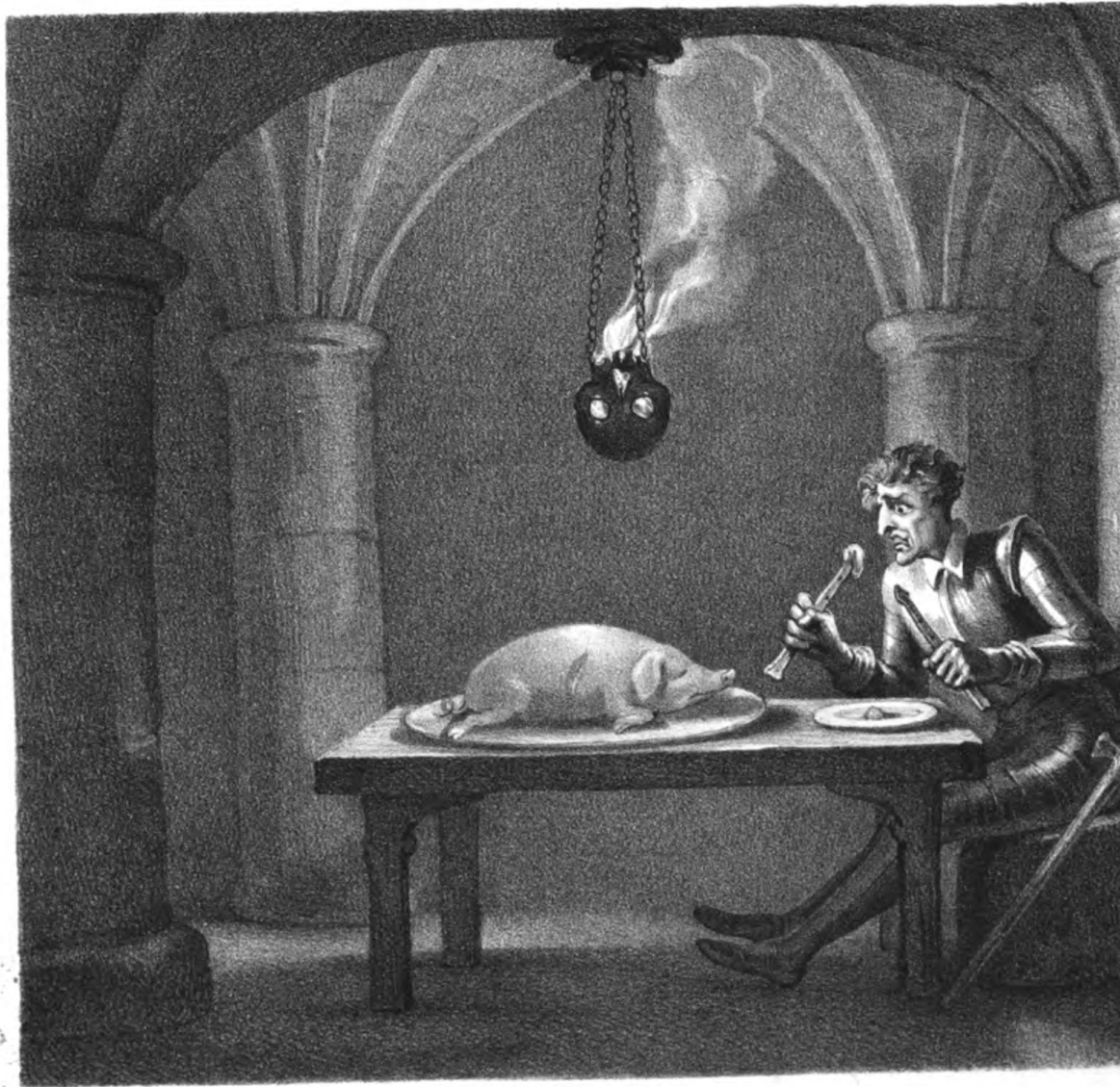


