

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

For the latter now fully restored from his shock,
Swore he'd soon have the poacher arraigned in the
dock.

But Whelan they found wasn't easy to catch,
Though many a plot between them they hatch,
And though the cops chased him for many a mile,
At their very best efforts the poacher could smile;
He was so fleet of foot and so ready to dare,
But they caught him at last at Kilsheelan fair.

Now Whelan was jailed for the bailiff he trounced,
But when he got out, the detectives denounced,
And promised once more those curst spies to confound
But fell into the Suir where his body was found.
The bailiff the very next night came along,
So rejoiced at the news, he was lilting a song;

Till he neared his abode
On the old Carrick road,
Just above Condon's gate;
He thought as 'twas late
He'd take the shortcut
But he saw Whelan's ghost
Standing there by the post
And not moving a foot.

With a shuddering seized from his head to his feet,
He glanced toward the spectre he dreaded to meet;
For Whelan he long ago learned to fear,
Can you wonder he dreaded to see his ghost here?
So away back the road he instantly flies,
But just at that moment he heard a loud noise,
Saw of donkeys a drove and a number of boys;
Who were harnessing up to a ramshackle plough,
A long horned bull and an old brindled cow.

I'm lucky in having my pistol to-night;
If they want my cash I'll show them some fight,
Whenever they are ready to come;