

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Not all the elves on Keeper Hill,
Could any longer manage Bill;
Who having now got o'er his fright,
Was mauling them both left and right;
Until Phil thought, as I suppose,
That Bill would kill his ghostly foes;
Then open threw the door;
When Bill dashed out and raised a shout,
Nor halted once before
He gained the house, and puffing told
How he had fought with spirits bold,
That did the place infest;
And fairly whipped a unicorn,
That charged him with his shining horn;
Although he did his best,
He hit him twice upon the nose,
Until the blood that from it flows
Had stained his coat and vest.
But now appeared the other boys,
With battered heads and blackened eyes;
Whose looks explained th' unruly ghosts,
Who fought with Bill round sacks and posts.

EIGHTH NIGHT

Adventures of the Fianna Eireann

Pat Martin's house held the mixed crowd
Who gathered tales to hear
In winter, when the nights were long,
And the bright fire gave cheer.
'Twas here Pat Maher used to teach
The languages called "dead"
And many a story he could tell,
And many a tale he read.
So now the boys invited him
To heighten their good cheer,