

## **The Ballad of William Bloat**

In a mean abode on the Skankill Road  
Lived a man named William Bloat  
He had a wife, the bane of his life,  
Who always got his goat.  
So one day at dawn, with her nightdress on  
He slit her bloody throat.

Now he was glad he had done what he had  
As she lay there stiff and still  
Till suddenly awe of the angry law  
Filled his soul with an icy chill.  
So to finish the fun so well begun  
He resolved himself to kill.

He took the sheet from his wife's cold feet  
And twisted it into a rope  
And he hanged himself from the pantry shelf,  
'Twas an easy end, let's hope.  
With his dying breath and his facing death  
He solemnly cursed the Pope.

But the strangest turn to the whole concern  
Is only just beginning.  
He went to Hell but his wife got well  
And she's still alive and sinning.  
For the razor blade was German made  
And the rope was Belfast linen.