clad vale; ses, swale.

ound, a caravan, d. nelodiously, ir tails, odiously—

farm, teers; harm, fear. k Ellard's, retail; h your three-

lawyers, style, and sawyers,

Bacchus, e, cas s swale.

inly work for ne roadYou may chop them yourself—he'll take flour or pork for them,
Help you to count them, and help you to load.
And Canavan's rails are the best in the nation;
They're all of one length to the black of your nail;
So hitch up your horses without hesitation,
And follow old Fagan to Canavan's swale.

There's one little pinch, just at the stonemason's,
Will try if your horses are baulky or true;
If baulky, you must give them two or three lacings,
And then they'll go up with a queer whillaloo.
There's no use in cursing, but lay on the bud to them,
Stand to your colours and never say fail;
Keep them sharp shod, and be otherwise good to them;
Don't take them hungry to Canavan's swale.

You'll find the two Lawlors obliging and civil,
To lend you a handspike, an axe or a maul,
And the crossway, just there, is both solid and level,
No fear that your horses will stumble or fall.
The logs are so straight and so well put together,
The sleigh goes along like a ship in full sail;
Dick Hanley should pay them without any bother,
For opening the road to Canavan's swale.