

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Of a sheep, or a lamb, 'twas very plain,
And so his search seemed all in vain,
Till he entered a hut in a shady lane,
The cabin of Shawn the Bear.

But there he noticed a clumsy heap,
That into the ashpit Shawn did sweep,
But it proved to be the skin of the sheep,
So he put it in his sack,
And placing Shawn under arrest,
Of Blennerhassett went in quest;
Who at Squire Chadwick's bare request,
Would send him to the "rack";

But Blennerhassett chanced to be
At home, and heard with due gravity,
The herdsman's tale; "now mark you," said he:
"On the gallows that fellow will swing,
Now sit you down to the table there,
Eat plenty, I'll attend to Shawn Bear!
Is this the bag at the foot of the stair
That you were forced to bring?"

"Yes, that's the bag contains the skin."
"All right, your dinner grows cold, begin!"
And he took the sack while a roguish grin
O'erspread Squire Hassett's face.
Out to the stable the squire did go,
And the sheep's skin away did throw,
And put in its stead the skin of a doe
That had lain in the place:

Back to the house Blennerhassett came,
And called squire Chadwick's herd by name:
"Now are you sure this holds the same
Sheep's skin, that Shawn the Bear