

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

"Some being possessing powers great,
Has made you perfect, tall and straight,
A hunchback that I used to rate
Below myself,
And whom I never failed to chaff;
On you alone I had the laugh,
But now to business let's be off,
Whence comes this pelf?

You raise their numbers three to four?
And favors on you thus they pour;
Should I see them I'd add a score
And be a king;"

So Jack sees money round him float,
He'll go back to Knockgraffon's moat,
Where wrapt in slumbers and his coat;
Lush heard them sing.

So to Clonmel his back he shows,
And straight to Poulnamucky goes,
Long famed for hogs, but I suppose
The hunchback doesn't care;
From Outeragh the moat's in sight,
And he's in raptures of delight;
They'll sing upon that mound tonight,
And he might catch the air.

He feels his heart within him throb,
As he thinks that this fairy mob,
Will greet his song, and fill his fob
With lumps of gold.

And though success attends Lushmore,
He ought to meet with ten times more,
To his one word he would add four
In accents bold.