

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

So fickle fortune he will tempt,
On the moat's side at once he leant,
Sleepless, on fairy songs intent,
 Hark, What's that ring?
Resolves at once the elves to bait;
"One, two; three, four; five, six; seven, eight;"
He sings, and then the postern gate,
 They open fling.

Then out rushed all the fairy train;
"Who spoils our song, he toils in vain;
Jack Madden come up and explain,
 Or you'll regret!"
His song entirely fails to charm,
Malicious elves now bent on harm;
Whose threatening looks cause him alarm,
 And make him fret;

Enraged they looked around once more,
And on the wall behind the door,
They found the hump of young Lushmore
 That did him sadden,
And picking up the horrid lump,
They hurled it at the hunchback's bump.
And there it stuck—another hump
 On poor Jack Madden.

While Billy's tale is greeted
 With clapping and with cheers,
That lasted for some minutes,
 A well known guest appears.
Then Paddy Hackett promptly left
 His seat beside the fire,
And welcoming the seanachie,
 Expressed the crowd's desire.