

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Some specter, whether ghost or gnome,
In accents gruff and sullen,
Said: Why do you with evil fate,
Pursue this lonely road so late,
When mortals should be sleeping?
Though you might throw a hundred weight,
And fling it through an iron gate;
If you're caught here again so late,
Good cause you'll have for weeping.

Neddy Kane's Story

Said Neddy Kane, "Though I don't know
Whence fairies come, nor where they go,
I worked three years for Johnny Crow
'Twas a long time to stay;
For in his house ghosts used convene,
On Wonder Hill, up a boreen,
Where old Hoar's ghost was often seen,
And frightened us away.

Nor would they stay on the outside;
Though barred, the door would open wide,
And they would come up alongside
The mattress where I lay:
I tell you 'twas an awful sight,
They'd rake the fire, put out the light,
Throw slippers at me half the night,
And laugh and chat away.

They hit Bob Hailey with a tray,
As in the settle there he lay,
He didn't close an eye till day
Roused up our wary host;
'Twas then you ought have seen poor Bob,
He tried to stand, gave up the job,
And turned the color of the hob;
You'd swear he was a ghost.