

A GHOST STORY

On a dreadful stormy night
My dear Tommy had a fight
With great Peter Snookum Snee,
Cat of fighting pedigree.

In this battle, sad to tell,
My poor Tom, alas, he fell,
Ending thus his earthly life
Through the wicked God of Strife

On the next night while in bed,
Sleepless and with aching head,
For my Tom, my precious pet,
My poor eyes with tears were wet.

Suddenly his voice I heard,
And in ghostly whispers purred,
"I am coming, mistress, dear,
Yes, 'tis true I'm very near.

"Good cat heaven have I left,
I would comfort you, bereft
For your precious Tommy pet,
I would teach you not to fret.

"Do you hear me in the hall
With my ghostly soft footfall?
Up the stairs I bound to thee,
Jumping steps from one to three.

"Now my paw is on your door,
I turn the knob one-two-three-four,
And you may see your Tommy
now—
Me-ow! Me-ow! Me-ow! ow! ow!"