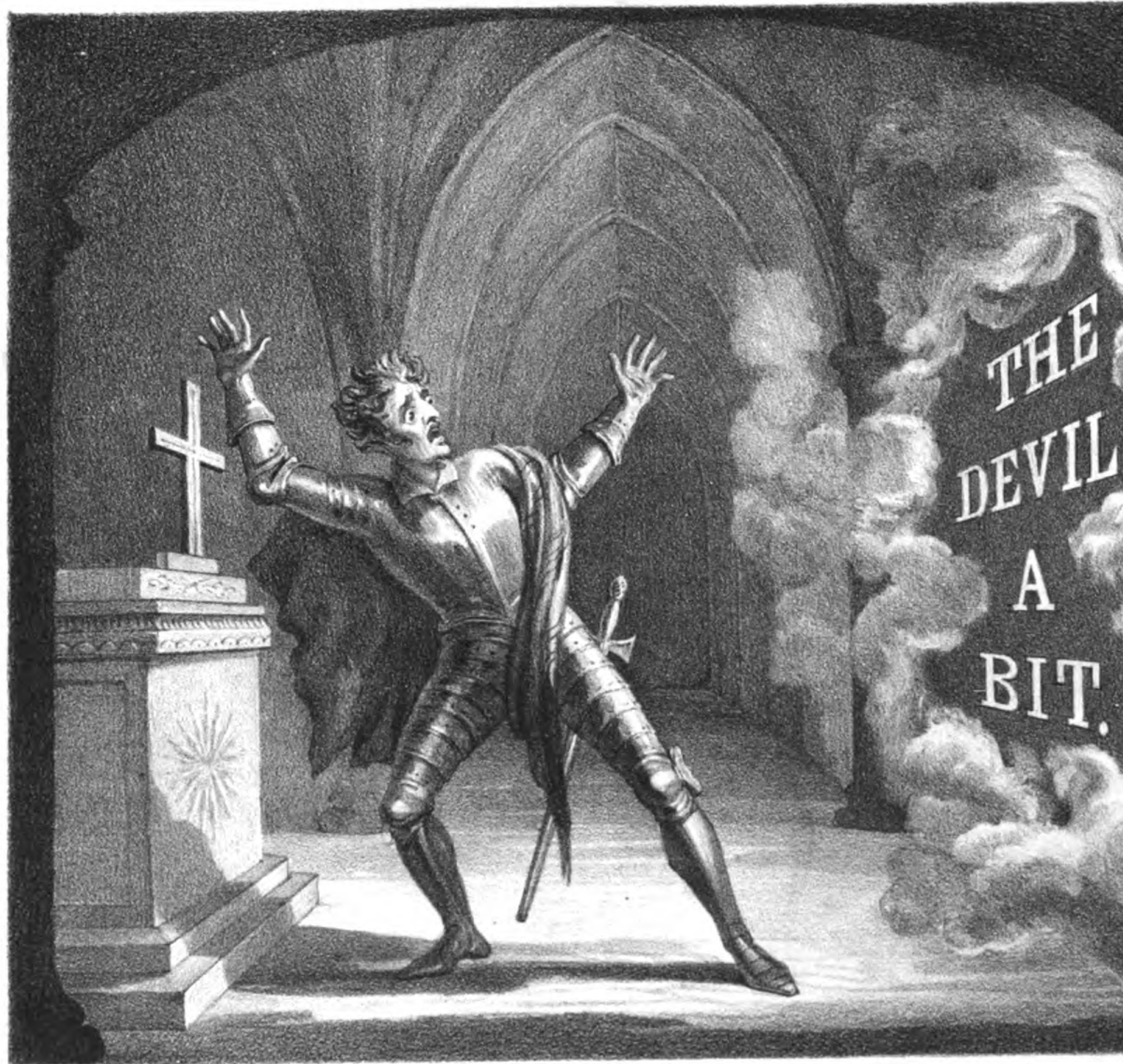


















