

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

FIFTH NIGHT

Now ranged around the blazing sods
Each got into his seat,
And gazed with plasure at the fire,
A cheerful fire of peat.
Then Paddy Hackett came straight in
To entertain the crowd,
And drew his chair close by the fire
And spoke in accents loud.

The Legend of Cromwell Hill

The moat on top of Cromwell Hill,
When I was young was haunted still;
So in expectancy I strayed
To hear the fairy music played:
For elfin strains in days of yore,
Quite well the herdsmen knew;
Oft as I heard their ancient lore,
I grew to love it more and more;
Were Robert Haily to the fore
You'd know this tale was true.

As on the moat he chanced to lie,
Intently gazing on the sky,
A flood of music charmed his ears,
Arousing no disquieting fears.
Thought 'twas a minstrel chanced to play
Upon the other side;