

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

But Dave Mulcahy fared far worse,
The night he met that fairy curse
 Who put him in a stew.
There was here then a vicious ass,
That strolled the road-side, cropped the grass,
And that could easily surpass
 What beasts I ever knew.
The schoolboys who would often try.
To ride the donkeys passing by,
Of that stray ass were always shy;
For he as fiery as old mars,
Could very nearly kick the stars,
 If aught did him assail.
But now my story to pursue,
And I can swear both black and blue,
That every word is strictly true
 Or in my trust I fail.

The time Dave married Nelly Gray,
That very night he went astray.
Some people said it served him right,
He shouldn't leave his house that night;
But boys who for him long did labor,
Just now were working for his neighbor;
So he'll invite his neighbor's boys
For to be sharers in his joys;
Quite strangely too it came to pass,
Upon his way he met the ass
 That on the roadside strayed;
And as it was a starless night,
He was deceived by Willo's light,
 That through the hawthorns played.
And in the donkey made him see
His wife as plain as plain could be.
Embrace her then he mustn't fail,
But as he neared the donkeys tail
The latter kicked him on the head,
And left him lying there half dead.