

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

His hold on the elf still Shawn retains,
But blinded and maddened by his pains;
He lifts his hand to wipe his eyes;
Then instantly the fairy flies,
And before Shawn could close the door,
The elf was gone with all the ore.

And many another tale was told,
Of men who searched for crocks of gold;
Till goblins, ghosts, and pookas dread,
Had got into each youthful head.
On nights like this when primed with tales,
The winds would sound like banshee wails.
In ram or bull, or painted post,
We'd see some queer uncanny ghost.

SEVENTH NIGHT

Bill Manogue

Of dwarfed brain and capricious will,
Uneducated and untrained;
Kilteely has been looking still,
And oft searched village, vale and hill;
But athlete like half-witted Bill
She never since obtained.

The highest gate the parish round,
He could clear at a single bound;
But 'twould be useless to urge Bill
To jump unless he felt the will,
Though begged from day to dark;
Unless caught in a jumping mood
When on the game he might intrude
Then he'd surprise the multitude
And set them a new mark.