

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Oh, oftentimes we were in dread
Of ghosts, who ought to have been dead;
They'd shift the cupboard, chairs and bed,
And throw things on the floor;
Till all the doors would swing and creak
And cups and saucers seem to break,
When tired of play their leave they take
By the keyhole in the door.

Said Callinan: "Not one could fail,
To b'lieve in elves who heard that tale;
So for my part I think those right,
Who say that ghosts appear at night.
'Twas well I knew Bill Lonergan,
Who from a pooka often ran.

Bill Lonergan and the Pooka

A man he was of goodly height,
And drinking in the town one night,
His friends advised him there to stay,
Nor venture home 'fore break of day
Said Bill: "Hand me a flask of rye!
That's it, your ghosts I now defy.
When its contents I drink, 'tis plain
That not a shadow will remain,
Of what did spirits once contain."
And thus as at their fears he laughed,
Some of the beverage he quaffed.

At length he thinks of going home,
And is proceeding all alone.
The moon which erewhile brightly beamed,
Behind a sombre cloud is screened;
Reluctant to give forth its light,
And 'twas approaching dread midnight;
The elms that lined the lonely fence,
But made the darkness more intense.