

**Neville**  
**Or, the Ensorcelled Son**

Words and music by Rhonwen y Llysieuyddes  
(m.k.a. Julia Howarth West)

Oh, Robert de Spencer had a son,  
    Sing hey a way a way-oh,  
A lad of four; a lively boy,  
His father's pride and his mother's joy--  
But other folks he did annoy.  
    Sing hey a way a way-oh.

Oh, Neville was a naughty child,  
    Sing hey a way a way-oh,  
The cats he'd tease, the dog he'd bite,  
And with his sisters he would fight.  
He was the terror of Hold Tyte.  
    Sing hey a way a way-oh.

He'd fill the horses' tails with burs.  
He set the tapestries on fire  
And threw his clothing in the mire.  
And once he tripped a passing friar.

He wandered from the Hold one day.  
He found a cottage 'mongst the trees  
And entered like a vagrant breeze  
Without the merest "If you please."

Inside he found the nicest toys--  
A skull, all shiny clean and white,  
Some bottles full of liquids bright,  
A tall hat black as darkest night.

He climbed up on the table there.  
He thought that it would be such fun  
To dump the bottles one by one  
And mix the contents when 'twas done.

Then came the owner of the cot;  
A powerful enchanter he,  
Who, when the naughty boy did see,  
Did utter curses wrathfully.

Young Neville turned to run away,  
Strange vapors rose around his head,  
He choked and gasped, his face turned red,  
And then he fell, ah!--seeming dead.

The smoke cleared slowly from the room.  
No human child could there be seen--  
Only a ferret, small and lean,  
Crying out with frightment keen.

The word came swiftly to Hold Tyte  
Of what the great enchanter'd done  
To their obnoxious little son.  
They knew their woes had just begun.

To the enchanter's cot they went.  
They found the boy'd been sent away  
That for his mischief he would pay;  
They'd not see him for many a day.

They sought throughout all Atenveldt,  
From wizard's cave to sorcerer's lair  
They searched for Neville everywhere  
And came at last to Caerthe fair.

And finally they found the lad!  
A white witch had him in her care--  
For four long years she'd kept him there;  
To break the spell she did not dare.

De Spencer pled for his son's return.  
But the witch said it would be in vain,  
"I fear a ferret he'll remain  
Until he learns to use his brain."

She brought him out for them to see.  
They looked at him without surprise--  
The pointed nose and beady eyes  
Would mark him under any guise!

So home they took their wayward son.  
And all his relatives do say  
They hope a ferret he will stay--  
They think him much improved that way!