

Ah! vainly doth he strive to pray—his pallid lips are
frozen,
God's Mother, break the wicked spell that binds his
body now.
His eyes must view the phantom coach, whose door is
swinging open,
Within—a reeking body—'tis his victim's clotted brow!

A shriek upon the midnight air,—a rumble in the
darkness,
Again the demon horses thro' the mountain speed away.
Stark dead upon the roadside, in his eyes a nameless
horror,
They found Black Niall lying at the breaking of the
day!

Where four roads meet they buried him when even-
shades were falling;
But when night's dusky curtains on the shrinking hills
drop down,
They hear the Dead Coach rushing by, and cross their
foreheads saying;
"His soul must ride till judgment with the Coista Gann
Kown."