

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Still Bill gets a more dreadful shock,
 Though fearing the fast pace;
When the spook drops him on a rock
 'Mid the Falls of Dunaas.
Above the thunder of the falls
Louder and louder the demon bawls;
Till from his bed leaps up the hare;
The wary deer sniffs the cool air,
The startled crane forsakes the fen,
The fox is peeping from his den,
 The dogs are barking loud;
The crows are cawing with vehemence,
The cows are huddled by the fence,
And there is every evidence
 That birds and beasts are cowed.

The pooka snorting and racing still,
Gains the top of Kildeely Hill
 That he had long espied;
Girted around with cliffs so high,
At night they seem to touch the sky,
There witches might hold revel high,
 The spook was satisfied.
Dismounts Bill on a precipice,
Where if but one step he should miss
 To pieces he'd be dashed;
Then makes him to resume his seat,
Till over a big fire of peat,
He squirms and twists his burning feet
 While to the chimney lashed.
Again flies with him through the air,
But this time lets him down with care,
 'Twas at the first cockcrow;
How fortunate such sounds can scare
This frightful spectre of the air;
For awful sights gossips declare,
 To Bill he meant to show.