

### WITH THE STORY TELLERS

In ancient times the bards used tell  
Surprising tales, that oft befell  
The peasantry, who chanced to dwell  
Around Knockgraffon.

Tales you'll find hard to reconcile  
With dull events, that hap the while;  
But at them you'll be forced to smile,  
And burst out laughin'.

For on the moat 'twas claimed, were seen  
The elves in natty suits of green,  
To urge their steeds with relish keen,  
What! mortals dare ye  
List music's strains, or elfin songs,  
That here the midnight hour prolongs;  
To glad the mingled airy throngs  
In old Tipperary!

A hunchback once, the legends say,  
Tramped from Clonmel one summer's day,  
And on the moat unconscious lay  
In slumber deep;  
Until aroused by some soft strain,  
He wonders much from whence it came;  
He looks and lists, but all in vain,  
Then tries to sleep.

Behind the bush, beside the tree,  
Strange voices hears, and merrily  
The words, one, two; one, two; two, three;  
He hears them sing.

Then he attempts a strange encore—  
One, two; two, three; two, three; three, four.  
Delighted elves repeat it o'er  
With joyous ring.

And ask, who thus improved their song?  
Thus cheered, the hunchback comes along,  
Bowed, hoped they would his life prolong;  
And eyeing their staffs