

A curse in the midnight, and a loud laugh of scorn,
A murderer plunges in the black jaws of night,
The high gallows threatened and the pale-breaking
morn,
Far out over ocean should see him in flight.

But fearful his journey, the dreary winds affright him.
Sobbing, hopeless sobbing amid the branches sere
From the wood-sheltered cairn, where his victim lies
staring,
The Banshee's awesome *ullagon* comes to his ear.

Ullagon! Ullagon! the wailing winds repeat it,
Ullagon! Ullagon! the hollow hills reply!
A rustle in the murky gloom,—the winging of a demon!
A voice in the valley—'tis a lost spirit's cry!

Black Niall Moran, where now your bold vaunting
Your brow's damp with terror.—God spare your guilty
soul.
Hark! o'er the din of your scared bosom's panting,
Hear the Headless Horses, and the Dead-Coach's roll!

"Black Niall Moran, if e'er you prayed to Heaven,
Oh, pray unto the Saviour now for succor and for
grace."
They come, the demon horses—hear their tramp like
hollow thunder,
The lightnings of their flashing hoofs illumine his ghastly
face.