

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Still from this many different tales
About his wealth are told;
And Biddy Early* says she knows
That it was neither daws nor crows;
But a red-haired man, with a hooked nose,
That stole away the gold.

THIRTEENTH NIGHT

We've head of ghosts and fairies,
And of banshees many a tale,
And of the ancient fighting men
Who dwelt in Innisfail:
But tell us of some battle that
Occured in later times,
'Twould interest this crowded house
More than those ancient rhymes;
For those Englishmen were haughty,
And our Celtic blood was hot;
Between them many a fight took place,
And they're not all forgot.

"Come over here Thade Callanan!
You know it to be sure—
The story of bold Feoch McHugh,
Who fought in Glenmalure.
Thade Call'nan shrugged his shoulders
And took the proffered chair,
And every one was glad to see
The story-teller there.

Glenmalure

Elizabeth was seated
On England's ancient throne;
Engaged in weighty projects,
She pondered o'er alone.

* A famous sorceress