

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Now that the ghost appeared complete,
Shawn feels his pulse the quicker beat,
And hard and fast he prays;
That he would not expire of fright,
That he would live till morning's light;
So he could take ten guineas bright,
To cheer his mother's days.

A ghastly sight before him spreads
Two pair of bodies, legs and heads,
Move past him down the floor;
From them two frightful ghosts are made,
And seeing them Shawn is sore afraid;
All heaven invokes to bring him aid;
Or this night he'll deplore.

Meanwhile the ghosts together leant,
On shaping something they are bent,
Crouched down beside the door.
On them he now directs his gaze,
And soon a sphere he sees them raise;
Then tell off sides, arrange the plays,
And toss it on the floor.

Now happ'd the strangest sight of all,
The shades began to kick football;
But stranger still 'twas made;
For Shawn kicked hard the bounding leather,
And rushed the ghosts not caring whether,
'Till all of them got mixed together,
And a fast game they played.

The football treat at length must cease,
The ghosts no longer seem at ease;
Shawn thinks he ought to speak.
"Of tonight's games I long shall vaunt;
But why do you the castle haunt,
If 'tis allowed you speak, why can't
You now the secret break?"