

## *The Legend of Boggart Hole Clough*

by anonymous author.

Come listen to this merry tale of honest Farmer Bell  
Who lived in an old farmhouse top of Moston Dell.  
He was a farmer bold, I ween, who ever gripped a flail,  
He had cows and horses, pigs and sheep, cheese and nut brown ale.

For years and years, time out of mind, a quaint mischievous elf  
Made the ancient farmhouse his and there had lodged himself.  
He ate the butter, drank the milk and sucked the new laid eggs,  
The milk pails up the chimney put and cracked the table legs.  
The farmer's shoes he filled with sand, often hath been said,  
Put spiders in the buttermilk and cinders in the bread.

Now Farmer Bell he knew fine well, though goodness knew why,  
The Boggart bore a grudge and drove him mad well nigh.  
The doors they slammed, the timbers creaked, the very house did shake  
And pots and pans flew round his head and on the floor did break.

Was more than flesh and blood could stand and so thought Farmer Bell,  
*I'll flit this haunted house I will and somewhere else will dwell.*  
*I've stood it long enough I have, it matters not a whit,*  
*Needs must when Boggarts hold the reins, I'll pack my things and flit.*  
*I am a farmer bold and I will cheat this cunning elf,*  
*I'll keep the secret of my plan and leave him to himself.*

One morning Farmer Bell put all the things upon the cart,  
He locked the door and took the reins and whispered, *let us start,*  
*We'll leave this Boggart here alone without more ado!*  
*Th'art wrong!* a voice called from the churn, *I am flitten with you too!*  
*Thou art not,* the farmer cried and turning to his men  
Said, *get those things off the cart and in the house again.*  
*Twas but to rid myself of thee,* poor Farmer Bell did sigh,  
*What can't be cured must be endured so here I'll live and die!*

Poor Farmer Bell he passed away when he'd lived long enough  
And now the place where he did dwell is called *Boggart Hole Clough.*

The end.