

Poor Jamie Freel

Melissa Mott

T'was the night of Halloween in the castle of the slick
when we thought it'd be it'd be clever to pull a wee trick.

Poor Jamie Freel, always working so hard;
he never saw it coming because he let down his whole guard.

We flew over the cabin and sprinkled some magical dust,
"But what if it doesn't work?" whispered Anna. I said, "But it will. It must."

It was at that moment Anna knew these potions were real and all were excited to make the big steal,
but not before they heard "I'm awa' to the castle to seek my fortune" from the mouth of Jamie Freel.

We were ready for Jamie to come, all happy, not weery.

When Jamie arrived, even he was looking quite cheery.

I told him we were going off to Dublin to make the big steal.

With my most joyful voice I asked, "Will you come too, Jamie Freel?"

He said "yes," and we knew exactly who to pick.

We flew over Derry and Dublin until we took the most beautiful woman and replaced her with a stick.

Jamie asked for a turn to hold the sleeping girl,

and before we knew it, he jumped down with a whirl.

We all followed, but he was holding the lady and going straight toward his mum.

But it was really no big deal. I said, "I'll mak' her deaf and dumb."

For a whole year we laughed and joked

how Jamie got stuck with a lady who's choked.

We heard his same footsteps coming back and making a big fuss,

Anna said, "That was a poor trick Jamie Freel played us this night last year, when he stole the nice young
lady from us."

Thinking quickly, I raised my glass of water and kissed my gold chain.

I said, "but he does na' know three drops out o' this glass I hold in my hand wad gie her hearing and speeches back again."

As quick as a bolt of lightning, Jamie Freel was in the door and out.

He took my glass of now-magical water, but did not one of us even pout.

Poor Jamie Freel—he thinks that he's won.

Doesn't even realize he's got the most beautiful lady and most unbearable in one.

This horrific woman has always needed a muzzle.

It shouldn't take long for poor Jamie Freel to realize that—it's not a puzzle.

What I did for him before would be considered a blessing.

It's his own fault he just kept on pressing.

At this point, they've probably already wed.

I give it two weeks before he wish she were dead.

Poor Jamie Freel—always tries to do the right thing and never quits;

But no one tries to outsmart our magical fairy wits.