

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Then to the devil he gave leg-bail,
While they stood there stiff as a rail,
Watching him eat up bush and thorns,
And wondering at his monstrous horns.

The story told, my brother Phil
Said he would go up to the hill,
And ascertain at the very least,
The shape and size of this strange beast,
Of which Bill vaguely told.

No sooner had he ope'd the door,
Than Bill's comrades who becked him o'er
A different tale unfold.

"What's this, said Phil, with feigned surprise!
Can I in truth believe my eyes?"

We pray you, don't his fears arouse;
For we think Bill is in the house.

"Of course, where would you have him stay;"

Then hear what we have got to say!

Bill danced and yelled, pulled off his coat;
Pointing wildly at Doolin's goat;

With tethered legs and horns so thick,

We felt quite sure it was "old nick."

"He's there, said Bill, "now you look out!"

Then started off with such a shout

As made the hillside ring.

I knew you'd laugh, still listen Phil;

You must go in and say to Bill;

There something you must bring!

You cannot sleep near Tommy Blake,

Your snoring keeps him wide awake,

If you lie near his bed;

So to the barn you now must go,

And fetch from thence a bag of tow,

And sleep out here instead.

When you return on that bench, mind!

Plenty of blankets you will find.