

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Before another year passed by
As strange a sight I saw;
I spent the afternoon in town*
The night was cold and raw.
Proceeding home by Sadleir's Well
To make a friendly call;
Then took the byway on the right
That led to Grantstown Hall.
Strange noises seemed to fill the air,
But I saw nothing anywhere;
Still more distinct the noises grew,
Till nearing my abode,
I chanced to see a funeral
Come hastening up the road.

Black were the coats the coachmen wore,
The mounted men wore red;
But when I heard the banshees wail
Across the fields I fled;
Until I reached the Golden pike,
Scarce halted in my flight,
Before I witnessed once again
A more surprising sight.
Another funeral passed me by,
And I could hear the mourners sigh,
Half hid in clouds of dust;
As they would soon be side by side,
'Twas plain each with the other vied
To reach Kilfeakle first.
"Why should they hurry, I don't see?"
I'll tell you as 'twas told to me.

According to those legends old
That should us interest,
The latest tenant of a grave
Draws water for the rest:

*Tipperary