

## Meaty Bones And Porridge

The Deadfly Ensemble

Near a tiny village and living in a cave, sweaty and fierce, there was a toothy brute!  
Ate up all the maidens and gobbled up the sheep, so hungry and cruel... and he spat in the well!  
The men would get mad and go marching around! But then their frowny frowns came rolling down...

Seamus was a little lad, maybe five, maybe six, tough as a nail.  
Red, dead, no head...  
Ogre killed his cousin and he wanted revenge.  
And so he scaled the hill and stood there a-scowling, his hands on his hips.  
A dog came out barking with murderous lips!

Ogre and his dog, both malice dripping drool, black eyeballs of coal!  
Seamus, unafraid, spoke of princess breakfast blood and offered a taste: three drops in hot porridge.  
"Oh, get me more, I'll not eat thee, I swear! I'll keep from the village; I'll stay in my lair!"

Seamus gathered marching men and told them of the ogre so drunk in his lust!  
"But what about the dog?" they cried. "That bloody hound hears everything, and warns of approach!"  
But little Seamus laughed.

Morning came and Seamus stood, holding out the wooden bowl tainted with red.  
Ogre grinned with greed, Seamus said he'd bring him more, just lock up the dog.  
And so the men jumped in and cut off his head while he sipped at the gruel.  
The ogre's last thought: that he'd been a fool.