

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

ELEVENTH NIGHT

Fairies and Ghosts

But now appeared Ned Sullivan,
And to him all the children ran.
"You said you would a story tell
 Would fill us with delight;
Of lonesome spots where goblins dwell,
 And wander round at night."
"Oh yes, I'll tell those stories,
 I'm sure you like the most,
But first I'll talk of fairies,
 And then about a ghost."

One night poor Mistress Hoban
 Returning from a wake,
Had felt so tired and sleepy,
 That she forgot to rake
The fire, upon the hearthstone,
 Where the fairies bake and brew;
Or dump the dirty water,
 Just as she used to do.
So when the fairies came that night,
And saw the place was just a sight.
They started making a rough house,
 O'erturned the pans and pots,
And pinched the drowsy sleepers
 And tied their clothes in knots.
Told the water to make trouble,
 The fire to blaze up high,
The sideboard and the cabinet
 Across the room to fly.
The windows did some rattling,
 The china made some noise;
The house seemed toppling over
 The frightened girls and boys.