

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

But then I ought to have some lunch
Before I went away;
Perhaps I'd find a jug of punch,
Or a well loaded tray.
But when I sought the dining room,
I tell you I was shocked,
To find the windows closed and barred,
The doors all double locked;
And the chanticleer was crowing
At such an awful rate,
I thought I'd better beat it
Before it was too late.

Some people laughed at Rory's tale
And thought it a good joke;
So when he came down to the forge,
Their jests at him they poke;
Said he was drunk that very night,
Down by the railroad switch,
And rode Mick Lynch's bob-tailed mule,
That threw him in the ditch.

Oh you're a lot of jokers
Said Rory laughing loud,
But if you were with me that night
Among that elfin crowd,
And see us ride around the moat
Before we started out,
You would have credited my tale
Without the slightest doubt.
If further proofs are needed now
Go question Shawn the Goat,
Who searched the place and found fresh tracks
Of ponies round the moat.

The seanachie now closed his tale
And said to those around: