

### WITH THE STORY TELLERS

His cattle died, his neighbor's son  
He shot him for a grouse;  
They sued him for a thousand pounds,  
He died in the poor house.

Tom Collins saw the magpie, when  
His mare he tried to sell,  
And that was just the night before  
The horse-fair of Clonmel.  
He urged her on with whip and spur  
As fast as she could peg,  
Till suddenly she fell down dead,  
And falling broke Tom's leg.

Jim Cooney saw the magpie  
On his way to pay the rent,  
Then stopped to watch a game of chance,  
And gambled his last cent.  
His cows died of distemper,  
His neighbors shunned the lout;  
The landlord had no cash to get  
So Jim was turned out.

But as exceptions you will find  
To every general rule,  
So here was Mister Damer,  
Who lived up by the school.  
He was a chandler, so they say,  
And to his business wed;  
Full fourteen hours he worked each day  
But couldn't get ahead.  
Though he worked just like the dickens  
In the fields and in the bogs,  
The fox would steal his chickens,  
Distemper take his hogs.

Returning here from Cashel town,  
That Cromwell's troopers robbed;