

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Besides the horse that seemed so tame,
Unmanageable now became;
With head erect and eyes aflame

From side to side he swerved:
To check him up he tries in vain,
He disregards both bit and rein;
The goblin's there that's very plain
Although still unobserved;
To guide the steed no bridle rein
Could longer aught have served.

But when the horse cavorts in air,
The rider lost his balance there;
A stranger grasped him by the side,
And on his mount placed him astride,
And stroked the horse and curbed his pride,
And handed Ned the rein;

Who turned his thanks for to express,
To this good friend, but let's confess
His wonder he could scarce repress;
He looked for him in vain.

But still the print of hand and thumb
His side displayed for years to come,
And yet while vanishing into space,
A friend long dead he now could trace
In the fast fading fairy face.

But 'twere not for the friendly ghost
The widow surely had been lost;
But through his prompt and kindly aid
The house was reached, the rent was paid;
In spite of the malicious sprite
Who would have held him there all night.

Then Shawn-na-Bourke who tales oft told
Of rapparees, or rebel bold,
Or hardy villager;