

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

For unrelenting in her ire,  
She mounted a steed that wouldn't tire,  
That from his nostrils belched forth fire  
    This demon of the night,  
And though on a message of mercy bent,  
That a dying sinner might repent;  
Her weight on his saddlebow she leant,  
    And he fainted at the sight.

But when a pater and ave he said,  
This fiend of darkness quickly fled;  
Down towards the Tar valley she sped,  
    And his horse at once revived.  
He reached the priest without delay,  
And brought his reverence all the way,  
Back to the house where the sick man lay  
    Then was the sinner shrived.

## The Leprechaun

The Leprechaun is often seen,  
At early dawn upon the green,  
    Or out among the heather;  
Perhaps he's trying to amuse  
Himself, by making summer shoes,  
Of bats' wings that he'd rather use,  
    Than a whole bale of leather.  
But here last night I met Black Shawn,  
Who claims he caught a leprechaun;  
And made the little man come over,  
And hand his stuff to Shawn the Rover;  
Or there wouldn't be left of him enough,  
A paltry sparrow cock to stuff.  
The fairy shook in every limb;  
Shawn took the crock away from him,  
    And told him now to fly;