

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And in those wee secluded vales
You'll hear of many startling tales,
Of pooka, ghost, or elf:
The man who did the story tell,
The rapparee knew very well,
And vouched for it himself.

Ned Boyle once mounted on a steed
To Mahon Bridge proceeds with speed,
For 'twas a case of urgent need
To go without delay;
For the next morning at daybreak,
The sheriff would some peelers take,
To dispossess the widow Blake
For rent she couldn't pay.
Her kindly neighbors all day spent
In trying to collect her rent;
Unless that very day 'twas sent,
Next morn she'd homeless be;
For the sheriff and "crowbar brigade"
On the coming day would ply their trade,
And roofless her cottage would be laid,
And woeful her misery.
But Ned declared 'twould be all right,
He'd reach the agent's house that night;
Up Carrick Road his horse did race,
To Ballyknock maintained the pace,
And left Rathgormuck on his right,
He scarce could see so dim the light;
That road he never could mistake,
It ran on straight to Crotty's Lake:
At Clodiagh River one look he cast;
The Commeraghs will soon be passed.
But turning round the Goblin's Bend,
Beyond the river Ire,
He felt his hair to stand on end,
His blood seemed all on fire.