

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Or if again he should come round,
He'll drag him o'er a rood of ground,
And plug him in the eye.

The Leprechaun is very bright,
A cobbler and a rover;
But then from such a sudden fright,
He'll need time to recover.
But he's resourceful and he's quick,
And before Shawn detects it,
He's sure to play on him a trick,
Just when he least expects it.

Shawn left the sly and cunning elf,
To think it over for himself,
And go and nurse his spleen.
But he, of all his wealth despoiled.
Cries: "Shawn, the horse is running wild!
Quick! quick! or he will kill your child,
He's flying down the green.

Said Shawn: I long ago was schooled,
And will not be so easily fooled
By any fairy trick;
To take my eyes from off the crock,
And give you thus a chance to mock
Me, till I have it under lock,
Or I'm a lunatic.
But as he held it in his hands,
Putting the crock away;
Spurning the little man's demands,
Whate'er he had to say;
The latter uttered such a shout,
That Shawn forgetting turned about,
To see what was the matter.
The fairy seeing his surprise,
A fist of pepper threw in his eyes,
And wildly 'gan to clatter.