

Weight and Measure

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*Selling you short it was my fun
Behind your back I'd taunt you
Weight and measure you'll hear me moan
Now I've come back to haunt you*

I rattle the jugs on the dresser shelf, leave a chill in the air
Rush backwards and forth in a shadowy form, I love to frighten and scare
Weight and measure my constant moan, drives them all insane
The rector the farmer the excise man, I cheated them all the same
(Chorus)

My mortal days were long and hard, while the gentry lived at ease
So I felt no remorse in selling them short of butter, milk and cheese
Alas my deeds they sold me short, now the measure of my days
Is doomed to stretch beyond my death and here my spirit stays
(Chorus)

As cockcrow dawns my powers wane, the rector treads the path
To bind my spirit is his intent, perhaps I've had my last laugh
My haunting days could soon be done, no more I'll walk the night
To the bowels of hell my spirit he'd cast - but I'll not go without a fight
(Chorus)

The rector blesses his violet stole, climbs the farmhouse stairs
His exorcism rite begins as he utters his Latin prayers
Two full days I taunted him, my ghost you will not lay
I jumped his hoops and dodged his whip, *ad nauseam* he did pray
(Chorus)

But his Latin words they pierced my soul, like flaming darts from hell
My time is short, I must away, and bid this house farewell
The rector stopped. A deal was struck. My earthly penance found
That I remain 'til it be done, weaving ropes of sand
*Selling you short it was my fun
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Weight and measure you'll hear me moan
Now I've come back to haunt you*