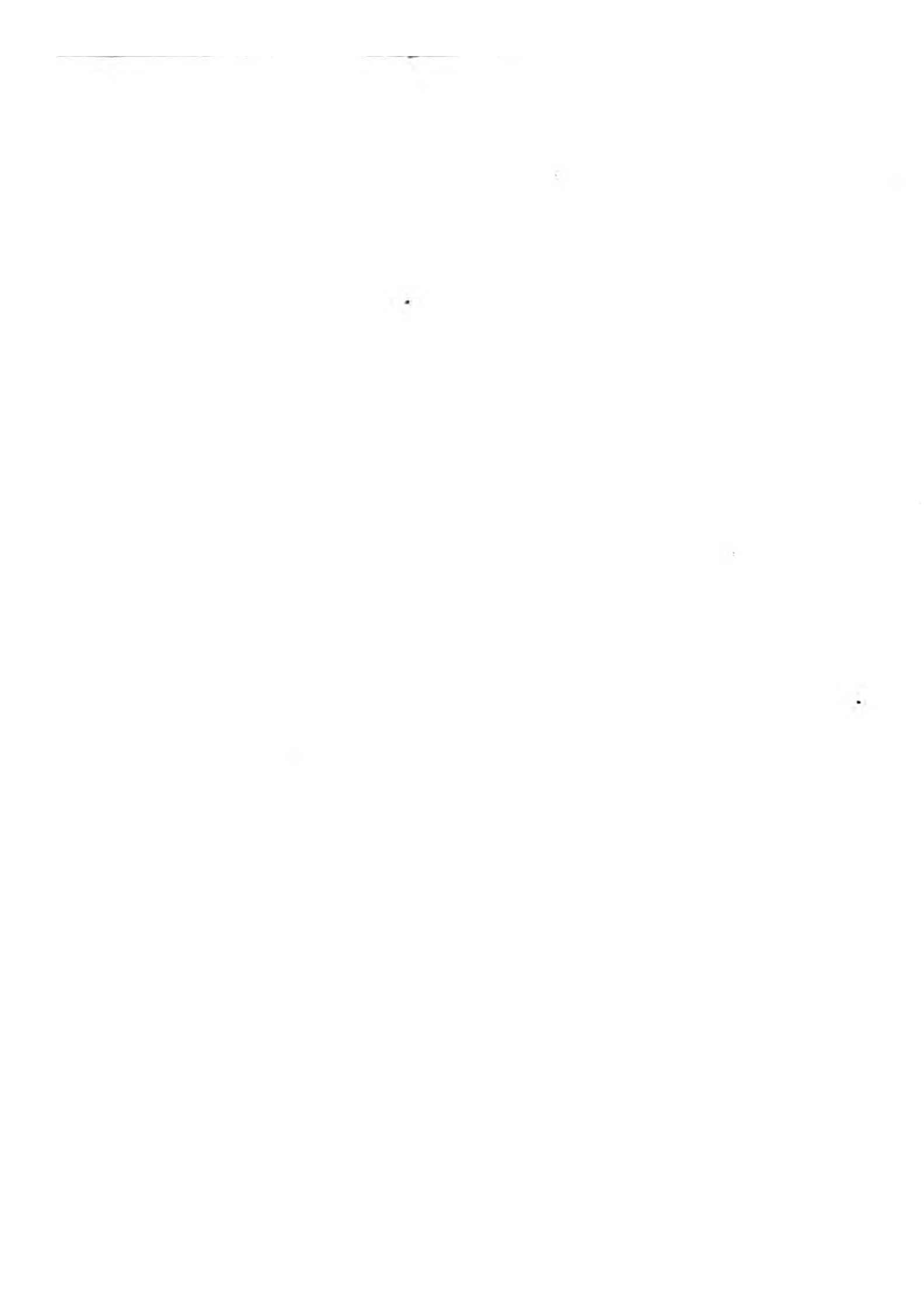


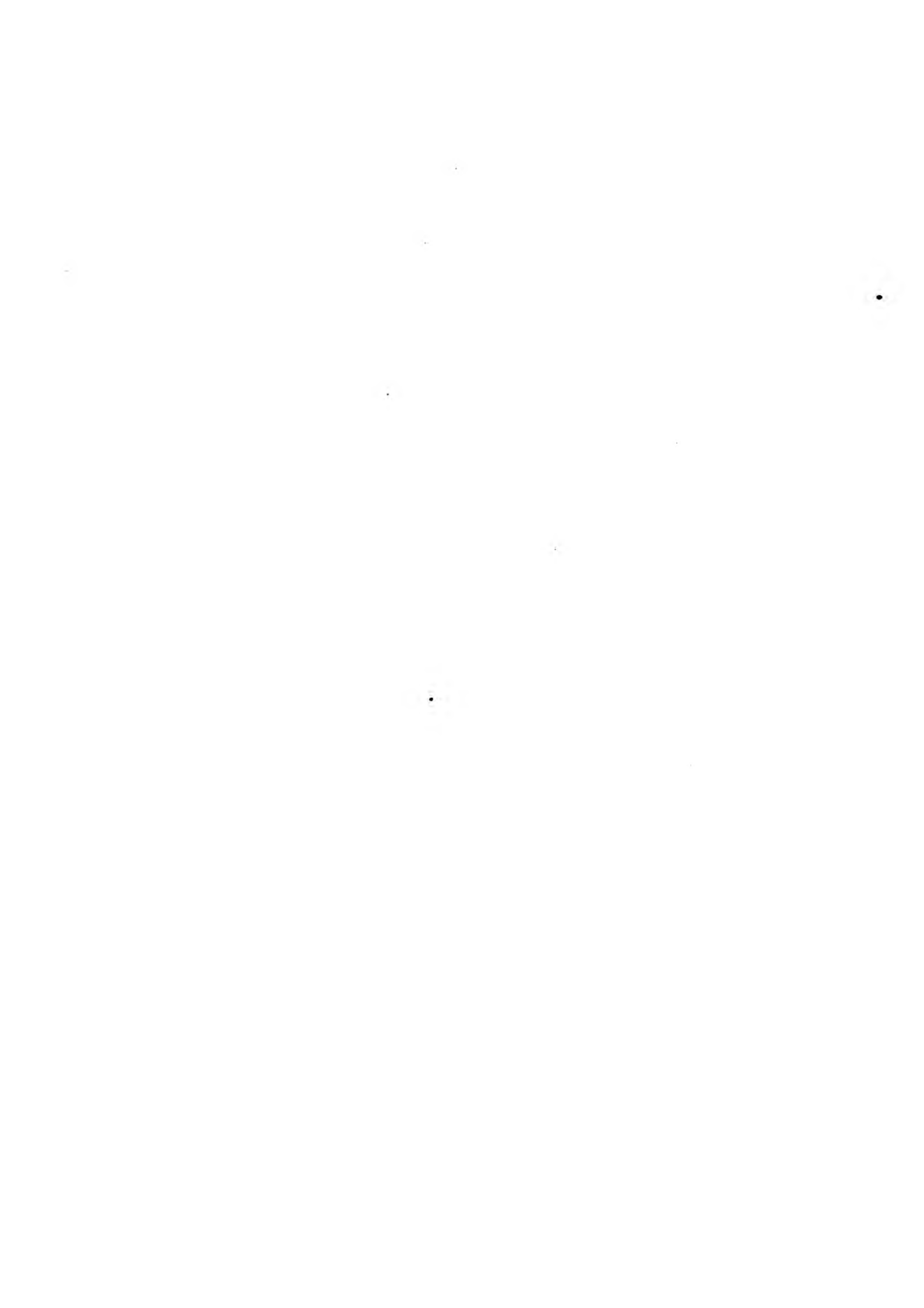


