

Old Mad Ubb

*Now hear the lay of Old Mad Ubb
Drowned his brother in the washing-tub
Sunk his bones in the boggy pools
Stole his silver, gold and jewels*

*Caught a-thieving by his kin
Cried cravenly to keep his skin
Squawk and simper, squeal and sob,
He fled a-howling from the mob*

*They drove him deep into the bog
Now he feasts on toad and frog
Wriggling maggot, worm and grub:
What a feast for Old Mad Ubb!*

*Old Mad Ubb! Old Mad Ubb!
Never any good was that old chub.
Old Mad Ubb! Old Mad Ubb!
Give him a clout with a stout oak club!*

*For titbits tender still he yearns,
With eyes that flare among the ferns:
For foal and filly, kid and neat,
And most of all, for children sweet.*

*In blackest shadows, his eyes burn
Rav'ning hungry to return
Lurking among ling and shrub:
Weeping, creeping Old Mad Ubb.*

*Old Mad Ubb! Old Mad Ubb!
Never any good was that old chub.
Old Mad Ubb! Old Mad Ubb!
Give him a clout with a stout oak club!*

*When cold wind wails and fir-tree creaks,
Through the gloom of night he sneaks.
O'er wooden wall and rooftops thatched,
Unlocked window, gate unlatched.*

*Old Mad Ubb, so quick and deft,
Snatches, catches, leaves bereft
The mothers of the babes he claims
And leaves them crying out their names.*

*Old Mad Ubb! Old Mad Ubb!
Never any good was that old chub.
Old Mad Ubb! Old Mad Ubb!
Give him a clout with a stout oak club!*

*So bolt your doors, make fast the shutters,
And listen for his moans and mutters.
Then light your lantern, torch, or lamp,
To drive him back to dark and damp.*

*Somewhere yet he lurks and lingers,
Scrabbling with his scabby fingers.
'Neath forest dark or dusky hill
Old Mad Ubb, he hungers still.*

*Keep close your sons and daughters dear
Mind the moors and marshes drear
For when the night grows black and cold
Comes crawling Ubb the Mad and Old.*

*Old Mad Ubb! Old Mad Ubb!
Never any good was that old chub.
Old Mad Ubb! Old Mad Ubb!
Give him a clout with a stout oak club!*