

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

With face distorted, stern and grim,  
Three barrels with gold heaped to the brim,  
Then seemed possessed of some mad whim,  
    To build a mansion grand;  
'Mid flowering plants and forest trees,  
'Mid tulips, lilacs and heartsease,  
Loading with fragrance every breeze,  
    That swept this fairy land.

The place selected for its site,  
Was old Clanwilliam as was right:  
Forests and glades, and chestnut groves,  
Mountains, valleys, and sheltered coves;  
Rocky caverns, and barren fells,  
Fertile valleys and shady dells;  
Rivers and streams, and mountain tarn  
Which furnish many a fairy yarn;  
Abbeys and castles, and courtly hall,  
This barony possessed them all.

He might have chosen Cullen Hill  
    For a commanding site;  
Or built where Multeen's sparkling rill  
    Would add to his delight;  
If wilder scenes he would explore,  
Here on the slopes of Galtymore,  
    His mansion might be placed;  
That overlooks the vale below,  
Where glides the winding Aherlow,  
With current strong, and rapid flow  
    That easily could be traced.

Or if he would the mountain climb,  
He'd there obtain a view sublime;  
For where its summit greets the breeze,  
    Such distant views one gains,  
One half of Erin's hills he sees,  
    A third of all her plains.