

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Hence each hearse strives to pass its neighbor  
To save the corpse from grievous labor.  
So too whene'er you chance to see  
Two funerals for one cemetery;  
They'll stop the caoine,\* put on a burst  
Of speed, to reach the graveyard first.  
But when I got up to the moat,  
    Imagine my surprise,  
Of that vast cortege none appeared  
    Before my wondering eyes,  
Though I could see five miles around  
    Just as the swallow flies.

Another night I plainly heard  
    As I approached the moat,  
The strains of music soft and sweet,  
    On the midnight breezes float.  
I gazed long in astonishment,  
    Till through the narrow gate,  
Full fifty horsemen sally forth,  
    And in the roadway wait.  
Their suits of green were trimmed with gold,  
    Their well groomed steeds looked gay;  
Proud Shetlands with long flowing manes,  
    That bore them fast away.  
But some of them perceived me  
    While I watched their airy stunt,  
And quickly placed me on a horse,  
    And took me to the hunt.

The faded town of Golden then  
    Seemed powerless to allure  
Those elves, who wheeled round at the bridge,  
    And coursed along the Suir;

---

\*Gaelic keen