73. Hie Over To England

There was a man living here on the hill beside us, in the place they call AN CROC UAITHNE, and it wasn't long ago either. Sean Long was his name. He had a grand secluded little house and his wife used to keep it very well. The "Good Folk" used to settle there now and again if they wanted to eat as they were going the road.

One night they were organising themselves to go over to England in order to steal from a distillery in London. They headed to Sean's house to get something to eat on their way. They were eating away, but if they were, didn't Sean wake up in his bed; he heard the rukkus in the house. He kept watching them; he was friendly and hospitable. He knew well what he was dealing with.

That was fine. He kept an eye on them and when they had eaten the food a cup was placed at the top of the table and as each one of them was going out he would come to the cup, dip his finger in it, and say:

And " EACH AS GATH DHO-SA

Hie over to England"

He'd rub whatever the stuff in the cup was across his forehead.

That was fine.

Sean was behind in the room watching while they were leaving in this way. He jumped out of his bed, and he had nothing on but his nightshirt, and he went to the cup and dipped his finger in.

" EACH AS GATH DHO-SA

And Hie over to England," said he.

Out with Sean through the roof of the house, just as the others did and he never let up following them until they got to London. They went to the distillery they wanted to rob, and Sean didn't go with them. O.K.

Each one was attending to his own job inside, and Sean was going about watching them. But alas, the poor man had a soft spot for the drink. He tasted a drop, and then tasted some more, again and again. But he drank too much, got drunk, and fell down asleep beside a barrel.

The following morning when the workmen came to the distillery they discovered that the warehouse had been burgled. They searched all over but could not figure out how the blackguards who had robbed it got in. They were going through the building

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when they discovered Sean thrown under a barrel in a drunken sleep. They woke him, but had no idea who he was. Then they brought him before the law and put him in prison until the day of the court hearing.

When the day for the court case came, Sean was standing at the bench before the judge in his nightshirt and the judge had no idea what to make of him. When the judge asked him a question he didn't know what he was saying and he didn't know how to answer ; but even if he did answer itself, the judge wouldn't have known what Sean was saying either.

Whatever look Sean gave upwards, he saw a small little man coming down through the roof of the courthouse and standing back behind the judge, and if he did, he made a sign to Sean:

"EACH A'S GATH DHO-SA And Hie over to Ireland." said the little man.

Sean remembered:

"EACH AS GATH DHO-SA," said he, standing at the bench,"agus Hie over to Ireland."

Out with Sean through the roof of the building. All those in the courthouse fell back and thought it was the FEAR MOR(DEVIL).

And that's what happened to Sean. It was early evening back home and when Sean was going through the meadow to the family, in his nightshirt. He had no idea on earth how he had spent the day and the night before.