

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

For I know they are robbers in this queer disguise  
Who'll ask for my money and tender advise,  
And let me go penniless home.

Again looks in amazement and then rubs his eyes,  
And continues to gaze in the greatest surprise,  
As he finds himself there all alone.

Then wonders what must have got into his head,  
Were those fellows he saw really living or dead,  
Who for sins had come back to atone.

But there was not a soul when he looked back again  
Although the road bordered a broad level plain,  
Where the fairies were said to abide.

There wasn't a mortal could pass o'er the Green  
Where the bailiff was standing he wouldn't have seen  
So from terror he fainted and died.

When darkness overspreads the scene,  
And hill and dale that looked so green  
Are now in shadows wrapt:

The pooka's rock and cliff and cave  
To the intruder warnings wave,  
If life and limb he cares to save,  
Ere the vital chord is snapt.

When fires upon the hearths grow low,  
You'll see things in the embers glow;  
Familiar forms that once you knew,  
Impress themselves upon your view.  
When rain comes sweeping down the hill

The cabin's shelter you'll desire;  
And when the night is damp and chill,  
Then doubly welcome is the fire

Pile on more turf and let it blaze,  
No need to hurry so;

Come, make way there for long Jack Hayes,  
Who knows more about ghosts and fays  
Than any one I know.