

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

And as he listened to the lay
He now felt sad, and now felt gay,
For a master hand the strings did sway;
No longer could he hide.

So quickly he skippd o'er the moat,
And round him tightly drew his coat;
For in the evening, on the hill,
The cooling air is apt to chill;
But no one near the place had been,
Though plain he heard them say:
"Come, Robert Hailey! if you're seen
Again upon this hill so green;
We'll take you up before our queen,
And in the moat you'll stay.

Such words did Robert greatly scare,
Not knowing yet how he might fare:
He turned to flee, but turning slipped,
Else by the fairies was he tripped,
And headlong on the sward was flung,
Then burst their elfish roar:
As to the steep hillside he clung,
The moat with laughter fairly rung;
His ear some vicious insect stung,
And left him deaf and sore.

Pat Kenna raising up his head
Surveyed the crowd, and this much said:
"There stands Thade Callnan over there;
Come here Pat Burke, give him your chair!
And let him talk of Emly's fair,
Or race, or pattern, I don't care."
Thade Callnan was no bashful man,
But took the chair and thus began: