

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

A Legend Of Knockgraffon

Jack Hayes knew all the village swain,
And said in his familiar strain:

"When I was young I oft was told

A tale some critics call a farce —

There lived a king in days of old

With ears as hairy as a horse;

Knockgraffon long preserved his fame,

O'Leary was the monarch's name.

To hide his horrid ears, this law

On statute books he put;

That HAIR of head or BEARD of jaw

NO longer should be cut.

'Twas thus he hoped his ears to hide,

And thus preserve his kingly pride;

But every year at Christmas tide

A barber he brought in,

From whom the secret he can't hide,

While his tonsorial arts are plied

In shaving throat and chin.

But lest the king he might deceive,

Knockgraffon's halls he'll never leave

Except his lifeless clay:

For thus his highness will make sure

His secret will remain secure;

The corpse is cast into the Suir,

To sink or drift away.

At last the lot to shave the king

Fell on a widow's son;

A mother's Heart sore did it sting

As to her boy she clung.

"Oh royal messenger, come bring —"

(And loud her lamentations ring)