

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Then Paddy Hackett took the word,
And said: "although 'twould seem absurd

To add one jot of praise,
To one whom we all knew so well,
Could talk of heaven and of hell,
And many a tale we heard him tell
That filled us with amaze.

Yes, here he comes, Ned Sullivan!
Well worthy of his name and clan;
For every glen and every down,
From Clogheen to Dungarvan town,
The diocese of Cashel Through,
Kilfeakle, and Knockainey too,
All of their fairy lore he knew.
With what delight he used inspire
Us, pressing round the cabin fire.

He scarce had time these words to speak,
To the young folks ere we
Heard the latch raised, and through the door
Advanced the seanachie.

Come Ned; Come Ned; a story tell
A story of some elf;
For no one here knows half so well
To tell it as yourself.

Of water then he takes a swipe,
And knocks the ashes from his pipe;
He wipes his brow, his hat moves back,
And starts upon the fairies track.

Knockmeldown

Where Tar's swift river marks the base
Of frowning Knockmeldown;
From its wooded slopes a noisy race
To Newcastle ran down.
'Twas in this glen so closely shut
By steep impending heights,