

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Great strength he also did possess,
Though very quiet, nevertheless,
If to annoy him some persist,
They'd find a rough antagonist;
For I have seen him in my time,
Toss Jimmy Moylan in his prime,
While with him Bill did simply toy,
As if he were a mere school boy;
A man who had been looked upon,
Of all the parish champion.

But now my story to pursue,
And I assure you it is true;
Nor will I soon forget the night
When Bill appeared o'ercome with fright:
"Declared the devil he had seen,
Head, horns and all, upon the green."

If any grounds for doubt remained,
He'd take an oath he saw him chained;
He could tell more, but feared his spite,
Yet told how he ate grass all night;
Enough to last a hundred steers
And more, for full a hundred years.
His hearers thought it rather queer,
The devil could find no better cheer,
And hinted quite as much to Bill,
Who oft before saw on the hill
Some ghostly form, and helter skelter,
He'd flee till he found friendly shelter.

My father who was wont to keep
The lazy knave, and let him sleep
Beneath his roof in shine or rain,
Threatened to turn him out again,
If to the hill he did not go
With Tommy Blake and Jerry Keough
From whom he'd learn if it were so.