

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And so the poor got cheaper meat,
And ate more than they used to eat
 Before such things occurred;
But ghosts or men, whoever hatched
Such mischief, surely should be watched,
 The neighborhood was stirred.

The farmers, shepherds quickly hired
 To watch the ghosts and mob;
But of the place they soon grew tired,
Though not a soul was ever fired,
 Who cared to hold the job.

Though other herdsmen were secured,
None of them very long endured,
Such pranks the goblins used to play,
Who'd frolic round them bark and bray;
Half dog, half ass, you may be sure,
No mortal could such sights endure.
At last no shepherds could be found,
 Such stories were afloat,
To guard of herds the hill around,
 A single bull or goat;
Till Paudheen Ruadh brought them a man,
'Twas game old Larry Holohan,
Who said: no ghost this side of Clare,
Was able his four bones to scare.
The farmers hearing this, declared
That double pay they were prepared
To slap down for this fearless man,
The pride of Clan O'Holohan.

The first night Larry came around
 (Now mark well what I tell)
To watch this uninviting ground,
He didn't hear a single sound
 Till fast asleep he fell;
Until a donkey past him strayed,
And woke him up so loud he brayed.