

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The frightful sight his soul transfixed
The blazing eyes upon him fixed,
 The blood froze in his veins:
Under that fearful fairy spell,
Down from the horse's neck he fell;
 As dropped his hand the reins,
And there he stayed an hour or so,
Until he heard the first cockcrow;
 Then from his trance he woke;
The ghost seemed mounting on the wind,
But showers of leaves falling behind,
Rendered the carman almost blind,
 As through the woods he broke.

The Commeraghs

The goblins ever evil wrought,
But ghosts sometimes were friendly thought,
 When by churchyards they roam,
And when themselves they must betake
To forest, moat, or lonely lake,
Would view again for friendship sake
 Their old abandoned home.

Beside fair Kilmacthomas town,
Where Mahon flows, where mountains frown,
Where Commeraghs' peaks look threatening down
 On all that 'neath them lay:
There's many a darksome cave and den,
And many a rough and rugged glen,
Of which the fox is denizen,
 And hither brings his pray.
There's many a narrow pass within
The Mahon and the Araglin,
 Where cottiers reside;
There tributary stream and rill,
Make their way down from many a hill
 To swell Bunmahon's tide.