

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And shouted: "Here's a Four Year Old!"*
As loud as ever I could.

I was as happy as a lord
And off and on would shout,
But they must have deemed me crazy,
For not a soul came out.

And still once more I bawled outright:
Hurrah for Quirk and Cappawhite!
Now let the Brawns come on and fight;
We'll beat them till they're stiff and cold,
Every son of a "Three Year Old!"*

The shout was heard in a short while,
I saw a man come o'er the stile;
Approaching with a threatening look,
As straight towards me his way he took.

Oh such a face I never saw!
I own that it filled me with awe.
Ah sure that face I once did know,
But heard he died long years ago;
True a good name he never bore,
But here he shook his stick before
My eyes, I struck at him, alack!
My foot got caught in the car track
And I fell helpless on my back.

He shook his stick above my head,
And then he shook his chains;
Then left me feeling almost dead
The blood froze in my veins.
I often fought, the truth to tell,
At pattern and at fair,
And always fought both hard and well;
But pitted 'gainst some fiend of hell
How could I better fare.

My arm, my will no longer serves,
His looks had paralyzed my nerves.

* Three year old and four year old were faction cries.
See notes.