

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And then three doves were seen to fly,
From Bruis, to Lattin Church hard by;
Thence through the clouds they soar.
Shawn gets much money and a wife,
Provides for mother all her life,
Nor ghost, nor mortal, care nor strife
Disturbs him evermore.

TWELFTH NIGHT

A Legend of Shronell

Now Shawn na Bourke was called upon
To take the vacant chair,
Who smiling on the happy crowd
Said: If you do not care,
I'll tell a tale 'bout Shronell and
The fairies dwelling there.

You know there's a long story
'Bout Damer's crumbling wall,
And you must bring the porter in
If I'm to tell it all.
Oh here it comes! a keg of stout,
Who sends it, can you guess?
My blessing on you Lanty,
May your shadow ne'er grow less!
The liquor put the crowd into
A very jolly mood,
And Shawn na Bourke pursued his tale
As they all hoped he would.

We all know there are fairies
Round here, as thick as grass;
But worst of all's the magpie,
And you see him as you pass,
Upon the wall at midnight
When the sky is pitchy dark,