

# The Legend of Boggart Hole Clough



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 heard, 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 little 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,  
 Put the milk pails up the chimney 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 run away, I will, and somewhere else will dwell.

Its just to get away from you, 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.

## Match the unfamiliar words to the pictures:

	cinder	
	flail	
	pail	
	bore a grudge	
	dwell	
	timbers	