

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Thus spoke the ghost addressed, 'tis well
We suffered here the pains of hell,
For mortal never dared
To ask of what we stood in need;
Tho' we committed many a deed
Of usury, and heartless greed,
And hard with us it fared.

Though singular it might appear,
It was my son who sent you here,
Who lives in the big manse.
Pa and grandpa, the ghosts you see,
Engaged like me in usury
This coffer holds the curst money,
Go see my son at once!

For needy farmers everywhere,
Would take what money we had to spare,
Besides secure the loan,
And if they weren't able to pay,
When they called on the reckoning day;
We'd take a part of their land away
And add it to our own.

Those bonds and notes clearly explain
Who should just dues from you obtain,
Till all our debts are paid.
So then they searched the country round,
And many creditors they found,
Whose claims they paid with money sound,
And thus the ghost obeyed.

Though many a man sent in his bill,
From Damer's wall to Cromwell's Hill,
From Oola to Glenbane;
Not one of them did they gainsay,
But paid off debts the livelong day,
Till every one was heard to say:
My blessing on you, Shawn!