

BALLAD OF THE COISTA GANN KOWN*

This terrible phantom is heard passing from one graveyard to another, at the midnight hour, by the peasantry of the South of Ireland.

"Black Niall Moran, dare you cross the lone mountain,
A brand on your brow and a murder on your soul,
Ah! what shall you say when the Lord calls upon you,
For the red blood you squandered, and the life that you
stole?"

"If the Lord called upon me I should reck not His sum-
mons,
Though He flung down my body to deep pits of Hell;
My strong hand has crushed out his life, whom I hated,
My long-nourished vengeance I have sated it well."

"Black Niall Moran, 'tis a blasphemy spoken,
Lone, lone the long road athwart the mountains
brown—,
Oh, 'ware you the graveyards whose portals now open
And the dread, headless horses of the Coista Gann
Kown."

**Coista Gann Ceann*—Literally "Coach without heads."