

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Stood Andy Whelan's little hut,
Frequented by those sprites.
Three stalwart sons that hut contained,
Now only one of them remained.
The oldest Will o' the Wisp did follow
And lost his life in yonder hollow
When oe'r Breen's cliff he fell.
To Carrick-Pooka the other went,
On Hallowe'en, on pleasure bent,
Met with a fatal accident,
That's all that I can tell.

But now the third was taken ill,
When threatening clouds o'erhung the hill
Far down the mountain road;
A road they knew was haunted still,
Where winter's icy breezes chill;
The stoutest heart with fear 'twould fill
No good could it forebode.
But 'twas no time to hesitate,
Of skilful aid his need was great;
So pop hitched up his horse and car,
And for a doctor hastes away,
But had not travelled very far
Before a trace had given way,
And when the break he did repair,
The horse seemed to be anchored there.

On Knocknageeragh Hill he stands,
That such a lovely view commands
Of the strong Suir and winding Tar
And Nier that flows from Coumshingaur;
But in the moonlight's feeble ray,
All their attractions fade away.
Below the Tar in eddies flowed,
But twixt the river and the road
An awful noise he heard.