

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The herdsman waking, was amazed,
On looking where the cattle grazed,
To see whole bands their music play,
Through the wee hours, long before day.

Then towards him came a great black cat,
That savage looked and fiercely spat,
Making a noise like a buzz saw,
Then struck at Larry with his paw,
Knocking the hat around his ears,
That sheltered him so many years.

Then with a loud, unearthly yell,
On the poor herd this warning fell:
I have you now, you imp of hell!

And I will put you through.
From me expect no peace, no rest,
For I was once a Shanavest,*

And beaten black and blue.
"Hurrah," says Larry, "a caravat*
Don't care a straw about his hat.
Take that! and that, I've more to spare,
But all his blows were spent on air,
Or else the spook he'd surely kill,
That disappeared behind the hill.
Scarce had it vanished, when a calf,
Larger than any cow by half,
Asked Holohan if he would dare
On her back to ride to county Clare?
Before the herd could quite decide,
He was carried off on a midnight ride;
And many a hill exceeding fair,
And many a mountain steep and bare
And many a rill and river too,
Were there exposed to his wondering view.

Perhaps you'll want to hear me tell
The way he went and what befell
The herd, on this strange trip:

* See notes