The Will O'the Wisp - song lyrics

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THE WILL O'THE WISP.
Sung by Miss Clara Moore.

When night's dark mantle has covered all, I come in fire arrayed.
Many a victim I've seen fall, or fly from me dismayed;
Will o'-the-wisp I they trembling cry,
Will o'-the-wisp, 'tis he!
Will o'-the-wisp! they trembling cry,
Will o'-the-wisp, 'tis he !
To mark their fright, as off they fly,
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me !
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me,
Is merry sport for me
I dance, I dance, I'm here, I'm there,
Who tries to catch me, catches but air.
Who tries to catch me, catches but air
The mortal who follows me, follows in vain,
Tor, I laugh ha! ha I laugh ho! so !
I laugh at their folly and pain-
I laugh at their folly, I laugh at their pain,
I laugh at their folly. I laugh at their folly and pain;
I laugh ha! ha! I laugh ho ho
I laugh at their folly and pain.

Many a traveler I deceive, and with their parting breath
I hear them call in vain for help, and dance round them in death;
Will o'-the-whisp! they trembling cry,
Will o'-the-whisp, 'tis he:
Will o'-the whisp I they trembling cry,
Will o'-the-whisp, 'tis he
To mark their shriek, as they sink and die,
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me
Is merry, is merry, is merry sport for me,
Is merry sport for me !
I dance, I dance, I'm here, I'm there,
Who tries to catch me, catches but air,
Who tries to catch me, catches but air
The mortal who follows me, follows in vain,
For I laugh In ha I laugh ho ho
I laugh at their folly and pain-
I laugh at their folly, I laugh at their pain,
I laugh at their folly, I laugh at their folly and pain;
I laugh ha ha I laugh ho ho
I laugh at their folly and pain.