

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Oh sure the moat he ought to know,
For round it winds constantly blow,
And on it wild flowers never grow.
But woe to him, the gossips say,
Round Diarmid's Bed at night would stray;
Detained he'd be in lonely dell,
By witch or imp with magic spell.
Bill then looked up quite anxiously,
But nothing round the moat could see,
 Though he heard various sounds,
That didn't confidence inspire;
In fact his blood was now on fire,
And from the hill means to retire,
 For ghosts were on their rounds.
Well, well, he sees that wavy light,
That still might guide his steps aright.
Again he heard them call out: Bill!
"What are you doing on the hill?
But now his knees with terror bend,
His hair was standing upon end,
 As down its side he dashed;
Although he got many a jolt and fall,
He never blamed Will o' the Wisp at all,
Till passing by Tom Conway's wall,
 Into a fence he crashed.
Bruised and longing for the morn,
And smarting too from many a thorn,
 Bill made another dash;
Though he thought he was wide awake,
A ditch for a path he did mistake,
 And fell with an awful splash.
In vain Bill tries to clean his clothes,
For he's covered with mire up to his nose.
Then viewing his state in sad surprise,
He curses Will o' to the skies;
For sure it was his fickle glow
That made of Bill a holy show.