

Jenny Greenteeth

Green her limbs and green her hair,
Green her breast and buttocks bare,
Green the teeth that draw your blood
And spill your entrails in the mud.
Green the waters full of death
That fill your lungs with your last
breath,
For Jenny Greenteeth's lurking still:
Of humankind she eats her fill.

A fisherman goes out one day
To while the lonely hours away,
And o'er the river casts his line,
Relaxing in the warm sunshine,
And in the water, strands of green
Are floating, plainly to be seen.
And no-one hears his dying groans
As Jenny Greenteeth chews his bones

A boy comes down with fishing net
To hunt for tadpoles in the wet
Down where the silt and sludges breed
Fingers of green water-weed,
When round his ankle something's
clenched,
And pretty soon his clothes are
drenched,
And red is mottled with the green:
Old Jenny Greenteeth chews his spleen.

A comely, Marcher maiden fair
Walks on the banks, to take the air,
With spotless coif and brand-new frock:
About her wrist, green fingers lock
And drag her down into the rushes
Where each skull green Jenny crushes.
Into the waters, dark blood drains
While Jenny Greenteeth sucks her
brains.

Two lovers, walking side by side,
He whispers, "Will ye be my bride?"
They look out o'er the waters still;
About their bodies creeps a chill.
Behind, two green eyes blink and gloat;
Green fingers wrap about each throat.

She drags them both into the river:
There Jenny feasts on human liver.