

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Admiring fertile hill and down,
His heart with pleasure throbbed;
As with himself he contemplated,
These lands would soon be confiscated;
And here were granite and sandstone
Would suit the building trade;
And if he could acquire these lands
His fortune would be made.
To Ballykisteen quarry, he
Proceeds without delay;
When a premature explosion
Nearly blew his head away.

Of cuts and bruises he had lots
His nose was almost gone;
Until he saw the lone magpie,
It mattered not how hard he'd try
All things were going wrong.
But from that day his luck they say,
Increased a hundred fold;
Till he bought ten casks of tallow and lard,
That he hauled from Cashel to Ballinard,
And in them found a rich reward;
For they were casks of gold;
Which the monks had covered in this way,
While in them they had stowed away
Most of what wealth in Cashel lay
Thinking thus to deceive
The plundering Cromwellian brood,
Who sacked the city, took what they could;
But casks of tallow the chandler would
At his new home receive.

But when some candles he would make,
And tallow from the casks must take,
He saw a sight his bosom thrilled—
With precious jewells the casks were filled.