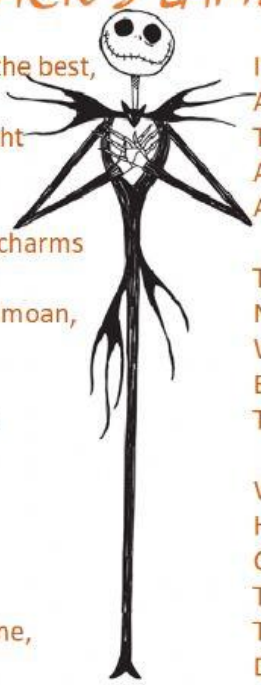
JACK'S LAMENT



There are few who'd deny, at what I do, I am the best,
for my talents are renowned far and wide.
When it comes to surprises in the moonlit night
I excel without ever even trying.

With the slightest little effort of my ghostlike charms
I have seen grown men give out a shriek.
With the wave of my hand, and a well-placed moan,
I have swept the very bravest off their feet.
Yet year after year, it's the same routine
And I grow so weary of the sound of screams
And I, Jack, the Pumpkin King

Have grown so tired of the same old thing.
Oh, somewhere deep inside of these bones
An emptiness began to grow
There's something out there, far from my home,
A longing that I've never known

I'm a master of fright, and a demon of light
And I'll scare you right out of your pants.
To a guy in Kentucky, I'm Mister Unlucky
And I'm known throughout England and France.
And since I am dead, I can take off my head

To recite Shakespearean quotations.
No animal nor man can scream like I can
With the fury of my recitations
But who here would ever understand
That the Pumpkin King with the skeleton grin

Would tire of his crown, if they only understood
He'd give it all up if he only could
Oh, there's an empty place in my bones
That calls out for something unknown
The fame and praise come year after year
Does nothing for these empty tears.

LIVEWORKSHEETS

1. Is Jack good at scaring people? How good is he?

2. What are some example of his talent?

3. How does Jack feel about being the Pumpkin King?

4. What do you think Jack is longing for?



LIVEWORKSHEETS