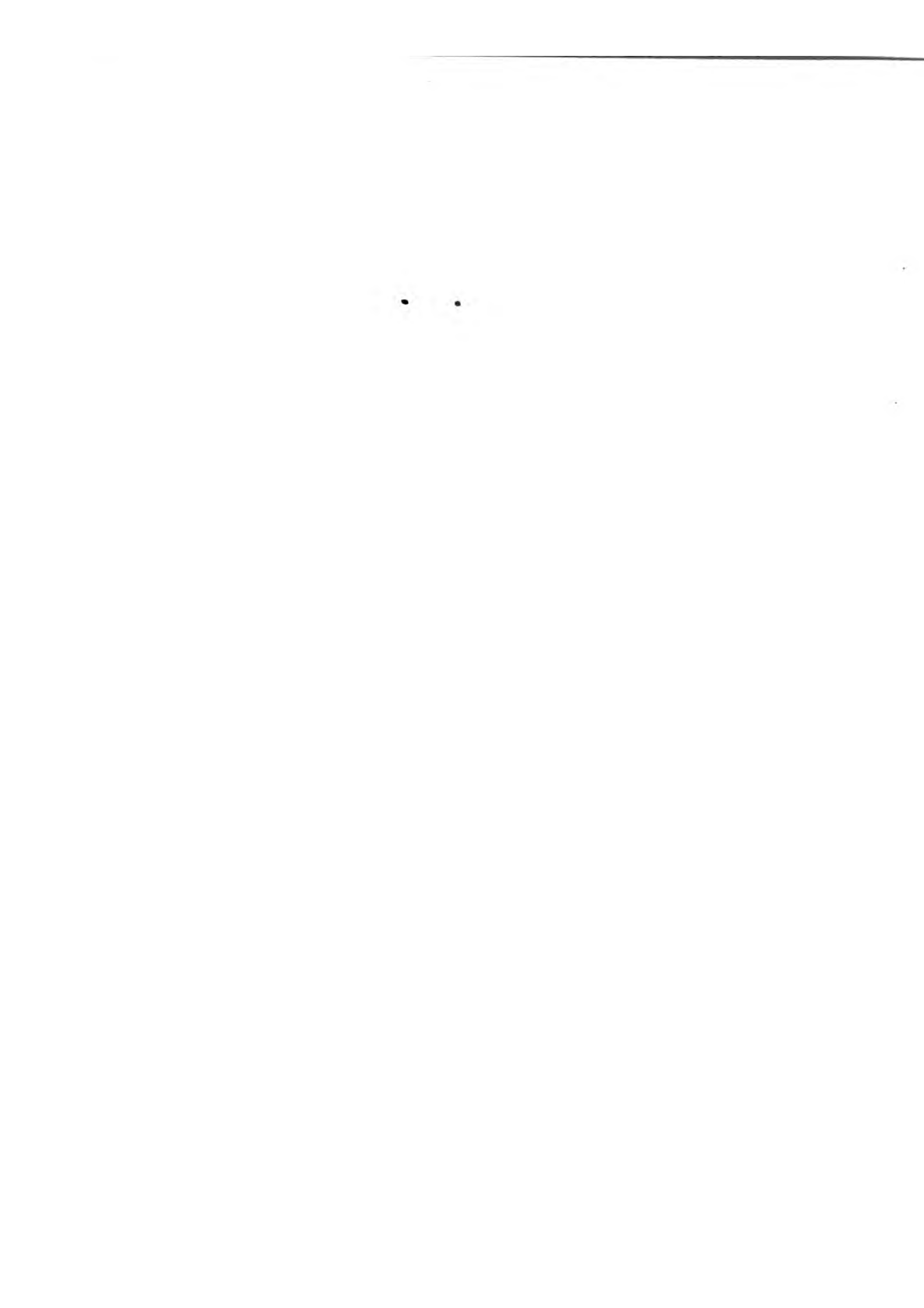




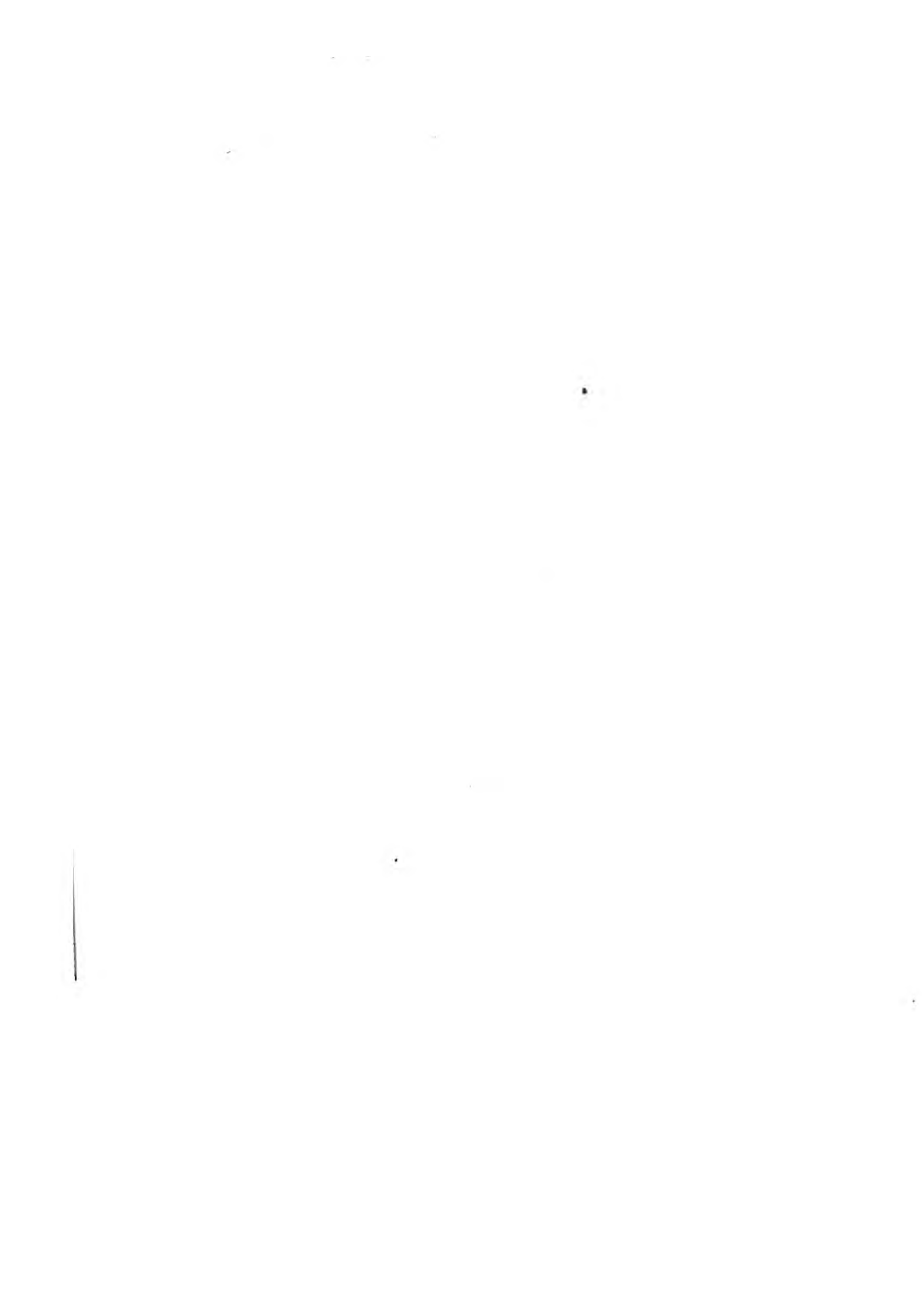


















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